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ROCK A BYE, BABY.

"Rock a bye, baby, in the tree top,
When the wind blows the cr d e will rock;
When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
Down tumble baby, and cradle and all."

Rock a bye, baby; the meadow's in bloom;
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room;
Echo the bird with your own baby tune,
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock a bye, baby; as softly it swings,
Over thy cradle the mother love sings;
Brooding or cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock a bye, baby; so cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depth of your own laughing eyes;
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest
That tenderly rings little baby to rest.

Rock a bye, baby; the blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never a sin will the world seem so fair—
Sleep little bird—there are clouds in the air.

Rock a bye, baby; the blue eyes will burn
And ache with that your manhood will learn
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care
With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock a bye, baby; there's coming a day
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away;
Days when its song will be changed to a moan;
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock a bye, baby; the meadows in bloom,
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom,
Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen,
Rock a bye, baby; thy cradle is green."

A Bear Adventure.

Dick Barron was one of the most daring among the pioneers, and he appeared to be one of the most unfortunate. Together with other neighbors, Dick had removed from Central Colorado to the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains. His home was in a wildly romantic and beautiful spot, and fortune appeared to smile upon him, so far as his pecuniary matters were concerned; for his land yielded well in the summer and the mines gave a fair yield of 'yellow dross' in the other months.

But death came to the family of Dick.

The first stroke fell upon his eldest boy, a lad of twelve years of age. The little fellow was fond of hunting, and, with his rifle, he would often venture a considerable distance from his home, and sometimes was very successful in bringing down small game. But one day he was absent much beyond his usual time, and a search discovered his mangled remains lying at the bottom of a ledge of rocks. He had evidently fallen from above and thus met a sudden and cruel death. The blow fell heavily upon Dick and his wife, but the man bore bravely up under his grief, while the woman gave way to melancholy.

Not long after a second child, a little girl of five years of age, sickened and died. It now appeared as if Mrs. Barron would go mad, and for a time her agony was terrible to behold. But this gradually subsided, and the mother began to sink rapidly, and in a short time after she followed her little one, leaving still another child, a daughter three years of age, to the care of the stricken father.

The grief of Dick was not of an explosive character, but it was deep and enduring. Still he had something yet to live for, and he went to work like a brave man to provide for his little Eva. Winter had set in, and Dick had come to the conclusion to make as much as possible in the mines before spring, and then to sell his property and go to San Francisco, where he could secure the advantages of education for his little one.

For some time the neighbors of Dick, as well as himself, had been much annoyed by theft. Several lambs and sheep had been killed, and poultry in large quantities stolen. There was difference of opinion with regard to these depredations. Some said they were committed by Indians, others by wolves, and others by bears. But as no snow had fallen, and as the ground was frozen very hard, no tracks could be seen.

One morning, however, the alarm was given. A light snow had fallen during the night, and tracks were discovered. A large grizzly bear was the thief and depositary, and he must be hunted down at once. It was not supposed that they would be obliged to go far to find the animal, and so Dick seized his rifle and joined the party, leaving his child still in bed.

The tracks were fresh, and a dozen excited men were soon on the trail. In a short time they were on the monster; but each man paused, turning his eyes toward Dick, and waiting for him to speak. The bear was standing near the cabin door of Barron, gazing at the child who was seated in the doorway, watching the movements of the animal with evident curiosity, but without exhibiting any signs of fear.

Dick felt his very heart sink within him as he saw this; but his weakness passed away in an instant, and without removing his eyes from the bear, he asked:

'Men, can you use your rifles with steady hands?'

'Yes,' replied several.

'Then raise them and have them ready. Be sure your aim is good, and that every bullet would be buried in the body of the beast in case of firing. But hold your shot until I give the word.'

Instantly every rifle was raised.

Dick moves carefully around toward the back of the cabin. It was his intention to enter the window, seize his little one, draw her back, and closing the door save her. But now the animal began to utter deep growls, and advance slowly toward Eva. The father saw this, and exclaimed:

'My darling, get up, go into the house, and close the door.'

The child looked up, smiled, and then arose, attempting to do the bidding of the father; but the monster advanced with a fearful howl and as the door was closed against him, he struck it with his huge paws, shattering it into splinters.

'I feared this. Fire; but be careful and not injure the child!' cried the father.

He discharged his own piece, and at the same time a dozen other rifles rang out. The bear gave a most fearful howl, turned upon his enemies, glaring upon them with eyes of fire, and seemed just on the point of springing upon them. Suddenly, however, the beast appeared to change his mind. Turning quickly around, the monster entered the cabin. A shriek was instantly heard, and the father rushed forward, knife in hand, to save his darling. But he was too late, for with a bound, the beast had dashed through the window, holding Eva in his teeth.

Off he ran with all his speed toward the highest mountain peak, while the cries of the little one came back to the ears of the half-frantic father.

