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### WHEN LOVER TURNS ROVER.

They met each other in the glade—
She lifted up her eyes;
Alack the day! alack the maid!
She blushed with swift surprise.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from lifting up the eyes.

The pail was full the path was steep—
He reached to her his hand;
She felt her warm young pulses leap,
But did not understand.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from clasping hand in hand.

She sat beneath him in the wood—
He wooed with words and sighs;
Ah! [illegible] a spring seems sweet and good,
And maidens are not wise.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from listing lovers' sighs.

The summer sun shone fairly down,
The wind blew from the south;
As fine eyes gazed on eyes of brown,
His kiss fell on her mouth.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from kissing on the mouth.

And now the autumn time is near,
The lover roves away,
With breaking heart and falling tear
She sits the livelong day.
Alas! alas! for breaking hearts when lovers rove away.

## Rosine's Hair.

In an upper room, in the city of Paris, a poor woman lay upon a wretched bed, and a young girl sat near her. Both had been silent for some time. The elder woman spoke first.

"Oh, Rosine, what shall we do now?" she said. "It has been bad enough before, but now all is lost—all is over. People cannot live without eating, and no one can eat who has not money to buy food. What shall we do, child?"

"I do not know," said the girl. "I have been to all the people I know. They refuse to help us. They have helped us so much that we cannot wonder at it, I fear. I have asked for work. There seems to be none for me. Ah, how different it was when we were all together, and papa petted us and gave us presents, and we wore such lovely clothes, and rode often in a carriage! I remember papa talking us to the great gardens, and seeing the swans upon the lake and hearing beautiful music—"

"Stop, child! I cannot bear it," sobbed the mother. "I cannot bear to remember our happiness now, when we are so sorrowful—so miserable. Oh, if I were but able to do something! But I cannot lift my head from the pillow."

The sick woman sank back and the poor daughter dropped her head upon her hands, as she sat beside the window wide open on that nipty winter evening. All was silent in the little room, but the sound of voices came up from the street below as those who passed addressed each other. Fragments of talk, snatches of anecdotes, jokes, even tender words, reached the girl. But, at last, two girls, saleswomen probably, going home from their places of employment, lingered for an instant on the pavement.

"You ought to dress your hair in braids," said one.

"So I would, but I haven't enough," replied the other.

"Buy a switch," said the first.

"Easy for you to talk," said number two; "but for hair like mine—real pale gold—they charge two hundred francs. You see, it is so hard to match."

The girls went on, but they left an idea behind them. Rosine started to her feet.

"Au revoir, maman," she cried. "I am going out for a little while. Perhaps I may have good luck this time," and she hurried into the street.

The girl's words had taught her that there was one way in which she could earn a little money. She could sell her hair. It was her greatest beauty. It fell below the knee. It was pale gold in tint, and exquisitely waved by nature's hand. A hairdresser must appreciate it. She felt that.

Through the gathering twilight she hurried along the street until she reached an establishment of the proper sort. It was a quiet place, with a waxen head surmounted by a wig in the window, and with false curls and mustaches set upon little stands amongst fancy soaps, combs, brushes and boxes of pearl-powder and rouge. The proprietor and his assistants were there, and one customer only—a gentleman, who had been having his hair cut.

Rosine entered timidly, and walked toward the hair-dresser—whom she knew by sight—with hesitating steps.

"Monsieur," she said, "I wish to sell my hair, if you will buy it. It is very handsome, and, as you see of an unusual color."

The hair-dresser listened carelessly.

"That might make it impossible for us to sell it again," he said.

"But it would command a large price," persisted Rosine. "Let me show it to you."

"As you please, Mademoiselle," said the hair-dresser.

Rosine having received this permission, took down her bonnet and drew her comb from her hair. It fell about her like a golden veil glittering, and waving wonderfully. One of the assistants gave a little cry of pleasure. The customer repressed an exclamation. The proprietor alone seemed unmoved, unappreciative.

"I will buy your hair, Mademoiselle, since you are so anxious to sell it, but it is, as you say, of so unusual a color, that I cannot give much for it. Ten francs is the utmost."

"Ten francs," sighed the girl. "Oh, sir, is that all you will give me for my love, ly hair?"

"You need not sell it. I am not anxious to buy," said the proprietor, turning his back upon her.

"Take it," said Rosine, dropping into a chair.

The proprietor took down his scissors.

At this moment the gentleman who had arisen from beneath the hands of the hair-dresser and donned his hat preparatory to departure, approached and addressed Rosine.

