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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

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DOES IN EVERY CASE.

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GOLD EVERYWHERE

OLD AGE.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once wore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thought as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequaled pure romance,
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrilled at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth;
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truths,
Than any tale before or since;
Yes, they could tell of tender days,
At midnight penned in classic shades;
Of days more bright than modern days,
Of maids more fair than modern maids.

In Hard Straits.

"Nine o'clock, sor, an' the hot wather, an' is it the rest of the bacon ye'd be after havin' for breakfast?"

"Will it not be too much, Bridget?"

"Sorra a bit, sor."

"Very well."

And with a half groan, I, Basil Hathaway, sprang out of bed, and proceeded to array myself in unexceptional costume—trowsers, vest and frock-coat. My only ones, alas! an accommodating retative some twenty doors off had taken charge of shabbier garments, one by one, kindly advancing sundry moneys thereon.

Three of us were in the same plight—and school-fellows and old chums, now thrown together in manhood by the caprice of Dame Fortune, and fighting shoulder to shoulder the great battle of life in the great city.

As I dressed, one of the trio, Hal Trevour, came bounding by three at a time up the worm-eaten stairs.

He was fresh from morning lecture at the hospital, and hungry as a hunter, I thought with a shudder. I heard his cheerful greeting of Jack Hornsey, hard at work since daylight on "Coke on Littleton."

"Well, old bookworm, ready for breakfast! Where is the captain?"

"The captain!" How the old title, bestowed, set me dreaming. I was roused by the dull thuds of a poker hammering violently at the intervening wall.

"All right," I shouted. Ring for the bacon."

In a minute there were three of us gazing with rueful looks at the breakfast arrangement. A loaf of stale bread, a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, and three tiny rashers, that either could have put out of sight with ease.

"Is that all, Bridget?"

Every line of the girl's honest Irish face was eloquent with sympathy.

"Not a bit more, sor."

Hal laughed.

"Turn out your pockets, lads. There is my last coin."

And he produced an exceedingly shiny sixpence.

Jack, after much rummaging, showed a quantity of fluff and a brace button. I had three-pence half-penny in coppers.

"Odd man out for the bacon," quoth Hal.

"No, divide it between you," said I. "A man has been rash enough to invite me to dinner. Hand over the loaf."

Jack gave me one keen glance. I think he suspected the pious falsehood. Hal—bless the boy—was quite unconscious, as happy as though he had not a care. The frugal meal had just been disposed of when we heard a great puffing and blowing on the third floor. That had but one possible meaning—a creditor.

"Whose turn?" asked Jack, laconically.

It was an ancient arrangement now that on the advent of a dun only one of us should receive him, the others being in the city—that is, in the adjacent bedroom.

"Your own," cried Hal as we decamped leaving the door ajar to watch the course of events. "I wish you joy, Jack; it is old Blunderson, snorting like a grampus, as usual."

Old Blunderson was a general provision merchant, who had let himself be beguiled into supplying miscellaneous goods until his bills really frightened me. He was the exception that proved that old rule, "Laugh and grow fat;" as crusty, ill-comlitioned a wretch as ever read one particular portion of the Lord's Prayer backward. A modern Fallstaff, minus the wit, he always ascended slowly, resting on each stair.

We were safe for about five minutes, Jack employed them in preparing for his reception, and we watched the proceedings with amused curiosity.

The first was to produce a huge tobacco pouch, taking from it about half an ounce of tobacco. From this he filled a long clay pipe—Jack's merschaum had preceded our clothes to the pawnbroker's—depositing the remainder carefully on the table.

"An alarming sacrifice!" murmured Jack shaking his head over it with a regretful sigh.

The next move was to grasp the fire shovel and tongs.

"Weapons of offense," whispered Harry. "He meditates assault and battery—"

Hal stopped abruptly in sheer amazement. Jack was deliberately removing live coals from the fire to the shovel, and upon these he swept his cherished tobacco. Then he placed the shovel upon the bottom ledges of two chairs at the further corner of the room, threw himself into the one nearest the fire, and complacently lighted his long clay.

Of course the room filled fast with smoke and a most pungent odor.

"Old Blunderson hates tobacco as a certain personage hates holy water!" grinned Hal.

"Bad policy, though, to irritate him," grumbled I.

By this time our enemy was in the doorway gasping for breath, and shaking a great hairy fist at Jack by way of filling the interval till speech returned.

"You abandoned young profligate!"

Jack removed his pipe, nodded and quietly resumed it.

"Where are the other scamps?"

"One gone for the doctor; the other—and a jerk of the speaker's thumb toward the door behind which he stood completed the sentance.

