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FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

Soft scarlet clouds fleck's all the sky,
Pale twilight still delaying,
When to her child a mother mild
Cried, "May, where were you staying?"
"O mother, dear, I wandered far
By field and copse wood cover,
And searched in vain, each grassy plain,
For one small four-leafed clover.

"I long to dream a lovely dream,
And wake to find it real."
"Ah, simple child," the mother smiled,
"Too well you love the ideal.
But look beside you mossy stone,
My reckless little rover,
For very near I see from here
Your long sought four-leafed clover.

"And think, May, while you gather it,
Green in the cool gray gloaming,
How often grow close by and low
The gifts we seek by roaming.
Then, if you learn to find at home
Small joys you once looked over,
You'll bless the day you whiled away
In seeking four-leaf-clover.

A TERRIBLE DUEL.

One August evening I was taking a stroll along the Champs-Elysees, Paris. It was a little after nine, and around me was the usual gay crowd of a summer night. Promenaders by the hundred; merry people seated at the little tables in front of the cafes, talking, drinking, and chatting. To the right, a cafe-concert, its front covered with colored lanterns. Before me the long Avenue des Champs-Elysees extended, its hundreds of lights glimmering like glow-worms in the dark. Suddenly I saw a familiar face by the light of a street lamp. It was Gustave Raisant.

"Hello, Major!" said I, extending my hand, "well met!"

"Ah, is it you?" said, he languidly. "I am glad to see you."

His tone struck me. I looked at him attentively. He seemed to have aged much since I had seen him before. Already there were gray hairs showing around his temples. Linking my arm with his, I said:—

"Come, let's take a stroll."

"Willingly."

After we had walked some little distance I gave up attempting to make him converse. He seemed entirely destitute of interest in any topic that I might bring up, and plunged into melancholy.

"Come, come, Gustave," said I, "you have something on your mind, haven't you?"

He hesitated a moment, but finally replied:—

"Yes."

"A love affair, I'll be sworn."

He was silent, and I repeated my somewhat brusque remark. There are some wounds that will not bear probing.

Suddenly he spoke:—

"Listen, said he, "and I shall tell you the cause of my melancholy. Perhaps I am wrong to chafe under it as I do; perhaps you may give me some good advice. In any event I shall tell you my story. Since I last saw you there has been a tragical event in my life. Oh, you have heard nothing of it. Thanks to the people at headquarters, the papers were silenced, and I won't bore you—my story isn't long; and," he added bitterly, "I *think* it is interesting. But it is old—the old story of the parents' sins being expiated by the children." He knocked the ash from his cigar, and then he slowly told his story:—

"Last June, as you may know, the reserve forces were ordered out for their yearly service. We had some of them at Mauleuge, where I had been stationed with the Fifty sixth for a month. One morning I was about to start for Lille, on regimental business, in company with a brother officer of my regiment. We stepped into a large eating-house to take a chop before the train left. It was a very large establishment, with marble tables around the room, and at one end was a long bar, where those with light purses were allowed to take refreshments. our table was near the bar, and at the time we seated ourselves there was a long line of private soldiers and laborers drinking there. We talked of various matters, and finally my companion said:—

"'Have you the son of any celebrity among your recruits?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'young Myrian, son of the well-known printer, is in my command. And you?'

"'Well, I have the son of a celebrity, too, but of a different kind. It is young George de Ferrisset.'

"'What! not the son of Madame de Ferrisset?'

"'The same.'

"I laughed heartily as I said:—

"'Well, well! So De Ferrisset has a grown up son, has she? How the time flies! I was dreadfully in love with the woman once, but another fellow won her not undivided favors.'

"'And I, too,' replied my companion, 'I was a little spooney on her; but then, you know, I always had scruples about married women.'

"'Oh, you were wrong,' I replied. 'She was well worth the trouble. And then poor De Ferrisset! The type of an unsuspecting husband! She had twenty lovers to my knowledge, and he never knew it.'

"I had scarcely finished speaking when a stripling soldier quitted his comrades and advanced toward me. His face was as white as a sheet. His emotion was so great that he trembled as he walked, with his saber clattering at his heels. When he reached our table he glared at me for a moment with wild yet indecisive eyes, and raised his hand to strike me. There was a hurried movement, an outcry, and several of the soldiers around leaped upon him, and held his hand. He struggled for a moment then was calm. Still gazing at me, he said, in a choking voice: 'She is my mother.'

"In a moment I realized the hideous insult I had offered him. I tingled with shame. What could have possessed me that morning I do not know. No officer or gentleman would ever speak ill of a woman—least of all in public.

"'Let him go!' I cried to the soldiers. I rose, removed my cap, and bowing, said:—

"'Sir, I place myself at your disposition.'

"At this moment the whistle of the approaching train was heard. My friend rasped my arm and dragged me to the station without, where we took the train for Lille.

"As soon as I could do so, I hastened to the general commanding our division. I told him all. As you may imagine, he reprimanded me severely.