"I beg pardon, Mademoiselle, but few young girls would be willing to sell that hair of yours for any sum whatever," he said, kindly. "May I ask your motive?"

"My mother is very ill—we need food and medicine," said Rosine. "I only grieve that I cannot have more money for it. I think it is worth more."

"I would give a hundred francs for it," said the gentleman. "Will you sell it to me?"

"Is Monsieur in the hair-dressing line?" asked the proprietor.

"No," said the gentleman; "I shall buy it for my wife. I hope. Well, Mademoiselle, will you sell it to me?"

"Oh, yes Monsieur, we can live a long while on a hundred francs," cried Rosine.

"See, then," said the gentleman, opening his pocket-book. "Here is the money. You may sign a receipt for it, and give me your address. I do not wish to cut it off until my wife arrives in the city. You can wear it until then."

"Oh, Monsieur," cried Rosine, "may I not have it cut off at once. We are strangers. It seems—somehow more—more. I mean that if I take the money before I give you my hair, I will feel as though I had been begging; and poor as we are, maman and I, and unladylike as selling one's hair must seem, my father was a gentleman of good position, and we were once as far from expecting such reverses as any who now live in luxury. I know my hair is fine. I know it is worth what you offer, but I want to give it to you now, sir."

"Give me your address instead," said the gentleman. "I will keep this receipt you have written, and when I introduce my wife to you, you shall give it to me. She is not in Paris now, but if you change your residence you will be honorable enough to let me know, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, yes, Monsieur," cried Rosine, "You have saved maman from starvation, and I would not cheat you for the whole world," and Rosine tied on her bonnet and ran out of the hair-dresser's shop and home as fast as she could go.

"Your wife will not wait for her hair, Monsieur," said the hair-dresser with a smile. "Excuse me, but are you always so confiding?"

"I am not afraid," said the gentleman. "That is a young lady."

"A girl who runs about Paris alone like that to sell her hair! Monsieur is evidently from the country," said the hair-dresser as contemptuously as he dared, for the customer had spoiled a good bargain for him.

Meanwhile Rosine had told her story to her mother.

"One hundred francs, maman!" cried Rosine. "One hundred francs! You can have wine, and coffee, and medicine. You will get well."

"Yes, child, if God wills it," said the mother. "And I will work hard; I will earn money. We will pay the gentleman his hundred francs, and your lovely hair shall never be cut off."

"My hair will grow again, maman," said Rosine. "Now taste what I bought for you in the little shop at the corner."

As time passed on Rosine did give a sigh sometimes when she thought of the moment when her shining tresses should be shorn. She was only fifteen, but she was old enough to value her one great beauty.

However her mother recovered. They gained employment, and were rather more comfortable. They changed their apartments for neater and more airy rooms, and Rosine sent her address promptly to the purchaser of her golden locks.

One day he made his appearance. He was as courteous as though Rosine and her mother had been ladies of rank, and before he went he left a number of fine handkerchiefs to be elaborately marked, but the hair was not yet needed. His wife had not arrived in Paris. His name, as they already knew, was Monsieur Brun. After this he brought them many valuable orders for embroidery, for which his servant always called.

So the year passed. Rosine was sixteen—it was her birthday. Her mother had bought her a little bouquet of violets, but later in the day another gift arrived. Monsieur Brun brought it himself. It was an exquisite basket of tea-roses and heliotrope. Madame—— was at the moment absent from home. Rosine received him, blushing. She thanked him for his gift.

"You have been so good to us, Monsieur," she said. "How can I thank you?"

"My dear Mademoiselle, you can repay me for much more than I have done," replied Monsieur. "I am almost afraid to ask it, but—will you give me your hair?"

"You have already bought it, Monsieur," said Rosine. "I will have it cut off at once. Madame, then, has arrived?"

But somehow she felt that all the brightness of the day had fled. Her heart grew heavy, and tears came to her eyes. It was not only the thought of parting with her hair that grieved her. She became suddenly aware that Monsieur B. was more to her than a mere benefactor.

"Madame has not yet arrived," replied Monsieur B. "Indeed, I have never been married; but I hope for a wife, and she must wear your hair. Rosine, I came to ask for your hair, but not that it should be shorn from your lovely head. I will only take it if you give me yourself with it. Rosine, will you be my wife? I have already asked your maman, and she accepts me for you, if you can care for me."

"Care for you!" sobbed Rosine; and the world grew bright again, and with her lover's first kiss became Paradise.

