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B. F. SCHWEIER,

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NO. 2.

TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR EARTH.

An angel in the book of life
Wrote down an infant's birth,
Then added ere he closed the page,
"Too beautiful for earth!"

And when the reaper Death passed by,
He read the words and smiled;
Then folded to his arms
The lowly little child.

The mother wept, but angels sang
In soft and sweet accord;
And welcomed the transported flower
In the garden of the Lord.

The mother wept, but will not weep
When all her days are run,
And at the gates of paradise
She meets her little one.

An infant soul, all pure and bright,
From every earth spot free;
A babe to bless that mother's sight
Through all eternity.

Theodora.

Mr. Lisle was thought to be a wealthy man, but in settling up his affairs, after his death, there was found to be a mere pittance left for his widow and family.

Mrs. Lisle was a lady of culture and refinement, and had never before had to think of supplying her own wants, much less to provide for the necessities of a family.

Poverty is a stern teacher, but it often develops a power of bringing out some unsuspected talent, which shines forth in diamond-like brightness, even as the uncut gem only shows its splendor after it has been subjected to the lapidary's art.

So it was with Mrs. Lisle. She had spent years upon the continent, and had now in this time of need she drew upon the store of memory, and depicted in terse but vigorous language some of the curious and oft-times touching incidents which had attracted her notice in her travels.

Her efforts were rewarded with success, but wants were many, and her earnings fell short of the sum which would have supported them in comfort. Her eldest daughter, Theodora, watched the lines of care as they gradually deepened on her mother's forehead, and made up her mind that she could and would help her.

So, one morning, while Mrs. Lisle was busily engaged in copying a manuscript upon which depended their living expenses for the week, Theodora stole to her side and said, prefacing her words with a kiss—

"Mamma can you listen a moment? I have a plan."

"Yes, dear, but tell me quickly, for this article must go to-day without fail."

Theodora knelt by her mother's side, and took her hand earnestly.

"Now, mamma, you must say no. Remember, whatever I may do, the 'blue blood' still runs in my veins."

"You must be thinking of something very serious, Theodora, you prepare the way so carefully."

"It is just this, mamma. You remember I have been a member of the 'Entre Nous' society for several winters, and I propose to be a useful one now—that is, to myself—instead of one of those 'toll niggers' that do nothing but spin. In plain English, I want to apply for the position of pianist. They pay ten shillings an evening, and that sum would be a great help to the Lisle exchequer."

Her manner was playful, but an intense earnestness was evidently underlying it. Her sister Clara's expression showed evident disapproval of the plan.

"Theodora," she exclaimed, "are you in earnest? What would Clifford Marsden say? You know he is expected to arrive home every day."

"A faint blush stole over Theodora's face at her sister's words, but she said—

"It must not make me act differently, even if my best friend should disapprove. I feel guilty to lead such an idle life, and see our mother wearing herself out in this weary struggle for bread. I can do it, and I shall, unless I am positively forbidden by you, mamma."

"But think of it, Theodora, the girls of our set would, maybe, cut you."

Theodora replied with a dignity which silenced Clara.

"My mother's comfort is more precious to me than the loss of friendship which makes no sacrifice. May I write to the managers of the Sociable mamma?"

"Act as you think best, my dear, only take time to think well of it before you decide. I know that you will always endeavor to do what is right."

The mother's eyes had a wistful tenderness in their expression, as they rested upon Theodora's face.

fore he had caught a glimpse of her face he was surrounded by a merry circle of girls, who commenced to rally him upon his abstraction. So he did not discover that Theodora was the young musician who had so strangely interested him.

After a while the guests, or rather several of them adjourned to the music-room; and, when Clifford Marsden entered, he was still surrounded by a bevy of young ladies, and, though he listened to the soft voice of a lady who was singing a plaintive ballad, and was enchanted with the brilliant playing of the young pianist, he still failed to

were himself from those who surrounded him or even get a glimpse of the features of the fair musician, whose face seemed to be turned persistently from him as her fingers rolled over the keys of the superb-toned instrument.