"'What!' said he, 'an officer of your rank to babble thus in public, like a raw boy just out of the military school? It is the fault of the War Department. They should not promote men so young as you to positions of importance.'

"I privately thought that if I had been a general the affair would have been the same. But I so richly merited his severe language that I did not reply.

"'Well,' said he, finally, 'what do you propose to do?'

"'There is but one course open to me, general,' I replied. 'I have grievously offended this young man. I have, therefore, placed myself at his disposition. We must fight.'

"'A duel! You are mad! A major cannot go upon the field with a private soldier.'

"'General, you must allow me to say that there are certain insults so grave that military usage must yield to them. Grant me permission to do this.'

"'But I cannot—I have no right to do so.'

"'Then telegraph the Minister of War.'

"'He will refuse'.

"'Well, if that be the case, I shall notify George de Ferisset, and we will fight in Belgium.'

"'Then you desert?'

"'Yes, general, I will desert and then return for my punishment. I have once dishonored myself in publicly insulting a woman; I shall not again do so in refusing satisfaction to her son.'

"'The general's perplexity and anger began to pass away; he seemed moved. He strode up and down the room for some moments, and finally, turning to me, said:—

"'Be it so. Do as you will. Bear in mind though, that I know nothing of this affair—this conversation has not taken place.'

"I thanked him, and repaired to my quarters. That evening, De Ferisset's seconds arrived. They were civilians, as was also the two friends wh I named to arrange matters with them. The weapon chosen was the sword; the hour, six o'clock the following morning; the place, a little village just within the Belgian frontier. I put my affairs in order that night, for I had determined to offer but slight defense to my opponent.

"At the appointed hour the next day we were alone. It was a raw, drizzly morning, and the mud was ankle deep. De Ferisset apppeared in uniform. One of my seconds remarked that he, like the rest of us, should have come as a civilian. He replied that he had been insulted as a man and soldier, and that reparation was due to him as such. I made a sign to my second and he did not insist.

"We took our places. It was a curious spectacle—a private soldier in his uniform facing his superior officer in mufti.

"The swords were crossed. The word was given. I watched his face with a feverish curiosity. In his eyes there was the same glare of the day before the same indecision. Suddenly a strange smile appeared upon his lips—the smile of a broked heart—a smile I shall never forget though I live a hundred years. Quick as a flash he abandoned his guard, and grasping my sword with his left hand he hurled himself upon it. It ran him through the body. Uttering a hoarse cry he fell backward; a bloody foam tinged his pale lips. A conclusive shudder ran over his body—another—then a groan. He was dead."

I listened with horror to his story. He noticed my looks, but went doggedly on:—

"Of course I had not killed him—I had even resolved not to defend myself; and I quitted the army. But still I feel like a murderer; I feel as though I had committed a crime. When I think of that poor boy—loyal to his mother, bad though she was—slain in the first flush of youth, I feellike an assassin. And think of that wretched mother! How she must mourn her brave boy's fall!

It was growing late; the people were pouring out of the cafes-concerts. Now and then a passer by would hum over the latest comic song. Strange contrast! The follies of the song mingled with the words of the sombre drama just unrolled before me. Gustave walked on by my side, with bent head, crushed by the weight of his tragic story.

And still the Champs-Elysees swarmed with people. Around us was the intense life of a summer night in frivolous Paris. On the avenue were innumerable carriages, and all around gayly dressed loungers on the iron chairs.

As my eye roamed carelessly over them, I saw one group, the center of which was a woman of forty-five, but still very beautiful. Ses was dressed richly and tastefully, and bore in her hand a boquet which a smirking dandy had just presented to her. I could not repress an exclamation. Gustave followsd my eyes.

"What!" he cried, "it cannot be she."

"Yes," I answered him, "It is Madame de Ferisset."

A Bloody Tragedy.

A member of a railroad surveying party, writing from Adambara, Mexico thus describes an awful tragedy in their camp: "Our party was composed of Mr. Filley, in charge of our branch; Foster, who had 'the transit;' Martin, 'the level;' Jones and myself, 'topographers,' and Dr. Sackrider, taking lines on the slopes. The doctor had been compelled to leave home and practice, being the victim of certain persecutions. His troubles so worked on his mind that he became crazy. He imagined that he were in league with his enemies and were trying to ruin him. For some time past we all noticed little things which made us agree that he was slightly unbalanced. Our suspicions were confirmed in a horrible way. On Friday morning I awoke at half-past five, and the first thing I saw was the doctor, with one of the largest pistols pointed at and within a foot of Martin's head. I heard him say: 'Where is that diary of mime which you got from the hacienda last evening?'