Old Blunderson made two unwieldly steps toward us.

Better not," said Jack.

"Eh?"

"Typhoid fever—bad case—contagious," fibbed Jack between his puffs.

We saw old Blunderson's face turn a ghastly green with fear. Still he looked incredulous; we had played so many tricks before.

"Gammon!" he gasped at length.

Jack rose slowly walked to the corner, and produced the shovel.

"Fumigating the room," said he. "Better have a pipe."

And old Blunderson fairly turned and fled with such celerity that he gained the next floor in seconds instead of minutes.

We were laughing at his discomfiture, when Bridget's head appeared at the door.

"I thought I'd tell ye, gentlemen, the mistress is just comin'. The saints purtect ye, for she has been rampagin like a hay-then all this blessed mornin'!"

Our faces fell. Mrs. Callaghan, our worthy landlady, was not a foe to be so readily dislodged, and her powers of invective were simply unrivaled. Hal was the only one who could soothe her, and he came to the rescue.

"My turn," he said, with a look of comic disgust. "You fellows get into my room and clear out of the house as soon as she is seated.

As we did, seeing Hal hand a chair (as we glided by) with the deepest of mock reverences, and an expression of extreme devotion on his handsome features. "Making violent love to the old beast!" as he would have elegantly expressed it.

It was evening of the same day—a dull November evening, much in harmony with my thoughts, as I leaned against the door post of our house, and recalled the good old times when life was a merry farce for us all.

I had no heart to work. All that day I had hawked my manuscripts from one publisher to another, vainly hoping to get a loan upon them. My threepence halfpenny had been carefully invested at a dirty cook shop, and I was glad to think there must have been just enough cold meat to satisfy the boys at dinner and tea.

Presently I would go in and hunt for any fragments that remained, for I was desperately hungry.

Through the fog came a slender female figure disguised in a waterproof. She did not notice me until quite abreast, when the light fell upon her face. Then as she gave one frightened glance, I saw two things—how pale and beautiful it was, and what a depth of misery lay in the startled eyes.

It was a low neighborhood in which we lived, though separated by but a long alley from a fashionable West End street—a dangerous locality for a young girl at that hour. I crossed the road in order to accompany her unobserved, and had hardly done so ere I saw her brought up by some man, looming unsteadily in the mist.

"Come here, my pretty dear!" said he.

She gave a faint scream and tried to slip by him, but the drunken wretch caught her by the loose waterproof. In another second he measured his length on the pavement; but, strange to say, the girl sank down also insensible, droping something that looked like a jewel case.

My prostrate friend was relieving his feelings by a round volley of obscene abuse. Not daring to await the arrival of a policeman, I caught up his victim and her case, and made a hasty retreat. At the foot of the dilapidated stairs I hesitated. Should I carry my fair burden into Mrs. Callaghan's little parlor? The sight of Bridget in full flight pursued by shrill invective, decided the point.

"Bridget," said I, this lady has fainted. Come and help me."

"Ah, sure, sor, poor dear!"

We carried the stranger to the common sitting room, and essayed to bring her round. Presently she opened her eyes, and began to speak incoherently.

"Delirious," said I. It was a great relieve to hear Hal's springing step. He gave a low whistle of astonishment as he entered, and felt the patient's pulse, while I gave a brief explanation.

"Feverish—very. She must be put to bed at once, Where does she live?

"I have not an idea. Search her pockets."

But the search was fruitless.

"Call a cab, and I will take her to the hospital," suggested Harry.

I looked at the flushed face and the bright beautiful eyes, and my heart gave a great senseless throb of disapproval.

"No, we cannot turn her away. Fetch a nurse, Hal, and she shall have my room. You will take me in for a night or two?"

"Of course, old man," and Hal flew off.

Then I thought of our landlady.

"Bridget," said I, "how about Mrs. Callahan?"

"I am the misthress, sor! Sure, I'll tell her you've got the faver, an' devil a bit will she come nigh ye."

One more difficulty remained, and that the greatest—the money problem. Well, my coat and vest might go.

So for three days I patted about the apartment in an old tattered dressing-gown, being supposed to be down with fever; meanwhile the real patient had careful attention and strengthing nourishment.

The third day a notable event happened. A high-class monthly sent me a guinea for a contribution, and requested a similar one. I worked cheerfully after that till the crisis came, and the nurse gleefully reported that the young lady was conscious, and asking for her father.

"May I see her?" said I, eagerly.

"Dear, dear, no, sir. The excitement would throw her back. Besides she must not talk. Her father is Mr. Bullion of —— street.