Later in the evening a group of young people were assembled in the dressing-room to put on their wraps. They were chatting about the events of the evening.

"Is not Clifford Marsden improved?" said Susan Dismore. "He always was nice, but now he is perfectly splendid."

"I give you fair warning, Mamie Livingstone; I shall contest the supremacy with you next time. You had the monopoly of him this evening. 'All's fair in love,' you know."

Mamie tossed her pretty head, and said, dissatisfied—

"You are welcome to him. Such an absent-minded escort never fell to my lot before."

"Where were you at supper-time? I missed you from the dining-room," asked Durant.

"Mr. Marsden brought me a nice, and we made believe that that giant acacia was a rural belle, but even that did not make him thaw, though I did my best to captivate him."

"I wonder if he knew who presided at the piano. Did he glance that way?"

"No, not he; he stood like a statue, gazing into vacancy. It's a shame that such a handsome specimen of the 'genus homo' should be so stupid."

"He must have changed, then. Maybe he was disappointed at not meeting Miss Lisle. Report says he was hard hit in that direction before he went abroad."

"Hark! hark!" said Allie Durant. "Susan, I'm ashamed of you! Of whom do you take lessons?"

"Susan was Allie's cousin and took the reproof good naturedly. Making a deep courtesy to Allie, she answered—

"I have learned that purely classical phrase from my respected cousin, Mr. Miaturn Durant. He acquired it most probably in the fastidious society of his club."

"At this moment Theodora appeared at the door, and her friends clustered around her.

"You dear, brave darling!"

"You naughty little girl, to keep yourself so completely out of sight."

"Are those tender fingers completely worn out?" and other similar exclamations saluted the ears of the few strangers as they viewed the scene.

Theodora was white as Parian marble, and a suppressed quiver about her sensitive lips told of mental suffering. She had left her position at the piano, thinking the parlors deserted, but as she came forth into the glow of light she found herself face to face with him whose whispered words had once made her heart's sweetest music.

Instead of hastening to meet her he had stood like one in a dream. Theodora understood the pause to mean re-annunciation of the past, and, without glancing at him again, drew her slight figure to its utmost height, and with all of the dignity of her proudest days, swept by him and disappeared up the broad staircase. This was their meeting.

And it was for her sweet sake that Clifford Marsden had thrown off the fatigue of travel, thinking that one pressure of her little hand would bring him rest, even in the midst of the fashionable throng.

But a trifle light as air had separated them. A word of explanation un-terred, and a well of doubt and mistrust was woven out of materials as impalpable as the mist, yet perhaps as enduring as time itself.

heart. The mere mention of his name would send the blood tingling through her veins tumultuously. She knew that she loved him, but she had succeeded in keeping her mother and sister in ignorance of her weakness.

One day she was seated at the piano, ostensibly practicing; but the listless manner in which she touched the keys betrayed a mind pre-occupied.

She started as Clara entered the room suddenly with a note for her. Its direction was in a familiar hand, which in former days she had often seen on cards attached to baskets of flowers.

Her heart throbbed violently as she broke the seal and read—

"THEODORA—Will you grant me an interview, I—may I learn why I am denied your friendship? If any misunderstanding has arisen between us, it is my duty that I may explain it away. If, on the contrary, you have lost all interest in one whose whole future will be made or marred by his place in your esteem, it is but just to let me know the truth at once. I will call at eleven o'clock to-morrow (Tuesday) morning, and if you do not see me, I shall know the worst, and will spare you the pain of ever again meeting."

If the young lover could have seen the kisses lavished upon his note, he would have been spared the long hours of doubt that intervened between its reception and the time of the appointed interview.

The next morning Theodora was awaiting her lover. As she heard his approaching footsteps the alternate flushing and paling of her face betrayed her emotion.

She arose as Clifford entered. One moment her fingers trembled in his clasp as eye met eye in a long, revealing gaze—the next she was folded to his heart.

"My own darling Theodora!" he murmured.

The tall man of silence, for a few brief, sacred moments, consecrated the room; then mutual explanations, sweet to the long-divided lovers, took place.

