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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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VOICES OF THE SEA.

Wakeful I lay, at night, and heard
The pulsing of the restless sea,
The moaning surges
Sounded like dirges
From some far-back eternity,
Whose spirits from the deep are stirr'd.

Awaking with the morning light,
Again I listened to the sea,
But with its surges
Were heard no dirges,
But only life's activity;
Morning dispelled the gloom of night.

At noon I sauntered forth to view
The throbbing of that living sea;
Still it was surging,
But only urging
All men to be both strong and free—
Strong in the soul, with conscience true.

At closing day once more I stood,
Gazing across that mighty sea;
Far ships were sailing;
The light was failing;
Time, lost in immortality,
Was the reflection of my mood.

It is the mind, and not the place,
Our moods, and not a varying voice,
That fills with sadness,
Or trills with gladness,
A soul whose one great ruling choice
Reflects in all things its own face.

A LONE WOMAN.

"If you please, ma am won't you give me a drink of milk?"

Miss Fydget had just come in from a long and bootless search through the pasture for a wandering brood of young turkeys, which had been missing since morning.

She was warm and tired; one boot was burst open on the side, her bonnet hung limp at the back of her head, her gray curls were in true artistic confusion, and a vicious blackberrry briar had torn her hands, until she looked as if she might have been in a skirmish with the Zulus.

"But I wouldn't have minded all that," was Miss Fydget's melancholy comment to herself, "if only I could have found my young turkeys. They do say there is a company of tramps loafing about the country, and——!"

Just then the mild voice of an old man, sitting on the well curb, broke in upon the thread of her reflections—an old man in a shabby gray coat, buttoned closely across the chest, shoes thickly coated with dust, and a rude cane, cut from the woods, upon which he rested his folded hands.

Miss Fydget stared at the old man; the old man returned her gaze, deprecatingly.

"Perhaps you're deaf, ma'am," said the stranger, elevating his voice to a semi-tone or so higher.

"No more than yourself!" said Miss Fydget, naturally somewhat irritated.

Miss Fydget bethought herself of the floating rumors she had heard. Perhaps this venerable vagrant was one of the very band now marching through the vales and glens of Rochemont; perhaps even now he had a corps of bloody-minded coadjutors hidden behind the stone wall, or under the moss roof of the ancient smoke-house. And Miss Fydget was possessed of several pieces of antique silver, and had forty dollars in an old tea-pot on the uppermost closet shelf.

"Who are you?" curtly questioned she.

"A man and a brother," the old man answered, not without a convert smile.

"No you're not," said Miss Fydget, incensed at what she deemed a piece of unnecessary insolence. "You're a tramp."

The stranger smiled.

"Is a tramp, then, destitute of all the privileges of humanity?" he asked.

"Eh?" said Miss Fydget.

"Tramps must live as well as other people," pleaded the old man. "Now, look at me."

"Yes," said Miss Fydget, "I'm looking at you, and a dusty, shabby-looking figure you are, I must say."

"I've walked fifteen miles since morning, with nothing to eat or drink."

"That's what they all say," said Miss Fydget, incredulously.

"Would it be any great stretch to your hospitality to give me a slice of bread and a drink of cool milk?" he replied.

Miss Fydget stood for a moment, pondering the petition in her mind.

"Look here, old man!" she said at last, "I know perfectly well that you're human after all. There's a pile of knotty pine stumps under the shed; you may split a few for my cooking stove."

"But ma'am—"

"I knew how it would be," shrilly interrupted Miss Fydget. "You're a deal too lazy to work; you'd rather starve than do an honest day's work any time.

"I beg your pardon," said the old man mildly. "Its a good many years since I split a pile of wood."

"I'll go bail it is," said Miss Fydget satirically.

"But if you will get me an axe I will try and do my best," he added meekly.

"The axe is hanging up in the woodshed, at the left hand side of the door," said Miss Fydget.

And she went into the house, leaving her venerable visitor, to do as he pleased about accepting her offer.

After she was within the four yellow-washed walls of her own kitchen, however, it occured to her that she had done a very foolished thing.

"I suppose he'd as soon split my head open as the sticks of wood," she thought to herself. "And of course he knows that I'm alone in the world—I mean, in the house. But it's pretty much the same thing," with a deep sigh. "And who knows but I may be murdered within the next five minutes?"

"Thud! Thud!" came the blows of the axe, descending with slow, regular strokes upon the knotty stumps of yellow pine; and Miss Fydget listened with a sort of terrible fascination, wondering as she did so, what sort of relation, in the matter of sound, the human tympanum might bear to the pine stumps,

"What a fool I was!" said she to herself.

And, with noiseless movements, she went across the kitchen floor and took down a rusty musket, which had hung suspended over the old brick chimney ever since she was a little child.

"I don't know as I can fire it off," said she; "but I'll try, if I see any signs of mis chief."

It was unnecessary, however. She poured out a bowl of milk, first thriftily pausing to skim it, and then cut a good thick slice of rye bread, taking care to secrete the bread knife when she was through.

And then seating herself by the window, her thoughts ran to the missing brood of turkeys.