### An Unreasonable Doctor.

One of the leading physicians of New Orleans, was recently aroused at night by a frightful knocking at his door. Sticking his head out of the window, he asked what was the matter.

"O Doctor, it is my poor wife!"

"I beg your pardon, but I haven't the honor of your acquaintance, and I am not accustomed——"

"I know it, Doctor, but her life is at stake. If you only knew how much I love her! For Heaven's sake, I beg you!" And he went on for a considerable time in this fashion, until the Doctor relented, in spite of the cold winter night. He dressed himself, went out, waded far through the snow, prescribed, and saved the cherished woman. Several days passed, and, hearing nothing of any pay, he sent in his bill, Nothing. Then he sent a collecter. The devoted husband greeted the dun with anger, exclaiming:

"Go to the Devil! The idea of my paying that bill for a woman who has since run off with another man?"

### "Kiss Me Too."

In the paint shop of the Michigan State Prison, is a man called Jim, doing a life sentence. Up to last spring he was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak and was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny or rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his own counsel, and while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed them like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse. One day in June a party of strangers came to visit the institution. One was an old gentleman, the others ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party began climbing stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said:

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, and the little girl held out her hands to him and said:

"If you will I guess I'll kiss you!"

His scowl banished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs she said:

"Now you've got to kiss me, too!"

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again he had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble. Maybe in his faraway Western home he has a little Katie of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life, but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he has a heart and gives hope that he may forsake his evil ways.

### Street Life in Venice.

Venice's great impression is its street life so brilliant, so highly colored, so unlike that of any other city. The commonplace shows of the guide-books are flat and disappointing; the prisons, dungeons, Bridge of Sighs, etc. The school-girls glamour thrown over these places is mainly traceable to Byron's sentimental wash of verse. The unbalanced poet's judgement on the historic events of Venice is about as weak and vicious as his judgement on others matters, and his ignorance of fact is appalling. The daily picture of all Venice, however, is something of which one never tires, and which changes with every hour. Goadola a life is something deliciously dreamy and luxurious in the soft light of day or under the sheen of moon and starlight. Let dark night come and rain, however, and these long, narrow, deep, black boats, seen mysteriously from the fair point of light on their brow, take in themselves the likeness of floating coffins steered by the shades. The effect is indescribably sepulchral. You seem to be alone in the waters of Hades among the spirits. The gondolas are all of a funeral black—painted black, carved in black, with black draperies over the dark cabin. Many centuries ago a Venetian law ordered this pattern and color, for what reason I do not know. The laws in Venice do not change, and the gondolas are all black and ghostly to this day. The streets are very narrow and blaze with light. Their narrowness—sometimes not over three feet—makes a very little light to serve to brilliantly illuminate them, and the jets in the shop windows, kept open until late at night, keep them bright and blazing almost without the outdoor lamps. Through them the people surge in constant streams—all nations, all classes, all colors. You study the world, but even the Venetians themselves present some strong contrasts, for they in time are made up of the blood of many people. One striking contrast, which you soon note, is that the Venetian men as a body are dark, their women blonde. The sounds, too, are polyglotts, and everything is international.

### Language of the Broom.

We have the language of the flowers, the fan, the handerchief, and so on, and now we shall have the language of the broom which is intended more especially for the ladies.

Taking it in the hand properly—I shall sweep the floor.

Bringing it up over the shoulder, brush end foremost—Look out— it's loaded.

Holding it across the person—I love another.

Moving it along near the ceiling—I see a cobweb in the distance.

Sweeping the floor very industriously—My sweetheart cometh, and he will considder my usefulness when he observeth me busy.

Striking viciously with the stick end—He is my husband, and he needs a correcting hand.

Handling very carefully and tenderly—Brooms have gone up, and you can't get one for less than 25 cents.

Putting away in the corner brush end up—I know very little about the care of brooms.

Putting a string to the handle and hanging on a nail—I know all about it.

Throwing the old stub over the backfence—A new broom sweeps clean.

