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WIDE-AWAKE AND FAST-ASLEEP.

A bright summer day came out of the east,
And a dear little lad was he,
His lips were red from a strawberry feast,
And his eyes were blue as the sea.
His yellow hair was blown by the breeze,
Like grass in a windy place,
He had torn his jacket in climbing trees
And he laughed all over his face.

He danced in the elm, on the leafy spray
Where the nest of the bluebird swings,
Till the birdlets had winked the sleep away,
All under their painted wings.
He shook the stem of the lilies tall,
While they nodded in high surprise,
And rubbed, with their fingers white and small,
The dreams from their golden eyes.

The daisy hurried to wash her face
In a drop of the silver dew,
And every leaf in its lofty place
The kiss of the sunshine knew.
The squirrel chattered and combed his tail,
That curls up over his spine;
And each red clover turned almost pale
When the village clock struck nine.

For two little boys, in two little beds,
Lay sleeping the morning long,
Though the sun shone in on their tangled heads
And the birds had ended their song.
"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said the summer day,
"What sleepy small boys I see!
I wish, I wish they would wake and play
With a bright little day like me."

THAT LITTLE FRIGHT.

"For my part," said Harry Sinton, "I'm not particular; a good little heart, fair sense and a sweet temper; after that, 'her hair shall be what color heaven pleases.' Not that I am afraid of beauty—I like a pretty girl as well as anyone—but I don't insist on it as something I am entitled to."

The elegant Bert Dean smiled a smile of contempt.

"My good fellow," said he, "your powers of comparison must be very limited if you propose exchanging your thousand bachelor privileges for such a trifling consideration."

"Well, what do you want? Let us hear."

"I don't know that I want anything; I am very well contented as I am."

"But what would induce you to become a Benedict?"

"Let me see; I don't wish to be unreasonable. Beauty is, of course, the first requisite; wouldn't look at an heiress without it. Mere beauty, however, is a very slight matter. I must not be afraid of my wife's opening her lips. Of course she must sing, speak several languages. Given all these, and a suitable income—say twelve to fifteen thousand a year—and I might think of it then."

"What, nothing more?" asked the other, ironically, "I am afraid you go too cheap."

"Bert Dean," said Harry, solemnly, "you are a conceited fop! A good looking one, I admit, and not originally destitute of brains; but eaten up, devoured by inordinate vanity; and I firmly expect to see you knocked down, some day, to a girl with red ringlets."

Bert Dean shrugged his shoulders.

"May will expect me early," he said, and retired to his dressing-room.

He emerged from it an hour or so later, in the most scrupulously exquisite condition. He had some excuse for making extravagant demands about a wife. His Cousin May, called him when all things were considered the first young man in society, and was casting her eyes around for a suitable match for him. When he entered her well-lighted rooms, they were already quite full. He made a tour of the apartments, bestowing a little languid notice on two or three favored ones, and presently subsided into a chat with Mrs. Miller. This lady was neither very young nor particularly pretty, but he liked to talk to her, and so he remained at her side.

"Mr. Dean," she said, when half an hour or more had elapsed, "I am afraid the young ladies will hardly forgive me for absorbing your attention so long. See—there is a young lady quite alone; pray go and make yourself charming."

Bert turned his head.

"What!" he exclaimed, "That little fright? Mrs. Miller, do be merciful!"

But Mrs. Miller did not smile.

"I beg your pardon," he said, politely. "It was very wrong to speak as I did."

"It was indeed. I am afraid she heard you, too."

"That is not possible!" he said, with real mortification.

Mrs. Miller relented at the sight of his vexed countenance.

"The only atonement you can offer," she said, "is to seek an introduction and make yourself as agreeable as you can. Perhaps she will forgive you, or think she did not hear aright."

"Must I? Will you pardon me on no other terms?"

"Certainly not. When I see the young lady smiling upon you you shall be restored to my esteem, and not till then."

"Cruel! but I am obedient. And he went in search of an introduction.

Mr. Sinton chanced to be near at hand, and opened his eyes slightly when he learned his friend's desire.

"Know her?" he said. "Of course I do! Prophesied concerning her before we came, red ringlets and all. Didn't think, though, that your fate would be down on you so soon."

"Nonsense! Sinton, pray be serious."

"Because it is such a serious matter with you? Very thing I was saying; how unreasonable you are! But come on." And Miss Pierce and Mr. Dean were presently exchanging opinions on the staple party-going topics.