Bullion, the great foreign banker. What brought his daughter unattended; into this vile side street? Time would explain, perhaps. Meanwhile Jack put on his hat and departed in quest of the great banker. In an hour he was with us, his usual imposing air and magisterial demeanor lost in the agitation of the moment. He shook me warmly by the hand.

"Your friend has explained all, Mr. Hathaway. I am deeply grateful to you. Where is my child?"

The most renowned physician in town, was quickly summoned but in vain. Mr. Bullion begged him to devise means to remove his daughter. At present she must not leave her bed. In a few days, perhaps, with returning strength, she might lie for two or three hours at a time on a sofa in our sitting-room. Further change was imperatively forbidden.

So Mr. Bullion, with many apologies, begged that some of his daughter's favorite pictures, and a few chairs, etc., from her boudoir, might be brought; and we could not refuse. A few hours transformed our bachelor den into a kind of fairy palace.

Mr. Bullion was naturally a constant visitor, and I had to receive him in the tattered dressing gown. Twice he found me writing with manuscripts littered around.

"You are an author?" he queried with a smile.

"A would-be one."

"Pray do not desist from writing on my account. May I amuse myself for a time with your papers?"

He borrowed a bulky one at leaving—to submit it, he said, to a publisher he knew: Next day I received a letter from a well-known firm, offering $250 for the copyright and an additional $250 if a second edition were called for. In my youth and inexperience, it did not occur to me for months the money came from the banker's pocket.

Of course I eagerly assented, and took my coat and vest out of pawn—not a day too soon, for Miss Bullion was pronounced convalescent, and that afternoon her father's strong arms conveyed her from one room to the other.

I lived in fairyland for a week till our guests departed. She explained the visit to our obscure street—it was to pawn jewelry for her brother's benefit, a wild lad, whose excesses had driven him from home, and who had recently been writing her letter after letter, hinting at frightful consequences if she did not furnish him with money.

"Mr. Hathway," she said, "will you be my friend, and try to reclaim him?"

She put a transparent little hand in mine, as she spoke, and I promised. Her friend—I would have promised her anything for such a title.

Then an eventful conversation took place between me and the banker.

"You have abandoned the idea of becoming a barrister, Mr. Hathway, and the profession of an author is a precarious one. Unite it with another pursuit. You are a good linguist, and I badly need a foreign correspondent. The hours and duties will be light enough; cast in your lot with me—I will take care you have no cause to regret it.

I thought of my "friend," and consented.

The firm is Bullion & Hathaway now, the junior partner having married the senio'r's daughter. John Hornsey is their lawyer, a man much respected in the profession. Hal Trevor is just beginning to make a stir as a fashionable physician.

A Cave Mystery.

While chasing a rabbit recently near Marshall township, Ohio, a gentleman found a hole at the base of a hill, and proceeded to make a search. Reaching in, he grasped something in his hand which proved to be the long bone of a human being. His curiosity being now very much excited he procured assistance, and began digging. People flocked out from the village, and came pouring in from the surrounding country, as the news rapidly spread. The locality is but a short distance from the notorious Bob McKimie's old headquarters, and within the range of his once noted gang, nearly all of whom are now in prison under long sentences. In fact it was supposed that McKimie was hid in one of the numerous caves that exist in the eastern parts of the county, after he had made his escape from jail about three years ago. After digging some distance they came to a large stone slab on edge, closing the mouth of a cavern about ten by twelve feet square and six feet high. On the floor lay bones in large number, some human, but the larger portion were bones of different species of animals. Some of them were in a good state of preservation, and could easily be named and classified, while others crumbled to dust on being exposed to the air. Bones of wildcats, of rabbits and dogs were found, while bones of some larger animal could not be classified, though they are supposed to belong to the larger species of wild animals, such as panthers, catamounts, bears, etc. There were also found some large bodies of charred wood or charcoal. One of these is as large as an ordinary base-burner stove. Close search was made for metal ornaments, but none was found, though several articles of flint and stone were discovered such as are generally found in mounds and ancient fortifications.

The Irishman and the Bear.

An Irishman of Montana was working a place mine a few miles from Bear Gulch, and visited that place one day to get his tools sharpened. Just as he was about to start back, some one told him that if he would go home by way of Sour Kraut Gulch he would not miss his way, and would save several miles of walking.—Pat started out, but after traveling several miles the sun was almost down, and he had seen nothing that looked familiar.—At last he made up his mind that he was lost, and, to use his own words, feared that he "would be robbed and murthered entirely allalone." While he was in this state of mind he spied a cinnamon bear on the side of the mountain, and was almost ready to fall to the ground with fright. Recovering his self-possession a little, he said: "I thought it wouldn't do to let the bear think I was afraid of him, and concluded I might intimidate him by making him think that there were several with me. So, walking a little faster, I called out as loud as iver I could, 'sike! Oh! say, Mike, hould on till I catch up wid ye and the rest o' the b'ys. When the bear heard that he walked away and said not a word."