After a time Clifford drew Theodora to the piano, saying—

"It was hearing your voice in that glorious anthem which gave me courage to make one more attempt to see you. A voice said to me, 'Theodora, reveal your heart—the next she was folded to his heart.'

"Theodora answered by seating herself at the piano and singing a little Scotch song—"I will marry my ain love," as spiritedly as a maiden should who sees sorrow and mistrust fade away, and joy and faith take their place in her happy heart.

The theory that the Indians are toward the first rather than toward the second of these parties of opinion. We have seen dramatic representations given by the children of a household, and by the pupils of private schools, before audiences of parents and intimate friends, and of these we do not hesitate to say that they were so conducted as to be entirely pleasurable and productive of good. Nothing could have been better than a dance of the night before, and the same thing may be said of any other source of amusement—overdone or unwisely done, it had better be left alone. For our part, we think that in neglecting the dramatic powers of children we are casting aside capabilities of amusement—nay, even of education—which ought to be cultivated. The training of faculties called forth in acting would show young persons how high the quality of good actors are, and through what work they must have passed to attain the "art of concealing their art." Such training would, we think, have a tendency to produce an appreciation of good art and contempt and dislike for its false imitations.

We grant that there are difficulties involved, and that in unwise hands, and with an unwise selection of the author to be rendered, much mischief might accrue. But then the same thing may be said of any other source of amusement—overdone or unwisely done, it had better be left alone. For our part, we think that in neglecting the dramatic powers of children we are casting aside capabilities of amusement—nay, even of education—which ought to be cultivated. The training of faculties called forth in acting would show young persons how high the quality of good actors are, and through what work they must have passed to attain the "art of concealing their art." Such training would, we think, have a tendency to produce an appreciation of good art and contempt and dislike for its false imitations.

Everywhere about the outskirts of the town are innumerable low huts built of sticks and mud and an old drift roofed with that coming almost to the ground, and presenting an appearance of the most squalor. These are the Mexican jacals. The chimney and its oven are usually in a cone of baked and blackened mud a little removed, and under a rude awning or a tree the whole family is usually to be seen, with mules, donkeys, chickens, and a horde of dogs, among the latter a hideous, hairless animal, promiscuously intermixed. Dogs are largely in the majority of the population in San Antonio, and their baying divides the noise of the night with the cackling that resounds from house to jacal, from farm to ranch, and rises on the ear in broad surges of sound like the waves of the sea. If you should glance into one of these jacals, you would find an earthen floor cleanly swept, a bed neatly and brightly covered, and a place garnished after its sort; and although the general idea is that it is a nest of filth, to the casual eye it seems clean and orderly, but poor to the last degree of poverty. Yet the Mexican jacal lives on less than any. In the summer the corn and onions and peppers of the garden patch meet his needs; in the winter, even when he owns his bit of land, a spenny soup bone and one sweet potato comprise his usual marketing. But poor as he may be, his daughters do not go out to service; his mother wraps her ribs—about her with a Spanish mantilla—that her hair with a grand air; and he himself, although in rags, salutes you on the street with the grave courtesy of a Spanish don. Making exceptions of the proud old Mexican families of lineage and repute, who live in seclusion, it is not possible to feel that these people who are known as

Children's Acting.

The passion for dramatic representation is inborn in human beings. The most savage tribes represent in their dances the feats of arms by which they have overcome their enemies, and children's plays are often little more than a representative imitation, with a good deal of make-belief, of the real actions of every-day life. The "dressing up" in which they delight is but a more advanced stage of their play; and no doubt some children, whose imaginations are vivid, are, for the moment, in their own thought, the persons whom they represent.

It is not the acting of children who are being regularly trained for their profession that we now wish to refer to. With them the dramatic instincts have been seized upon and is being developed in order to furnish the means of earning a livelihood. There is a good deal of acting now done by children, who certainly are not destined to appear on the public stage, but whose dramatic instinct is being cultivated for their own amusement and benefit and for the edification of their friends and relations. The question which has been raised in the minds of a good many people is whether this acting by children is a good thing to be encouraged or a bad thing to be put down.

