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EVENING SONG.

BY M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

Close, little weary eyes
The day at last is over,
To-night no more surprise
Shall they discover.
Nor bird, nor butterfly,
Nor unfamiliar flower;
Nor picture in the sky,
Nor fairy in the bower.

Rest, little weary feet,
The woods are dark and lonely;
The little birds rest sweet,
The owl is watching only;
No buttercup is seen,
Nor daisy in the meadow;
Their gold and white and green,
Are turned to purple shadow.

Fold, little busy hands,
Day is the time for doing;
The boats lie on the sands,
The mill-wheels are not going.
Within the darksome mine
Are hushed the spade and hammer;
The cattle rest supine,
The cock withholds his clamor.

Still, little restless heart,
Be still until the morrow;
Till then thou hast no part
In either joy or sorrow.
To new and joyous day,
Shall little birds awake thee;
Again to work and play,
With strength renewed, betake thee.
—*Good Words.*

The Fair Hostess.

"I don't like the temper of these people. They are hard to satisfy, never looked very kindly upon Americans since the war with their country, are jealous of even a glance at their women, and revengeful and treacherous to the last degree."

"The Great American and Continental Clique" had drifted into Mexico. They were performing at one of the small frontier towns, but at a little distance from where the fierce battle of the Alamo had been fought, or rather the terrible massacre had taken place, and more than one slight disturbance had arisen, though fortunately quieted. But it was evident to all that there was a secret fire burning, that it would take little to fan into a flame, and the proprietor but spoke the feelings of all in the words he had uttered.

"You are right, Mr. Caison," replied one of the principal riders, whom he had addressed, "and I have warned the men to be very careful in their dealings—to give no possible cause of offense, and above all things to keep together when wandering about."

"And, sir, I have noticed one circumstance that gives me more uneasiness than I have felt before. There are several of the half bandits in town, who are none too good to create a disturbance without cause."

"Or cut your throat for a sixpence," laughed Harry Daniels, the "strong man" and "cannon ball" performer, as he joined the little group. "I know them of old, the miserable horse-thieves, stage robbers and midnight murderers."

"I never knew you were in the country before."

"But I was, though only a youngster at the time. Yes, sir, I had the honor of being a drummer boy under old Zack—General Taylor, I mean—and we found more than one poor fellow stabbed with their cursed matchetes, and left in the chaparral for the coyotes to feast upon. But I learned their lingo, and haven't forgotten it yet."

"If such were the case with all it would the better enable us to guard against surprise."

"Pshaw!" and Harry Daniels seemed to literally blow scorn from between his white teeth, hidden by the softest and blackest of mustaches, "Pshaw! there isn't a brave man in an entire generation of Greasers. The Northern boys proved that well enough. In fact I look upon the senoritas as far the most dangerous of the two. At least I have so found them."

"But the natural jealousy of the race guards them so that there is no chance even of speech."

"Does?" and Daniels laughed in his customary hearty and wholesouled manner. "Does it? I've been in town only a couple of days, and have already had several flirtations. It is easy enough when one knows the ropes."

"And can talk their language."

"That is a great assistance, certainly; but it isn't absolutely necessary. They are fond of Northerners, and when one peeps out from behind her fan or rebosa, if a fellow is ordinarily good looking, knows how to use his tongue, and plays his cards with the least skill, all he has got to do is to go in and win."

"And more than likely arouse jealousy in the heart of some rival."

"Well, he has to take the chances everywhere, as for that. But there isn't any fun without some danger. The fact is, I've half a mind to settle in the country."

"In love again, Harry!" laughed his fellow performer. "But that is nothing; the same thing appears to happen in every place."

"If the girls will take a liking to me, how can I help it?" and Daniels strolled away whistling a merry waltz.

That he was a favorite with the sex could not have been denied. His was just the figure and face to attract their attention—the one being that of a perfectly molded Hercules; the other ever pleasant, with waving locks of jet, a most obliging disposition, a merry nature, a fair knowledge of music, and a good voice. He was bold as a lion, and wandered wherever fancy dictated, satisfied that his play with iron balls none other could do more than lift, had made him an object of dread as well as wonder.

But if he had no fears of molestation, and passed his time pleasantly with the dark-eyed senoritas, talking, singing, playing the guitar, and flirting, it was not so with others. Reaping, as they were, a golden harvest after a not very prosperous season, they were loth to leave, and did all that lay in their power to keep the populace in good humor, even to the putting up with insults that, under other circumstances and in another region, would have been quickly resented.

Yet, do what they would, there was something in the air that seemed to warn them of some coming danger, some not to be accounted for mesmeric influence, that comes to all, at times, with a premonition of a not distant fatality. Perhaps this arose from the fact that rumors had reached their ears that some of the wild guerrilla roamers of the mountain and prairies had taken a fancy to their best stock and trappings, and having failed to secure them by purchase or barter, had determined to do so by less honorable means. Against this, of course, a guard was set, and the men looked well to everything connected with the concern.

"We must get out of this," said the proprietor, uneasily. "If it were not so late in the day I would be off now; and yet not to show to-night would be a great loss. I wish to Heaven they would keep quiet and let me gather in the dollars the crowd seem so anxious to dispose of!"

"Why not go to the Alcalde?" questioned one of the men. "He certainly could protect you."