### Ruins of Pompeii.

You can reach Pompeii from Naples in about one hour by rail, the road following the line of the bay all the way, with Vesuvius in view the entire distance. On the way you pass highly cultivated market gardens and groves of fig and olive, with occasional orange trees, but vegetables seem to be the principal production on the low lands lying between the foot of Vesuvius and the bay. The station is within five minutes' walk to the main gateway of Pompeii, and here you are met by soldier guides who conduct you through the silent city so long buried beneath the ashes thrown out from Vesuvius, which to-day is sending out volumes of smoke as if from a furnace wall at red with fuel. When you enter the city you find that the principal houses consist of two internal courts surrounded by porticoes, one evidently intended to receive visitors, and the other devoted to the use of the family, and the size of these rooms, as well as the faded and defaced frescoes, show the importance and fortune of the families that occupied them; but in all of them, particularly in the buildings occupied as shops, do we see the same want of windows and means of ventilation that characterize the shops of Naples to day; in fact there is a great resemblance between them except that the shops of Naples are under buildings from four to six stories high, while none in Pompeii could have exceeded two, or else the city would long since have been discovered. None of the houses in this long buried city seemed to have chimneys, and it is supposed charcoal was used for the purpose of preparing food, but the water supply must have been good, as the fountains and wells are quite numerous, and the lead pipes that conducted the water to them are found in a good state of preservation. The streets are narrow, as in all Italian cities, but, differing from many of the present ones, are furnished with sidewalks, but generally very narrow, and in the middle of some of the streets are flat stones, several inches above the roadway, which served for crossing when the rain overflowed the streets. The paving throughout is with large pieces of volcanic stone, and the ruts made by the passage of vehicles are plainly visible on the main avenues. So far no traces of stables have been found, the skeletons of the horses discovered having been removed from the court-yards of the houses. Some of the houses still have upon the walls, in a good state of preservation, beautiful frescoes, while mosaic pavements or floors are quite numerous. Many of the houses are partly built of fine hard brick, and fluted columns, heavily coated with plaster, to represent marble, are also quite numerous. In fact, here, as in Rome, brick, which is thought by some to be a poor thing for buildings, appears to have been a favorite material with the ancients. They not only made good bricks, but, in laying them, good mortar was used, and they had no fear that a building inspector would condemn their work. The remains of the theatres, now exposed to view, show that the present ones, have not changed much from those of Pompeii, particularly in Europe, where the close boxes, with entrances from low ceiling avenues, predominate. In fact, most of the theatres on this side of the sea are built to keep out the air and make people as uncomfortable as possible, and, I suppose, the theatres of Pompeii could not have been worse. One of the most interesting features of a visit to Pompeii is the Pompeian Museum, in which is exhibited a great number of curiosities brought to light during the excavations made, and duplicates of which are not found in the museum in Naples, which also has a varied and rare collection of Pompeian curiosities. In the museum of Pompeii you find an impression in plaster of a door taken from one of the buildings, with the lock and ancient iron work; also models of a twig basket much like those now made here; wheel of a chariot and a portion of the ancient wall, with a window and small iron grating. There are also to be seen shells, bottles, cups, lamps, vases, money boxes, almost identical with the earthen boxes sold for children's saving banks. But the most interesting of all the collection are the remains of men and women who lost their lives when the city was burned. One or two of these were females who were found lying with their faces to the floor, as if trying to escape the hot and stifling fumes of the ashes. The arrangement of the hair and the garments is still visible. Adjoining these are to be found human skulls, loaves of bread, dried fruits, lamps, bottles, egg shells, trowels, candlesticks, scales, buckets, baskets, and many wine jars, very similar to many seen in the streets of Naples. Skeletons of rats, dogs, chickens, and other animals, are also exhibited. The Temple of Venus is the largest and evidently the most sumptuous of any in Pompeii. Portions of the columns of the Doric order, still remain, but the few paintings on the wall that were worth preserving were removed to the Museum at Naples. In the Temple of Mercury there still stands a beautiful marble altar, with bas reliefs representing a sacrifice, in which the priest makes a libation, assisted by the ministers, while the bull which is to be sacrificed is being led to the altar. There are many temples and houses that contain fine mosaic paintings on the walls, but to tell of them would be but to repeat what has so often been written about.