Cat and Mouse.

Dr. Abernethy did not like to be disturbed in the night. Once when he had got to bed at one in the morning in a very bad humor, because he had been woke up at midnight, he heard his bell ring.

"What is it?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Oh doctor, doctor; quick, quick; my son has just swallowed a mouse."

"Very well, tell him to swallow a cat, and leave me in quiet!" said the doctor, going to bed again.

A Rattlesnake Concert.

"Talk about snakes," remarked an old frontiersman in conversation a few evenings ago, "there are more snakes in Arizona than ever existed in Ireland before good old St. Patrick came along and gave them the grand bounce. Why, I have been everywhere; waded southern swamps when I would have to stop a minute, with the water up to my chin, to allow a drove or school of water-moccasins or cotton-mouths to go by; up in the far northwest and British America I have lived like a fighting-cock and to the queen's taste for weeks at a time on snake steak, but I saw more rattlesnakes down in Arizona, last summer was a year ago than ever before in my life, all put together. Down there they don't go in pairs, clusters or droves, but in columns, just for the world like the children of Israel got up and tramped out of Egypt with Moses, and Aaron in the van, and Joseph, with his circus coat, bringing up the rear. I and a friend were over in the Tombstone county, among the hills on a prospecting expedition. There were rattlesnakes all around us, but they did not seem to be very savage. We would scare them up riding along, and they would sneak away from our track like coyotes. One day about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we were taking a hill, and, as the ascent was very sharp, our horses would stop every few minutes to blow. Long before we got to the summit we heard a strange noise, or rather jargon of noises, apparently on the other side, and if we had been shot the next minute we could not have told from whence it emanated. Why, it was worse than the average church choir. Well, we got to the top after a while, the noise increasing every step we took up. By the time we had got there it had become a little short of terrific, and looking down over the side we saw a sight that took the cake. On a little plateau of perhaps fifty yards dimensions, about seventy-five feet below us, was a regular rattlesnake reunion and concert. The ground and stones were just yellow with them, and if there was one there were at least ten thousand snakes in the gang. They were of all ages and sizes, and how they enjoyed themselves. The two oldest king-pins of the crowd were in the centre, and the other snakes were all gathered about them. Each and every snake had coiled himself up in such a manner as to allow their tails and rattles good play, and they were rattling away as if for wages, and their wicked tongues were darting out and in, keeping up an accompaniment to their tails. We looked at the racket for about a minute, and then with an awful flourish the rattling stopped. The two old snakes reared their heads at least three feet off the ground, and looked all around over the field in a manner indicative of a general on a battle-ground. After serveying the situation and apparently seeing that every member of the snake combination was ready for business, they sounded a note by way of tuning up, and the whole crowd commenced their concert again. It took them about ten minutes to finish one tune, and we must have watched them there through at least a half dozen. After a while I got tired of the business, and rolled a rock down in the crowd. This broke up the meeting without delay, and, as several of the snakes were crushed to death, the others set up an awful rattling, and crawled away to their respective dens. I have been among snakes all my life, but that was the first snake concert I ever witnessed."

Stranger than Fiction.

Not long ago Matilda Boelter, a step-daughter of Michael Boelter, who lives in the town of Holden, Goodhue county, Minn., came to her death by the accidental discharge of a gun. The painful accident recalls other tragic events in the history of the family to which she belonged, and which, we believe, have never been published. Previous to the Sioux massacre of 1862, the young lady's mother and her step-father lived in one of the counties bordering on the Minnesota river, she having a husband (who was a brother of her present husband) and two children, the youngest but a few months old, and he having a wife and two young children. The Indians killed his wife, while he and his children escaped and succeeded in making their way to Fort Ridgely, and afterward went to St. Paul, we believe. His brother was killed, but his sister-in-law and her two children fled to the woods near her home, where she secreted herself, hoping to find a place of safety when the fiendish Sioux had completed their work, but, to her dismay, the savages went into camp near her hiding place. During the daytime she could see all their movements, as they rode about on the prairies and often passed near her in going through the woods: and at night she could watch them in their dances and near their horrid yells. Sometimes after they had gone to sleep she would steal back in the darkness to her house and get a little food, as long as it lasted, but for the most part of the nine long, weary, dreadful weeks, whose every moment must have been filled with a terror worse than death, she subsisted on the scanty supply of wild grapes, roots, leaves and the bark of trees, that her limited range afforded. At length the Indians went away, the frost had come and destroyed her subsistence, her frame refused to yield nourishment and her babe died of gradual starvation. Then she and the remaining child crawled to their old home to die. Some soldiers, who were out burying the victims of the massacre, found them, and they were sent to St. Paul, or some other point, where her brother-in-law, who supposed her to have been killed, found her, and at length married her. They settled on East Prarie, where, we believe, they lived until the present time. The young woman whose sad fate we are called upon to record was the little three-year-old child whose escape from the bloody Sioux was so marvelous.