To do Bert justice, he sincerely regretted his thoughtless exclamation. He was ungentlemanly, he knew, and he had, besides so great a horror of female ugliness as to regard all subjects to it with a painful compassion. The dread that Miss Pierce had overheard his remark gave him just that sting of self reproach that one would feel had he alluded to the infirmity of a deformed person in his presence. He determined to be so agreeable and deferential that she should imagine her ears had deceived her.

Conversation progressed very pleasantly between the two.

"Nice girl to talk to," Mr. Dean decided. "Sweet voice, no giggle, no affectation."

Just as he made this reflection, he encountered the eyes of Harry Sinton, and fancied he saw in them satirical amusement. Awakened by this glance to the conviction that he was making himself the subject of mirth, he sought the side of an acknowledged belle, and saw no more of Irene Pierce until dancing began.

She was standing opposite him, in a set where the fashionable Miss Bently was his partner. This young lady was considered a very elegant personage. She wore a Paris dress, and the costliest ornaments of any one in the room. Bert Dean's glance rested with satisfaction on Irene Pierce. Her face, undeniably pretty, her dress was a stranger to Paris, and had, perhaps, been made at home; but it was accompanied by a smooth white neck and a pair of rounded arms. As Bert made these comments, and listened dissatisfied to his companion's common-place remarks, he decided to engage his *vis-a-vis* for the next set. He found himself repaid for his daring, for Irene Pierce could speak of her own sex without malice. Her conversation was intelligent, which assured him she was familiar with the best books, and her choice language pleased him. All this he discovered in the pauses of the dance, and she pleased him so well that he lingered at her side rather longer than mere politeness demanded when the set was over.

On his homeward way, in company with his friend Sinton, he had encountered some raillery. He announced himself to have found in Miss Pierce the most agreeable girl he had found in a long time, truly ladylike and intelligent.

"You can't deny that her hair is red," laughed Harry.

"Certainly not; but it was tastefully arranged."

The next day, in the afternoon, found Bert Dean standing on the steps of the house which belonged to Miss Pierce's father. He did not tell his friend that he had asked permission to call, but he did.

He found Mrs. Pierce and her daughter sitting together in the back parlor, with their work. Irene was braiding a sacque for her little sister; and her mother employed on something more practical. She had not been well schooled, as the idea that she was to leave the room did not occur to her. Irene did not look as plain as she had done last night, as her animated conversation dazzled him. There was an affectionate confidence between mother and daughter that he had not met in the best society, and he found it, or something else, so pleasant that he largely outstayed the limits of a fashionable call.

"I had better not call again," he thought as he went home; "but what a delightful companion she would be!"

A week or two went by, and Bert adhered to his new resolution of not calling, but was unable to prevent himself from watching for her.

"May," he asked carelessly of his cousin, one evening, "who are those Pierces?"

"Old friends of mine," she answered; "excellent, substantial people; but why do you ask?"

"I have met them but here, and that is the last time I have heard of them," he said.

"Mrs. Pierce thinks home is the best place for girls, so she does not go out much."

If Irene Pierce went out so little, there was scarcely a chance that they should meet except at her own house. And did he really care enough about the acquaintance—was it valuable enough—for him to take trouble to seek it?

Probably these questions were answered in the affirmative, as the next day brought him to Miss Pierce's door; nor was that the only occasion on which the neighbors opposite had the privilege of seeing him. Again and again he came, but, as time was going on, he grew strangely diffident. Drawn day by day to Irene's side, happy nowhere else, he could affirm even to himself that she was more to him than a friend. There had been a time that, to declare himself a lover, involved some sacrifices on his part; it seemed strange now that he should be anxious to make such a sacrifice, yet doubt, with anxiety whether Irene would care to accept it.

Some weeks of suspense went by, and he could wait no longer. One bright day, when favoring fate had left them a little while alone, he spoke—not very eloquently, but still sufficiently coherently to make his meaning plain.

Irene colored deeply, and refused him. At this he grew a little more self-possessed, and begged to know her reasons.

She declined to state them. He persisted; was there a previous attachment. She blushed more vividly, and said no such thing existed.

Was there not some hopes for him, then? Might not her resolution be overcome? Might not these resolutions cease to exist?

Oh, no! Her resolution was unalterable.

Then he urged an explanation, and insisted on it as his right. His suit was pushed with ardor, and Irene's agitation proved that she was not insensible. But with a great effort she commanded herself.

"I should be most unjust to you and to myself," said she, "could I allow a transient feeling to set aside my judgment."

"Transient! O Irene!"

But she silenced him.

"Could I allow myself to give you a wife whom everybody—you, most of all—must consider disagreeable?"

She hesitated a moment.

"What do you mean?" cried Bert, in amazement.