### Gen. Braddock's Grave.

The place of Braddock's sepulchre was within a few yards of a small stream, the banks of which abruptly sloped down to the water, and distant about two miles—westwardly—from Fort Necessity. The grave was made immediately in the road, about a stone's throw from the present National road. When the march was resumed the horses, wagons and troops passed over the grave, the purpose being to prevent its discovery and desecration by the enemy. About 1824, a party of workmen engaged in repairing the old road came upon the remains of a human skeleton which was supposed to be that of Braddock. Numerous insignia of rank were found with it, and there was no knowledge of the burial of any other officer in that vinicity. Those who were present on the occasion carried away with them as souvenirs the buttons and other metal articles which had not been destroyed by corrosion. Some of the party even went so far in the gratification of their passion for relics as to make way with several of the small bones of the hands. Mr. James Matthews, a blacksmith who lived at Mount Washington, as Fort Necessity has since been called, was present on the occasion referred to and witnessed the disinterment of these remains. They were carried to a point about one hundred and fifty yards eastward and buried in a field at the foot of a large oak tree some twenty-five yards from the National Road. In order to mark the spot more clearly to strangers Hon. Andrew Stewart had prepared a board on which was inscribed the fact that this was the last resting place of Major-General Edward Braddock, and this board was nailed to the tree. For twenty-five years the National Road was the great highway between the East and the West, and thousands of persons passed over it. The writer can well remember how, when a boy, each morning and evening, long trains of stage coaches arrived at and left Cumberland over this great highway. Braddock's grave was one of the great points of attraction on the road, and every day the stages were stopped in order that the passengers might disembark for a few minutes to inspect the place.

The old oak tree ten years since fell a victim to the imperious hand of time, and during the prevalence of a storm was blown down, the trunk breaking off some feet from the ground, leaving only a stripped and shiverded trunk to mark the sacred spot. The stump has now entirely disappeared and no mark of the old tree remains. In 1871 a party of gentlemen from England visited the place and before leaving it they inclosed it with a fence of boards, securely built, and thus it remains to-day. A footnote in De Hass' "History of the Indian Wars of West Virginia" states that "many years since the remains of General Braddock were removed to England and now rests with the quiet sleepers of Westminister Abbey." Where this information was derived has not transpired. However it is certainly erroneous. Those remains undoubtly still lie in the place above described, and no inhabitant of that locality has ever heard of their removal to England. Those bones which were carried away as souvenirs by desecrating curiosity seekers were afterward gathered together by Mr. Stewart and are supposed to have been deposit in Peale's Museum, Philadelphia. It was Washington's intention when he buried Braddock to return at some future day and erect a monument to his memory, but his time was so occupied by the events of the years following that it was not until after the close of the Revolutionary War that he was able to undertake the self-imposed task. In 1784 he visited the place for the purpose indicated, and "made a diligent search for the grave, but the road had been so much turned and the cleared land so extended that it could not be found." The British Government is not wont to neglect her soldiers, but she never took the slightest notice of the resting place of Braddock, and it was left for a stranger's hand to mark the spot where he lay more than half a century after he fell.

### "Two Deaf Men from Truckee."

Recently two Italian ranchmen from Truckee Meadows met on North C. street, Virginia City. As it happened, both were very deaf. They began an animated conversation in the Italian language—probably only about the ruinously low price of hay and the beggarly pittance offered for potatoes—but their voices resounded throughout the block and there seemed to be dancers and pistols in every word. Pedestrians watched and lingered by the way, expecting every moment to see a knock-down, windows went up in all directions and heads were thrust forth and necks craned, drivers of express wagons pulled up their teams, and with great appetite waited for the fight. The two men shouted until their eyes popped out and they grew purple in the face. They gesticulated fiercely, and each seemed thirsting for the heart's blood of the other. A crowd began to collect, and finally the alarm reached the station-house—not far away—and an officer rushed forth with war in his eye. He grabbed the collars of the two ranchers and ordered them to come along. The ranchmen braced their legs and resisted.

"Come along!" cried the officer, I arrest you both for disturbing the peace."

"What you want? What you a-do?" cried the men

"I arrest you, you are disturbing the peace, you are blocking up the street!" cried the officer, still holding the collars of the pair.

One of the men shook himself loose and assumed a warlike attitude.

"What!" cried the policeman, "you will resist—you resist an officer? I'll see that you go," and he blew his whistle.

This action and the sight of the whistle if not the sound of it far enlightened the two men that they understood that an officer had got hold of them for something.

"You cue officer?" asked one of the ranchers.

The officer answered in the affirmative.

"What for you arresta me?" said the man, "speaka loud, me no hear very good."

The officer shouted in his ear: "I arrest you for disturbing the peace."

"How me have disturba de peace?"

"By quarreling and shouting here in the street—don't you see you have collected a crowd?"

"Me no quarrels, me talka me my friend."

"But you were both at it—both yelling and cursing and damning and swearing here?"

"Very well, but you see my friend he hear bad all same me—both what you call deaf-a. What for me and my friend no can talk our business but we must be arrest?"

An Italian residing in the city came forward at this juncture and assured the officers—owing to the blowing of the whistle the stars were by this time shining on all sides—that he had long known the two ranchers, and knew both of them to be so deaf that they could hardly hear a first-class dunder clap.