"Martin seemed to gasp the situation and said, 'All right I will get it for you,' intending to get hold of the pistol. But he was not quick enough. The doctor fired, and Martin who was on his knees, fell forward, with his head all shattered. The doctor then turned to our side of the tent, going at the same time toward the door. Before he reached it he cocked his pistol, fired and fatally wounded Jones, my bedmate, lying alongside of me. He then ran out and ten feet from the tent turned and fired at me. Fortunately the bullet missed me, making a hole in the tent just above my head. The bullet that mortally wound Jones also made a hole through my blue shirt. The doctor then fired a fourth shot through the tent for anyone it would hit. One of our men by this time had managed to get his gun, and I called out, 'shoot him! shoot him!' He knelt down by the door of the tent and shot the madman through he heart.

—The coinage executed at the United States mint during May aggregated 4,241,620 pieces, valued at $7,688,550. Of this amount there were 2,220 double eagles, 224,500 eagles, 769,920 half eagles, and 500 000 silver dollars.

Luck in Lotteries.

Curiously illustrative of the tricks played from time to time by Dame Fortune to her votaries are two well-authenticated lottery stories, recently narrated by the gifted feuilletonist, Hieronymus Lorm. Some years ago in Berlin, a poor girl dreamed three times running of a certain number, which appeared to her in luminous figures, while an unearthly voice, repeating over and over again, "This number will win the first prize in the class lottery," resounded in her mind's ear. She imparted the vision to her guardian, and he repaired to the Royal lottery office and enquired what had become of the ticket bearing the number in question, receiving answer that it had been disposed of to a well-known lottery agent in Koenigsberg. He forthwith wrote to this person enclosing the price of the ticket and requesting that it should be forwarded to him by return of post. In reply to this application he was informed that that particular ticket had been sold over the counter a day or two before, to whom the agent could not say. He, however, enclosed in his letter another lottery ticket, which he naively recommended as "an excellent and highly-promising number." But the youthful dreamer's guardian, failing to recognize any special merit in the ticket thus urged upon his acceptance, sent it back with peremptory instructions that his money should be returned to him without delay. His vexation may be imagined when at the drawing of the State lottery the number winning the first prize of £15,000 proved to be, not that of which his ward had thrice successively dreamt, but the one he had refused to purchase at the recommendation of the Koenigsberg agent. Still stranger is the second lottery incident recorded by M. Lorm. It took place in a small town of Nether, Austria, and led to a long, wearisome lawsuit, with what result, however, the chronicler does not inform us. In the chief square stood a grocer's shop, the proprietor of which, the leading trademan of the place, sold lottery tickets, as well "as sugar and spice, also all that's nice." To him appeared one morning a young student, who was a constant customer, in a state of great excitement about a dream of the previous night, in which it had been clearly manifested to him that he had won the great prize in the local land-lottery with a ticket which had been chosen for him by the grocer's wife. He entreated the grocer to intrust him with a packet of lottery tickets for a few seconds in order that he might solicit the lady in question to select one from among them, which ticket he would then purchase and pay for on the spot. "You cannot see my wife," replied the grocer, "for she is ill in bed, but if you like I will take a few of the tickets up to her room and she shall choose one for you." To this arrangement the student agreed, and it was carried out accordingly. When the lottery was drawn, the ticket purchased by him upon the grocer's assurance that it had been picked out by the latter's wife, turned out a blank. But the wily grocer drew the first prize with the ticket really selected by his better half, which he had kept for himself, selling another of his own choice to the too-confiding student. So, at least the story goes.

Coney Island.

Everybody has heard of this popular summer resort of the New Yorkers with its splendid hotels, the Manhattan, the Brighton, and the Oriental. It lies directly on the Ocean, and the pure sea air, safe bathing, and excellent music, make one forget the heats of summer. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the Iron Steamboat Company of New York, have entered into arrangements by which extra facilities are offered for reaching Coney Island, this popular summer resort. These palace steamers will connect with trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City, and land passengers at the Iron Pier, Coney Island, direct, also at Bay Ridge, where connection is made with the New York and Sea Beach Railroad. Return trips will be made at such hours as will afford satisfaction to all visitors to the island, and enable them to make sure and close connections with trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad homeward bound. The time on this line between Jersey City and Coney Island will be about forty minutes. This will be a safe, speedy, and pleasant route from all points to Coney Island.

A Ghost Explained.

Some years ago it was my good fortune to be a frequent visitor at a fine old manor-house in Dorsetshire, built in the reign of James I., but much altered during the last half century. Like an old country mansion the house was of course "haunted." Strange sounds, like footsteps, had been heard coursing about at the witching hour of night, in the vast empty garrets and along the great passage or corridor, running from end to end of the building, into which the garrets opened; an odd and mysterious rattling, and clattering, as of metals or chains. The country folks and servants, and especially the old people—always the most ready to stick resolutely to a good ghost story—firmly attributed these nocturnal noises, without thought or question, to supernatural agency.

The old mansion had undergone many alterations, some of them dictated by reason, others by expediency. One of these was the removal of the fine old staircase, and the erection instead of one of small, confined dimensions, and very awkwardly situated and contrived. These stairs sprung from the foot of a wall, in which was placed, high up, a large window, so that any one going up stairs would have this window above his head and behind his back. It was exactly opposite the wall of the first landing place, whence the stairs branched away to the right.