And now the monster began its ascent, bearing its precious burden. Onward it went and upward, climbing forward, as rocks towering above rocks arose to obstruct his pathway. All this time it kept up its fearful howling, and for a time the wails of the child were heard; but they became fainter and fainter, until the sound could no longer be distinguished. At length it disappeared from view behind a jutting ledge.

When the intention of the animal was first made apparent, a kind of terror seized upon every heart, and a cry of agony burst from every lip. And well might they have shuddered; for they now knew full well that the ferocious animal was a she bear, and that she was carrying the child to her eyrie den as food for her cubs.

For a time the father had stood with face blanched with despair, and with form trembling like the browned leaves which still clung to the trees around him. But that weakness was only momentary, for he became again the invincible father; and, with the speed of an antelope, he rushed for the cliffs, his eyes fixed upon the point where the bear had disappeared with his loved darling.

To any but the father, and to him under any other circumstances, the journey would not only have been a weary, but almost an impossible one. But the anxious parent paused not for an instant. Indeed, he seemed to gain new strength and courage at every step. Now a fearful rocky ledge would obstruct his way, but he would mount upward, making a ladder of the frail twigs which hung to their sides. Onward and upward until the giddy height upon which he stood was horrible to contemplate. But he did not look back. His child was further on.

And now the point was reached where the bear was last seen.

At this instant a strange sound fell upon the ears of the father. At first it was only the cry of a child. Then, mingling with it, came the fierce growl of the she bear, and following this, the yelping of cubs. Oh, what agony filled the father's bosom at that moment! Could it be possible that the ravenous beasts were already in the act of devouring his treasure?

Dick sank upon the solid rock, while the perspiration rolled in streams from his face and body. A blindness came over him, and he felt himself unable to move.

Then came a voice from below. It exclaimed: 'Courage, Dick. I'll be with you soon, and will yet save your child.'

'Child! child!' murmured Dick as he started up. 'Yes, I must not give away to this weakness so long as my child yet lives; and I can hear her voice even now.'

The poor father became strong again. He moved forward a few steps, and paced around a point of rock, from behind which came the sounds.

A terrible sight met his gaze!

A little girl was lying upon her back upon the rock. The monster was near her, holding her down with one of his huge paws, which rested upon her breast. The little one had ceased her strugglings, evidently in despair, and was now sobbing as if its poor heart was broken. The bear was bleeding profusely, and had evidently fallen from exhaustion. The bullets which had been sent into her body had given her, no doubt, her mortal wound; but she was tenacious of life, and could accomplish much after that wound was received, but before her life was yielded. Like the parent who now sought his daughter, the first thought of the bear was for her young, and even in her dying agony she clung to the food she had brought them.

Only a few feet higher up were the cubs. They saw the mother, and they appeared to anticipate a great feast, for they were struggling to reach it, while they lifted their young voices in chorus with that of their parent.

Dick knew that he must save his child soon or it would be too late. Soon he resolved to creep as near as possible to the monster, and then spring upon her with his knife; for, in his haste and excitement, he had dropped his rifle.

Just as he was moving toward, the bear turned, and their eyes met. The dying beast uttered a terrific howl, and then looked down at her victim. Then she glanced at her own cubs, and again toward Dick. Her expression seemed to say: 'You will have no mercy on my young, why should I have upon yours?'

It was a dreadful suspense for Dick. He was satisfied that the bear could live only a few moments. But what might not occur in those moments? A single blow with her huge paw and his darling would be torn into fragments. A movement upon his part might cause the blow to fall.

The hunter becomes so accustomed to the various animals with which he comes in contact that he can almost read their very thoughts. Their actions can nearly always be interpreted correctly. So was it with Dick now. He saw the intentions of the bear, and knew that his own actions must be prompt and powerful, or it would be too late.

He clutched his knife, and with his arm nerved with desperation, hopes, and a fatherly love, he sprang directly at the throat of the monster, who received him with a tremendous howl and with mouth wide open.

Had the beast been uninjured the struggle would have been of short duration, for the odds between a man and a grizzly bear would be as great as that between a lion and a mouse. But the monster was now dying, and death was near. She retained all her courage and will, but not her strength.

Dick gave her several rapid blows with his knife. She groaned almost as a human being would have done, and fell upon her side. But she recovered in an instant, and striking Dick, she threw him to the earth. But the father had seized his beloved daughter, and throwing her a little apart, she was now out of danger.

Not so with himself.

He was now stretched flat upon his back, and both the paws of the beast were upon his breast, and he could feel the sharp claws entering his flesh. The two great, glassy eyes glared into his own, the terrible growl rang in his ears, the jaws were extended, the long white teeth glistened, and the blood-red tongue was ready to lap up his blood. He struggled, but could not move. A moment more, and all would be over for him forever, now the death-grip was fixed upon him.

And, to add to his agony, he had seen his child springing off and run toward the edge of the cliff. It would be dashed to pieces in falling, even as its brother had been.