Casts from Living Forms.

We were taken by a friend to see the wonderful plaster casts of living human beings which are among the curiosities of the Russian capital. How the thing is done is impossible to imagine, but there the two statues are, recumbent female figures, undoubtedly taken from living women. One lies slightly turned upon her side, her lips parted in a smile, as though she was trying to suppress a laugh. The other, who was much the finer form of the two, lies face downward, her feet crossed and her head pillowed on her folded arms, as though she had thrown herself down to sleep. The minutest detail of the texture of the skin, nails, etc., are very perfectly reproduced, the "gooseflesh" with which the skin is covered being amusingly noticeable, and showing that the preparation used for these casts, the composition whereof is a secret, must be applied cold. Then all the little indentations in the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands, and the curve of the nails and their rimmings of skin and flesh are produced with startling accuracy. The process by which these figures are produced is still a secret, but it is certainly a wonderful and curious discovery.

—A boy in Kenny county, Texas, has killed forty-three bears the past winter.

I'll Help You.

Bill Smedley was resting his left foot on the top of a beer-keg in front of a saloon in Butte City, Montanna Territory, the last time I saw him. On his bent left knee he rested an elbow, thereby arranging his arm so as to support his chin, which rested on his hand. His clothes were well worn, and here and there a rent. His hair stuck out through a hole in the crown of his hat, while the great toe of his right foot peeped forth, ruddy and cheerful, from his boot. The whiffs of smoke, drawn from a short, black pipe, curled lazily from his lips. His eyes were half closed and dreamy. His thoughts were in dreamland. Bill had experienced the ups and downs of Western life; had been rich and poor by turns, and was now very poor. He had grown philosophic, and looked at things in a way different from what he had in his youth, when life's pathway smiled to him, and seemed rose-garland.

"Hello, Bill! been looking for you," said the tax-collector, coming up.

There was no reponse. He repeated:

"Bill, hello!"

"Well?"

"Want to collect your tax."

"Haint no property."

"I mean your poll-tax."

"Don't own no pole."

"A poll-tax is a tax on yourself, you know."

"I ain't no property."

"But the county court levied this tax on you."

"Didn't authorize 'em to levy any tax on me."

"The law does, though."

"What if it does; s'pose I'm goin' ter pay for breathin' the air?"

"Still you are one of us: you live here."

"I didn't bring myself into the world."

"You exercise the privileges of a citizen; you vote."

"Don't want to vote if you charge for it."

"Don't you want a voice in the selection of officers?"

"No; if there was no officers you wouldn't be here consumin' my time."

"The schools must be supported. We must educate the children."

"If you do they won't work."

"There are other county expenses—paupers, and so on. If you were to die without means you would want us to bury you."

"No, you needn't."

"Why, you would smell bad to other people?"

"I kin stan' it if they kin."

"I will levy on your property," said the officer, growing impatient; "I will hunt it up."

"I'll help you; I want to see some of my property."

The officer moved on rather abruptly, while Bill continued, as if musing:

"Let them fellers have their way, an' they'd make life a burden. Want to assess my existence; Want to charge me for enjoyin' the bright sunshine; ask me to pay for beholdin' the beautiful landscape; charge me for lookin' at the grass grow and the rose unfoldin'; charge me for watchin' the birds fly, an' one cloud chase t'other."

The eyes continued to blink dreamily. The whiffs of smoke reached up in graceful spirals toward the blue dome. The foot-falls of the tax collector grew absenter and absenter.

Red River Valley.

