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LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

Life to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real, half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp and cutting edges.
Though the joy bells may be ringing,
Not a song you'll hear them singing;
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see through these same sorrows
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows;
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain,
Lo! your mole hill seems a mountain.
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fall with power.
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and royal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor;
Look up, as you love and labor.
Not for one alone woe's viale;
Every one has cares and trials.
Joy and care are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather.
May we have, oh, let us pray,
Faith and patience for to-day.

An Adopted Child.

Mr. John Falconer was walking slowly towards his pretty little cottage one afternoon in autumn. He was the head gardener of Warren Hall, a beautiful estate, situated a few miles from the picturesque village of Waverdale. A tall, fine, upright man of forty-five, with a pleasant face and honest, gray eyes, John Falconer was a favorite at the hall.

He had known its owner, Mr Lionel Warren, from a boy. The young heir had been very fond of John, making him his companion, and treating him almost as an equal. When they both grew up to be fine, handsome men, however, the intimacy dropped.

Young Lionel, on the death of his father, took possession of the estate, and when John applied to him for the post of undergardener, he was immediately appointed to it.

A few years passed away. Mr. Warren, who had gone abroad, returned, bringing with him a little son to gladden his home. He had married an Italian lady, who had died shortly after the birth of the little Reginald; and no longer able to bear the sight of that bright land which reminded him so much of his young wife, Mr. Warren, now a grave, sad man, came back to his home.

More years passed away, and little Reginald was now nine years of age.

Though John Falconer was now head gardener, and lived in a pretty cottage on the estate, he was still unmarried.

So on this bright afternoon he was walking homeward after his day's work. He had turned the corner of the quiet lane which led to the house, when he nearly stumbled over a tiny child, who stood crying in the middle of the road.

She was about five years of age. A slender, little thing, with beautiful dark eyes and raven curls, clad in a tattered calico frock.

"Who are you, little one?" asked John.

"I'm Evy Gray," she replied, in a sweet voice.

"Where do you live, dear?"

The tears rolled down the pale cheeks.

"I don't live anywhere. Mother's dead She died a long time ago, and auntie took me. We lived in London, but auntie came here to sell things. She's gone away today, and she beat me and left me here. Oh, what shall I do?"

The poor little thing sobbed bitterly and John's benevolent heart was touched as he looked at the lovely, tear-stained face. He took the tiny hand in his, and led her towards his home.

"Where are you taking me?" asked the child.

"To my house, Evy. Here it is."

Evy gazed in awe at the ivy-covered cottage, with its strip of bright garden and pretty, green porch.

She hardly dared to walk over the clean floor of the cosy kitchen, where the fire was burning brightly, and where a rosy servant-girl was toasting muffins for her master's tea.

Susan looked at the child with wondering eyes, and was still more astonished when John bade her wash the little thing, and make her presentable.

Evy looked like another child after her bath. Her cheeks grew rosy, her eyes bright, while her long hair fell in curls over her shoulders. John wrapped a shawl around her, and placed her in a chair by the fire, with a bowl of bread and milk on her lap. Then Susan, who always went home at night, was dismissed, and the two were left alone.

How the child enjoyed her nice supper, and her cosy seat by the fire! The little tongue chattered incessantly, until at last she fell asleep in her chair.

John Falconer gazed at the pretty face of the sleeping child, until the tears stood in his eyes; then he said:—

"My poor birdie! You have no home or friends, my pretty one, but I will be your friend, and, as long as I live, my home shall be yours."

And John Falconer kept his word. No one claimed little Evy, so he adopted her as his own child. He sent her to an excellent school, and worked hard to gain money for her sake.

Master Regie, from the hall, took a great fancy to Eveline, and they became great friends. Mr. Warren encouraged the intimacy, because it pleased his idolized son and Evy was always welcome at the hall. So time went on. Regie grew to be a handsome youth of twenty-one, and Evy a beautiful young lady of seventeen, when changes came, and the young friends were parted.

Mr. Warren died, and Regie, now the owner of Warren Hall, went abroad for a year or two, leaving the estate in the care of a hard, exacting steward, who, unknown to Reginald Warren, oppressed the tenants, and was feared and disliked by all.

And changes came for Eveline. John Falconer was taken ill the winter after Regie's departure for the continent—a long, lingering illness, which prevented him from working, and used up all his savings.

Evy was his devoted nurse, never leaving his bedside, and was besides, very careful of his money.

Rent day came, and John Falconer was in despair. He found that he was unable to pay his rent. The poor man knew not what to do. He was unfit for work, and Evy had never been accustomed to it. She was fitted for a governess, to be sure, but how could he live without her devoted care!

Mr. Stevens, the steward, was a hard man. He said that John Falconer must either pay the rent or go. He would give him two weeks, but not a day over.