But could this be a misfortune, since the father must die? Would it not be better for her to join her loved ones in another world than to remain in this cold one, alone?

Just at that instant, however, there came the report of a rifle. The bear relaxed her hold and fell heavily upon the body of Dick. He rolled the animal away and sprang to his feet. A friend had arrived in time, and not an instant too soon. He was holding Eva in his arms. She was not hurt.

The father could not help shedding tears over his rescued darling, for never before had she appeared half so dear to him. But he resolved not to expose her to any further danger of the kind, and so he took an almost immediate departure for the home he had selected in the Golden State.

Every couple is not a pair

He Burned Coal.

A prominent lawyer of Battle Creek, Mich., who has been much pestered by troop after troop of boys coming into his office slamming doors and committing other annoyances every time a load of wood is left in the street in front of the stairway, with the same inquiry, "Is this your wood?" determined to break them of it. He burns coal, and the nuisance has become so great that when a load was left at the stairs for the tenant in the attic, who was not at home, and after seventeen boys had inquired for the job of carrying it up, he began to grow furious, but, keeping his temper, determined to use stratagem. A light knock at the door. "Come in," said the lawyer. A boy opened the door. "Cold day; sit down by the fire and warm yourself comfortably."

The boy, rather dazed by the suavity and kindness of his reception, mechanically did as he was bid. Finally, recovering his assurance, he timidly inquired if "that was his wood?"

"My dear young friend," said the limb of the law, in his most beguiling accents, "it pains me to disappoint the desires of a young lad whose honesty impels him even to seek the lowliest labor, instead of remaining in idleness. But painful duties must be discharged. You will observe, by allowing your optics to rest upon the stove, and logically arrive at the fact which I am compelled to disclose to you—we burn anthracite coal."

The boy was dazed at the magnanimity and grand eloquence of the information, and slid out of the room with his thumb in his mouth, vaguely comprehending that the wood did not belong there.

Another knock. Programme repeated with slight change of incident and character. Again a tapping at the door.

"Your wood?"

"Don't know. Is it veneering, finished in oil, and carved, with close fitting joints, warranted not to separate or crack?"

The lad was shrewd enough to see that he was made game of, and disappeared up the second flight of stairs.

Rap tap.

"Your wood down stairs?"

"Can't say; bring up some, and we will analyze it; disclose its component parts. See if it is labelled, and has an aged appearance. It may be some lost several years ago, when a fifteenth amendment citizen resided next to my house. I understand he has "got religion."

That boy did not bring up a sample. Again:

"Want the wood brought up?"

"What do you ask?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"I'll give you that to stand down at the foot of the stairs the remainder of the day, and tell every boy you see that it is not my wood."

The boy did not accept the offer.

The door burst suddenly open, and in rushed a gang of street Arabs.

"I'll bring up your wood for twenty-five cents." "I'll do it for twenty;" "fifteen;" "ten;" "five, and then throw you in a chromo."

The dignified exponent of justice, with suppressed homicidal intention, pointed calmly to the coal stove. They slid.

"Can I bring up this wood?" inquired an Ethiopian face thrust in at the door.

"You may."

He went to work industriously, and soon had it all carried up. Then he went to the lawyer for pay.

"Did I say the wood was mine?"

"N—o," and the light suddenly dawned through his wooly head.

The lawyer had his revenge.

A person who enters that hall may be surprised to see the sign on the door under the firm name:

"This office burns coal."

How He won Her.

Professor Pie, school teacher, and a lady whose first name was Huldah, likewise a school teacher, had kept company in Cincinnati for many years. The former got to be fifty years old and the latter forty-five, and still the courting went on. The parents of the lady began to think of this thing. They were not very young themselves and when they saw the gray hairs of their daughter, and witnessed the continued interviewing going on between her and the professor, with no satisfactory result, they became indignant. They forbade the professor the house in dignified but firm language, and had it intimated in proper quarters that Huldah was free. The professor for his part was much puzzled. He had always behaved himself. What could be the matter? He became indignant in turn, and declared that he would see Huldah, and be-hanged to the old people. He did see her, and in her own house, too, and she received him with he accustomed sweetness. The old people found it out, and assisted him in the work by absence. He came again, and they shot blank cartridges at him. Still again, and the boys of the neighborhood pounded him with fence rails. Several times more, and finally he carried away with him in his flight a charge of bird shot.

It was a comfort to him through all his trouble that Huldah loved him. Nothing could change her faithfulness. She wept with him over the persecutions of a hollow hearted world, and vowed that nothing could change her affections. But there was no such thing as privacy in his relations with her. The old people learned of every meeting in time to make trouble. If they didn't the boys did. If the boys didn't somebody else did. It was most remarkable. He made appointments that he knew were known only to Huldah and himself; yet they invariably became public. He knew he was not given to sleep-walking or sleep-talking. He asked Huldah if she was thus afflicted, and she demurely said "no." It was extraordinary. There was no explanation of the mystery. The only thing certain about it was that it bade fair to continue, and there would evidently be no place for the living couple in the world. One day a bright idea struck the professor.