Those who are the friends of the practice dwell for justification of their opinion on the undoubted existence of the desire for and power of making such representations. Further, they insist on the good effect which accurate learning of a part has in strengthening the memory, and they say that when the plays represented have been written by good authors the acquisition of the actual words of an eminent writer is a desirable thing to be encouraged. It is the appearance of children actors in a drawing room is no more a matter of display than the singing of a song or the performance of a piece of music, and no one objects to these being done before company, and they maintain that the results in improved carriage of the body, in increased readiness and presence of mind, and in cultivated power of action in concert with others amply repay all the trouble which the preparation costs.

On the other hand, those who object to allowing children to act seem to fear chiefly the encouragement of self-consciousness and love of display in the children, and further to be afraid of cultivating in them a love of acting which may afterward grow into a passion for theater going, and for all the dissipation which, to some minds, is represented by the word.

We confess that our own leanings are toward the first rather than toward the second of these parties of opinion. We have seen dramatic representations given by the children of a household, and by the pupils of private schools, before audiences of parents and intimate friends, and of these we do not hesitate to say that they were so conducted as to be entirely pleasurable and productive of good. Nothing could have been better than a dance of the night before, and the same thing may be said of any other source of amusement—overdone or unwisely done, it had better be left alone. For our part, we think that in neglecting the dramatic powers of children we are casting aside capabilities of amusement—nay, even of education—which ought to be cultivated. The training of faculties called forth in acting would show young persons how high the quality of good actors are, and through what work they must have passed to attain the "art of concealing their art." Such training would, we think, have a tendency to produce an appreciation of good art and contempt and dislike for its false imitations.

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Mexicans have any claim to the name as we use it. They are simply a gentler Indian, accepting a sort of civilization, now and then with a fairer tint, now and then with a wave in the hair that tells of darker blood, and always with a high cheekbone, following them to the tenth generation. The proud Castilian has but small part in them, the gentler Mexican race perhaps has less. One having these two status in his veins—the Spanish, with his home-zuman, representing the ancient and rightful empire of the continent—ah! well, it would seem, other than these low-browed faces stamped in their dumb and sullen ignorance, whether you see them on the woman squatting on the brick floor of the cat edral, or on the men lounging in the piazzas against anything which will uphold them, darker and more sallow for the shadow of their huge sombreros.

San Antonio is, in fact, a Spanish town to-day, and the only one where any considerable remnant of Spanish life exists in the United States.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Exportation of Wives.

In the early settlement of Virginia, when the adventurers where principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed to quit England, as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying the shipment of matrimonial exiles, dated London, August 12, 1612, illustrative of the manners of the times and the concern then felt for the welfare of the colony and for female virtue. It is as follows: "We send you on the ship one widow and eleven maids, for wives for the people of Virginia; there have been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations. In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several house holders that have wives, till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and sent by our honorable lord and treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain other worthy gentlemen, who, taking into their consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore have given this fair beginning; for the reimbursing of whose charges it is ordered that every man carrying them give 120 pounds of leaf tobacco for each of them. Though we are desirous that the marriage be free according to the laws of nature, yet we would not have these maids deceived and married to servants; but only to such freemen or tenants as have the means to maintain them. We pray, you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills."

Get all the credit you can, but never trust any one. By this process you can speedily acquire a fortune.

Always put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, for by that means you will have time to think how to do it, and with the least inconvenience to yourself.

Never do a man a favor. You will thus be being posterous with that superiority of false professions of eternal friendship, gratitude, and all that is balderdash.

Take care of the cents and dollars will take care of themselves, provided you can get them. Never neglect to pick up a dollar in preference to a cent. Don't pick up either if you can't find them.

If you borrow any money never pay it. You can console your conscience by the belief that if the lender had really needed it, you would not have had it; ergo, this money was of no use to him, and if you had not borrowed it, he would have spent it foolishly.

The Proclamation of Persons Who Smoke.