"But I don't understand a word of the language; don't know their ways, and shouldn't know how to proceed; and I don't like making a fool of myself."

"Harry Daniels does."

"True; the very man," and he went in quest of him.

But Harry only laughed at their nervousness; said it was all moonshine; that everything would go well enough, and, as for himself, he had all he could do in making love to the Alcalde's daughter without bothering his brains about the old don.

And so, even with the reverse of a pleasant prospect for the future, preparations were made for the evening's entertainment. And this was rendered still worse when the news came that Daniels had quarreled with a lover of the Alcalde's daughter and had actually beaten him.

"How is this?" asked the "old man" of the concern as Harry came in late to change his dress. "I am sorry to hear you have been in difficulty."

"Botheration!" laughed the young giant. "A black-faced greaser had the impudence to be sticking himself round where he was not wanted and I just made him walk out on his ear. That's all."

"But it may bring down the vengeance of the entire town upon us."

"No fear of that. The dog is too cowardly. Let him but show his teeth and I'll shake the life out of him," and those of Daniels were revealed in a manner that told of a dangerous temper when aroused.

"All well enough, if only one man is concerned. But what would we do against a crowd, Harry?"

"I don't anticipate any trouble, and never look for it until it comes."

"Yet with the warnings we have had it is best to be prepared."

"If you knew the greasers as well as I do, you wouldn't think of such a thing. Give me a clear ring and no stabbing from behind, and I can clean out all they can bring. But, seriously, I don't believe there will be any trouble. There is a rabble, to be sure, who would like nothing better and would kick up a disturbance, if only for the sake of the plunder. Yet they dare not do it. There is another element in town of pure Castilian stock they both fear and respect, that will keep them in order, and my word for it they will be present in force to-night."

His words proved true. Those who were inclined to disturbance were overawed, and everything passed off pleasantly. This decided the proprietor to remain, and he did so for a week and his purse became plethoric. But in the meantime those who were longing for plunder and who ever looked upon Americans with hatred were recruiting their forces, stirred thereto by the man whom Daniels had pitched as unceremoniously out of his way as if he had been a dog.

To more than one the grumbling and muttered curses were plain, and Harry was warned that his night adventures through the town were attended with great danger; but he only smiled as usual at the idea of fear, and made love to bright eyes, and sang to sweet faces, and murmured rapturously to every beautiful woman he met, the gallant salutation: '*Beso los pies de usted, senora,*' ('I kiss your feet, lady,') and generally made himself as contented as if those around were the best of friends.

The time for a change in locality came as the patronage began to flag, and it was publicly announced that but one more exhibition would be given, and that with increased attractions—that the performance of the evening would be the last, that the "grandees of the neighborhood would be present," and at an early hour a crowd began to gather.

Still, although his presence was almost absolutely necessary, Harry Daniels remained basking in the sweet smiles, brilliant eyes and dangerous beauty of some senorita, as if determined his last hours should be pleasant ones, and it was late when he tore himself away; but had he heard the deep curses of a concealed and watching man, who, hidden by the dark folds of his *serape*, saw the dainty little hand pressed by his lips, his mood would not have been so cheery a one.

But even as he was forcing his way through the tangled mass that surrounded the canvas, he suddenly became aware that the feeling against the concern was rapidly reaching its climax. A few words he overheard recalled him from dreams of love to anticipations of evil, and his teeth were set, lips compressed, and black eyes flashing with stern resolution. Without awakening alarm, he put the others on their guard, saw that his revolver was ready for instant and certain use, and placing it beneath the heavy kilt he wore when in professional attire, determined to watch the temper of the audience from the very first moment.

Though not usually taking his place within the ring until called upon, he now entered, and leaning in his usual careless attitude against the center pole, kept both his ears and his eyes open. A buzz of admiration from the women greeted him, for the thin, flexible covering of silk revealed his frame and muscles perfectly, and his handsome face, fresh cheeks, and black eyes did not fail to rivet their gaze.

The performance began, and was continued for a time, without even a ripple of discontent, and yet Daniels saw that the antagonistic feelings were only smothered—that it was but the treacherous calm that precedes the earthquake—that at any moment there might be an outbreak.

"Be careful," he whispered to the clown, who was accustomed to play practical jokes upon the audience. "Be careful what you do and say. There is a set here who mean mischief, and will seize upon the first pretext to make disturbance."

His warning came too late. Before the sentence had been completed, something the clown did gave offense, and the very man with whom Daniels had a previous difficulty, sprang into the ring, machete in hand.

"*Maten a las carabas!*" (Kill the scoundrels.)

"*Entonces morirea tu primero!*" (Then you shall die first!) answered Daniels, as he felled him with a blow, and then, picking him up as if he had been an infant, tossed him to his companions.

His understanding of the language and sudden movement did something to awe the rest, but he did not depend upon that alone. Like a panther leaping upon its prey, he sprang into the circle of spectators, seized the beautiful daughter of the Alcalde, even from his very side, returned swiftly to the ring, held her firmly with his left hand, drew and placed his pistol to her head with the other, and shouted to the amazed lookers-on:

"Now go on with your attempts at murder, if you dare!"

Against so determined a man and so dangerous a situation of the highest man in the place, there could nothing be said, and the authority of the Alcalde was instantly used for and his word pledged to peace.