"You cannot have forgotten our first meeting," she said, more composedly; "do not oblige me to repeat your words that evening."

The room swam around Bert Dean. "That little fright!" Oh! the sacrilege, the horror, of that speech! Could he have made it—and about that angel? Overwhelmed with mortification, he strove to explain, to say how entirely his feelings were altered.

"Enough, sir," said Miss Pierce, with dignity. "Spare yourself the trouble of apologizing; it is quite unnecessary, and altogether useless." And so she left him.

Surely this was an awkward situation for a lover, particularly for Bert, who had contemplated arranging matrimonial affairs in such a quiet, well-bred way. He went home in despair. Could any woman—even Irene, genflest, dearest of women—forgive such an insult to her vanity? If she could only see his heart, and know how long he had ceased to regard her as plain, in how many ways she was even beautiful to him! But to explain this to her—it was impossible! He could never obtain her pardon. And her love? That was too far and dear to dream of.

Private life has its Napoleons, however. They rout impossibilities, and prove them to be the merest shams. A week from this dreadful day, Bert was sitting—very much at home—in the same parlor whence he had withdrawn so ignominiously, and Irene looked at him in a way that clearly showed that she had relinquished her "resolution, and sacrificed her judgment."

Scoot.

A Detroiter who had business in a village in Washtenaw county, Michigan, drove out there in a buggy, and, of course, went to the inn for his dinner. The landlord made no inquiries until after the meal had been eaten and paid for, and then he found opportunity to inquire:

"Were you going out to 'Squire Brown's place?"

"No."

"I didn't know but you were a lightning rod man and I was going to say that the 'Squire has threatened to shoot the next one on sight. We don't go much on them fellers around here, and I'm right glad that you are somebody else. Maybe you are going over to Judge Hardy's to sell him some fruit trees for fall setting?"

"No."

"Well, that's lucky. Only recently the Judge was remarking to me that the next fruit tree agent who entered his gate would want a coffin. The fact is, I myself have got to do some pretty hard kicking to pay for being swindled on grape vines. You are not a patent right man, eh?"

"No."

"Well, that's a narrow escape for you. We've been swindled here on hay forks, cultivators, gates, pumps, churns, and a dozen other things, and I'm keeping sixteen dozen bad eggs for the next patent righter who shows his face in this town. Perhaps you are a lecturer?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, you haven't lost anything. We never turn out very strong here to a lecture. The last man who struck us lectured on 'Our Currency,' but didn't take in enough of it to pay for his supper. You are not a book canvasser?"

"No."

"That's another escape. We've been laid out here so often that if an agent should offer to sell a $20 Bible for fifty cents, we'd suspect a trick to beat us. Strikes me now that you may be a lawyer?"

"No."

"Good 'nuff. Last one who settled here had to leave town at midnight; and we don't want one any way?" Say, what are you, any way?"

"A politician," replied the Detroiter.

"A politician! Then git! For heaven's sake, don't stand around here if you value your life! We've just impeached our poundmaster for embezzling the public money; and the excitement is so intense that the Democrats will ride you on a rail or the Republicans duck you in the water trough. Git up and scoot!"

Church Manners.

Be on time. No one has a right to disturb a congregation or a preacher by being tardy.

Never look around to see who is coming in when the door opens. It diverts your own and other's attention from the exercises, and is discourteous to the eader.

Never talk or whisper in church, especially after the exercises are opened.

Never pull out your watch to see what time it is when the text is announced, or during the sermon. Better to feed on a sermon than to time it.

Never lean your head on the pew rail before you, as though indifferent to the preacher.

Conform, if possible, in conscience, to the usages of the church in which you worship—kneel, stand, bow accordingly.

Never manifest your disapprobation of what is being said, by unpleasant sounds, or signs, or by hastily leaving.

Do not fidget, as though the service were a weariness. Be quiet and decorous to the very end.

Do not put on your overcoat or adjust your wrappings till after the benediction.

No gentleman ever defiles a place of worship with tobacco.

Never be one of a staring crowd about the door or in the vestibule, before or after service.

Do nothing out of keeping with the time, place and purpose of a religious assembly.

How to Live in Summer.

Clothing must be considered, for it has much to do with our elasticity of movement. It is as yet a point of dispute whether cotton stuffs are the best wear, many approving of light woolens. For women nothing is sweeter in summer than a linen dress; it is a pity we do not patronize linen more for adults; for children, cottons; for workingmen, worsteds. The heavy suits of men are weighing them down in summer, and clothes of serge are far preferable to those of thick woolen cloth. Very thin silk is a cool wear. The heavily-laden skirts of women impede the free action of movement much, and should be simplified as much as possible for summer. So also the headgear.