In a proclamation persons who smoke to the smoking public, by which we do not understand that it is meant to be intimated that the public is just now in a smoking condition, but merely to confuse the address to those persons who use cigars, an association of cigar-makers have made it pretty plain that a good many of the cigars which are sold in the shops are chemically flavored counterfeits, a good many others are unwholesome, and a good many positively nasty. As the buyer and smoker of cigars is left in pleasing uncertainty as to what cigars are properly to be avoided as counterfeits, which are unwholesome and which are nasty, the present appears to be a particularly good time for a general "swearing off." Wise smokers will abandon the use of cigars and adopt the pipe instead, as the Scotch man refused to drink wine, preferring whisky—the more, he said, because there is nothing against it in Scripture. Perhaps still wiser smokers will abandon the habit altogether, as one which is in itself uncleanly and unwholesome.

A Curious Case.

A curious case as to the rights of the finder of lost property, whose owner is unknown, is reported from Rhode Island. The plaintiff bought an old safe and offered to sell it to the defendant. The defendant would not buy it but agreed to take it and sell it if he could, using it himself in the meantime. While it was thus in his possession, he found a roll of bank bills inside the lining. No one knew to whom they belonged. The defendant therefore concluded to keep them. The plaintiff, upon learning of the discovery of the money, demanded the return of the safe just as it was when delivered. The defendant returned it, but without the bank bills; whereupon the plaintiff sued for their value as money found. The Supreme Court held that the finder was entitled to retain the property as against the party who put the safe in his hands for sale; and the authorities generally maintain the right of the finder, in this class of cases, as against all persons except the real owner.

Japanese Laws.

The severity of the Japanese laws is shown by the fact that death is the punishment for every offense. In the case of the offender his family is not infrequently involved.

Death by decapitation at the hands of the common executioner, or by instant self-murder, is the usual punishment; and having twice two status in his veins—the Spanish, with his home-zuman, representing the ancient and rightful empire of the continent—ah! well, it would seem, other than these low-browed faces stamped in their dumb and sullen ignorance, whether you see them on the woman squatting on the brick floor of the cat edral, or on the men lounging in the piazzas against anything which will uphold them, darker and more sallow for the shadow of their huge sombreros.

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St. Petersburg.

On a first view of St. Petersburg a stranger, looking upon the imposing edifices and wide streets, asks where all the poor people live. He will find them in the cellars or in wretched buildings on the outskirts. It is a city of palaces, and stands on several islands, carved out by streams that diverge from the river Neva and by artificial canals. Bridges are therefore numerous, spanning these streams in every direction. The site of St. Petersburg was originally swampy, but its founder, Peter the Great, in the beginning of the last century, seeing the commercial and political advantages of the location, ordered piles to be driven for the stone foundations of buildings. The country around is flat and the soil is sandy.

St. Petersburg is in latitude 50 degrees, 56 minutes. At the same altitude on the American continent snow is almost perpetual, but at St. Petersburg the warm or mild days of the year average 194. The thermometer during July and the beginning of August often rises eighty degrees above zero, and sometimes ninety degrees. In winter it sometimes falls thirty or forty degrees below zero, averaging about twelve degrees below. Preparations for winter, by means of double doors and windows, are made toward the end of September, although the double doors and windows are only casually needed before November. The gigantic stoves of stone or brick, coated with porcelain, and rising in various architectural devices nearly to the ceiling, are also put in order in September. Fuel is cheap, and the dwellings have an internal temperature of summer. Great care is taken in regard to winter clothing and the air being clean and bracing, colds are almost unknown. Consumption of a scrofulous nature is, however, common.

Snow usually falls in the latter part of October or early in November, and sometimes as late as the first week in May. The Neva and its branches are usually frozen before the middle of November, and the ice breaks up about the middle of April. At this there is a ceremony. The commandant of the fortress, having in state across the river, under salvo of artillery, visits the Emperor in his palace, and gives him a cup of its water in token of restored navigation. The ice disappears by the beginning of May, and the vegetation becomes rapid. During June and July the days are very long, and the sun is only a short time below the horizon. Those who can afford to, betake themselves to the island and villages of the suburbs.