"All well, though, senor," said Daniels, "but we will keep this fair girl as hostage," and by his direction a mimic throne was raised, covered with the stars and stripes, and she was placed upon it and sat as a queen until the close of the performance, when she was gracefully returned to the care of her father, he having given his word that the establishment should be fully protected.

"There is one thing that puzzles me," said the proprietor, as he and Daniels sat talking over the matter. "The girl neither screamed nor showed signs of fear."

"As to that," laughed Harry, "she is brave; knew I wouldn't harm one of her glorious black hairs for all the circuses in the universe, for I love and am going to marry her."

And he did—keeping her as a fair hostage for life.

Tall Talking.

The Greeks were great inventors of these sayings. On Dioneces, the Spartan being told the number of Xerxes's army was so great that when they shot forth their arrows the sun would be darkened by their multitude, he answered, "If the Medes darken the sun, we shall have our fight in the shade." The American humor partakes slightly of the same character and extravagance but it is, nevertheless, the growth of the soil. The vastness of the country, which is bounded on the east by the Atlantic ocean, on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the west by the setting sun, and on the south by the day of judgment, and the peculiar circumstances in which the people are placed can be traced in most of the stories. The hyberbolical or tall species of American humor was much in vogue some years ago, and such stories as the following were once very common: "A man was so tall that he had to go up a ladder to shave himself; another was so strong that his sneeze would kill a buffalo across the Mississippi river;" a Massachusetts pig was so lean that it was necessary to tie a knot in his tail to prevent his getting through the chinks of the paling; "an American artist painted a snow so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting near it with his coat off;" some land was "so rich that a squash-vine, in its rapid growth, overtook a drove of pigs;" "the reason why cream is dear is that milk has risen so high that the cream can't reach the top; and a dog's tail curled so tightly over his back that he couldn't touch his hind feet to the ground."

There is a capital story in which it is related that "a coach drove thro' the country so fast, that the milestones passed so quickly by, that the passengers thought they were in a churchyard." This coach, however, was beaten by the "skipper which went so fearfully fast that in sailing around Long Branch she left her shadow three and a half miles behind her." Major N——, when asked if he was seriously injured by the explosion of a boiler on the St. Leonard steamer, replied that "he was so used to being blown up by his wife that a mere steamer had no effect upon him." The evidence of a witness in a life insurance case involved in the blowing up of a steamboat on the Ohio, is drell, just because it is characteristic. The witness knew the missing man, and saw him on the deck of the steamboat before the explosion. When asked by the lawyer: "When was the last time you saw him?" he answered: "The very last time I set eyes on him was when the biler burst, and I was going up. I met him and the smoke-pipe coming down." We all know that the American oysters are large, but that one must have been of extraordinary size which required three men to swallow it whole.—*British Quarterly.*

Washington's Personal Characteristics.

The appearance of Washington at once captivated the soldiers and the people. It created confidence. On the occasion Thacher in his *Military Journal* wrote; "I have been much gratified this day with a view of General Washington. His Excellency was on horseback, in company with several military gentlemen. It was not difficult to distinguish him from all others. He is tall and well-proportioned, and his personal appearance truly noble and majestic." A womanly pen—that of the wife of John Adams—presents us with a differently tinted, but still more attractive picture. "Dignity, ease, and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dyden instantly occurred to me:

"Mark his majestic fabric! He's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
His soul's the deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the God."

The actions and letters of Washington at the period show how just was the estimate of Mrs. Adams. The honors that were tendered to him, the cheering that surrounded him, only made his sense of responsibility more intense. When he viewed the work before him and the elements to work with, a mixed multitude of people, under very little discipline, order, or government, "scattered in rough encampments over hill and dale, beleaguring a city garrisoned by veterans, with war ships in the harbor and all the regular paraphernalia of warfare guarding it, he could not and did not overrate the immense task before him. Yet he did not despond. Neither did he boast. He spoke with hope in the Supreme Power. The cause of his country had called him to active and dangerous duty, but he said he trusted that Divine Providence, which wisely orders the affairs of men, would enable him to discharge it with fidelity and success."—*Manhattan Monthly.*

A History of the Fan.

A curious little volume has just appeared, giving the history of fans among all nations and at all periods. The author, M. Blondel, who has been able to examine many rare collections, states that it first came from the East, where it is always accompanied by a fly trap and parasol. The former is made of the tail of the Thibetan buffalo, white as snow, and of which the extreme is a tuft of hair in the form of a plume. Fans of feathers, recently in fashion, date from the seventh century. They were first used in China, where the Emperor Kao Tsong, having heard the cry of a pheasant, supposed to be an auspicious sign, ordered a fan to be made shaped like the tail of that bird. According to the author of the Etudes Asiatiques, that article had more than one singular use. On it the rich deposited alms which they gave to the poor; the great received on it the delicacies offered to them, it was lowered before superiors as a mark of deference; the nobles carried it to court, and it served to cool them from the heat of the day and to amuse them while waiting in the ante chamber; it was the instrument of punishment of the school master and at the same time was given as a reward. A fan placed on a plate of a peculiar form announced to a criminal of noble family his sentence, and it was at the moment in which he held out his hands to receive the fatal present that the executioner was to accomplish his work.

A Plea for Swans.