"My dear home!" he said, "the home I have lived in for so long! Evy, it will break my heart to leave it!"

Evy soothed him with tender words.

"Never mind, papa. We will think of some plan."

Evy had been acting very strangely for the last few weeks. Mr. Falconer was not observant, or he would surely have noticed it.

Sometimes she looked pale and sad; then she would brighten up, while a burning color suffused her cheeks.

Every morning she looked out for the postman, and when he had passed by, without leaving any letters, she would turn away with a sigh.

Time dragged on, and the day came for John Falconer to leave his home. He had been unable to obtain the money, and Mr. Stevens was to call during the morning. If he could not pay him, they would be turned out of their pretty home.

And yet Evy did not look at all so mrowful.

Mr. Falconer thought it very strange that she should go about with a smile on her face, and a happy light in her eyes.

"You seem gay, Evy," he remarked; and the pink in her cheeks deepened to carnation.

"I am not gay, papa. Here is Mr. Stevens. I will go to him as it would try you too much;" and she ran out of the room.

She ushered the steward into the little kitchen and gave him a chair.

"Where is your father?" asked Mr. Stevens.

"Papa is not able to see you to-day," replied the girl, in her self-possessed way.

"You seem independent, young lady. I suppose you know that you must either pay or go?"

"I am quite aware of the fact," retorted Evy, as she laid the money on the table. "Will, you give me a receipt?"

The eyes of the steward opened wide.

"How did you get the money?" he inquired.

"I do not think that is your affair," said Evy, icily, as she took up the receipt. "Good morning."

Mr. Stevens took his departure, and Evy bounded up the stairs to the invalid's room.

"See, papa!" she said, waving the paper before his eyes.

"What is the matter, Evy?"

"I have paid the rent, papa, and this is the receipt."

"Evy, how did you get the money?"

"It came by post yesterday morning, papa. I—I wrote a book and got fifty pounds for it; so we shall have enough to live on till I can do more."

"But, my child I never knew you could——"

"It came to me naturally, papa. I wrote first for the love of the thing, and then I wrote for love of you!"

"Evy, my own child!"

And in that glad moment John Falconer knew that he was rewarded for his benevolence.

Evy never wrote again for money. A month afterwards Regie returned, and when he heard the story, he dismissed, Mr. Stevens from his service. And in the spring there was a grand wedding at Waverdale, with Regie as bridegroom and Evy as bride.

And Evy is truly happy in the love of her husband.

John Falconer lives with them, and is called "Grandpapa" by Evy's children. His reward for his act of benevolence, is great, and the bread of charity, which he cast upon the waters, has returned to him after many days.

A Living Paper-Cutter.

An Indian rajah who was pleasantly disposed toward the English and has learned their language after a fashion, frequently visited some years ago, as the story runs, the viceroy of Calcutta, and on one occasion borrowed of the latter a copy of the Edinburg *Review*, which he happened to see lying on the table. When he returned the magazine the viceroy asked him if he had found anything interesting in it. "Oh! yes," he replied, "many beautiful things, but also many disconnected articles." "How so?" asked the viceroy. "See here," answered the rajah, "this begins with 'Hunting the Orang-outang,' does it not? And now turn over the page, and here you have the 'History of Mary Stuart.'" The viceroy laughed. He perceived that the rajah had attempted to read the book through without cutting the leaves. He accordingly took from his table a beautiful ivory paper-cutter, explained its use to his visitor, and made him a present of it. The rajah was puzzled as to how the leaves of books could be printed before they were cut open, but this also was explained to him. About a year after this occurence the viceroy saw a gay company entering the court, and in the center of it the rajah seated on a young elephant. No sooner did the rajah see the viceroy than he cried: "Do you happen to have an uncut copy of the Edinburg *Review*? If so, please toss it to me." The viceroy threw out the magazine. It was caught by the elephant, who placed between his tusks, which had been wrought into elegant paper-cutters, even including carved handles, and quickly cut open the leaves, after which the knowing animal passed the *Review* back to the surprised viceroy. The rajah then dismounted, and said to the viceroy, as he pointed to the elephant: "He is yours, I return you your paper cutter alive."

Smuggling.