"Hum!" he remarked, thoughtfully caressing his whiskers and wiping his baldness with a handkerchief, "see here, Huldah! We must circumvent 'em. I have it, the very idea!"

"Yes, sir," said Huldah, smoothful down her dress and looking respecting and interested.

"There is but one way. We must get married, Huldah!"

"Oh, sir," said Huldah, blushing, and with great apparent surprise,

"There is no other way!" said the professor, smiting one of his thin limbs with great decamination. "It must be done. Now I think of it, I wonder I didn't think of it before. It is the only channel through the difficulty. I declare I will not be persecuted in this manner any longer!"

"But, sir," said Huldah, with some hesitation, "is not this rather sudden?"

"It is, I admit," returned the professor, frankly, "but consider the difficulty of these meetings, my dear. Reflect how we have been persecuted these—these ten years back, I think." The professor made a slight calculation, and found he had the time about right. "This cannot go on. I cannot do without you, Huldah, and these annoyances would drive me into the grave in ten years more. No, Huldah, there is really no other way. It must be done."

"Very well," said Huldah, resignedly, and the night of the elopement was immediately selected. The professor, by some special interposition in his behalf, got off without being disturbed by the old people or the boys, and went home happier, for some reason, than he had been since a boy. 'She is really pretty,' he said to himself. "I never saw her look so nice as she did to night, and there was a twinkle in her eye that was surely new to her. I never saw such a twinkle. And I think she laughed after I came away; I could almost swear it was a laugh. I am certain it emerged from her room; and it seemed to me that she was jumping and having a great deal of surreptitious fun about something. Ah, well, she will tell me all about it herself, I dare say."

The elopement was a perfect success. The old people were as sound asleep as if they had entered into a conspiracy themselves. There were no boys around. The carriage made a great deal of noise, and the rope ladder was as awkward and noisy as a brass band, but nobody awoke.

"Fortune favors us, Huldah," said the professor, as they rode away.

"Yes, sir," said Huldah, who was as calm as a June morning, and so happy and good natured that she almost forgot to be entirely respectful.

Some days thereafter the professor proposed a visit to the old people. "As my wife, you will be saved from any annoyance from them," he said, proudly. "Do not be alarmed, Huldah. They dare not hurt you. That little ceremony has changed things a good deal, my dear."

"Yes, sir," said Huldah, smiling confidently, and looking as if her happiness wanted her to smile more.

To the professor's unbounded surprise, he was kindly received. The old gentleman shook his hand nearly off, and the old lady had tears in her eyes and kissed him on both cheeks.

"This is very odd," remarked the professor, looking from one to another in profound astonishment. "You—you are perhaps not aware that Huldah and I are married?"

"When did this happen?" asked the old gentleman, apparently with some studied curiosity.

"Three nights ago, sir," said the professor, promptly.

"Three nights ago, hey?" roared the old gentleman. "And why didn't it happen ten years ago, you stupid old procrastinator?"

The Professor was so overwhelmed with astonishment that he seemed to be perfectly helpless.

"You dear old, foolish old goose!" remarked Huldah, putting her arms about his neck.

Then they sat down, and the old people and Huldah told the professor some little things which he had skipped in his youth in his yearning for higher but less important information.

Houston and Miller.

Bowyer Miller, a man of admirable character and education, when he concluded his legal studies decided to establish himself in Tennessee. In visiting the Circuit Judges to obtain their certificate of professional qualification, he fell in with Sam Houston, fresh from the campaigns of Alabama and elsewhere in the Gulf States, in which he had accompanied General Jackson, and who had determined to adopt the profession of law. The young men were at once confidential, and Houston frankly avowed his own educational deficiencies and limited opportunity of qualifying himself, occupied as he had been for the few years preceding in the excitement of the war.

'Miller,' said he, 'I shall tell the Judges that they needn't expect much learning from me. We shall be examined at the same time. If a question of difficulty is asked, don't be bashful; answer it. Leave those that are more easy to me. I am not at all jealous."

Miller, who was well qualified, was amused, and promised to do anything in his power to aid him.

Arriving at the residence of the first Judge, this agreement was kept up. Houston invariably introduced the examination by a narrative of something connected with the war, and with a peculiar admission of his own difficulties in pursuing his legal theories. A question having been asked upon the abstruse common-law doctrine of executory decrees and contingent remainders, Mr. Miller modestly repeated the exposition of his authorities, and the Judge amplified the reply with remarks upon the channel of judicial decisions. We are not to suppose that the examinations were very technical or strict. At a succeeding examination, however, Houston, in reply to a question upon the same subject, took up the reply and repeated the information that he had acquired, and, when they called on the last Judge, Houston observed that the two preceding examinations must have been satisfactory, and Judge White gave his signature and made the young men stay all night. Within two years from that time, Houston had been elected either as State or District Attorney, while Miller, discouraged at the prospect of professional success, returned to Virginia.