One brilliant moonlight night the family were about to retire to rest, when they were startled by a loud scream from one of the maids, who rushed into the dining-room, eyes staring, and mouth wide open, exclaiming wildly that she had just "see'd a awful ghost on the stairs and was most frightened to death!" All the party with one consent arose from their chairs, and ran into the hall, some carrying the candles with them. But nothing whatever was to be seen. The girl, however, positively declared she had seen a tall dark figure in a long cloack and hood standing on the first landing; adding, that she saw it all the more clearly on account of the white wainscoted wall just behind, which served to throw the figure into relief. A general search, and a regular hue-and-cry all around the house now followed; but with no result. Nothing was discovered in any way irregular, either in flesh and blood or in ghostly appearances.

About two nights after, however, the very same thing occurred again, at nearly the same time; the specter was again seen by the same maid, and by the footman, who happened to be just entering the hall; the man most positively declared that the figure stood hooded and cloaked, exactly as the maid had described, on the top of the landing. The young men rushed into the hall with lights, as before, and with the same result—they saw nothing. Two of the sons, genuine ghost-hunters, who thoroughly entered into the "fun" of the thing—determined to sit up and watch through the night, with the pleasant accompaniments of plenty of warm fire and bright light; but I need hardly say the brave watchers saw nothing, discovered nothing. His cloaked and hooded "ghostship" did not appear again that night at any rate.

About a month afterward, however, the same thing occurred again. A great commotion was heard in the hall—the ghost had again appeared, and what was even more remarkable, had slowly disappeared just as the man-servant caught sight of it. This was almost too much for my friends, especially the junior branches, who were highly indignant at being so completely "sold" by the specter. But there was nothing to be done or discovered; so after many threats of what they would do if they could only catch him, the whole party went off to bed.

Nothing further occurred to disturb the family peace until three days afterward, when Jack, the youngest son, rose from his supper to let in a favorite bull-terrier, Jinks by name—the doughty hero of the garrets and corridor—who was whining piteously, and scratching vigorously at the garden door. Jack had hardly entered the hall, when he rushed back into the dining-room post haste, and holding up his finger in a mysterious manner, intimated in a regular stage whisper: "Here's the ghost on the stairs again, hood, cloak, and all!" His brother instantly jumped up, and both ran into the hall; and there sure enough, on the first landing of the staircase stood a tall dark figure robed in a long cloak and high hood. The young men both regarded the apparition intently for a few moments, and then boldly ascending the stairs, both burst into a loud ringing laugh, crying out that they had caught the ghost, and shouted for the family to come out and see, but to bring no lights, and they could judge for themselves.

The terrible mystery was now at an end. Just outside the staircase window at the rear of the house, was a small detached building used as a laundry; but as the fireplace smoked very much, my friends had had a new and very much taller chimney erected. This was narrow at the top, and gradually got wider as it went downward, and was capped by a large and peculiarly shaped cowl. The "ghost" proved to be merely the shadow of this chimney and cowl outside, projected by the bright moonlight through the staircase window, on the clear white painted wainscoted wall of the first landing. The sloping sides of the chimney gave the appearance of a cloaked figure, and the broad cowl looked exactly like a hood, while the dead white of the flat wall behind served to throw the dark shadow into very strong and bold relief. The reason now was clear why the 'ghost' was not seen oftener. It was simply that the shadow was only projected when the moon was just opposite the window; and its appearing gradually to fade before the footman's terrified gaze is easily explained by the passage of a dark cloud at the moment over the moon's bright disk. Further, be it noted, that when the family entered the hall on the first alarm a month previously, many of them carried lights, and thus of course destroyed the appearance altogether. The window, moreover, was sometimes covered with a blind.

Snakes Training for Battle.

In a factory in Orange Valley, New Jersey, three snakes are in training for battle on the Fourth of July. They are imprisoned in separate hat boxes. One is a black snake four feet long, another is a copperhead, shorter and of less diameter, and the third is an adder of still inferior size. The owner of the snakes is Jack Harrison, a workman in the factory. He is 60 years of age. He lives on the flat over the ridge of the Orange Mountain toward the Hudson. Quiet, and extremely chary of speech, he is possessed of a sort of magnetism which makes him respected and liked by his fellows, and which is said to exert a remarkable influence over dumb animals. He has caught and tamed woodchucks by the score, and his power over reptiles such as crawl in the wilds of his native heath has won for him the name of "Snake Charmer."

The snakes which Harrison is keeping in the hat factory are expected to furnish holiday sport. The black snake has been a prisoner for three months, and it is presumed that he was pretty hungry when he was captured.. The others have been two months in their respective hat boxes, and in that time they have received no food. Their abstinence has served to make them extremely savage and belligerent. The black snake, indeed, has exhibited such a degree of pugnacious hunger that on one occasion since his incarceration it has been deemed advisable to stay his stomach with a small toad. But it is wished to starve all three to a state of blind ferocity by the Fourth of July, when they will be turned altogether into a convenient receptacle, and made to furnish an illustration of the survival of the fittest.