On the Belgian and Spanish frontiers the professional smugglers employ dogs, which are taken into Spain or Belgium, and while there poorly fed and regularly beaten by confederates wearing the uniform of the French *douaniers*. At the proper time the animals have packages of lace or silk tied on their backs and are turned loose, when they at once "strike for their homes," taking care to give any one who wears a uniform the widest possible berth. Rochefort used to smuggle his *Lanterne* from Brussels into France in great quasties, the "diamond edition" being packed in plaster busts of Napoleon III. The Russian Nihilists have introduced many tons of seditious literature into the Czar's dominions in well-soldered sardine-boxes and fruit-cans. Not long ago a French *douanier* at Pagny discovered a very extensive smuggling association, whose operations were made possible by the venality of a Russian *tchinovnik*, who had stolen the seal of one of the imperial departments. Cabinet couriers of all European nations enjoy the privilege of exemption, as far as their persons and luggage are concerned, from the Custom-house officers' examinations. The suspicions of the French *douanier* at Pagny were aroused by the unusual number and dimensions of certain trunks, for which the usual exemption was claimed by a "courier extraordinary" of the Russian Government, passing the Franco-German frontier, on his route from St. Petersburg to Paris. He therefore took upon himself the responsibility of opening and examining the suspected luggage, despite its proprietor's indignant protest. His courage was rewarded by the discovery of 24,000 cigars, which the pretended cabinet-courier had intended to smuggle into France. Next day another Russian courier arrived at Pagny, also accompanied by an inordinate amount of luggage under seal, which, upon being inspected, was found to contain 27,000 cigars. Bismarck tells us very plainly that the Duke of Morny, when Ambassador to Russia, made large sums by refurnishing the embassy repeatedly and selling the furniture, which had, of course, been imported duty free. One of the most remarkable smuggling movements of the present day was that at Roubaix, France, last Summer, when twice every day the *contrabandiers* crossed the frontier into Belgium several thousand strong, bring back with them coffee, coal-oil and tobacco, and defrauding the customs of at least 50,000 francs a day. The men had been on a strike, and being resolved not to starve, organized a smuggling army too powerful for the authorities to cope with. Some very extensive smuggling must have been done at Hamburg, apparently with the connivance of the custom officials, within the last few months, since we read that a miller, one Herr Wegner, has been fined nearly $95,000 for smuggling 6,500 tons of wheat and rye into the district without paying the comparatively small impost on such grain. New York readers are made aware from time to time of the operations and devices of smuggling at this port. The business flourishes between St. Albans and Rouse's point and Montreal, where the operators can work both ways. It was once the practice for certain Montreal tailors to employ New York cutters and send agents through New England and Northern New York to take orders for clothing to be delivered in the United States at the maker's risk, and an extensive business was done in running over whole carloads of bulkier merchandise. On the 31st of August last a Montreal milliner who was about to settle in New York, was stopped at "the lines" with eighteen trunks full of silks, velvets, laces, silverware, and wines, although she had a certificate from the American Consul-General that all these were non-dutiable immigrant's effects. It is *de rigueur* for silly American women who go to Montreal to buy silks and similar goods and smuggle them home, a practice that is gradually going out of favor, now that our fair and free-trading countrywomen have discovered that the guileless Canadian tradesman usually furnishes them with an inferior article purchased in New York or Boston and sold at an advance price. Since our Canadian neighbors have enjoyed the benefits of a protective tariff smuggling into Canada has been very lively, jewelry being one of the articles most extensively introduced. There is perhaps only one country in the world which is really smuggler-proof—Boralong, in South Africa, which is ruled by a benevolently despotic monarch, Moroko. When the King found his councillors attending the palaver furiously inebriated and his sons taking to brandy-drinking, he prohibited under penalty of death the importation into his dominons of intoxicating liquors of any kind, and when a subject was caught evading the law the penalty was sternly inflicted. "For some years," there have been no attempts at smuggling, and as a consequence the inhabitants of Thaba Nchu, the capital, are a sober, well-ordered, industrious and prosperous community."

The Russian Lord High Admiral.

The Grand Duke Constantine is a maritime Chesterfield. He has a ready compliment for every one who approaches him in society, and has a good deal of light chit-chat for all sorts of persons. But in private his speech is curt, and he deals in those expletives without which the sailor's vocabulary would be incomplete. The Grand Duke was married when young to the handsomest princess in Germany—a blessing he never much valued. He travels abroad by himself, and the Grand Duchess Constantine by herself. Constantine has navigated and circumnavigated a good deal as an officer of the Russian navy, of which he is now High Admiral. As he grows elderly he stiffens and shows hereditary pipe-clay. His carriage has the bolt upright stiffness of the Prussian officer, and his trousers fit as if held down with straps. His trunk is clothed in a kind of naval pea-jacket. His step is, for so tall a man, curiously mincing. It is a dancing-master's step, and enables him rapidly and without fatigue to cover a deal of ground. At St. Petersburg this illustrious friend of M. Emile de Girardin has often been accused, behind his back, of harboring schemes too ambitious to be righteous. These accusations must have found their way to him. The Czar has an ennuye look, and gives the impression of a man who never had a friend who was not a valet. Constantine looks as though he felt himself watched by spies, and glances about without turning his head. He is very fond of animals, and has in his park in Russia a "Zoo" of his own, in which there are remarkable specimens of Asiatic goats, buffalos and yaks. The Grand Duke Constantine is given credit for making intelligent investments. In the management of his private affairs he shows order and intelligence, from which we may infer that if the naval department, which he heads, is badly administered, the blame is not to be thrown on his imperial highness' broad shoulders, but on those of Admiral Popoff, in whom he has placed, and still place unbounded confidence.