This explanation was quite satisfactory and the officers departed laughing.

The two deaf men from Truckee were also greatly amused. They started off up town, and the more they thought of the predicament their infirmity had got them into the better the joke seemed.

They went to the nearest saloon and took a drink over it. Then they told the joke to two or three fellow-countrymen and all hands took a drink. Finally, they took a parting drink and left the saloon.

As they walked up the street the adventure of their arrest seemed funnier than ever, and just above Sutton avenue they stopped to talk it over. The drinks they had taken so strengthened their voices that they could be heard two blocks away, and a crowd began to collect and stare, thinking the men were a pair of escaped lunatics.

Suddenly an officer came round the corner, red-faced and excited, and without waiting for a word of explanation, grabbed both men and began marching them off toward the station house. They resisted at first and tried to explain, but the officer would hear nothing, so they gave up meekly and marched along to the lock-up.

"What have you brought these men here for?" asked City Jailer Birdsall, as the flushed officer marched in the two frightened ranchmen.

"Drunk and disorderly," said the officer—"howling in the streets until you could hear them a mile away!"

"That's all right," said Jailer Birdsall, "let them go, they're the two deaf men from Truckee," and he then went on and explained the case to the officer, who seemed a good deal bewildered.

Jailer Birdsall then took the deaf men from Truckee, one at a time, and hooted into the ear of each: "Now you go one way, and let your friend go another, and don't you try to talk together again till you are safe in Truckee Meadows, or at least till you are out of town and a mile from any house."

### Aerial Navigation.

The science of Aerial Navigation has for many years perplexed the minds of scientists, not scientific men, but this perplexity need not be of long duration. A little reflection upon the principles which should govern the form of the vessel to be used, and the density of the atmosphere, would be sufficient to show its absurdity. When we consider the velocity which aerial navigation must attain, we can find no better illustration than the fish. Look at the velocity of the bird. Now, I may ask why does not the fish swim faster than the bird can fly? Because of the greater density of the fluid in which the fish lives. Then what is the difference between the density of air and water? Air weighs 31-100 grains to the cubic inch. This is shown by the barometer, at 30 inches, and the thermometer at 60 deg. Fahrenheit. The difference between the density of these two bodies is over 231 grains. Now, suppose the fish can swim eight miles an hour in the water, which becomes a resisting force to its fins, then how fast must it fly if it were placed in the atmosphere to make the air a resisting power? Just the difference of the density of air and water multiplied by 8, the distance the fish would swim in an hour in water. This would give the speed of the fish in its aerial flight at 2,008 miles per hour. This is a mathematical demonstration which aerial navigation must approach before it can be made practical to overcome any current in the upper sea. If the vessel has not the power to sail by the compass and chart, of what use would be the ship; She *must* stem the tide. This calculation is based at the surface of the earth, but when we ascend 14,000 feet we find the density of the atmosphere but one-half the density of the surface. Then the speed of the ship would have to be increased to about 4,000 miles per hour. But aerial navigation need not be over 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the surface of the earth, which would only increase the speed to about three thousand miles per hour. How could human life be sustain at this velocity? Now, if we can obtain this velocity, then we must build a vessel somewhat in the form of a fish, and so equally balanced and buoyant as to float in the atmosphere at the surface of the earth. About one third or more of the upper portion of this boat must be capacitated to hold gas sufficient to suspend it when laden. This will correspond with the air-sacks in the back of the fish. Now, with sufficient power to drive the fins and direct the rudder of the ship, we are ready for our journey. Starting from Topeka, Kansas, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg would only be flag stations on the line to the Sea. Then Paris, Constantinople, Canton, and San Francisco, then Topeka again, the journey of a day. When a velocity has been attained that will overcome the upper currents, and the physical man can endure it then we may expect a new era in the world's history. But where are Donaldson, Colgroove, and Wise? Their fate, with that of many others, prove the folly of aerial navigation with the balloon.