That the snakes will fight when they are thrown together has already been demonstrated. The hat boxes in which they are contained have been occasionally moved close together, and the covers have been cautiously slid aside just far enough to permit the emergence of the heads and a few inches of the bodies of the reptiles. The result has been that the snakes have distended their jaws frightfully, that their eyes have flashed battle-fire, and they have exhibited the most insane desire to be at one another. It is hoped and believed by the workmen in the hat factory that on the Fourth of July the snakes will be filled with uncontrollable fury.

The hat boxes in whice the snakes are imprisoned are of the ordinary pasteboard sort. Small holes have been made in them to admit air, and the covers are tightly bound on with cord. The confined quarters are thought to be calculated to exasperate the snakes, as well as the withholding of food. No uneasiness is felt at the presence of the snakes in the factory except in the trimming room, where a number of young ladies are employed. As for Jack Harrison, he tumbles all three about with impunity, being a trifle cautious only with the copperhead.

The battle will take place in a large iron tank ordinarily used for soaking hats, but to be emptied, of course, for the occasion. Betting is $1 to 75 cents on the copperhead against the black snake, and the adder has no backers.

Home Facts.

The pyrethrum roseum, or "Persian camomile," is the powdered leaf of a harmless flower growing in Caucasian Asia in great profusion, where for centuries it has been used to rid the natives of insects. With a finely prepared dust made from these flowers, which can be purchased of almost any reliable druggist at about seventy cents a pound, the house fly, the wicked flea and the mosquito may all be put to flight or to rest. In order to enjoy this delicious riddance it is only necessary to heap up with a little cone one teaspoonful of the drug pyrethrum, touch it with a lighted match and watch the thin blue line of smoke as it rises to the ceiling and is wafted through the air, changing the busy drone of insect life into a weak wail of insect woe. Pretty soon down they come plump on to the table and over your paper, spin on their tiny backs and then sheathe their lancets, curl up their hair-like legs and interest one no more. Up stairs the little ones sleep unmolested, though there are thousands of mosquitoes in the room; the pests are sick unto death, and cling sadly to the walls, too feeble to think of tapping the rich warm blood that flows in ruddy little limbs just below; the fume of the pyrethrum has settled their business, and while it lingers in the room outsiders are unwilling to make an entry, though the windows are raised and the lattices are only half closed. Gauze bars are hot, stuffy things at best, and one must be sadly driven to attempt to sleep under such a cover; then, as we all know, the mosquito always finds his way through, no matter how carefully one may tuck up its folds about the couch.

Smoke from the Persian camomile or its dusty powder we have found most efficacious, and your readers will bless me when once they try it. The purity of the drug must be assured. This can readily be tested. It must have a bright buff color; be light, readily burned, and give a pleasant, tea-like fragrance; one pinch should kill a dozen flies, confined in a bottle, at once. When it fails of these properties it has been adulterated. In common use, in large or breezy rooms, where, from great dilution, it fails to kill, it nevertheless produces on insect life, through its volatilized essential oil or resin, undoubted nausea, vertigo, respiratory spasms, and paralysis. It acts upon them through the minute spiracles, the breathing tubes, that stud the surfaces of their little bodies, and form the delicate net-works of veins in their tiny wings. To human beings it is, so far as I can ascertain, entirely innoxious, and not disagreeable. That we—a family of eight persons, infants and adults—have lived for several weeks in an atmosphere of pyrethrum dust and smoke combined, during this present summer, is sufficient proof of my statement. To the skeptic I recommend an interesting experiment: Put the pyrethrum into a close, warm room, where flies most love to swarm, just after dark, shut the door, and make another visit in thirty minutes. The sight of millions of dead and squirming vermin on the floor will do his heart good—that is, if he is a human beings and not an angel.

Having drafted our plan of battle against these little foes, it becomes proper to speak of the care of the wounded. To cure mosquito stings, I know nothing better than a twenty per cent. solution in either oil or water, of pure carbolic acid. This is to be rubbed well on the painful spot. To bathe one's tingling hands and smarting limbs with this solution, gives a cooling, grateful sensation that is hard to describe. Carbolic soap will do almost as well, or an ointment compounded of carbol, camphor and cosmoline.

Lobster Factories

The lobster factories are very numerous, and can hardly escape the notice even of the fashionable visitor to Maine. He is confronted by one, for instance, at the landing of Harpswell, the principal island of Casco Bay, another at the historic old town of Castine, another at Southwest Harbor, Mount Desert, besides the one at Green's Landing. Deer Island has factories at Oceanville and Burnt Cove, forming part of a series twenty-three in number, which belong to one firm, and stretched all the way down to the Bay of Fundy. They cannot be called intrinsically inviting, owing to their wholly utilitarian character, although they are apt to have redeeming features in an occasional touch of the picturesque.