When God wishes to punish a nation he deprives the rulers of wisdom.

He took all the Bets.

Some weeks ago John Mackay was sitting in the Gould and Currie office, Carson, Nevada, reading about the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras," when an idea occurred to him that some sort of a trick like that would be a splendid thing to ring in on Maurice Hoeflich, the mining expert. Hoeflich is around the office a good deal, and whenever he takes a lunch with Mackay, he is sure to get in some sort of a dispute and offer a bet. Mackay don't like betting and frowns it down, unless he thinks people are trying to bluff him. At last he determined to cure Hoeflich of his habit and find where the weak spot in his armor lay.

One day he saw Hoeflich on the stoop, playing with an enormous grasshopper, which he was teaching to jump. Hoeflich's grasshopper could jump twenty-three feet, and it wasn't long before he remarked to Mackay:

"I'll bet two dollars dot you cand find a hinsect to peet him."

Mackay bet ten dollars that he could beat it, and Hoeflich raised him twenty at once. The bet was closed at these figures, and Mackay said he would have the hopper there in a day or so. He then sent a trusted emissary down to Carson Valley to secure a contestant for the winged steed of Hoeflich.

The man spent nearly a week roaming in Carson Valley catching hoppers. He sent an official report to Mackay, stating he had caught over three thousand grasshoppers and put them through their paces. The best gait any of them had was 17¾ feet. He doubted if a bigger jump could be secured. On receipt of the letter the Bonanza Prince telegraphed to the man to bring him up anyway. The next day he arrived with about a dozen hoppers from Farmer Treadway's and Mr. Mackay gave them quarters in his room as Vanderbilt would his stud. Each hopper had a cigar box to himself, and every morning they were taken out and put through their paces. It was impossible, however, to get one to jump over 18 feet, although all sorts of invigorating food was given them.

Mr. Mackay was in despair, but one morning a hopper sniffed at a bottle of ammonia on the table and immediately jumped thirty feet. After making a few experiments it was found that one whiff of ammonia so enlivened the hoppers that they could make jumps that were almost incredible. Next day Mackay announced to Hoeflich that he was ready for the match. The expert was ready at nine o'clock, an hour before the time, with his pet hopper. Not finding Mr. Mackay in, he sat down in the study, and there noticed the bottle of ammonia. While examining it, Bridget, the old and faithful domestic of the Gould & Currie firm, came in with:

"Don't be techin' that numonia, Mr. Hoeflich. It's to make Mr. Mackey's hoppers sprightly. Bedad, I belave by the robes of St. Patrick, he's out of his sinses, since the pump broke at the north ind."

Hoeflich pumped the domestic and soon knew all about Mackay's game.

A light broke upon Hoeflich; grabbing the bottle he rushed up the street to Perkin's drug store, threw away the ammonia and ordered it filled with chloroform. In ten minutes, he was back, and leaving the bottle where he found it got out of the place as fast as he could.

Mackay soon arrived with half a dozen mining superintendents he had invited up to see him have some fun with Hoeflich.

They were hardly seated when Hoeflich came in with a cigar box under his arm.

"I vas a leetle late, Mr. Mackay, but I'm here mid der hopper and der coin."

He laid down the money which was covered promptly.

"Anyone else to ped?"

Joe Stewart laid down $100.

John Kelly put up $50.

Warren Sheridan stepped in for $200.

Hank Smith wanted a like amount.

Sam Jones had only $60, but he put it up.

Then a few got into the corner of the room and concluded it was a shame to rope Hoeflich in that way, and finally agreed to give the money back after they had won it. Mackay then bantered Hoeflich to raise the pot 100 shares of Union Con. Hoeflich wrote an order on his broker and remarked:

"Dar's no limit to de bets, gentlemen, de coin sbeaks."

Nearly every man doubled his bet, and then Mackay got behind Sam Jones and let his hopper sniff of the ammonia bottle which held Hoeflich's chloroform.

Time being called, the hoppers were placed side by side on the piazza, and at the word "go," each insect was touched on the back with a straw. Hoeflich's grasshoper described a semicircle in the air and scored twenty-four feet. Mackay's gave a lazy lurch of some four inches, and folding its legs across its stomach fell fast asleep. Jones swore that he could hear it snore.

Hoeflich walked back into the room, swept the coin into a canvas sack, and Mackay wrote out an order for the stock. Hoeflich went up the street with his hopper under his arm, leaving the others too much astonished to speak. Presently Sheridan put the ammonia bottle to his nose and called Mackay's attention to the smell.