### The Zulu Monarch.

Cetewayo, the deposed Zulu King, was interviewed by some British officers previous to their departure to England. At 10 a. m. we were introduced and found Cetawayo sunning himself on the ramparts of a bastion of the castle and having his hair dressed. He shook hands with all of us—a good wholesome grip, with a cool hand and huge fist. He was sitting on a mat spread on the ground, and had on a red table-cloth, which partially covered his body and enormous thighs. We had brought with us a basket full of figs, oranges, sweetmeats and raisins, of which last he is inordinary fond, a bottle of whiskey and some colored handkerchiefs. We asked permission to give him these things, as we had heard that he was shy of visitors, and often would not talk to them. As with many less renowned men, an offering to his appetite loosened his tongue, and he spoke to us openly and pleasantly. His appearance by this time will have been so often described, and must be so well known by the thousands of photographs that have already been sold that we will touch but lightly on this point. His manner was subdued and self-possessed, and he was extremely shy of being looked at. He cannot look anyone in the face, but after a quick intelligent glance looks askance and answers questions and talks in a low voice. When inclined to talk at all he likes being questioned, and answers at once through the interpreter. We asked him if he felt afraid of the sea as he embarked at Port Dunnford. He says, "Yes, of the surf boats, but not all when I got on board the big ship. He said that he had known in his head all along that his army would be beaten by the English, and he did all he could to prevent a war, but was driven to it by the young men of the army; that after Isandulwana and Kambula, where his regiments lost very many men, more than he could count, they had only half-hearts in the fights and that it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could get the men together again; that very few of the things taken at Isandulwana were brought to him, and when he asked about them his men said they had got nothing, but he knew that they had, and he supposed they had them hidden away at their kraals. The two guns were brought to him by his order a week after Isandulwana, during which time they had been left on the battle-field; one was caught on his side of the hill, the other on ours. He had never heard anything of the colors, and did not know what they were, and did not think it likely that we should hear of them again. The young men would most likely tear them up and give the gold fringes to their inombis (girls). The white people living in Zululand might in years to come hear of them and other things, if they had not been destroyed; but the people for a long time would be afraid to give up anything, through fear of being killed for being in possession. He was exceedingly angry with the army for killing the officers at Isandulwana, and had given his men strict orders to bring all the officers to him alive; his men had said that they could not tell the officers from the men and so killed them all. He called them fools; as he had told them that the officers wore swords and the men had guns. (It will be remembered that before the campaign commenced the officers received orders to assimilate their dress as much as possible to that of the men, to prevent the fire of the enemy being drawn on them.) When asked what he would have done with the officers Cetewayo replied: "I should have used them for political purposes." On being pressed for a meaning he said: "I should have made use of them. I knew what to do with them. I was very angry." Cetewayo then began to talk about his living and some arrangements for his comfort, and grumbled because he could not have a whole or every day for himself, and then he asked Captain Poole if he knew what his name with a click in front of it meant in the Zulu language. Being answered in the negative, the King, laughing, told the interpreter to tell him that it meant a small thorn, very troublesome in some part of the country, and that he must take his name to be a warning to take care of him and not get pricked. The Zulus pride themselves on their conversational powers and never miss an opportunity of playing upon a word, and this the King is a adept. He has been measured for a suit of clothes and a pair of boots, and he was counting the day on his fingers till they were completed as promised, thus assuming very quickly raiments of a civilisation to which a few days before he was such a determined enemy and an adaptation to fortune and circumstances worthy of a great mind. Our visit terminated, as it has begun, with a "shake hands" all around. On our way out we stopped to speak to the King's four wives, or rather concubines, who were captured with him—four strapping wenches of five feet seven or eight in height and, for black women, not ill-looking. They looked happy enough now that they are assured that they are not going to be killed, and were laughing away. One was stringing beads, another cooking and the other two looking on.

### Wool Manufacturing in the United States.

The importation of carpets into the United States in 1872 was valued at $6,000,000. In 1878 it was reduced to $398,389. In dress goods the decrease in importation amounted to $8,000,000 in six years, in spite of the increase in our population and the growth of luxurious tastes among our wealthier classes. The cause is to be found in the marked improvements in American woollen goods. The most devout worshipper of fashion or stickler for durability, no longer hesitates to cover his floor with American Axminister and Wilton carpets. The point to be noted is, that equally commensurate with the advance of these carpet manufacturers in the thoroughness and taste shown in their work has been the expansion of their trade. One firm alone, which has aimed to keep its work up to the highest standard, has steadily increased its production until it is reported as consuming 7,000,000 pounds of wool per annum. The city of Philadelphia alone produces 6,500,000 yards of carpeting more per annum than does the whole of Great Britain, while the carpet manufacture of the United States more than doubles that of the United Kingdom; and this, too, represents the higher grades of carpet as well as the lower. American dress goods of a certain kind, though not the best grades, already compare favorably with those of foreign manufacture.