Swans abounded at one time on the Kennet near Newbury, and they had become an abomination in the sight of the trout-fisher, who could not take a step along the banks without slipping here and there upon the grass they had destroyed by their splay-feet and droppings. The farmers had complained in vain that no creatures would feed where they had trodden, and the luncheons of the fishers had been more than once invaded by those impudent birds. One morning we were surprised to notice that only two swans were observable in the whole of the reach. These two had their heads under water for so long a time as to excite our curiosity, when by punting up to them we found that the heads of both were fast in an otter trap; and the rest of the flight, as we were told, after most carefully scanning out the cause of the quiescence of their mates, deserted the district for some seasons afterward. We have no reason to believe that the traps were laid for the swans; but when in other cases in which their eggs would not hatch, and the time for incubation had long passed, small holes were found drilled through the shells, the same verdict of non-wilful interference was not so readily arrived at. Swanneries were common at one time in England; the swanherd was an appointment of some consequence, and persons who executed the office of "master of the King's swans" in the Counties of Huntingdon, Cambridge, Northampton, and Lincoln may be traced on the Parliament rolls. There was a swannery of some extent at Clarendon in Wiltshire, and one at Purbeck. There still exists a swannery in Norfolk, but this is private; and one at Ilchester on the Fleet, formed by the Chesil Beach, which joins Portland Island. *Murray* tells us that "this decoy and swannery forms a scene of great interest, almost unique in England, not to be missed by the visitor. The decoy is constructed for the wholesale capture of wild fowl, which are enticed into its mazes by live birds trained for the purpose. The swannery is an inlet likewise of the Fleet, and affords a home to a flock of about six or seven hundred swans, which in the time of the abbots were many times more numerous. In the winter they are visited by wild birds of their species." And Broderip says that "a noble spectacle even now is presented there; for the swans are not crippled in the pinion, and the sight of some eighty of those splendid birds, many of them on the wing together, will not be readily forgotten by those who have witnessed it." Although few doubt at present the depredations which swans commit upon the spawn of fish, there are many who deny that they eat the fish themselves, contending that the construction of the neck would not permit them to swallow anything of a solid nature. The oft-alleged destruction of fish on the Thames by swans appears to us a mere fancy. The true source of destruction has been the fetid condition of the river, owing to the reckless inpouring of town sewage.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Hardships of Artists.

A hard life that of an artist. There are men of fifty whose names are familiar who do not earn ten thousand francs a year. About thirty, after ten years' study, he begins to produce something; then sales must be made, and to make sales the artist must have the tact of a salesman. Some go fasting, and put in here and there a three-franc lesson; but even that is a chance. Some paint back-grounds for photographers, or large sign-boards. At forty, with real merit, or friends in the newspapers, he may get into notice by constant exhibition and puffing. About fifty he earns a little more and has caught the rheumatism. Each year the number of real artists grows less and less. Taste has declined since the division of patrimonies has broken fortunes into crumbs, and the great profits of the Bourse soil society with new and vulgar wealth. Amateurs sell their galleries, bargain with picture dealers, speculate upon their stores. To succeed three things are needful: The first, that at the exhibition some rich bourgeois shall say, "There is a gay hunting scene, which will do very well for the left-hand of my dining-room!" the second, that he feels in the humor to spend his money, that he has faith in his own taste, that his wife does not say no, in short, that he buys; the third, that his friends, having breakfasted before the pictures, order copies. But the five thousand pictures of the Exposition distract the attention destroy all beauty.

A woman is pretty alone by her fireside in an easy chair; put her among eighty ball dresses, and she is lost. How do the two or three miles of pictures which are gotten up each year in Paris find sale? Reply is impossible. On this route the crowd is greater than on any of the others. For thirty years back the chief character of novels, whose heroes were formerly young gentleman, have been artists, especially painters. Thereupon a craze in this direction. Numbers of young fellows who would have made excellent clerks have bought gaiters and let their beards grow. What are they to do for their dinners? Many a one is worn out. This one takes a whole summer to finish a study. He rubs out, paints over, rubs out again, ends in losing all true feeling, becomes cross, irritable, talks feverishly, and by fits and starts, like a man who has had a nervous attack. Many have utterly thwarted their natures and, after fifteen years' struggle, find themselves powerless. Instead of an imagination full to overflow and an impulse to pour out on the canvas the very superfluity of their brains, they resemble the dried-up spring which at long intervals leaks out in miserable drops. A friend comes in. He is stopped by a gesture. "Stand just as you are; stretch out your arm. Perhaps I have found the attitude I have been looking for." At last, by mere chance, and after a hundred groping hesitations, they hang up something, and the creature thus brought into the world by a miracle, is a pretentious abortion.—[Taine.

The Smuggled Lace.

A gentleman holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a tour of pleasure into Belgium. After having traveled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some imprudence, or a dread of some approaching danger. When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning towards her husband, she whispered to him, "I have lace in my portmanteau—take it and conceal it, that it may not be seized."

"What! act as a smuggler?" exclaimed the husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright.

"It is beautiful Malines lace, and has cost a great deal," replied the lady. "We are near the custom house; hasten and conceal it!"

"It is impossible; I cannot do it!" replied the gentleman.

"On the contrary, it is very easy." was the reply. "The lace would fit in the bottom of your hat."

"But do you recollect," rejoined the gentleman, "the position I occupy?"