The Red River Valley North is about three hundred miles long and fifty miles wide—a flat prarie, extending northward from Lake Traverse, in Minnesota, until it passes by a gentle slope beneath the water of Lake Winnipeg. About thirty miles north of the southern and higher extremity of the valley the Red River comes meandering in from the east. It is a sluggish stream, flowing in a ditch in the middle of the prairie, and is altogether inadequate in size and force to have made the valley which bears its name. When we seek an explanation of this vast alluvial plain, we must find a much larger body of water to account for its formation, and this is done by the theory which connects it with the great Mississippi system. There are many indications that the whole drainage of this region was at one time southward. The valley of the Mississippi, with its true line of continuation along the Minnesota, must have formerly contained a vastly larger body of water than now flows through it. This valley, beginning at Big Stone Lake, is separated only by a slight barrier from Lake Traverse. Now imagine that a few thousand years ago the level of the continent was a little different from what it is now, a few hundred feet higher at the north, and lower at the south, then this barrier would be overcome, and all the waters of the Winnipeg basin would flow southward through the Red River and Minnesota Valley into the Mississippi. The present northward outlet through the Nelson River would be stopped. There would be a mighty stream draining the whole central region of the continent into the Gulf of Mexico. Now imagine, again, that the continent is gradually depressed at the north and elevated at the south—a change which we know from observation is still continuing along the sea coast; the result of such an oscillation will be to diminish the slope and velocity of the great southward river. It will have less and less power to cut its way through obstacles. It will be dammed by the granite ledges near Big Stone Lake. It will spread out into a vast lake larger than Superior and Michigan put together. The waters of this lake will be shallow and muddy, and the deposit of alluvium very rapid. As the northward depression continues, the outlet toward the south will become more and more feeble. It will degenerate into a mere driblet. And at last the great body of water will cut a new channel northward into Hudson Bay. The Nelson River, with its rocky channel and numerous rapids, bears all the marks of an outlet thus recently formed.

The Turret Spider.

It belongs to the genus *tarantula*, and is as large as the tiger, but quite different in color. The male is a soft velvety black, while the female is grayish brown, or like faded velvet. She has a light gray spot on top of the thorax, and on the abdomen are three dark brown longitudinal stripes alternating with light gray. In young specimens these markings are quite distinct, but in old ones the clors blend somewhat. The two sexes do not differ in size, the male being fully as large as the female. The body is a trifle more than an inch in length, and the legs are large and long, which gives it quite a formidable appearance, but it is perfectly harmless. I have provisionally named it *tarantula turricula*, reserving a further description. The name was suggested from its manner of building. It digs a burrow in the earth six or seven inches in depth, but the upper part of its domicile is entirely unlike that of the tiger-spider. This species build a little round tower above its burrow. It procures sticks from one to two inches in length, and arranges them very symmetrically one above the other, laying them so as to make a five-sided wall. It is usually a most contented species in confinement. Early in July I took a fine female, surrounded and almost covered with baby spiders about ready to leave the mother—the young can readily run up the side of the jar and escape. As soon as they left her, I removed the jar to my study; I did not take the nest with this spider, as I wished to see what she would do with entirely new surroundings. The earth in the jar was about six inches in depth, and well pressed down. I gave her sticks and moss to put around the top of her tube. She soon began to dig a burrow, and when it was about two inches in depth, she commenced to build a tower above it. She takes a stick from my fingers and places it at the edge of her tube. She works while inside her burrow, holding the stick with her fore-legs until it is arranged to suit her; she then turns around and fastens it with a strong web. She takes another stick and proceeds in the same way, and continues this until she has laid the foundation of a five-sided wall. She now goes down to the bottom of her tube and brings up a pellet of earth, which she places on top of the sticks; she goes all around a circle of these pellets, which she flattens by pressing her body against them, and arranges them in such a manner as to cover the sticks on the inside, making the walls perfectly round and silk-lined. Now she is ready for more sticks, which she continues to alternate with the pellets until the tower has reached the height of two and a half inches above her burrow. I sometimes gave her bits of green moss an inch or two in length, which she would use by fastening them to a stick with web. This makes the wall on the outside fringed with moss. If she is not in a mood for building, and I offer her a stick, she takes it in her mandibles, and with her fore-feet gives it a quick blow, often sending it with force enough to hit the jar; and when she is digging and bringing up pellets of earth which she does not wish to use in her tower, she throws them from the top of the walls with sufficient force to make them land a foot or more from the burrow, if it were not for the intervention of the glass. This accounted for the fact that I could never find any fresh earth near the burrows of these spiders.

The Signs of Springs.

"Spring is coming," said the fat passenger, "see the seed onions in the baskets at the grocer's door. That is a sure harbinger of spring."

"Yes," said the cross passenger, "and you can smell it in the air."

"Spring, you mean," queried the sad passenger, "or the onion?"