### Convict Lake.

This beautiful lake, situated about ten miles southeast of Mammoth City, Nevada, is so called from being the scene of a battle between a party of citizens of Mono County and the convicts who escaped from the Nevada State Prison in the winter of 1872-3. An Indian having found their whereabouts, informed some citizens of Benton. They formed a posse, headed by Mr. Morrison, a merchant of that place, and, piloted by the Indian, came upon the party of convicts about one-half mile below the outlet of the lake, and a fight ensued. The escaped convicts were well armed with Henry and Winchester rifles, and had chosen a good retreat where they could not easily be surprised or surrounded. A desperate fight ensued, in which Morrison and the Indian guide were killed. Only a portion of the convicts were engaged, the others being up at the lake gathering rosebuds, about the only food they had on which to subsist, there being no cattle in Long Valley at that season. They were in a starving condition. There had been ill feeling between Charley Jones and one of his companions, and while the party below were fighting, or about that time, a dispute arose between Jones and the other man. Jones lay face downward to take a drink of water, when this other fellow struck him in the back of the head or neck with a large stone, killing him instantly. After the killing of Morrison and his horse, and the Indian, the Benton party retreated. This story, as told by the convicts, has been disputed and doubted. Jones was well acquainted in Owens River Valley, and many thought that though assistance he escaped. Their next attempt, after finding they could not cross the mountains at the head of Convict Lake, was to cross at the head of McGee's Creek. Not being successful in crossing there they went down into Round Valley and gave themselves up to the citizens. Two of the party were hung, and the remainder sent back to Nevada. Charley Jones was missing. About two and a half years ago, shortly after the discovery of this district, a party of prospectors left Lake Convict to explore that portion of the country, and on the northern shore found a portion of a man's arm bone with a piece of the collar bone attached, which they brought in with them to Casa Diablo, and there gave it to Mr. Gill. The skull now in the cabinet at Wisdom & Hamilton's saloon, and the finding of other portions of a human skeleton, shows conclusively that some one was killed or died in that lonely region: but whether it was Jones or not, of course no one knows. The lake is one of the most romantic and beautiful sheets of water in the Sierras, and the only one in that part of the country in which there are any fish.

### The Stitch in Time.

The old saying that a stitch in time saves nine odds good not only in matters of the needle, but in all the concerns of life. It is the stitch in time, the retrenchment in season, that staves off the mortgage of the family estate, that prevents Mr. Spendthrift from being obliged to ask a compromise of his creditors, that enables one to place a trifle in the bank against a rainy day. The seasonable attention stops the leak in the roof that would sooner or later make the home untenantable, and treble the expense, adjusts the toppling gate that would presently drop off its hinges, repairs the broken fence that would let the cows into the corn field, destroys the caterpillars' eggs which would hatch by-and-by, and ravage the fruit crop, pots the bulbs before the frost kills them, waters the ornamental shrubs before the drought withers them, settles bills before interest swells them, and taxes before before they eat up the property, mends the chimney before it burns down the house, and the highway before there are damages to pay, and puts in the coal before it rises in proportion to the falling of quicksilver. Some of us, to be sure, find it beyond our power to take the stitch in time that shall save us cost and trouble; we are delayed about repairing the roof, for want of material, till the dampness cracks the plaster, and peels off the wall paper, and gives us bronchitis; we would take such pleasure in settling our bills before the interest doubles them all only he who owns them knows; we realize the necessity of a stitch in time in our affairs, but have no thread and needle, so to speak; or we fancy that we will attend to them to-morrow, or next week, or after we have gotten through with the work is hard, and then they are perhaps beyond mending. Sometimes it is our friendships that show a break; when a word spoken a season, how good it is! What tears and regrets it saves us! An adjustment of differences at the right moment would have rescued many from quarrels that have grown into lawsuits, that have separated lovers and brought gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Neglect in little matters of health has proved a fertile source of invalidism; the slight cold disregarded avenges itself by distorting the victim by rheumatic pains; the eyesight just a trifle imperfect fails altogether one day from lack of care; and sometimes even our virtues become shabby, require retouching, demand the stitch in time that shall keep them from becoming threadbare, from being patched beyond recognition at a later period.

### Fishing on Sunday.

It was a delightful Sunday afternoon, Sabbath-school was out, and the Superintendent took a stroll up the canal. The grasshoppers were turning somersets in the high grass, their last performance for the season, and the emerald-vested katydids warbled from their velvety coverts under the mullein leaves. When he got to the aqueduct over Fall Creek, where the water,