Infants, if at all delicate, should not be allowed to go with bare feet; it often produces diarrhœa, and they should always wear a flannel band around the stomach. Another important matter is the changing of night and day linen among the poorer classes. It is terrible to think that a workingman should lie down in the shirt in which he has perspired all day at his hot work. Let men accustom themselves to good washes every evening before they sit down to their meals, and to changes at night, that they may take up a dry shirt when going to their hard day's work.

Frequent change of linen is absolutely necessary—anyhow, a night and a day change, This change alone would help to stay the mortality among the children, if accompanied with other healthy measures, such as sponging the body with a little salt and water. Where tenements are very close, wet sheets placed against walls will aid to revivfy the air and absorb bad vapor in rooms. All children's hair should be cut short; boy's hair may be cropped and girls' hair so arranged by nets or plaits that air passes freely around the neck.

Light head coverings are essential in summer, for the head must be kept cool. The most serviceable dress is that which allows air to pass freely around your limbs and stops neither evaporation of the body nor the circulation of the refreshing atmosphere. In summer you may breathe freely and lightly, you can not do so with your stomach full of undigested food, your blood full of overheated alcohol, your lungs full of vitiated air, your smell disgusted with nauseous scents, your system unable to carry out the natural process of digestion. All the sanitary arrangements in the world will do no good if we eat and drink in such a fashion that we are constantly putting on fuel where it is not needed, and stuffing up our bodily draught, as we would that of a heating appliance. Our ignorance and our bad habits spoil the summer, that delightful season of the year—nothing else.

How Much to Eat.

Having tested a number of meals in a general way, eating more or less each time, find out as near as may be what is the proper amount for a meal. Begin with a very light breakfast of ordinary food, such as you have been accustomed to, and note the number of hours you can go without feeling a want of more food. For a very light breakfast, say one roll, a cup of coffee and a very small piece of meat, three hours or less will be found the limit. This is not offered as a rule but as a suggestion, for it makes a vast difference what you do during those three hours. A given amount of food will go further in manual labor than in mental labor, as brain work is more exhausting than hand work. The next time try a little more, and in the course of a dozen breakfasts you will learn to judge pretty closely what you require to carry on your work till the hour of the next meal. Having found out just what you need, never, on any consideration, take more. Never mind how nice steak, how temptiag any food may be, shut right down on the whole eating business the instant you have had enough. Too little can be repaired by eating a light lunch before the next meal. Too much can not be repaired, and you must pay for indiscretion. In all this there must be plain common sense. Do not imitate the invalid who kept a pair of scales on the breakfast table to weigh his daily bread. Eat and be satisfied, and then stop.

Artificial Refrigeration.

The production of cold and even ice by artificial means is now a necessity in many industrial processes. According to the continental systems of brewing, great cold is required not only during the actual brewing process, but also for months afterward while the beers are maturing in the cellars. In this country the natural production of ice is very uncertain, and some winters may pass without sufficient being formed to be worth collection, and even when ice is plentiful here we have no suitable arrangements at hand for storing and preserving it for use in warmer weather. For these reasons many ingenious contrivances have been devised for the artificial production of ice, and it may not be uninteresting to give some explanation of the theories on which these machines are founded. When a volatile liquid evaporates, a large amount of heat is necessarily absorbed by the resulting vapor, and is rendered latent or imperceptible to the senses and the thermometer. This heat is taken either from some of the remaining liquid or else from the medium in which the liquid is in contact. The cold produced by evaporation is very evident with a volatile fluid like ether; when a little of this liquid is placed in the palm of the hand an intense feeling of cold is observed; the ether, in evaporating, must absorb heat, and therefore takes it from the nearest body, which is the hand, and thus produces a corresponding reduction of temperature. The evaporation of volatile liquids is greatly assisted by a reduction of pressure; and, thus, if a little ether be placed in a shallow dish, floating on a thin layer of water, and the whole be placed under the receiver of an air-pump, there is not much difficulty in freezing the water by a rapid exhaustion of the air; in this case the vapor o ether is renewed almost as fast as it is formed, and fresh quantities of liquid ether are thus volatilized. The various ice-making and refrigerating machines are constructed so as to utilize this property possessed by all volatile fluids. If the ether be placed in a metallic vessel exposing a large surface to water or any other fluid which requires to be cooled, all the heat necessary for the volatilization of the ether must be taken from the water; the volatilization of the ether is assisted by means of an air-pump, and the ether vapor is then conveyed through pipes to another vessel also surrounded by cold water, where it gives up the same amount of heat again, and is thus converted back into a liquid In this way a comparatively small quantity of ether will cool or even freeze an indefinite quantity of water, and the whole of the ether can be condensed again into the liquid state. Instead of ether, liquid ammonia, sulphurous acid, or other very volatile substances may be used, and a variety of complicated mechanical arrangements are introduced to assist in the volatilization, condensation and preservation of the volatile agent used. These mechanical arrangements have been so far perfected that even water itself has been used as the evaporating agent, and ice has been successfully produced by such means. Great cold and even ice has also been produced by the expansion and contraction of atmospheric air by machines constructed on a similar principle to those we have just referred to.