The factory opens at one end on the wharf, close to the water. Two men bring in the squirming loads on a stretcher and dump the mass into coppers for boiling. At intervals the covers are hoisted by ropes and pulleys, and dense clouds of steam arise, through which we catch vistas of men, women and children at work. Two men approach the coppers with stretcher and scoop-nets, and they throw rapid scoopfuls, done to a scarlet, backward over their shoulders. The scarlet hue is seen in all quarters—on the steaming stretcher, in the great heaps on the tables, in scattered individuals on the floor, in a large pile of shells and refuse seen through the open door, and in an ox-cartload of the same refuse, further off, which is being taken away for use as a fertilizer.

The boiled lobster is seperated, on long tables, into his constituent parts. The meat of the many jointed tail is thrust out with a punch. A functionary called a "cracker" frees that of the claws by a couple of deft cuts with a cleaver, and the connecting arms are passed on to be picked out with a fork by the girls. In another department the meat is placed in the cans. The girl puts in roughly a suitable selection of the several parts. The next weighs it, and adds or substracts enough to complete the exact amount desired (one or two pounds). The next forces down the contents with a stamp invented especially for the purpose. The next puts in a tin cover with blows of a little hammer. Then a tray is rapidly filled, with the cans, and they are carried to the solderers, who seal them tight except for minute openings in the covers, and put them in another tray, which by means of a pulley-tackle, is then plunged in bath caldrons, in order that the cans may be boiled till the air is expelled from their contents through the minute openings. Then they are sealed up and boiled again for several hours, when the process of cooking is complete.

In the packing-room the cans are cleaned with acid, painted a thin coat of green to keep them from rusting, pasted with labels displaying a highly ornamental scarlet lobster rampant against a blue sea, and placed by the gross in pine boxes to await the arrival of the company's vessel, which cruises regularly from factory to factory, collecting the product. Nine-tenths of the supply at present goes to the foreign market. On "loaf-days," the hands occupy themselve with making the neat cans which it is their ordinary business to fill.

—England, in the scale of nations, was a secondary power until 1763. The conquest of Canada and the establishments in India, her naval superiority, her colonies and her trade, raised her to the first rank among nations.

The Skylark.

About the first of May 1880, Seventy-four English Skylarks were let loose near Ridgewood, New Jersey, by Mr. Hales. Fifty of them kept together in a close flock. The rest scattered. They did not mount up and sing at the first taste of freedom, but devoted their attention to their physical wants. The buzzing insects, the enticing worms and the tender young growing grain were tidbits too appetizing to be resisted, and for a few days there was strict attention to business.

Would the larks sing? That was the question of great interest. A note from Mr. Hales a few days after their release settled it. He wrote: "Here it is! The same delightful sound that has inspired so many poets and charmed the Old World for ages. As pure and sweet as in his native gray sky. No one who has ever heard the shrill, thrilling notes, not loud but very distinct, will ever forget it or fail to know it.

"After a few day's enjoyment of the sweets of liberty the birds set about housekeeping. They stole away by pairs in the fields, and began nest building. The males became more and more vocal, and soared aloft above their setting mates and poured forth their sweet strains. The nests hidden in the grass or grain were not easily discovered, but some of them were found. They contained four or five freckled eggs of a greenish gray cast. Like other nests placed on the ground, some of them have been visited by cats or other predatory animals, but in other cases the eggs have gone safely through the process of incubation, and the young larks, real American born skylarks, have appeared. There is no question that the youngsters will take care of themselves, and barring accidents common to all birdlings, reach maturity.

"The crucial test will come with the winter. Will the larks migrate to warmer climes and come back another season, or will they stay and perish with cold? These are questions that time will answer. That the country about Ridgewood—in fact, nearly all of that part of New Jersey contiguous to New York—is well adapted for skylarks, there is no doubt. Mr. Reiche, the bird importer, who has released thousands of foreign song birds in the vicinity of New York in the past quarter of a century, says that the country along the Hackensack valley is almost the exact counterpart of the great meadows of Holland, which are inhabited by millions of skylarks, and he believes that if the birds could be protected from hunters, they would multiply and increase in New Jersey until they became as common as in the Old World. A lot of skylarks that were freed in Brooklyn, many years ago, for several winters, it is said, migrated only as far as Staten Island, and were gradually killed off. Mr. Reiche believes that the larks introduced in this country will spend their winters further South. He says that he is satisfied that the larks of England and Northern Europe, or the greater number of them go to Italy in winter. He has seen myriads of them in that country, where they are eaten by the inhabitants. He has no doubt that they are the birds from northern latitudes."

French Reporting.