"He knows where they are, I'll bet anything," soliloquized Miss Fydget. "And he shall tell me. Old man—old man, I say!"

The venerable wood-splitter paused at the sound of her summons.

"Come here!" she called.

The old man obeyed.

"You've done enough," said Miss Fydget, inwardly rejoiced that he had left the axe sticking in the last pine knot instead of coming toward her brandishing it in the air, Powhatan fashion.

"That is what I was just thinking myself," observed the old man, wiping his streaming forehead.

"And now," said Miss Fydget, sharply and suddenly, as if she would fain take him by surprise, "where are my turkeys?"

"Eh!" uttered the old man.

"My turkeys," shrilly enunciated Miss Fydget. My brood of sixteen white turkey chickens."

"I am sure I cannot say," said the old man, with a puzzled countenance.

"That's false!" said Miss Fydget imperially. "If you don't know, your gang does; and I insist on having my turkeys back again."

The old man looked bewildered. Miss Fydget eyed him with a gaze calculated to strike dismay into the most obdurate heart.

"There's your milk," said she, "and your bread, If you eat with a good conscience, knowing my turkeys are gone, do so."

Apparently, Miss Fydget's turkey chicks rested but lightly upon the conscience of the wayfarer, for he ate and drank to the last mouthful.

"Madame," he said as he placed the empty bowl within the window-sill—Miss Fydget had taken the precaution to bolt and bar the door.

"Go," said the lady curtly.

"But I wish to say to you—"

By way of answer, Miss Fydget took up the rusty gun, placed it on her shoulder, and pointed the barrel full at her guest.

"If you don't take yourself off I'll fire," said Miss Fydget resolutely.

And upon this unmistakable hint, the old man took up his cap and trudged away as fast as he could go.

"The woman must be a maniac!" said he to himself.

While Miss Fydget made haste to take a dose of valerian to settle her "perturbed senses."

"I have had a narrow escape of it," said she. But I must get rested as quickly as possible; and go to Lavina Thorpe's to tea. The Bishop is to be there and I wouldn't miss the opportunity of meeting him for a thousand dollars!"

"And between the stimulus of the valerian, and the calm afforded by a half hour's nap, Miss Fydget managed to array herself in a stiff black dress, with a white ribbon cap, and set out for Lavina Thorpe's at a few minutes past four.

As she crossed her door-yard, a slowly winding procession met her eye, returning down the rocky slopes of the pasture meadow—the sixteen young turkeys!

"There they come now," said Miss Fydget, with a momentary twinge of conscience in regard to the tramp. "However, its all over and gone now, and what's done can't be undone!"

The company was all gathered at Lavina Thorpe's; the best china and silver were out, and great bunches of cabbage roses decked the mantel in gilt vases, that were at least a century old.

"Is he here?" nervously whispered Miss Fydget, as she removed her hat in the front chamber upstairs.

"The dear man—yes!" said Miss Thorpe enthusiastically clapping her hands, "Walked all the way from Simstown Station, and met with all sorts of interesting adventures. What do you think of him being taken for a—"

But here she was called away.

When Miss Fydget descended, serene and smiling, she was led up to a smiling old man, with gray hair and a cordial blue eye.

"Miss Fydget," said Miss Thorpe fussily, "let me make you acquainted with Bishop Playfair, of Chirita Territory."

"Bless my soul," cried Miss Fydget, dropping her fan and smelling-bottle "it's the tramp!"

The Bishop smilled serenely.

"Miss Fydget," said he, "you never can guess how deliciously cool that milk tasted to me. And by the way I met a brood of young turkeys in a stubble field as I crossed from the highway, which I concluded must be yours."

Both joined in irresistible laughter, and in five minutes Miss Fydget set at her ease by the Bishop's tact and kindness, was chatting cheerfully away regarding the Chirita misson.

"But to think," said Miss Lavina Thorpe, afterward, "that you mistook the Bishop of Chirita Territory for a tramp!"

"And set him to splitting wood, and pointed a rusty musket at him," said Miss Fydget.

What will Mamma Say?

Nettie Corraz went to play with her three little brothers and two other children on Indian Hill, Monday afternoon. She would have been 10 years old next Sunday. Indian Hill is not high, but its top affords a fine outlook upon Moffat's pond and Ridgewood, N. J. When the six children got tired of playing on the hill they went down to play on the trestlework. There is no structure above the rails, and no foot-path beside them, but there is opportunity for an agile person to take refuge from the single track when a train passes on the projecting ends of the ties which are only three or four feet above the shallow water beneath them, and for the most of the way the trestlework is built over dry ground. Mr. Wakeman, a neighbor, saw the children, and ordered them off, and Mrs. Morris, another neighbor, sent special word to the children that the train which leaves Montclair at 5;05 o'clock would come along and kill them all unless they went away. They were near the south end of the bridge. At 5;08 the train thundered along through the cut, around the curve, and down on the bridge. The engineer saw the children, put on the brakes, and reversed his engine, but it was impossible to stop the train suddenly on such a grade. All the children except Nettie and her brother George, who is about 4 years old, scrambled out on the ends of the ties. She saw that he could not be trusted to cling to the ties, and that he must be dropped through between ties to the dry ground beneath. The little fellow was afraid and clung to the timbers. This delayed her only a few seconds, but she did not have even a second to spare. It is doubtful even whether she pushed him clear through. He was found afterward alive and well on the ground beneath, but he says he touched the cars when they went over him. When she sprang away toward the end of a tie it was too late. Her body was beyond the track, but her left leg was severed at the thigh and the other was crushed below the knee.