A Railway Tunnel through a Volcano.

The rocks which constitute the southern island of New Zealand are for the greatest part of the archaic type, consisting principally of gneiss, granite, mica-schist, phyllite, quartzite, and felsitic rocks. They are partly covered by palæozoic strata, which are folded up into innumerable troughs and saddlebacks throughout the province of Canterbury, and which partly belong to the carboniferous period, so that there are prospects for a future discovery of coal beds. By far the greatest interest, however, is offered by the extensive volcanic phenomena of the island, and among them the extinct volcanoes upon the Banks peninsula, east of the town of Christchurch, are prominent. This peninsula, now only connected by bands of low and recent deposits with the mainland, was once a complete island, only formed by volcanoes, which rose up from the bottom of the sea. The special construction of such an extinct volcano has been made visible by a tunnel of 2,620 metres length upon the railway between Christchurch and Littleton which has pierced through the walls of a volcanic cone and thus has laid bare its structure of successive streams of lava and beds of scoriæ, ashes, and tufæ, which are again intersected by dikes of younger volcanic rocks. This is perhaps the first volcano through which a railway has been constructed.

Another peculiarity of New Zealand is the extremely frequent occurrence of bones of those large wingless birds, which by the aborigines were called "moa," and which belong to the family of the Dinornithidæ, of whom the largest representative has reached the considerable height of ten and a half feet; the largest deposits of these bones were found in the Point cavern and the marshes of Grenmark. There is now no doubt that these gigantic birds were contemporaneous with man, and that an early human race were moa hunters in these islands, who lived upon the flesh of these birds at a time when the glaciers extended still very much below their present boundaries, for bones, tools, and other remnants of these early moa hunters are frequently met intermingle with bones of the now extinct Dinornithidæ.

Patches of Red Snow.

Prospectors returning from the Holy Cross country, Colorado, and especially from the head of Cross Creek, report that the ground is covered with red snow. In the almost inaccessible defiles of Mount Shasta, in California, is the only other known place in the United States where this is seen. In Polar regions it is a familiar sight, and no extensive traveler there returns without a description of it. The broad fields of everlasting snow that flank the northern coast of Greenland are flaked with the strange red blood, and further toward the poles miles of it stretch as far as the naked eye can reach. The phenomena is due to the presence of minute red anamalculæ in the snow. A microscope detects its presence, but how it got there is a difficult question. and one that has never been quite satisfactorily answered. The red snow in this region is first seen at the head of Cross Creek, where it may be observed in patches of intense carmine, varying in area from as large as a man's hat to twenty feet in diameter. Taken in the hand and closely examined, nothing can be detected that gives it color, and it melts into clear red water, leaving no stain. Further on, in some of the steep gulches with which the country abounds, the bottoms are entirely covered with the strange substance. In some places the color is vivid in the extreme, while in others it fades to a faint pink, producing an effect not readily described in words. Old prospectors, who penetrated the region two years ago, say that there was no snow of this description there, and its fall can scarcely have antedated this year. Still higher, and at the very foot of the mountain, the red snow disappears and nothing save the pure white coverlet greets the eye. How the same tiny insects that sent the Boreal can find their way to the inaccessible Holy Cross, is a thing beyond human ken, and will be a problem for the scientists of the future to ponder over.

"PRISONER, have you ever been convicted "No, your Honor; I have always employed first class lawyers.

A Remarkable Counterfeit.

The counterfeit twenty-dollar silver certificate, pen made, recently received by the secret service of the treasury, has been examined by very many experts, and is considered a remarkable piece of penmanship. There are many defects in the note, but the most interesting relates to the manner in which the secret service office came to suspect the probable designer. Shortly after the note was discovered by the treasury department it was discovered that the wording on the back was grossly defective in the manner of spelling. For instance the word "customs" was spelled "costumes," and the word "tender" was spelled "tendre." This gave rise to the belief that the counterfeit was executed by a noted German forger who has figured to some extent in the West, and at times at Cincinnati. His penmanship, especially in the execution of counterfeit bank notes, has on more than one occasion attracted the attention of government officers, and in each instance the work was marked by faulty spelling. The suspected forger was reported to have been in Cincinnati at the time the note was received in the treasury, and the chief of the secret service division at once telegraphed to an agent in that city to keep the man under surveillance. For several days nothing more was heard of the matter. A special agent was sent to Cincinnati to look further into the affair. This officer, upon arriving in Cincinnati, discovered that the bird had flown, and that the officer originally instructed to shadow him had been on a protracted spree.