A brilliant feat of French reporting happened at the time when the great Tropmann murder case was agitating Paris and France, and everybody was eager for details. A reporter who had the matter in hand left Paris for Cernay, where the father of Tropmann resided. He arrived, called upon the justice of the peace and the commissaire de police, invited them to follow him to the mairie, took his seat in the judge's chair, and there, with unparalleled audacity, ordered the garde champetre to go and bring before him the assassin's father. The officers did not say a word; the reporter had conquered them by his air and his demeanor. When the father of Tropmann was brought before him, the reporter interrogated him as though officially commissioned to do so. The result of the cross-questioning was that the son had written to his father on the eve of the day of the crime. "Monsieur le Commissaire," says the reporter, "please to go to the witnesses' house and seize these letters." The functionary obeyed; the letters were brought, the reporter read them, found them full of evidence of Tropmann's guilt, copied them carefully and with a solemn air. Then, with respect, he handed over the originals to the justice of the peace, asked him to seal them carefully and keep them for the further use of the court. The reporter put the copies into his pocket, sainted the gentleman and left. It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and the train that was to bear his letter to Paris would not leave before evening. If he sent his precious report by that train it would be too late for the morning edition of his paper. Besides, he met two other Paris reporters who had just arrived and who would soon learn the news at Cernay and send it on to Paris at the same time he did his report. What does he do? He goes up to his brother reporters and says: "I am dying of hunger, my friends. Let us breakfast together. You go to the tavern there and order a good dejeuner, with plenty of wine, you know, and I'll come presently. The two reporters did as he bade them, while our friend jumped into a wagon, had himself driven to the station, after hard begging and giving money was allowed to leave on a luggage train, then about to start, caught a passenger train for Paris at a junction further on, and arrived at the office of his paper late at night. He communicated his information, and the first page, which was already "closed up," was completely reset. The next morning 80,000 copies of the paper were sold.

The Home Ruler.

Colonel McSpilkens, who owns and rents out a number of houses, went up to a man on Park avenue, and said to him:

"I don't know you, sir, but I saw you kick a man out of your front gate yesterday, and as I myself have been very much annoyed by book agents, I was glad to see it."

"That fellow was worse than a book agent. I am sorry I didn't mutilate him with a club."

"A life insurance agent then I suppose?"

"Worse than that. I'll never cease to regret I didn't have a bull dog to set on him."

"You don't mean to say a newspaper man who wanted to interview you?"

"Worse than that my dear sir. That fellow I kicked out don't deserve to live at all."

"I can't imagine who it could have been," said the man who rents so many houses.

"It was my rascally landlord after the back rent," responded the Home Ruler, gritting his teeth.

—Cuba produces one-third of the cane sugar, and Brazil, Java and the Philippine islands each about one-seventh, so that one-half the cane sugar of the world is grown by slave labor under the Spanish flag.

Uncle Sile.

When poor old Uncle Silas Patterson went to his grave the other day, not a mourner followed, and never will a tear moisten the earth above him. In by-gone days he aspired to be a political leader, and there are plenty of men who remember how he once run a ward caucus. Knowing his ambition to become a power in the ward, three or four old jokers put up a plan to make him Chairman of the caucus shortly to be held, and they visited him in a body and explained:

"Everything will depend on how you run this caucus Be calm. Be dignified. Don't let any one ride over you. One will move this and the other that, but you must refuse to entertain any motions until you have ascertained the pleasure of the meeting."

Uncle Sile was delighted and puffed up, and he could hardly wait for the hour which was to witness his triumph. He was called to the chair, as planned, and after a few remarks to prove his gratitude, he called for order, and said:

"Now, then, what is the pleasure of the meeting?"

A citizen rose in reply and began:

"I move you, Mr. Chairman, that we now pro——"

"Order! Order!" called Uncle Sile.

"I am in order."

"You are not! Take your seat or I'll have you put out."

The astonished elector dropped back to second fiddle, and Uncle Sile continued:

"Now, then, what is the pleasure of the meeting?"

"I move that we proceed to bal—"

It was another elector, and he had only got thus far when the Chairman cried out;

"I call for order! If we can't have order we might as well adjourn. I now ask you for the third time, What is the pleasure of the meeting?"

The electors were dumbfounded for a time, but one of them recovered a little sooner than the rest and asked:

"Is this a caucus?"

"You bet!" answered Uncle Sile.

"Are we here to nominate ward officers?"

"We are."

"Then, sir, I move that we pro—"

"Order! order!" yelled the Chairman

"That's the third or fourth time that trick has been tried here, and the next man who makes a motion before I have found out the pleasure of the meeting will be put out! Now, then, is there any pleasure in this meeting? If so, where is it, and what is it?"

He soon discovered. About twenty men rushed for him at once, and he went out of the window like a bag of sand, and before he had come to the caucus had transacted its business and adjourned. The incident not only cured Uncle Sile's ambition to be a political leader, but it is doubtful if he ever cast another vote.

Hints About Flowers.