Why a Letter Doesn't Go.

Because you forget to address it.

Because you forget to stamp it.

Because you forget to write the town or State on the envelope.

Because you used a once cancelled stamp.

Because you cut out an envelope stamp and pasted it on your letter.

Because you used a foreign stamp.

Because you wrote the address on the top of the envelope, and it was surely obliterated by the post office dating, receiving and cancelling stamps.

And because you put your letter in a blank envelope, and sealed it and forwarded it to—the Dead Letter Office, where thousands upon thousands of valuable letters are daily destroyed because the people are either careless or ignorant of the postal laws.

And to the above we would add a few reasons why an answer don't come:—

Because you do not sign your name.

Because you sign so indistinctly it cannot be read.

Because you do not give name of post-office.

Because you do not give name of county.

Because you do not give name of State.

Because you write with a pencil, which is rubbed off and illegible.

Because you use ink so pale and dim it cannot be read.

Because you write so poorly no one can read it.

Because you do not enclose stamp to prepay postage on the answer.

—The valuation of Maine has increased over $11,000,000 in ten years.

That Prodigal Son.

A tall woman, wearing a sun-bonnet, came into the office of the Galveston Chief of Police recently and, sitting down hard on the end of a bench, wiped her nose, batted her eyes a time or so at the Chief of Police, and asked in a voice that reminded one of the sharpening of a saw:

"Be you the galoot what locks folks up?"

"I regret to say that I am occasionally obliged to resort to such extreme measures with refractory persons."

"I know all that; but be you the galoot?"

"Yes, madam."

"Why didn't you say so when I asked you?"

"I did."

"You are a liar, and if you don't treat me like a lady, I'll fold you up and sit down on you," and she batted her eyes some more like a terrier.

"What do you want?" asked the official, looking as if he needed reinforcements right away, and plenty of them.

"I want that dirty little whelp what married my darter. I want to talk to him on business, but he evades me. If I could only get a chance to caress him once more," and she breathed hard and gritted her teeth until the official felt in his pocket for a police whistle.

"What did he do?"

"He told my darter that he would give 320 acres of land, with a gold mine on it, to anybody who would amputate my jaw with a boot-jack. He said my mouth was like the gate at the fair grounds."

"He meant, I suppose, that it was never shut. I don't see how he came to make any such ridiculous comparison as that. Did you remonstrate with him?"

"You bet I did. I drawed him across the kitchen table by the hair with one hand, while I basted him with a long-handled skillet and you should have heerd him calling me 'mother darling,' and 'pet,' but Providence was agin me. His hair gave way, and he hit out before I could reason with him any more. Just as like as not we will never meet again," and she sighed heavily.

"Be calm, madam; do not excite yourself too much."

"I am calm. I like to talk about these family secrets. It calls up sacred recollections. It makes me think of my darter's first husband. It was real fun to remonstrate with him. His hair didn't give. He was game. He sassed back; but, Lord! what a time they had holding the inquest. That was at Arkansas, before I moved to Galveston. There was some of his remains in one corner of the yard, and a few more remains hanging on the fence, and there was right peart of him wrapped around the ax-handle. The jury knew me, so they brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide, or suicide, or something like that. And now, to think of this pesky little, worthless, spindle shanked, goggle-eyed whelp getting clear off, excepting a few pounds of hair. I want you to find him for me. You can know him by the brands I made on him with the hot skillet. Wanted to amputate my jaw, the little brassy whelp! Said my mouth was like a gate, did he?"

The official said he would hunt for him and let her know. As she went out, she batted her eyes significantly at the official and remarked:

"You had better fight that prodigal son, or look out for him in this address headquarters."

A Matter of Short Cake.

There is one man in Milwaukee who don't want any more prince or princess in his'n. When Leopold and Louise were here a policeman found a west side man talking to two bootblacks out in the alley by the Plankington House. He had something done up in a napkin and was giving the boys some instructions and telling them to keep it dark. The whole thing looked suspicious to the policeman and he nabbed the whole party. The man looked as though he would sink as the policeman opened the napkin and found a half of a strawberry short cake on a plate. The 'cop' asked the man to explain. 'Well,' says he, as he wiped the perspiration from his face, 'the old woman is lightning on strawberry short cakes, and to-night we had one for supper which was simply elegant. As we were eating supper the old woman says to me, 'Josiah, I'll tell you what to do. You just take a half of this short cake down to the princess. I know she never tasted anything like it, and she would appreciate it more money.' Well, like a consarned fool, I took it down to the hotel, and went upstairs to the parlor and rapped. A condemned Englishman came to the door and asked me what I wanted. I told him about the shortcake, and he said the princess was pretty well fixed for shortcake and he helped me down the stairs. Now, I don't want to take the shortcake back home and make my wife feel bad so I was just hiring these boys to eat it and to take the plate back to my house and say, that the princess was very thankful, and hoped my wife would send her a receipt for making strawberry shortcake. I had almost got the thing fixed up with the boys when one of them found there was brown sugar on the shortcake, and he wouldn't eat it.' The policeman encouraged the boys to help the old man out, and when they started off with the plate and napkin, the old man spit on his hands and said he was going to stand by the door till that Englishman that kicked him down stairs came out, and then he would give him a belt in the ear.