The Younger and Elder Booth.

Booth is now forty-eight. He was only nineteen when his father died, but he had seen the latter in some of his best characters, and always considered him one of the greatest tragedians of the day. This is no doubt the case, but the unfortunate man was so utterly destroyed by strong drink that he never could take that position to which he was naturally entitled. No engagement could be relied on unless the manager locked him up for the occasion, and hence he only found employment at the cheap theatres, where people took their chance. How strange to think of Booth playing Richard III, in the Chatham theatre to an audience made up of newsboys and other plebeians, who beheld his grandest flights at twenty-five cents; pit half-price. I have often paid my old fashioned shilling for a seat in the latter in order to see Booth thunder in the crooked-back tyrant, which was his greatest role. Although deficient in point of stature, his appearance was very impressive, this being chiefly due to his countenance, which was one of tremendous power. His eyes were very large and rapidly expressive of the varied passions which are represented on the stage. They were finely set off by a Grecian nose, but the latter was, when I saw it, marred by a blow which he had received from a fellow-actor in self-defense, and which may be thus explained: Booth never played except when under the influence of brandy, and hence he was often dangerous. His imaginary foes became real and his sham fight sometimes had a murderous appearance. On one occasion, when Tom Flynn was his antagonist, Booth drove him into the corner and was about to run him through, but Tom warded off the thrust and then knocked him down with his fist. The play was at once stopped, and Booth's nose thenceforth bore witness of this strange affray.

Eating with a Knife.

A subscriber says we have many authorities on the subject, but I would like to see a sensible, intelligent opinion as to how far the knife can be made use of in eating, without one's being considered ill-mannered." The shortest answer is best—*not at all*, in polite society. But what our correspondent perhaps means is: What sense or reason is there in the prohibition, by society, of the use of the kinfe in eating? That is a harder question; but the sufficient fact is that society doesn't need to furnish reasons. In the realm of etiquette, whatever is, is right. As a matter of fact, it is doubtless alarming or unpleasant to many people to see a knife put to the mouth; it suggests a possible cut, and too nearly resembles shoveling in the food. A man may know that he will not cut himself, and declare that he lifts no more food than his neighbor does on a fork, but society says that it is ill bred, and until the custom changes, people had best conform, unless it is a matter of conscience with them. As Hamerton says, in a parallel case, you may see no reason why you cannot come to the dinner-table with your shooting boots and jacket on, and bring your dog with you, if you are clean and your dog well-bred. Very well. Society will not argue the point, much less concede it. It will simply drop or taboo you. If it is essential that a man shall eat with a knife, or in his shooting jacket, or that he shall take up his plate in his hands, or drink out of the bottle, or discard both knife and fork on the plea that "fingers were made before forks," he had better dine alone. That is the way it seems to us. Conformity is the best wisdom in minor unessential matters of custom and fashion.

Wild Sheep of the Sierra.

In the months of May and June the wild sheep of the Sierra bring forth their lambs, in the most solitary and inaccessible crags, far above the nesting-rocks of the eagle. I have frequently come upon the beds of the ewes and lambs at an elevation of from twelve to thirteen thousand feet above sea level. These beds are simply oval-shaped hollows, pawed out among loose, disintegrating rock-chips and sand, upon some sunny spot commanding a good outlook, and partially sheltered from the winds that sweep those lofty peaks almost without intermission. Such is the cradle of the little mountaineer, aloft in the very sky: rocked in storms, curtained in clouds, sleeping in thin, icy air; but wrapped in his hairy coat, and nourished by a strong, warm mother, defended, from the talons of the eagle and teeth of the sly coyote, the bonnie lamb grows apace. He soon learns to nibble the tufted rock-grasses and leaves of the white spiræa; his horns begin to shoot, and before summer is done he is strong and agile, and goes forth with the flock, watched by the same divine love that tends the more helpless human lamb in its warm cradle by the fireside."

Plenty of Honey.

A traveler writing about his fare while in the South, says of one of his stopping places: The dining room below was dark and dismal, and was pervaded with the odors of years of cooking, which were reinforced in the preparation of every meal. Seated at the table a filthy negro appeared and took my plate.