"Caloroform by gracious!"

Then the Milesian woman who was the cause of all the mischief, appearing with a broom announced that it was "swapin' time," and the crowd dispersed, each going in different directions.

As Mackay started for the Union shaft, he remarked:

"That fellow, Hoeflich does play in queer luck."

And to this, all hands inwardly agreed.

How Ladies Dress in Persia.

She wore a bright red skirt, richly embroidered with gold lace: it was very full and short, barely reaching to her knees; a loose jacket of blue velvet, also much trimmed—this time with silver lace; the sleeves were made of cashmere shawls, buttoned by about twenty small buttons. She wore several necklaces, most of them very massive, studded with fine turquoises. On her head she wore a white shawl, with a band of jewels round her forehead, and at one side a large pearl star. She had on both arms at least a dozen bracelets—some handsome ones, some only bands of colored glass. Her feet were covered with coarse white socks; her shoes were green leather with scarlet heels. Some of the ladies wore bright red trousers, reaching to the ankle; but this was quite the exception. They wear a long veil, reaching from head to foot, generally made of some small print or muslin. I ought to mention that every lady wore a small leather case around her neck, containing some earth from Mecca and verses from the Koran. The faces of my hostess and friends were much decorated, the eyebrows broadened and carried quite across the nose. Some had small designs tattooed on the cheeks. The hair is very long and thick, generally dyed red; it is worn plaited in many thin tails, twisted with gold thread. The hands are well shaped, but nails and palms are stained a dark red.

Female Heroism.

In October, 1877, the brigantine Moorburg left Foochoo, in China, for Melbourne, carrying four seamen, captain, mate, and last, but by no means least, the captain's wife, who was a little delicate woman, and her baby. They had not gone far on their voyage ere all the crew fell sick, and one after another died. The mate did not succumb entirely, but became reduced to a skeleton, and was incapable of doing much; while the captain himself was almost in as miserable a plight, his legs having swollen tremendously, and his body being a mass of sores. His wife alone held up under the terrible heat, although she had nursed the sick till they needed nursing no longer, had looked well to her baby's needs, and done duty at the wheel in regular watches, and taken her share of seaman's work beside. To make matters worse, the ship sprung a leak, which the captain luckily was able to stop, and eventually the Moorburg got into Brisbane harbor, half full of water, with two sick men on board as her crew, all told, and a woman at the helm, the gallant woman bringing not only the ship but her baby safe into port.

Some time in 1871 a woman named Theresa Maria, dwelling in the village of Fratel, on the frontier of Portugal and Spain, on the way across the fields with her husband's dinner, was told by a shepherd boy that he had seen a wolf prowling about. Never having seen one in her life, she put down her basket, and directed by the lad, climbed to a high place, and, looking eagerly around, descried the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. Thinking to scare the brute from its prey, the boy shouted at it, and pelted it with stones, so infuriating the wolf that it left its meal unfinished and made for its disturber, jumping up at the little fellow's face, tearing the flesh, and then pulling him to the ground. What did the horror-stricken onlooker do—run away? Not she. Picking up a large stone, she rushed on the beast and seized hold of him. In vain he bit and tore her flesh; the undaunted woman contrived to keep his throat closely enfolded by her left arm, while she battered his head with the stone, and at length killed him. Meanwhile, the villagers had been alarmed, and came hurrying to her aid, armed with guns, sticks, and stones, meeting Theresa on her way home covered with blood from terrible wounds in her face, arms, and hands. They carried her to the hospital at Niza, where, pitiful to tell, she expired exactly a month afterward, consoled in her dying hours with believing that she had not sacrificed her life in vain. A false belief, alas! for the shepherd-boy died of hydrophobia a day or two after his lamented deliverer.

Courageous in another way was a woman of the Commune, who during that terrible rising had worked day and night in the hospital, assisting a certain surgeon, whose services were freely rendered to men with whose cause he had no sympathy. When the insurrection was quelled, the doctor was arrested and marched off to be tried by drum-head court-martial. As he approached the door of the tribunal, he met his late female assistant coming out between two soldiers. "Why, Adele!" he exclaimed, "how came you here?" Looking hard at him, with unrecognizing eyes, she replied: "I don't know you, sir;" a denial he set down to a fear of acknowledging the acquaintance of a doomed man. Not a little to his surprise, he got off and was set at liberty, to learn that Adele had been shot, and was on her way to death when she had repudiated all knowledge of him and forbore appealing to his aid, rather than compromise him, and render his chance a desperate one.