The Curse of Opium.

After the first thrilling, exciting or calming effects of opium have worn off then comes the reaction, and the physical suffering is indescribable. All the functions of the body are deranged, and as a consequence the sufferings that ensue must be terrible. None but those who have experienced them can ever know their horrors, and their confessions ought to be enough to frighten anyone from falling into the same direful condition. Every joint seems dislocated; the whole system is burning with fever, and parched with an intolerable thirst; the digestive organs are impaired, the mucous lining of the stomach being destroyed by the corrosive power of the drug; food is loathsome, violent perspiration starts out from the pores of the skin, for the opium habit seals up all the excretory functions of the body. When the pores are dried the victim must die of blood-poisoning. There is no hope. The eyes become dull, every nerve thrills and throbs with pain, sleep refuses to visit the sufferer, the slightest touch often causes him to cry out, and yet he can not help tossing to and fro in his misery. "Oh, the weariness of this never ending pain!" said one of these victims tossing in his misery: "Oh, would to God this made me tired! healthily tired, so that I could fall into a minute's doze!" Added to the pain there is generally utter prostration, rendering him incapable of controlling a single movement. Thus, while the pain will not allow him to remain quiet yet he is too feeble to make a motion for himself.

—The St. Gothard Tunnel will not be finished until October.

Artificial Pearls.

Many persons have no doubt been frequently struck with the great beauty of artificial or imitation pearls. Those who make it their business to produce such articles of ornamentation have attained to a high degree of perfection in their art; so much so that in 1862, at the London exhibition, a Frenchman who was an adept at their manufacture, exhibited a row of large real and imitation pearls alternately; and without close inspection, we are assured, it would have been impossible even for a judge to have selected the real from the unreal. Some translations from French and German works on this manufacture have recently been communicated to *Land and Water*, and from these it appears that the art of making imitation pearls is ascribed to one Jacquin, a chaplet and rosary manufacturer at Passy, who lived about 1680. Noticing that the whitefish, a species of dace, was of a silvery appearance, he gradually collected the sediment, and with this substance—to which he gave the name of *essence d'orient*—and with a thin glue, made of parchment, he lined the glass beads of which he framed his rosaries, and afterward filled them with wax. The method of making the round bead is by heating one end—which has been first closed—of a glass tube, which then, when blown into two or three times, expands into a globular form. The workman then separates the bead, places the end which has been heated on a wire and heats the other end. This process is called bordering or edging. The best pearls are made in the same way, the holes of the tubes being gradually reduced by heat to the size of those of the real pearls, the workman taking each bead on inserted wire, and by continually turning them round in the flame of the lamp used, they become so true as to be strung as evenly as the Oriental pearls. The process of coloring the pearl is commenced by lining the interior of the ball with a delicate layer of perfectly limpid and colorless parchment glue; and before it is quite dry the essence of orient is introduced by means of a slender glass blowpipe. It is then allowed to dry; the pearl is filled with wax, and if intended for a necklace is pierced through the wax with a red-hot needle. The essence of orient, as it is called, is the chief ingredient in the manufacture of the pearl. It is a very valuable substance, and is obtained from the fish above named by rubbing them rather roughly in a basin of pure water, so as to remove the scales; the whole is then strained through a linen cloth, and left for several days to settle, when the water is drawn off. The sediment forms the essence referred to. It requires from seventeen or eighteen thousand fish to obtain about a pound of this substance. Besides the French imitation pearls, as those above described are called, there are the Roman pearls, which are made of wax, covered with a kind of pearly luster. But these do not look so well as the French pearls; while in a heated room, they are apt to soften and tick to the skin. A very extensive trade is now done in the manufacture and sale of French artificial pearls.

Washington's Mother.

Just preceding the inauguration of General George Washington he visited his aged mother. A writer gives the following graphic scene: "There was another female dear to the newly-elected President, and he kept her in final remembrance at the very moment of his greatest importance. It was growing late in the evening of the day, when Washington mounted his horse, and followed by his man Billy, rode on into the woods of Virginia with speed. In the morning he was at Fredericksburg, and his mother was in his arms. Marches, perils, victories, honors, powers surrendered to that piteous look of helpless love, too deep for pride to show through its tears, and the President of the new State was to her a new-born babe again—no dearer, no greater. He was just in time, for she had but the short season of summer to live, and, like many dying mothers, life seemed upheld at four score and five by waiting love till he should come. History is ceremonious as to what passed between them, but the parting was solemn and touching like the event.