"What have you for breakfast?" I asked.

"Meat'n greens," was the reply.

"Nothing else?"

"Corn bread and coffee, boss."

I had never had courage to attack a dish of "meat and greens;" but as I seemed to have no choice, I let the darkey bring me a plate of that delectable compound. "Meat in the South, I ought to explain, means smoked bacon—the only kind of meat, except chickens, that is often used by the poorer classes in the country. The "greens" are generally cabbage-sprouts, and the bacon and the "greens" are boiled together until they are not only thoroughly cooked, but until the whole mass is pervaded with the fat of the pork and the flavor of the smoke by which it was cured. It takes an appetite for a northern man to relish such a dish as that, and a stomach that never rebels to digest it. There were other attractions in that breakfast. The "coffee" was "home-made," that is, it had been raised on the place in the form of chicory or barley, had been badly burned in roasting, was sweetened with molasses or not at all, and cream or milk was a luxury unknown.

I survived this fare three or four meals, piecing it out between times with canned meats and fruits which I bought, and then I accepted an inviation from a gentleman of the town, who lived in a civilized way, to stay a day or two with. My radical friends then announced that I had been "captured by the Ku Klux." and lost all confidence in my reports.

I fared better in a little town in eastern North Carolina, which I once visited on a similar mission to that which took me to western Alabama. There was no hotel in the place, but a widow, whose husband had kept a whisky saloon and was killed in a fight, maintained a very comfortable boarding-house where strangers were entertained. The first day at dinner we had roasted chicken. At supper fried chicken was served, and at breakfast fried chicken appeared again. At dinner the second day the servant brought on roasted chicken fricasee. While I was at the table at supper the second evening the landlady came in, and, with some signs of confusion. said:

"I hope you like chicken, sir. I see you don't eat the bacon."

I said that I did like it, and that she cooked it very nicely.

"Because," she added, "there is not a pound of fresh meat in town, and I don't know when there will be. I own two steers that are old enough to kill, but they are down in the Dismal somewhere with Colonel Jones' herd. I hadn't heard from them in more than a year until last summer, when they came out and I tried to get some one to shoot one of them for me, but didn't succeed. I couldn't do it myself, you know, and now they have gone back, and the Lord only knows when they'll come out again. It is very hard for a lone widow to get along. There's no butter in town either. The steamer will be up in a day or two, and will probably bring some. I have plenty of honey, if you like that."

"Here's Your Pass."

He told the Superintendent he wanted a pass to Chicago.

"Ah, you're a worthy citizen who has been robbed and who wants to get home," said the Superintendent. "I see such every day."

"No sir, I'm not," said the petitioner.

"You're dying of a wound received in the war, maybe, and want to see home once more."

"Nary a wound, I played sick and stayed in the hospital while in the army."

"Did, eh? Well maybe you've got a child dying you want to see?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Now, well I reckon I can guess your yarn pretty soon. You once saved a train on this road from being wrecked."

"No, I didn't."

"Well, what in thunder is your excuse for asking a pass?"

"Just this. I'm a beat and a bum. I want to get to Chicago and don't want to hoof it. I come to ask a pass on clear cheek."

"Well, bless your impudence, I like it. Here's your pass."

To Keep Shaded Places Green.

Especially in the front yards of dwellings, both in town and country, which are much shaded, we often see the ground completely bare, not a living thing being perceptible. Sometimes there are many nearly nude, straggling limbs lying upon the ground or very near it, which are unsightly and every way worthless, that ought to be cut away. This would give room for the growing there of some plant or vine that would be adapted to it, and which would not only recover the naked spot and make it a "living green," but would be adding very much to the general appearance of the premises. The best vine for this purpose is undoubtedly the periwinkle. It will grow almost anywhere in the shade if the proper attention is given to it, but not otherwise. It is a beautiful vine and will densely cover the ground, producing nearly the whole season a pretty blue flower. Weeds, however, are its deadly enemies. It cannot fight them. Steadily they will encroach until they drive away our favorite and occupy the field of battle. A little help now and then, however, will defeat the common enemy and allow us to enjoy the cool-looking, popular evergreen for many years without renewal.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The Duke of Argyll is nearly dead with the gout.

—Napoleon's "N" on the Seine bridges is being chiseled off.

—Philadelphia is to have several negro policemen.

—There is to be a revised New Testament in Welsh.

—Japan is now supporting six large universities on the European plan.

The population of New South Wales is, by the recent census, 750,000.

—Boston is going ahead with her project for a World's Fair in 1885.