A poor servant girl of Noyon, in France, once proved herself a real heroine. A common sewer of great depth had been opened for repair, the opening being covered at night with some planking; but those in charge of the operations neglected to place any lights near to warn wayfarers of the danger in their path. Four men returning home from work stepped on the planks, which being frail and rotten gave way under their weight, and precipitated them to the bottom. It was some time before any one became aware of what had happened; and when the people gathered round, no man among the crowd was daring enough to respond to the frantic entreaties of the wives of the entombed men by descending that foul and loathsome depth. Presently, a fragile-looking girl of seventeen stepped to the front, and said quietly;—"I'll go down and try to save the poor fellows;" and creatures calling themselves men were not ashamed to stand by and see Catherine Vasseur let down on her valiant but fearful mission. Then ensued a few long minutes of anxious suspense before the signal to haul up was felt, and two still breathing but unconscious men were, with the gallant girl, brought to the surface. Nigh exhausted as the effort had left her, the heroic maiden only stayed to gain breath before descending again, regardless of the risk she ran. This second venture nearly proved fatal. Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer, and fastening a rope around one prostrate form, Catherine felt as though she were being strangled by an invisible hand. Unfortunately, the rope round her own waist had become unfastened; and when, after groping along the dripping, clammy wall, her hand touched it, she had not strength sufficient to pull it down. Dazed as she was, she still had her wits about her, and loosing her long hair, twisted the luxuriant tresses with the rope. The rope was hauled up; and the horrified crowd beheld the inanimate form of the brave young girl swinging by her hair, and to all appearance dead. Fresh air and prompt administration of stimulants brought her to consciousness, and the happiness of knowing that, if she had failed in saving all, her brave endeavors had restored three of the breadwinners to their families.

Alligator's Nests.

These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemburg, Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests with the eggs in a box for the museum of St. Petersburg, but he was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs, whining and barking like young puppies.

—The timber of Clearfield Co, Pa., is nearly exhausted.

From Custer Hills.

"Where are you from?" asked the judge as the complainant stood up.

"Why, jedge, I'm right from Custer City in the Black Hills. They call me Whoopin' Antelope, 'cause I'm the terror of all that region."

"And yet you say this man, half your size, thumped you till your face looks like a load of coal?"

"That's the way I mix it, jedge," responded the Whoopin' Antelope. "Just as soon as he hit me, I drawed back for room, and there was a brick lodge right in the way. Backed right up against it. I went to let go with this yer left fist, what's scattered more'n a ton of brains at different times, and dog my cats, there was a street car right in front of me. Didn't have the room, jedge. If I'd had the room, I'd been helpin' the coroner view the dead corpse now."

"How much room do you want?" asked the judge.

"I want a whole prairie, jedge. When I draw back like this, see? I need space. Then I lunges, so. Look! Then I fetches like this, and where'd the man be if I had room? I was afraid of breaking some man's real estate with him. Didn't dare turn loose. That's where he fetched me. Send him out to Dakota, with me. That's all I want. Make him come where there's distance to move around in. Give me a fair show with him, but don't confine me where there ain't room. 'Spose I'd smashed a house with him! 'Spose I'd jest slung him around like I ought to! Who'd paid for the holocaust? Who'd been a father to the orphans I'd manufactured? Who'd have married the widows of those who fell around like chips? That's the reason I let up, jedge. I'd rather be smashed than a murderer of the innocents. That's where he took advantage of me. Fine him, jedge. Lock him up for a term of years, or I may forgit myself if I find him loose."

"I think I'll let him go," replied the judge."

"Then let me go first. Keep him when he comes out, or I won't be responsible for the earthquake. I won't be liable for obliterating the town. If you're a patriot, jedge, you'd better hold him back for half an hour."

"You won't touch him," said the judge to the defendant.

"Don't trust him, jedge," interrupted the complainant. "If you're going' to let him go, I'll stay here. Lock me in a cell, handcuff me. Bind me with shackles, but don't let me get at him. My bile is risin', jedge; I ain't safe."

"I believe I'll give you ten days," mused the judge.

"Make it a month jedge. Make it long enough to cool me off, and make him leave town. There ain't room for us both. Make him get out, jedge, if you want to save his life."

And he gathered himself into a small bundle and crept around his antagonist and made a bound for the black Maria.

"I don't mind going to jail," he observed to a fellow traveler, "but I hate to spill blood," and as the fellow traveler handed him one on the bridge of the nose, he fell under the seat and shook with suppressed passion.

Something About Bees.