"You will see me no more, she said. 'My great age and disease warn me that I shall not be long in this world. But go, George, to fulfill the destiny which Heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always.'

"Passing from that dear, pathetic presence, the President-elect perhaps, did not hear the plaudit of the people in the streets of Fredericksburg. He rode all day by the road he had come, and reached Mount Vernon before evening, having exhibited his power of endurance at the age of fifty-seven by riding eighty miles in twenty-four hours. His good wife had made all ready. The equipage and baggage were at the door next morning, and, leaving Mrs. Washington and most of the household behind, he set out for New York at 10 o'clock on Thursday, the 16th of April, accompanied by Thompson and Humphreys. The new State was waiting anxiously for its Magistrate."

Scientific Rifle Shooting.

The following on the practical uselessness of the present method of rifle shooting is pretty good: A man belonging to a village rifle team was recently on the plains of Wyoming territory looking for game. Finally the party sighted an elk at 800 yards and prepared to shoot him. He was a noble buck. The member of the rifle team put a blanket down among the sage-brush and artistically placed himself upon his back, with his left arm like a figure 2, supporting his neck, and his right arm, like a figure 7, supporting the aft end of the rifle. The measure of the wind was taken, and the sights were adjusted, while the expert made a figure 8 with his legs and rested the rifle's bow between the toes of his shoes. The measure of his forefinger was now taken by a patent machine, and the trigger was filed off slightly on the near side in order to be adjusted to the weight of his finger. Two men were then sent out to put flags each side of the elk to show the bounds outside which the rifle teamster was not to fire; but the elk thought it had waited long enough and ran away.

Heating School Rooms.

An important element in the care of churches, schools, concert rooms and other halls would seem to be a thorough knowledge of the amount of heat necessary to the enjoyment of bodily comfort and health. As different temperaments disagree in this matter, it would seem important that, especially in schools, it should not be left entirely to the opinion of one teacher or principal. In the public offices in England a heat of 63 degrees Fahrenheit has been found most useful, and accordingly is generally adopted. Would it not be wise if experiments were made in this matter, and a degree of heat fixed which would be best adapted to our climate, and which could hereafter be maintained in all large assemblages, and especially where gatherings of children are held, as they are the most susceptible to changes of atmosphere?

Bull Fighting in Cuba.

A visitor in Havana writes they had a bull fight on Sunday at Regla, across the harbor. I went to see it. I shall always be sorry that I didn't stay away, because it has destroyed my faith in pictures. Upon the ferry boat two of the matadors were the centres of observation. They were literally 'gotten up to kill.' How they did swagger! Each had brand new black pantaloons, gold-embroidered short jackets, with about ten yards of parti-colored silk wound about the waist, frilled shirt fronts and other trappings too numerous to detail. The red cloth, which was destined to provoke the ire of his bullship, was carried over one shoulder with jaunty effect. These were the gentlemen or the amateur fighters, and this the day of days for which they had so long waited to prove their powers. In dreams, perchance, they had seen themselves standing in the centre of the arena, with one foot upon the slain beast, holding aloft the bloody weapon red with the blood of the enemy, while the plaudits of thousands of admiring witnesses rang upon the air. The structure where the conflict was to occur proved to be a wooden imitation of the Colosseum. A row of boxes encircled the upper portion, which were well filled with the demimonde. Sloping downward toward the centre were the open seats—mere planks, arranged as in a circus. The central ring was about 100 feet in diameter and encircled by a close fence about seven feet high. A box decorated with the Spanish arms was reserved for the officials conducting the entertainment and for this Chief of Police, a gorgeous party, in red, blue and gold lace. A young sport appeared in the ring upon a fine Kentucky horse and to this resplendent cavalier the key of the bull-pen was thrown. The gate was opened and the performers appeared. First, the four matadors, with brisk step and air, wheeling smartly in front of the directors. Then came the mounted caballeros, whose mission was to stir up Taurus with a barbed pole. Four of these, also mounted upon the galvanized remains of what had once been horses—beasts of a build outvieing the steed of Don Quixote or the historic and shadowy Pegasus bestrode by the gallant leader of the mackerel brigade. Even these poor old hacks felt a tremor of excitement and pride in their ancient bones and essayed a feeble attempt at gaiety. Perhaps the spurs had something to do with it. Behind these came the 'professionals,' who were to 'coach' the ambitious youths in their work—a villainous-looking gang that one would not like to meet on a dark night. Then the ring was cleared, and a moment later in dashed the bull, a noble old fellow, with his eyes full of the fury of coming battle, turning quickly here and there, ready to charge anything on sight. A parti-colored bunch of ribbons fluttered over his back, pinned by a cruel hook into his hide. How beautiful and strong he looked, standing there pawing the earth high in the air! Now a 'coacher' came out from behind one of the several screens which gave refuge to the tormentors and shook his cloth. Enough said: down went the old bull's head, and about two seconds later down went the matador, but he was only bruised a little and scared a good deal. Now the animal had his hands, or rather his horns, full of business. A light-footed fellow managed to pin a couple of darts (I believe they call them bandoliers) into the bull's shoulders, from which bunches of ribbons fluttered gaily. Another threw a cloth over his horns, and our amateur who had been rolled in the dust got in a slight cut with his sword. In the next round the bull tossed the gilt-edged youth over the fence, greatly to the delight of the audience. Good again! Score one for the bull! After this performance Taurus retired to the opposite side of the ring and looked as if he wondered what they would try next. If a bull ever laughed this one did when he saw that matador slide around the edge of the ring and dodge nervously behind the screens. All of the fight was knocked out of the chap. The 'coachers' urged him on in vain. Now the bull went for one of the unhappy old steeds, rolling him over with his rider in a common heap. He seemed to regard the horses (so called) as beneath his notice, and became aggressive only when the rider pricked him with his lance. So the sport went on for an hour. The bull, they said, could not be killed. So a fellow came into the ring with a lasso and a moment later a cowardly dirk had found a vital spot and the only hero of the fight fell dead. Then the half-gored old equines were pushed out of sight and a fresh bull sent in, with a repetition of the same disgusting and brutal sights.