"And the roads are drying up," hastily put in the tall thin passenger, fearing a collision, "and the farmers are accordingly charging more for hay, on the pretext of a short crop."

"And the hens begin to wear an independent, shan't-if-I-don't-want-to look," said the man on the wood-box, "as though they knew their value at this time of the year."

"And you can smell the dreadful odor of garden fires," said the tall, thin passenger, "where people are burning old shoes and pea-brush and bones and dead vines and one thing and another, in the balmy eventide."

"Oh, yes," we all chorused, "spring is right here, it isn't far away; everything indicates its proximity."

"It will be here before sundown," said the man on the wood-box, enthusiastically."

"See," exclaimed the sad passenger, "already has the young man shed his winter ulster."

"And Lent is over," shouted the man with the sample case.

"Green leaves are peeping out through the withered grass," said the sad passenger.

"And there is a nameless charm of April in the sunshine," said the fat passenger.

"And it's snowing," croaked the woman who talks base.

We all looked out the windows. She was right. That woman, I have observed, generally is right. She has not, I am free to admit, a pleasant voice, but she usually tells the truth with it. Of course, after her depressing remark, rendered still more uncheerful by its confirmation, there was no more talk about spring. So we sailed on in sociable silence, and after a short stop at some unimportant place, the name of which has escaped me, turned out wandering prows toward Galion.

An Obstinate Boy Overcome.

When Admiral Farragut was a lieutenant of the receiving ship Alert, he established a school for the boys, many of whom did not know their letters.

One boy refused to learn. When remonstrated with, he replied that he had run away from home to escape going to school, and that he could not and would not learn to read and write.

"Well," said Farragut, "it will cost you much less to learn your letters than to let them alone. For, if you don't report yourself to the school every day, and don't do your best to learn while there, I will punish you until you do."

The boy continued obstinate in his refusal, and the lieutenant whipped him. He took the whipping without crying, and said, with an oath, that he would not learn a single letter. For several days whipping followed whipping, without subduing the boy's obduracy.

Then the lieutenant, determined not to be beaten by a boy of fifteen, tried what ridicule would do. He made the boy so ashamed of himself that he took to the primer and learned rapidly. In twelve months he read, wrote, and was smart in ciphering.

Seven or eight years passed away, and Lieutenant Farragut had forgotten all about the obstinate boy. But one day a well-dressed young man stopped him in the street, called him by name, and warmly grasped his hand.

"You don't recognize me," he said, seeing the lieutenant's puzzled look; "but I am more indebted to you than to any one in this world. Don't you remember the boy who gave you so much trouble on board the Alert?"

"Oh, yes, very well; but I should never have recognized him in you. I would like to hear your story."

"I can tell it in a few words," said the young man. "I left the navy after a few voyages, and shipped on board of an East Indian. The captain died and the chief mate was taken sick. I was a good arithmetician, thanks to you, and the mate had taught me navigation; so I could work the ship's course. The mate died, but just before his death he called the men aft and requested them to obey me as their commander. I carried the ship into New York, and the owners, making me a handsome present, sent me out as mate of another ship. As soon as there was a vacancy I was made a captain, and am now in the Charleston trade."

"Well," said the lieutenant, "I am glad to hear of your success, and that you profited by the little instruction you received from me.

"But," he added, with a smile, "I think you are as much indebted to your perverse disposition. You were determined not to learn, and I was determined that you should. I wasn't a-going to be beaten by a boy of fifteen."

When to Plant Garden Seeds.