—There are 585 Chinese children in the San Francisco public schools.

—A tricycle, propelled by steam, has been made in Geneva, Switzerland.

—The Comtesse de Chambord has just presented $2,000 to the Pope.

—One person in every six of our 50,132,866 population is a church member.

—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is pronounced beyond recovery by her physicians.

—Three or four ounces of oil can be extracted from one hundred pounds of water.

—The yield of wheat in Texas this year ranges from 18 to 20 bushels per acre.

—Gov. Hoyt has been made a doctor of laws by the University of Pennsylvania.

—The Presbyterians of Los Angeles are preparing to build a church, to cost $10,000.

—Kangaroo tail soup is now canned in Australia and exported in great quantities.

—The census reports show that the cotton acreage of 1879-80 was 14,432,008.

—Shanghai has a scheme for an International Exhibition in 1882 under consideration.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell is said to be collecting materials for a memoir of Hawthorne.

—One hundred and nineteen members of the House of Commons voted against adjournment on the Derby Day.

—Employment is given by the railways of Great Britain and Ireland to about 500,000 persons.

—Lord Beaconsfield's late London residence, with its furniture, is advertised for sale by auction.

—The Mexican government has deposited in the city of Mexico $145,000 for American claims.

—In the anthracite coal regions, since the beginning of 1869, there have been nearly 2000 deaths by accident.

—The Marquis of Lorne will, it is stated, continue in office until the close of his term in December, 1882.

—Notwithstanding his blindness, the British Postmaster-General is an expert angler, and lately had some good sport.

—The productions of wool in the United States for the year 1880 was 260,000,000 pounds, an increase of 32,000,000 over the clip of 1878.

—The New York *Indicator* figures that the wheat crop of the Union will fall short of the yield of 1880 as much as 125,000,000 bushels.

—The trustees of the Lemoyne furnace at Washington, Pa., have almost made up their minds to quit the cremation business.

—Prince Bismarck is Knight Grand Cross of sixty-four orders, more than half of the existing number of such distinctions.

—The United States carried 8,250,000 tons of merchandise at sea in 1880, Sweden and Norway 9,150,000 and Great Britain 52,000,000 tons.

—The Japanese Mikado is to have a new palace at Yeddo, which is to be built entirely of wood, and will cost nearly $5,000,000.

—Governor Colquitt of Georgia, is reported to have recently made $70,000 by the sale of a coal mine in which he and General Gordon were interested.

—Senator Wade Hampton is collecting full data about the burning of Columbia, for the purpose of fixing the responsibility for that act on Sherman.

—Fifteen States produce now, as in 1870, more than 99 per cent. of the tobacco of the United States, though it is reported in twenty-two other States and six Territories.

—The census of Ireland shows a population of 5,159,849, being a decrease of 252,538 since 1871. The population is composed of 2,522,804 males and 2,637,035 females.

—Recent shipments of honey from California to Great Britain have been received with great favor. An English order recently calls for 58,000 pound cans.

—The fisheries on the Pacific coast, a recent census return shows, employ 16,745 persons and 5547 boats valued at $404,695. The total amount of capital employed is $2,748,383.

—The silver coinage bill became a law three years ago last February, and under it over 80,000,000 silver dollars have been coined.

—A farm in Mid Kent, Md., which was sold within the past twenty years for $112,500 was put up the other day at a reserve of $45,500, but there was not a single bid.

—Last year Switzerland was visited by 1,400,000 foreigners, among whom were 28,000 Englishmen, 20,000 Frenchmen, and no less than 900,000 Germans and Austrians.

—There were only twenty-three miles of railway in operation in the United States in 1830; in 1879 there were 86,497. During the year ending with March last 6,113 miles were constructed.

—Prince Bismark has given, a reluctant assent to the marriage of his son Herbert to the Princess Carolath. This lady is described as a very handsome, and gifted with all the accomplishments of her race, the Hartzfeldts.

—It appears from some of the police reports that in London alone there are no less than 30,000 regular thieves, 150,000 habitual gin drinkers, and 150,000 people living in systematic debauchery and vice.

—The total number of newspapers now published in Greece is 129,55 of which appear in Athens alone. Most of them are of very little value, either from a literary or political point of view.

—The will, as contained in eleven different papers, of the late Pope Pius IX, who died on Feb. 7th 1878, has recently been proved in London, the personal estate in England being sworn under £800.

—The New York City Directory for 1881-'82 is out, and contains 285,477 names, an increase over the previous year of 11,761. The population of the city is estimated at 1,257,544, or 50,964 more than when the census was taken.