An Old Savage.

A circus manager says Canada was a big, ugly devil of an elephant belonging to Maybie's combination when I was with them. We had trouble first with him in Chicago, where we were showing in an iron building near the court house. He had one of his tantrums, but before he got thoroughly started and went to breaking things they tripped him with ropes, threw him down, and beat him until he 'hollered,' which is the token of submission. But the fit came on him suddenly a few days afterward, and he opened the proceedings by knocking down one end of his barn, and walking out into the street. 'He wandered about, doing as much mischief as a tornado—tossing hacks into the air, flirting porches across the street, tearing down signs and lamp-posts, and playing the deuce generally. But he didn't kill anybody. Not that the citizens of Chicago gave him much chance, for about all he could get to see of them was coat-tails disappearing up stairways or vanishing in the distance. And they turned the bridges to keep him from getting over to the north or west sides of the town. Finally the keeper got him under control. Then they sent him up to Mr. Maybie's farm at Delavan, Wisconsin, with the rest of the menagerie, to winter, and that was where he played the last act of his life. Father and I were training our horses here at the time, and Canada's keeper was endeavoring to break him for some ring performance. One day the brute got one of his spells upon him, rushed from the ring out into the stable yard, and began an indiscriminate slaughter of the animals in that enclosure. In a few minutes he had killed two buffaloes, a sacred cow, a sacred ox, a couple of elks, three or four horses and ponies, and a white camel. He would seize the animal, toss it up in the air, catch it on his tusks as it came down, and then either jam or trample the life out of it.

When he had killed everything in sight he sallied out for down town. The alarm had gone ahead of him, and the popular excitement was past description. A trap was set with a long chain and an enormous block of stone to entangle his legs and hold him. The chain was as thick as any log chain, and the stone—which had been intended for a corner-stone, or something of the sort, and had a large iron ring in it was big as a bureau. When the trap was set a man ran out in sight of Canada, and the elephant, who would rather kill a man than anything else, took after him. The trap was successful so far as making the chain and stone fast.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The army worm has been known in this country since 1743.

—Maine raises nearly 7,000,000 bushels of potatoes per annum.

—Rev. John Hall has been offered $20,000 to go Chicago to preach.

—There are 60 000 fewer acres under wheat in England than in 1874.

—The hay crop of New York is worth over $60,000,000 per anum.

—The farm fences of Pa., cost $179,834,404, and the annual repairs $9,883,018.

—About a quarter of the Vermont towns have elected women as superintendents of schools.

—A sleeping-car costs, on an average, about $12,000 and earns about $1,000 a month.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe is sixty-nine years old and her husband seventy-one.

—From 1848 to January 1, 1881, California turned out in gold and silver $2,139,258,000.

—Ex Governor Walker, of Virginia, is about to become a citizen of New York.

—The first census of the United States was taken in 1790. The population was 3,929,328.

—Ohio has 23,368 pensioners, of whom 2 026 are widows of soldiers of the war of 1812.

—The Masonic fraternity, according to the latest figures, has 44,500 members in Germany.

—Virgina claims five of the twenty-eight new iron furnaces built in the United States last year.

—Mezzo-tinto engraving was invented by the celebrated soldier and Admiral, Prince Rupert, in 1650.

—Canadian papers report an unusually large demand for horses, particulary for export to this country and to Manitoba.

—The population of the German Empire, according to the census just completed, is 45,194,