"But recollect," said the wife, "that there is not an instant to be lost, and this lace has cost me 1,500 francs ($300).'

During the conversation, the train rapidly approached the dreaded station. Imagine the consternation of the worthy magistrate, who had always been in the habit of considering things with calm and slow deliberation, thus unexpectedly placed in a position so embarrassing and so critical. Overcome and perplexed by his difficulties, and losing all presence of mind, he allowed his wife to put the lace in his hat, and, having placed it on his head, he forced it down almost to his ears, and then resigned himself to his fate.

At this station the travelers were invited to come out of the carriage, and to walk into the room where the custom house agents were assembled. The gentleman concealed his uneasiness as best he could, and handed his passport with an air of assumed indifference.

When his position of a judge became known, the officials of the custom house immediately hastened to tender their respects, and declared they considered it quite unnecessary to examine the luggage labeled with the name of one who occupied such a high and important situation in the State.

Never had the magistrate more sincerely valued the respect attached to his position; and if a secret remorse for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger was passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery.

With this comforting assurance, and while a severe examination was passing on the property of other passengers, the head of the custom house and the commander of the local gendarmerie, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a person, came to offer their respects. Nothing could be more gracious than their manner. To their profound salutation the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he do less? But, alas, in his polite obeisance, so rapid and involuntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head when a cloud of lace rushed out, covering him from head to foot, as with a large marriage veil.

What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler, the despair of the wife, the amusement of the spectators, or the astonishment of the custom house officers, at this scene? The offence was too public to be overlooked

With many expressions of regret on the part of the authorities, the magistrate was detained till the matter was investigated. After a short delay he was allowed to resume his journey to Paris, and we can easily believe that the adventure formed a subject for much gossip and amusement in that gay capital.

Raising Terrapins for Market.

One of the sights at Pleasure Bay, attracting the attention of most people who drive to that nearby resort, is a turtle pen, wherein the ordinary small turtles — terrapins — are hatched and grown for the New York market. The pen is a large, square inclosure, with about two-thirds of the area under water, and the rest sandy beach. It now contains seven thousand turtles, and in the sand are eggs estimated to number thirty thousand. If the visitor approaches silently on a sunshiny day, upon peering cautiously over the fence, he sees an odd spectacle. The unsubmerged space in the pen is so thickly covered with turtles sunning themselves that only a little of the white sand is left in sight. They are as inert as stones unless disturbed, but the slightest noise frightens them. Then a ludicrously grotesque scene ensues. The turtles start in a mass for the water, and their gait is as comical as the gambols of a hippopotamus. They jostle each other stretch out their long necks, and attain a surprising rate of speed. At the edge of the water they tumble in with a succession of splashes, like a scattering volley, and soon seven thousand heads are projected above the surface. They seem to float without exertion, but are lazy in their movements. Their serpent-like heads and beadish eyes, their bodies being out of sight, give the pond the appearance of a writhing mass of snakes. A raft in the center of the pen slowly becomes covered, and after a while the turtles begin to return to the sand.

The turtles with which this pen was originally stocked were brought from Texas, but subsequent breeding made a further supply from that source unnecessary. They lay their eggs in the sand, where the heat of the sun suffices to hatch them. The young turtles are removed to a smaller pen as soon as they are out of their shells, and a pool provides for them the requisite water. Netting is drawn over this pen as a protection against cats, who find young turtles suited to their taste. Cats thus baffled may often be seen sitting on posts of the inclosure, looking longingly down upon the unattainable delicacy. The turtles, when half grown, are transferred to the large pen. Their food is live fish, which are put into the water in large numbers. The turtles grow slowly, and attain a size of about ten inches long by seven wide. Then they are sent alive to the New York market, to go finally into the popular soup and steaks. To most palates they are not distinguishable from the larger Key West turtles. The producer realizes from them $12 to $18 a dozen.—*Long Branch Letter.*

Princess Demidorff and her Diamond.

The old Princess Demidorff used to wear the Sancy diamond as a shawl pin. One day she went with her husband and Jules Janin to visit the Louvre and taking off the shawl because the gallery was very hot gave it to Janin to carry, at the same time asking him to put the diamond pin in his vest pocket until she should ask him for it. Now you know the Sancy is worth 1,500,000 francs, and Janin put it in his vest pocket with the same *sang froid* as if it were a new piece of glass. On getting into her carriage the Princess asked for her shawl, but forgot to inquire for her diamond, and drove off.

The next day she sent round to Janin for her precious stone. But no diamond could be found. The vest, a white one, had gone to the wash and with it the Sancy.

Off went Janin in trepidation to the domicile of his washerwoman. In order to avoid suspicion, he asked her quietly if she had found anything in the pocket of his vest.

"No," said she.

"Quite sure?" asked he again becoming lividly pale.

"Ah! yes I did, by the way; a big piece of glass. My little boy has it now; he is playing with it in the yard."

Janin rushed out to recover the gem, the brilliant colors of which were delighting a batch of dirty urchins, who were even then discussing the propriety of shattering the jewel into a thousand sparkling fragments.

—All the furnaces in Ironton, Ohio, are named after celebrated volcanoes, as Etna, Vesuvius, Hecla and the like.

Faults of Temper.