A greater difference of time is required in sowing seeds in the garden than in the field. There is no month when frost is out of the ground in which the seed of some kind of vegetable may not be profitably sown. The value of most vegetables depend on the time of sowing their seed. Many things raised in the garden are only seasonable a very short time. Spinach is not in demand after lettuce is sufficiently large to eat, while lettuce loses its value when green peas appear. Radishes are wanted as early in the season as it is possible to produce them, but the appetite for them disappears after cucumbers become plenty. An effort should accordingly be made to raise a crop of spinach, radishes, and lettuce as early in the season as possible. Among the other vegetables seeds that should be sown very early in the season, are those of cress, kale, endive and parsley, as they are wanted as soon as they can be produced. The seeds of onions, beets, carrots, parsnips, celery, cabbage and cauliflowers should also be sown early, because it takes considerable time for the plants to mature. Onion sets should also be put out as early as possible, as the object of planting is to secure a crop in advance of that produced by planting seed. The seed of all varieties of gourds should be planted very early. It is a good plan to start them in beds or small boxes in the house, and to place the plants with the earth about them in the ground where they are to grow, when the weather becomes sufficiently warm. Gound vines are highly ornamental as well as useful, and they are worthy of a place in every garden and yard. The shells of gourds are easily converted into dippers, and drinking-cups and other useful articles, and are much in use in all parts of the South. Gound vines require some support. They may be trained over a trellis so as to make a very fine appearance, or be made to attach themselves to strings, brush, or the branches of trees. The seeds of nearly all other vines, as pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, citrons, and all kinds of melons, should be planted quite late in the season. There is nothing gained by planting them in the open ground till the weather is quite warm. Their growth may be hastened by planting the seeds in hills and covering them with small boxes having glass on top. The soil may be moistened from time to time by removing the boxes. The boxes protect the young plant from the cold when they are quite small, and from the insects that are very certain to make their appearance a little later in the season. The young plants may be gradually hardened by removing the boxes during warm days and by replacing them at night and on the approach of cold rains and winds. Nasturtiums, peppers, okra, tomatoes, sweet corn and all kinds of beans should be planted quite late in the season. Sweet potato plants should not be put in the open ground, in this latitude, before the first of June. As a rule all vegetables having a southern origin should be planted late. If planted early they become stunted and never make a vigorous growth.

Sweet William.

On one occasion said a Circus manager, we were preparing for our promenade through the streets, when a kind of "hanger-on" to our company, who, through his invariable politeness of manner, had been nicknamed "Sweet William," was deputed to ride a highly-trained black mare, one of whose tricks consisted in undoing her girths with her teeth and removing her saddle. Sweet Willam was the last to leave the stables the others having passed out before he had mounted. Suddenly loud cries of "Murder!" were heard to proceed from the stable, and I shouted out as I went toward the spot: "What's the matter? Who is it?" "It's me," replied the agonized voice of Sweet William. "Make haste—the mare's got hold of my toe!" And sure enough I found the man on the mare's back, writhing and twisting about, his face describing the most painful contortions, and his toe in the mare's mouth. The more he struggled, the harder she pulled at what, through some misadventure, she mistook for the girth-straps. Perhaps, also, she mistook his shouts for the vociferous cheers of a pleased audience, and thought it was "all right," and at it again she went with redoubled vigor. By some means he must have made some slight movement, which the mare thought to be her signal to perform the trick, and went to work accordingly. However, the man was speedily released from his awkward predicament, and the cavalcade proceeded on its ways but it was a long time before the incident itself ceased to excite a good-natured laugh at the expense of Sweet William.

Diamond Buyers.

Buying diamonds for retail is said to be a delicate and difficult task. The buyer sits down at a table with a large sheet of white paper spread before him. On the paper are poured the contents of certain packages received by the wholesale dealer. The keen eye of the buyer, an expert, of course, picks out at once the shallow, flawed and all defective stones, which are definitely rejected, and swept into a bag. The accepted stones must next be paired, and to this end a tin plate, mounted on four feet and pierced with holes of different size, is employed. On this the diamonds are laid, and shifted to and fro until each diamond has been fitted into a proportionate hole. Then the gems undergo a second and final examination, the buyer examining them most rigorously, and rejecting some which may at first have escaped his attention. Any irregularity of form, lack of brilliancy, dullness of water or yellowness of tint is sufficient to condemn them. The matched stones are then put up in pairs in papers or small cases, and the others are sold to inferior jewelers. In Paris the latter are readily purchased and set in the flowers, stars, crosses and other ornaments which make such a display in the windows of the Palais Royal. The French, as a rule, like showy things, and are less fastidious in diamonds than Americans are. They care more for general effect than purity or perfection, and often sell to our people inferior gems that will not bear resetting. Paris is not a good place to buy diamonds.

A Telegraphic Blunder.

A noble Lord, as proud and fond as a man should be of his beautiful young wife, was just about rising to speak in a debate when a telegram was put in his hands. He read it, left the house, jumped into a cab, drove to Charing Cross and took a train to Dover. Next day he returned home, rushed into his wife's room, and finding her there upbraided the astonished lady in no measured terms. She protested her ignorance of having done anything to offend him. 'Then what did you mean by your telegram?" he asked. "Mean? What I said, of course. What are you talking about?" "Read it for yourself," said he. She read; "I flee with Mr.——to Dover straight. Pray for me." For a moment words would not come; then after a merry fit of laughter, the suspected wife quietly remarked: 'O those dreadful telegraph people! No wonder you are out of your mind, dear. I telegraphed simply: "I tea with Mrs.——in Dover street. Stay for me."