The Egyptians exhibit great skill in their manner of cultivating bees. As the flowers and harvest are much earlier in Upper Egypt than in Lower, the inhabitants profit by the circumstances in regard to their bees. They collect the hives of different villages on huge barges, and every proprietor attaches a peculiar mark to his hives. When the boat is loaded, the conductors descend the river slowly, stopping at all places where they can find pasturage for the bees. After having thus spent three months on the Nile the hives are returned to the proprietors, and, after deducting a small sum due to the boatman for having transported his hives from one end of the river to the other, he finds himself suddenly enriched with a quantity of honey and wax, which is immediately sent to market. This species of industry procures for the Egyptian an abundance of production of the bee, which they export in considerable quantities to foreign lands. In the counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire, England, where the moors are covered with a species of heather called "ling," and which blossoms in August, covering these barren heaths with a beauty scarcely equaled in any other country, distant bee-keepers load their hives into wagons, and, having previously engaged quarters, farm them with the farmers who dwell on the confines of the moor. The hives are then conveyed to these ranges, where they remain a month or six weeks. Comparatively empty hives when carried away are brought back full of honey, and many weak hives are thus enabled to winter over without loss, while the best ones have large quantities of honey and wax removed from them, the product of about two months in the year. The hum of the busy bees and the blooming of ling enliven a scene which, during the other ten months of the year appears but a dreary waste at the best, or a pasture for the black-faced breed of sheep, or a breeding place for grouse, hares and foxes, and a hunting-ground for England's aristocracy. Of late years many of these moors have been inclosed, the lands have been cultivated, and they are now producing an abundance of potatoes, oats, barley and grass.

The Bandmaster's Account of it.

"Yes, I seen most of the fight," responded the gentlemen on the hydrant to the eager inquiries of the reporter. "You know the little fellow came dancing down the street, and waltzed right up to the big one and fetched him one in the eye. I knowed there would be a cotillion, so I chasseed to one side. The tall fellow balanced to corners, and tripped the little fellow across the car track. He jumped up and poked around until he see an opening and went in.

"For two minutes it was all hands around, till the little fellow got a hip lock and flung the big one. Then he got up, and schottished after the little one, and got in on his ear. The little fellow forward twoed and lifted him under the chin. Then they had a grand chain for wind, and ladies in the centre, which fetched 'em both down. Then the quadrille was lively, you bet! The big one reeled off, and caromed on his eye, and then it was gents the same for about three minutes.

"You'd think they were walking for a cake. The little man varsouvienned about like a hot wire, but the big one stood on the forward and back till he got a show, and it was seat your pardners for the little man. Oh! you can bet she was a redowa from the start to the finish. only I'd like to have seen the little fellow mazourka him."

"May I ask your business?" inquired the reporter.

"I play for parties. You might publish my card and give me a lift."

Sorrow is a summons to come up higher in Christian character.

Advice About Funerals.

In the preparations and arrangements for the burial, says Dr. White of Cincinnati, let as little time and money as possible be expended for showy surroundings. The less of these things the better. Have only enough show for proper respect, for public decorum and social respect. We are getting to mingle prosperity and adversity together and are getting unable to distinguish the moral difference. We are now hardly able to distinguish between a funeral and a wedding. At funerals the tendency is toward extravagance and pride, and, in consequence, toward vice and the meanest folly. Funerals are degrading into the most selfish, expensive, meaningless services. As the vulgar expression is, they are simply ceremonies to give the dead a "good send-off." The coffin is covered with tinsel and finery totally out of place, considering the surroundings of the deceased when alive. A man will spend $50 for carriage hire at the funeral of his wife, when he never spent a dollar for riding her when alive. At a great sacrifice a husband will buy a profusion of costly flowers for the decoration of his wife's coffin and grave, when he never bought a pot plant for the brightening of her chamber during years of sickness and suffering. If possible, the funeral should be on a day other than the Sabbath, so as not to interfere with the pastor's regular duties at stated service. A vigorous protest against the too frequent and very often disgusting habit of public leave-taking of the body was made. The preacher held that the leave-taking of our beloved dead should always be in private and not before a crowd of idle, curious and unsympathizing spectators. The practice of kissing the dead just before the coffin-lid was screwed down, was neither decorous nor proper, particularly in the presence of strangers. Sometimes there was more kissing after death than before. The glass cover should not be removed for the gratification of anybody. Nay, more; the reverend gentleman suggested that the face of the deceased should never be exposed to strangers. All the funeral ceremonies should be simple, but strikingly symbolical. A simple piece of crape on the door, or worn on the arm of the person was sufficient to denote the death of a member in the family.

The Grain Crops of the World.