Few men have sweet tempers, or hold such as they possess under steady, invariable control, though there are men who, without this sweetness of nature, however much tried, never seem to lose their self-command. No public man can get on long who has not his temper well in hand; but with the same amount of inflammable particles, men differ very much on the occasions that set fire to them. Some people, who are all composure when we might reasonably expect and justly excuse an explosion, will break down into peevishness or passing frenzy on slight provocations. We have known men, quite remarkable for a well-bred serenity, be unreasonably and childishly testy at some transient annoyance of a sort they are not used to. Highly sensitive organizations and intellects, kept on the stretch, are always irritable. De Quincey, who has no heroes, says that Wordsworth, with all his philosophy, had fits of ill-temper, though the unexampled sweetness of his wife's temper made it impossible to quarrel with her.

Nor does the field in which temper exercises itself make much difference. A divine defending his favorite views is as peppery as any layman; while he flushes and his eye gleams and scintillates with less consciousness of the spirit that rouses the glare than the disputant in secular matters—the distinction between zeal and temper being more easily drawn by his opponent or observer than by himself. How often we read of meetings between religious and philanthropic leaders, looked forward to as a great occasion by their followers, leaving only painful regrets, through some accidental spark falling upon the combustible elements in the composition of one or both. The two great hymn-writers and Christians, Newton and Toplady, met but once, and but for a few minutes, yet something passed—a trifling jest—which upset Toplady's equanimity, and made his parting words, we are told by the friendly bystander, not very courteous.

Thorough Workmen.

Says an exchange: "There is no more honorable position in life than that of a good craftsman in a successful occupation. His horny hand is a more honorable badge of public service than the bejeweled dignity of the dainty clerk or man milliner. His labor-begrimed face or greasy working dress are proofs of the exaltation of his rank among men. An honest, competent workman has peers, but no superiors. But to deserve all his honor he must be competent—skilled in the mysteries of his craft. And it is no use for people to say that their superior intelligence makes up for everything; for a man with the wisdom of a Solomon could not constitute himself a perfect artisan without the practical experience which makes a man such. Journeymen are turned out in multitudes day by day, who have hardly an idea of the first principles of their trade; and many young men, hardly yet of age, are found bold enough to profess a thorough knowledge of two or more handicrafts, any and all of which they really know little or nothing about. Ask employers from whence they have their most skilled laborers, and they will tell you that they come from those workshops where long apprenticeships served to turn out thorough workmen; where engineering is not learned in a year, shoemaking in a month, or printing in a few days. There are many reasons why this whole subject of mechanical training should be pressed upon our young men who expect to live by mechanical labor. The great enemy of the workingman is the crowd of bad workers who are admitted to his status without the proper experience, for which he has paid years of effort.

he Monarch of the Earth.

When God made the earth, it shook to and fro till He put mountains on it to keep it firm. Then the angels asked, "O God! is there anything in Thy creation stronger than these mountains?" and God replied, "Iron is stronger than the mountains, for it breaks them." "And is there anything in Thy creation stronger than iron?" "Yes, fire is stronger than iron, for it melts it." "Is there anything stronger than fire?" "Yes, water, for it quenches fire." "Is there anything stronger than water?" "Yes, wind, for it puts water in motion." "O, our Sustainer, is there anything in Thy creation stronger than wind?" "Yes, a good man giving alms; if he give it with his right hand and conceal it from his left, he overcomes all things." Every good act is charity: your smiling in your brother's face; your putting a wanderer in the right road; your giving water to the thirsty is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow men. When he dies people will ask. What property has he left behind him? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?

The Pilots of the Suez Canal.

It strikes everybody as a little singular, that out of the twenty-six pilots in the Canal Company's employ, only three should be Englishmen, the remainder being of Italian, Austrian, and French nationality. This, at a time when seventy per cent. of the vessels using the canal fly the British flag, seems inexplicable, and sometimes leads to curious complications. A tragic incident is related of one of these pilots, a Frenchman, who ran the vessel he was in charge of aground, and, every other means having failed to float her off, applied to the English Captain to discharge his cargo, which consisted of a telegraph cable. This he positively refused to do, and the pilot having exhausted every argument upon him without effect, retired to his cabin and committed suicide by cutting his throat. His grave may still be seen on the banks of the canal, and his countryman, the chief of the department at Ismailia, in relating the occurrence, added, in a tone of admiration, "After all, was it not a heroic death?"—*Temple Bar.*

The African Forest.

Nature is so prodigal of her charms, the European sees but little of them, for to loiter in the wooded solitudes means sickness and perhaps death. The beauty of an African forest cannot be described. Gigantic trees, with buttresses seven or eight feet in thickness tower far above the feathery frondage of the palm and bamboo; creeping plants of the most delicate tracery, and covered with flowers of every hue, entwine each tree and bush; birds of bright-colored plumage dash before the eyes, and the shrill cry of the parrot and the never-ceasing chirrup of the grasshopper alone wake the stillness of the woods. There is an everlasting twilight in the African forest; the air is cool, and the perfumes of a thousand flowers invite the passer-by to seek a shelter from the burning rays of the sun. But the air, though cool, is also heavy and moist, and emits an odor of decaying vegetable matter: and at night a thin white mist gradually creeps, spectre-like, from every hollow and dell, till the whole landscape is effaced. This is malaria.—*Good Words.*

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

The Spider and the Grasshopper.—"Take care there, Mr. Grasshopper, I'm afraid you don't see where you are going. You'll get caught in that spider's web, the next you know."