A feature of St. Petersburg is the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, erected in 1782. The horse, having rushed up a steep rock, is rearing at its precipitous brink, with its fore feet in the air. Its height is seventeen feet, and that of the Emperor eleven feet. Falconet, the artist, told the Empress Catherine that he could not properly model a horse and its rider in that position without seeing models. General Melissino, a bold and expert rider, then offered to ride a horse up a steep mound prepared for the purpose. He did so, and accustomed the horse to halt at the brink and paw the air. After the horse became trained the General rode up the mound repeatedly for the study of the artist.

The Winter Palace, when occupied by the Emperor, contains 6,000 persons, in different ways connected with either his court or his household. The interior is filled with pictures and rare ornaments. Connected with the palace is the Hermitage, built by Catherine II., which contains picture galleries, a museum of arms, statuary and curiosities, and a large theatre.

The principal street is the Nevski Prospekt, four miles long and one hundred and fifty feet broad. In it is the cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan, richly adorned in the interior with church and silver gema. Another great church is similarly domed. The great bazaar, with its 10,000 merchants, is also in this thoroughfare; also the military headquarters, the palace of the Archduke Michael, that of the metropolitan or head of the Greek Church, and the convent and church of St. Alexander Nevskoi, the latter of which contains a sarcophagus of pure silver, in which the body of the saint is preserved. In the cathedral is the burial place of Peter and St. Paul, with a tall slender, richly gilt spire, 298 feet high, which towers above its surroundings and is seen from every part of the city. It contains the Russian monarchs since Peter the Great inclusive. The population of St. Petersburg is about 750,000.

In Peter's museum in the Academy of Sciences is the effigy of Peter the Great in wax, habited in a court dress that was worn by him and shoes made by his own hands. The wig is from his own dark hair, clipped after his death. His eyes were black and his stature about six feet three, according to a rod shown, which is said to have been exactly of his height. The stuffed skin of his horse, ridden by him at the battle of Poltava, is also exhibited.

Why Flowers Have Different Hours for Blooming.

Sir John Lubbock alludes to the fact that at certain particular hours flowers close. The reason for it, however, is obvious, for flowers which are fertilized by moths and other night-flying insects would derive no advantage by being open by day, and on the other hand, those fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being open at night. The closing of flowers, he believes, has reference to the habits of insects, and it may be confessed that the opening and closing of flowers is gradual and that the hours vary greatly according to circumstances.

All habits grow by unseason degrees.

How a Man takes Care of a Baby.

First, he must have one to take care of. It isn't every man, you know, that is fortunate enough to have one; and when he does, his wife is always wanting to run over to a neighbor's only five minutes, and he has to attend the baby. Sometimes, she caresses him, and often she says, sternly, "John, take good care of the child until I return." You want to remonstrate, but cannot pluck up the courage, while that awful female's eye is upon you; so you prudently refrain and merely remark:

"Don't say long, my dear." She is hardly out of sight before the luckless babe opens its eyes, and its mouth also, and emits a yell which causes the cat to bounce out of the door as if something had stung it. You timidly lift the cherub, and singan operatic air; but he does not appreciate it, and only yells the louder. You bribe him with a piece of sugar; not a bit of use, he spits it out, and tries to put his foot into your mouth. You get angry and shake him. He stops a second, and you venture another: when, good heavens! he set up such a roar, that the passers-by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate; your hair stands on end; and the perspiration oozes out of every pore, as the agonizing thought comes over you, what if that luckless child should have a fit! You try baby talk; but "litty-litty lamb" has no effect; for he stretches as if a red-hot poker had been laid on his spine, and still he yells. You are afraid the neighborhood will be alarmed, and give him your gold watch as a last resort, just in time to save your whiskers; though he throws down a handful of your cherished mustache to take the watch, and you thankfully find an easy chair to rest your aching limbs, when down comes that costly watch on the floor, and the cause of all the trouble breaks into an ear-splitting roar, and you set your teeth, and prepare to administer personal chastisement, when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife, snatches the long suffering child from your willing arms, and sitting down, stills it by magic, while you gaze mournfully at the remains of your watch and cherished mustache, and muttering a malediction on baby-kind in general, and on the image of his father in particular, vow never to take care of a baby again—until the next time.