The annual volume on the crops of the various corn-growing countries of the world has just been issued by Mons. Bruy Estienne, of Marseilles, and the reports it contains occupy several hundred large quarto pages. A map showing in various colors the state of the wheat crop in the different departments of France, is also given. Of the whole cereal crops of France, the reports are good. The wheat crop is in five departments very good, in seventeen departments good, in twenty-six departments fairly good (*assez bonne*), in sixteen departments medium, and in six departments only bad. Oats are very good in twenty-eight departments, good in forty departments, medium in six departments, bad in two departments and very bad in one department. The maize crop, grown chiefly in the southern departments, is fairly good. In three departments it is very good, in nineteen good, in five fairly good, in five medium, and in one only bad. Rye is reported as very good in eleven departments, good in fifty-three departments, fairly good in six departments, and medium in three departments. Barley is the best crop of the year in France. In twenty-six departments it is very good, in forty good, in five fairly good, and in three medium. In no department is either the rye or barley crop declared to be bad. So far as other countries are concerned, with the exception only of Russia, the reports are generally favorable. In upper Italy, the crops are reported as yielding 30 per cent. above the average. Rumelea and Upper and Lower Bavaria stand next on the list, with a produce of 25 per cent. above the average, and these are followed by Podolia and Swabia, with an average production of 20 per cent. In the south of Italy and Bavaria and in Wurtemburg the estimates are of crops 15 per cent. over an average; while in Bessarabia they are 10 per cent. over. The crops of the year are 5 per cent. over an average in Hungary, Poland, Belgium, and the United States of America. Average crops, without either surplus or deficit, have been grown in Prussia, the Palatinate, Baden, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Central Italy, Holland, the north of Russia, Serbia, and Egypt. Deficiencies of 15 per cent. are reported in Great Britain, Ireland and Saxony. In Courland the deficiency is put down at 20 per cent. under average. In Central Russia the crops are so bad that the deficit is estimated at 40 per cent. below the average. The commercial summary which accompanies the report shows that Europe will largely depend for much of her breadstuffs from America, and that there is every prospect of fairly good and remunerative prices being obtained for cereals this year.

Some Inhabitants of Africa.

Boys and girls who visited menageries have probably seen an animal shaped something like a horse, but beautifully adorned with black and tawny stripes, standing silent and sulky in its cage. This is the zebra, the wild horse of the great plains of Southern Africa. There it lives in great herds and browses on the thin grass and low shrubs of the wilderness. It enjoys the wildest liberty, and gallops and gambols merrily with its companions through regions where the foot of man rarely penetrates. It is not strange that when captured it refuses to be tamed, and retains its wild nature to the end. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. There are at present, a pair of zebras in the Garden of Plants, at Paris, which, by the constant care and kindness of their young keeper, have gradually come to show a great affection for him, and will even allow him to harness them to a little carriage and drive them about the streets of Paris. The zebra's chief weapons of defence are its lively little heels, which it uses vigorously when attacked. It is a very wild and cunning beast, and as its sharp ears detect the slightest rustling among the bushes, it is very difficult to approach. The hyenas leave the zebra in peace, and even lions and leopards rarely engaged in battle with it. They are quite content to pounce upon the sickly members of the herd which have lagged behind their companions, and are alone and defenceless; for if any enemy attacks a herd, the sagacious animals at once form a circle, their heads facing the centre, and begin such a lively battery with their heels that the attacking party is glad to save himself by flight. The mane of the zebra is thick, but very short, and forms an upright fringe from its forehead down the back of its neck to its body. Its skin is striped from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, and down its legs to the hoof. The natives hunt it vigorously, as they prize its beautiful skin for personal adornment, and its meat is favorite food. They kill it with spears, or by pitfalls, in which the poor creatures get entangled and are easily despatched.

Large numbers of the zebras are shot by Europeans, who are envious of its striped skin, while at the same time the meat gives abundant provision to their native followers. Mr. Stanley thus describes the killing of two of these beautiful creatures on the mountainous hunting grounds of Kitangeh near the east coast of Africa; "It was not until we had walked briskly over a long stretch of tawny grass, crushed by sheer force through a brambly jungle, and trampled down a path through clumps of slender cane stalks, that we came at last in view of a small herd of zebras. These animals are so quick of scent and ear, and so vigilant with their eyes, that across an open space it is most difficult to stalk them. But by dint of tremendous exertion I contrived to approach within 250 yards, taking advantage of every thin tussock of grass, and, almost at random, fired. One of the herd leaped from the ground, galloped a few short maddened strides, and then on a sudden, staggered, kneeled, trembled and fell over, its legs kicking the air. Its companions whinnied shrilly for their mate, and presently, wheeling in circles with graceful motion, advanced nearer, still whining, until I dropped another with a crushing ball through the head, much against my wish, for I think zebras were created for a better purpose than to be eaten."

The quagga and the dauw, both inhabitants of South Africa, resemble the zebra, but are not so regularly striped nor so brilliant in coloring. They are not so vicious in character, and are capable of being tamed. The quagga is made useful by the settlers near the Cape of Good Hope and is taught to draw and carry burdens. A settler once captured a zebra when it was a colt. The animal accustomed itself to captivity, and appeared so good natured that its owner thought to make it as useful as the quagga. As a trial, he bridled it one day and jumped on