But he kept on jumping as carelessly as ever a grasshopper could, and never minded a word I said. Up he'd go without any thought as to how or where he would come down. There was a good spider's web in the tall grass just before him under the apple tree where I sat.

Down he came again into the grass close beside the web.

"Take care Grasshopper, you'll get into trouble. Don't you see that spider's web!"

He winked at me saucily and said, "You just attend to your books." (For I was getting a lesson in geometry.) I guess I know how to keep out of a spider's web."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when up he went again, as heedlessly as ever. A shiver in the web, and the bending of the grass, told the story. One of his feet had caught, and with an awkward curve he had come around to hang with his head downwards and his back to the web.

"There," said I, "didn't I tell you?" But the grasshopper's pertness was not diminished.

"There's only one foot caught," said he.

"There are five free yet. I'll show you. Just see here," and he turned half way over, and gave a push with his free hind foot. But, instead of pushing his other foot free, the one he pushed with was caught, and he was worse off than ever.

"There!" said I again. But he interrupted me, and said, in the midst of another convulsive struggle.

"Wait a minute, I have four free yet."

But the only effect of his efforts was to get all his limbs entangled in the deceptive snare.

And now was the spider's opportunity. Out he came from his hiding place, and ran backward and forward over the body of his victim, spinning each time a thread that made more fruitless the desperate struggles of the grasshopper. It was the work of a moment, and every limb of the headstrong, silly grasshopper was bound fast, and a web had been spread so thick over his head that I could not see it all.

This a true story, children; I saw it with my own eyes. I am older now than I was then. That was a great many years ago. Since then I have seen children as reckless and foolish as that grasshopper, and have seen parents and teachers waste more advice, and waste it to less purpose than I did then.—*Home Journal.*

Candy Makes the Laugh Come.—"Let us all tell something," said May; "and the one who makes the others laugh the loudest shall have this pear. Cally, you are the oldest, so you must begin."

Cally screwed up her eyes a minute, and said, "Oh!" Then she began: "Once a Chinaman in California was bothered with grasshoppers on his melon-vines. He wanted some netting to cover them: so he took up a big green grasshopper in his fingers, and laid it on the counter, saying to the shopman. Too much hoppee: me no stoppee." And he smiled very blandly when the shopman began measuring off the netting."

This story was a failure. Nobody laughed. Cally said, "Well, Joe what is your story?"

"Mine is about an Irishman," cried Joe. "He never saw a wasp till he came to this country. He caught one, and looked at him attentively, saying, "Ye are mighty spry little baste. Ye've got a mighty long body, and, by the powers, ye can bite too!" And that Irishman jerked his hand back as quick as lightning."

There was quite a hearty laugh at this. "Now, May," said Joe, "it's your turn."

Little May said, "The mosquitoes in Florida are so large, that a great many of them weigh a pound; and they sit up on the trees and bark, when people pass by."

"That's a tough story," said mamma. "Now, shall I take my turn?" "Yes," said May. "Well," said mamma, "I have a big cocoanut in the storeroom, and some sugar; and we will make a dish of cocoanut candy this evening."

Oh, what a merry shout the children gave! All voted that mamma should have the prize. But I dont think she ought to have had it, for she cheated a little.

A New to be Beautiful.—Master Frank was in a brown study. He had been taken up stairs into the drawing-room to see his new aunt—that is to say, the wife of his Uncle William, who was recently married; and this was her first visit after the wedding tour.

Master Frank had behaved with great propriety during the interview, but had gone away so grave and thoughtful that his nurse was a little disturbed by such an unusual state of affairs.

"Why, Frank, what are you thinking about?" said she; "don't you like your new auntie?"

"Not much," replied the matter-of-fact Frank.

"And why not, Frankie?"

"Because she is not pretty like, mamma."

"Oh, but my dear, you ought not to dislike your auntie for that. I'm sure your aunt was very good to you, and it is better to be good than pretty any day."

"Is it?" asked Frank, wonderingly.

"Certainly, dearie, for one may be pretty outside and ugly inside—one may have a pretty face and an ugly temper."

(The worthy old party, you will observe, was rather awkward in her modes of expression.)

"Well, but," said Frankie, slowly—"well, but—is auntie pretty inside, do you think? Because——"

Here Frank stopped.

"Of course, she is, dear. But 'because' what?"

"Why, because ——" and here an intelligent look darted into the boy's blue eyes, "because—why don't they turn her inside out then?—*Judy*

Crumbs of Charity.—"I can give you but a crumb or two," said the beggar to the hungry dogs; "what good will a few crumbs do you?"

"Good? why you know by experience what it is to be famishing, so you are no stranger to the value of a crumb,' answered the dogs.

"Take it; but it grieves me to see you so thin and to give you no more," said the beggar, sorrowfully.

Grieves you? what, that out of your little you can give but little? Dear kind heart, don't be troubled; the crumbs thus lovingly given are so sweet that they will do us far more good than the finest bone thrown at us grudgingly."

The fatal fondness for indulging in a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too severe reply, can never be condemned with more asperity than it deserves. Not to offend is the first step towards pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good-breeding, and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is impolite.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—New Orleans has 205,000 inhabitants.