The art of arranging bouquets is very simple. Having collected the flowers to be used on a tray, all the superfluous leaves should be stripped from the stems, and by placing the flowers side by side you can easily see the order in which they can be most advantageously displayed. A very pretty hand bouquet can be made by taking a small, straight stick not over a quarter of an inch in diameter, tie a string to the top of it and begin by fastening on a few flowers or one large handsome one, for the center piece, winding the string about each stem as you add the flowers and leaves to the bouquet. Always place the flowers with the shortest stems at the top, preserving all those with long stems for the base, and finish off the bouquet with a fringe of finely cut foliage. Then cut all the stems evenly, wrap damp cotton around them and cover the stems with a paper cut in pretty lace design. In making bouquets from garden flowers, such as are most easy to secure, the flowers can be arranged flatly and a background made from sprays of evergreens. To destroy the vitality of weed seeds in soil by baking, will, in a great measure, destroy the fertility of the soil. A better way to kill weed seeds is to spread the oil out thinly in a warm place and keep it moist. In a few days most of the seeds will germinate, after which the soil should be stirred and allowed to become dry. In this manner weeds may effectually be destroyed. To grow geranium cuttings: Take coarse, clean sand, about three inches in depth, insert the cuttings about one to one and a half inches deep therein; press the sand firmly around them, and water freely at first; afterwards use it sparingly. One cause of geranium cuttings turning black is the keeping of them too wet. No kind of cuttings are better adapted for sending by mail than geraniums, as the drying of the cut end is conducive to rooting them easily, and they universally give satisfaction.

A Snow-Slide.

Not long ago James Powers, who was at work in Buckskin Gulch, near Leadville, Colorado, had ended the labors of the day and was about to descend to the cabin. The mountain was covered with several feet of snow and it was difficult to reach the base without the aid of snow shoes. Accordingly Powers took his seat on his shovel, and, getting ready, began to go down with good progress. While he was thus moving on his way a huge boulder was dislodged and began to roll after him in his snowy track. Powers looked behind him and saw the dreadful thing coming after him. At each bound it would stir up other boulders and soon it looked as if the whole mountain had suddenly been torn into rocks and sent after him. Suddenly there was a crash, and a thundering sound penetrated forest and echoed through canyon. Hearing the rumble and roar of the rocks as they tore down the mountain side, the miners who were near by came out of their doors and witnessed the race between man and avalanche. They saw Powers overtaken and then disappear between the tons of rock and snow. At once they ran to the place, and with their picks and shovels they proceeded to unearth the unfortunate miner. This was about 5 o'clock, and darkness soon came upon them. Afraid to proceed in the dark for fear of cutting the buried man in delving for him, they secured candles, as it was a gloomy night. There in the gloom the lights flickered and the steady and rapid strokes of the miners were heard for miles away. They were re-enforced by others, who could not understand the scene, and at 9 o'clock some one shouted: "My God, boys; here he is, dead!" His body was doubled up, and the rocks beneath his head were stained with blood, which showed most ghastly under the dull glare of the candles. Dropping the implements, they went to work with their hands, and in a few moments the rocks were away and the body lifted to the surface. It was carried by strong hands into the cabin, and the Coroner was notified on the following morning.

Bustle is not industry; nor is impudence courage.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—A race of kings reigned in India 2300 B. C.

—Queen Victoria was born May 24th, 1819.

—Duluth talks of a new $75,000 hotel.

—Key West shipped 900,000 cigars last week.

—The British troops in Ireland number 30,000 men.

—The census of 1860 gave 18 slaves to New Jersey.

—The Chinese physicians receives no fee until the patient is cured.

—The cost of Solomon's Temple is estimated at $77,531,693,626.

—The Whittaker court-martial will cost the government $100,000.

—St. Louis has 202 miles of public sewers, costing $5,000,000.

—Mr. Blaine is about to build the largest private residence in Washington.

—The wheel foundries at Altoona, Pa., are making 350 wheels per day.

—The Bank of England was founded in 1794. The capital is £15,553,000.

—Presidents Garfield's life is insured for $25,000 for the benefit of his wife.

—Bismark has a salary of $15,000 as Chancellor of the German Empire.

—Emile Girsadin, the late Parisian editor, left an estate of $10,000,000 francs.

—The total human population of the earth is estimated to be 1,421,500,000.

—Suicides have increased annually, in Italy, from 1864 to 1878, from 30 to 37.

—In Massachusetts during 1654 dry fish was taken as cash, and boards also in 1657.

—Canada was surveyed in 1842 under Sir William Logan and Alexander Murray.

—The crops in the neighborhood of Quebec were badly damaged by frosts recently.

—A turtle dated 1821 was recently discovered waddling across Franklin county, Pa.

—From China and Japan last year this country imported 68,775,143 pounds of tea.

—The deepest known worked mine is in Australia, a shaft having been sunk 3,200 feet.

—Journalists of Paris propose to erect a statue to the veteran poet-journalist, Victor Hugo.

—The profits of the bank of Montreal during 1880 were $400,000 more than in 1879.

—The Secretary of War has prohibited the use of tobacco by the cadets at West Point.

—The Rothschild family and house was founded