—During the past year 700 divorces were granted in Maine.

—It took the American rifle team just eleven weeks to become famous.

—The theatrical benefits for Dan Bryant's family reached $16,000.

—An extensive show of dogs will be held in Chicago in January next.

—Massachusetts skins out well. Her leather product is valued at $29,000,000.

—There are fourteen Democratic candidates for the governorship of Georgia.

—A white mocking-bird has been caught and caged at Charleston, S. C.

—The *Graphic* company has secured the Government contract for printing check stamps.

—Lawyers have a clear majority in the Indiana Senate, and farmers a quorum in the House.

—Oregon is a great flax-producing State, having now 41,000 acres of the plant under cultivation.

—The Adams and American Express companies employ 800 men who travel over 100,000 miles a day.

—A company has been formed to build a narrow gauge railroad from Omaha to the Black Hills.

—Gilmore proposes to celebrate the Centennial by having 100,000 persons sing the one hundredth psalm.

—Additional discoveries of extraordinarily rich gold, silver and copper mines are reported in Arizona.

—Solomon Eaton, of Irasburg, is said to have the largest hop-yard in Vermont. He has 8,000 hills, covering ten acres.

—Since the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co. pew rents in Brooklyn have dropped 20 per cent. and are still going down.

—Shroeder, the Baltimore balloonist has been engaged by Barnum, and will be the next sacrifice to aeronautic advertising.

—The portrait of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War under President Pierce, has been added to the War Department collections.

—Jefferson Davis declines to accept the gift of a homestead in Texas, which it was proposed to pay for by dollar subscriptions.

—The church at Bethlehem Heights, N. H., is many feet higher than any other ecclesiastical establishment in the United States.

—Horatio Seymour, Jr., has it is said been offered the position of Division Engineer of the Erie Canal, but has not yet accepted.

—The indications now are that the grape crop in Calfornia this year will be considerably the largest that has ever been produced.

—Arizona is tired of greenbacks, and seeing the prosperity of her hard-money neighbor, California is thinking of adopting the gold standard.

—San Francisco will shortly ship to the Mikado of Japan a state carriage valued at $3,000, four horses worth $25-000, and harness costing $1,500.

—Immigration into the United States shows a decrease of 86,000 for the year ending June 30th, 1875, as compared with the year ending June 30th, 1874.

—Memphis proposes to build an elevator at the river, with the view of building up a trade with Georgia, Alabama, the Carolinas, etc., for grain in bulk.

—The new national bank notes are to be printed on silk-fibre paper, the Treasury officials believing this material to be a good device against counterfeiting.

—A Massachusetts snuff taker calculates that during the past forty years he has titillated his nostrils with two thirds of a ton of the pungent dust, valued at $3,300.

—Governor Stanford, the railroad potentate of California, is erecting a splendid mansion in San Francisco, that will cost from $300,000 to $500,000. It is to be earthquake proof.

—The statement of the condition of savings Banks of the State of New York shows a gain of $1,200,000 in deposits since Jan. 1, and a gain of over 36,000 in the number of depositors.

—A migratory sheep raiser in Beatrice, Neb., has a flock of 800. He lives in a house on wheels and with his family and flocks, migrate from place to place in search of good grazing grounds.

—Somebody suggests that Hannibal Hamlin's head ought to be put on the postage-stamps, so that everybody may have the pleasure of punching it when a transient newspaper is to be mailed.

—The new Cathedral at Boston will be dedicated on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, and the occasion will be the most interesting in the history of Catholicity in New England.

—Mr. Samuel Langley, of New Durham, N. H., is a school law unto himself, as thirteen of the fourteen children that attend the district school are his, and he is keeping four others in reserve.

—The American Bridge Company has under construction this year an aggregate length of 16,083 feet of iron bridges, a little more than three miles, 3,950 feet of which is for the Cincinnati Southern Railway company.

—Andrew Johnson is the sixth member of the new Congress who has been buried. The others are Buffinton, of Massachusetts; Hersey, of Maine; Allen, of New York; Head, of Tennessee, and La Dow, of Oregon.

—The Winnipiseogee Mills, at Franklin, N. H., have the heaviest paper machine ever built, which runs a sheet of paper 90 inches wide, about 100 feet a minute, splits it into two sheets, and rolls it into rolls about five miles long.

—In an agricultural convention at Dalton, Ga., a few days ago, a gentleman called upon all present who owned sheep and no dogs to rise, and thirteen rose up. He then called upon all who owned dogs and no sheep to rise, and sixty or seventy responded.

—A musket which Aaron Burr captured while serving under Benedict Arnold, at the attempted storming of Quebec, on the night of December 31, 1775, is on exhibition in Oswego. The gun is of the Queen Anne pattern, and weighs twenty-seven pounds.

—When Andrew Johnson was Governor of Tennessee, and an ex-blacksmith was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the Governor with his own hands made a vest for the Chief Justice, while the Chief Justice went to the forge and made a shovel and tongs to present to the Governor.

—Two members of the English Parliament have made a novel wager; they have agreed to meet each other at Yokohama on the 25th of September, at 2 p. m., one to travel by way of the United States and sail from San Francisco, the other to go by way of the Isthmus of Suez and India, and if either fails to keep the appointment he is to pay the other £1000.