The train was brought to a stop a moment afterward, and the engineer, with tears in his eyes, helped pick her up. She did not lose consciousness.

"Oh! I'm killed!" she exclaimed. "What will mamma say?" She died one hour after the accident.

English Dinner and Drink.

I thought the country folk—the parsons and their wives and innumerable daughters, and the provincial aristocracy whom we saw assembled at dinner—took the heat rather philosophically. I could not observe that it made the slightest difference with the consumption of claret and champagne, of which they drank floods. Don't tell me about the 12,000,000 of bottles of Zoedone drank in Great Britain last year! I tell you that England is thirsty for alcohols, and that men, women and children consume them in enormous quantities, from morning to night, and well into night. How it would make a good Massachusetts Puritan who has never traveled stare to see sums which an English family of means will spend on its dinner! And then after dinner they trundle off, parsons and all, to theatres, where they have paid $2,50 each for seats at performances which begin a little before 9, and are over before 11. And then they come home to the hotel, and have supper—and lots of it. No ices, save now and then at dinner; no iced teas, waters, or sparkling thinnesses; but wines with bodies and liquors with "spirits", powerful enough to overcome the will of St. Anthony. It seemed to me that the dinner was badly served, but as the heat quite took away my appetite, I refused to be guided by my impressions of that particular occasion. The English imitate, to the outward seeming, in these days, the Continental fashion of dinners at fixed prices, served in courses, but careful inspection shows that the cooks regarded the entrees as of no consequence whatever, and concentrated all their attention on the inevitable roast beef or mutton. The fish, even at the grandest of these London hotels, is almost always detestably served; soups, divided for convenience of the waiters, I suppose, into "thick" and "clear," are rarely first-class; roasts of game only fair. And in fruit London is a century behind Paris.

His Honesty of Purpose.

A lawyer, who has known Judge Waldo for many years, tells the following story, which many will recognize as characteristic: Soon after the narrator was called to the bar he was opposed to Judge Waldo, then well established in practice and reputation, in a case which was substantially as follows: A had been to B to ask him to sign a petition for a new highway between the town in which he lived and that next adjacent. B hesitated and said he wanted the road, but did not want to run any risk of having to pay if the application was refused. A said he would guarantee him against any loss and B signed. The application was refused and the costs assessed on the petitioners. B resisted and the case came to trial before a justice, with the young lawyer for the defendant and Judge Waldo on the other side. As the gentleman who tells the story says, I had three good witnesses to prove the agreement that my client should be saved from cost, but I knew that before that justice court where I was a beginner and Judge Waldo a man of great reputation, the case would probably go according to his argument, and as the best, and in fact the only way, I took the bull by the horns, and instead of making an argument, turned to Mr. Waldo and asked him if he would claim on the evidence that his client ought to win the case. He hesitated a moment, but then he turned to the court and said: "I must say that on the evidence my client has notestablished his claim."

Training Fighting Dogs.

"What is the first step in training a dog, for a fight" asked a reporter of a canine trainer.

"After you have found out that your dog possesses certain good qualities, particularly that of a good stayer, and you have succeeded in matching him, you first want to put him through a course of medicine—physic him for five or six days."

"What do you physic him with?" interrupted the reporter.

"That is the secret known only to dog trainer. One trainer uses this and another that. If a trainer physics a dog successfully, he is not apt to give his method away."

"What follows the physicking?"

"We then commence building him up by degrees. He is fed the first day about a quarter of a pound of the very best of beef, and day by day as he increases in strength the allowance is increased an ounce or two."

"What exercise is he given?"

"Various kinds. His muscle must be developed; he must become and active, and his wind must be made good and strong. For the developement of his muscles he is walked every day about three miles or so. He is strengthened by the tramp and not fatigued. To make him agile he is given the bag exercise every day. It is very amusing. A cat is placed in a bag and suspended about eighteen inches from the ground. The dog is muzzled so as not to do the cat any harm. The bag is started to and fro, the cat begins to mew, which attracts the attention of the dog, and he springs at the bag. Striking it with his front feet he pushes it away from him, which excites his anger, and he keeps up a continual springing until he is worn out. This sort of exercise is kept up for some time, when he is given exercise tending to better his wind."

"What does it consist of?"

"Nothing more than placing him on an endless chain-treadle machine the same as those used on a horse-power feed cutting machine, only on a smaller scale. He is placed in position with a band across his breast and traces attached, and the treadle is started. The faster the dog moves so much faster goes the treadle, and he can't stop until his trainer thinks he has had enough exercise for one day. This kind of exercise he is given until two or three days before the fight, when he is allowed to rest up for the purpose of getting him in good spirits. You talk about training horses, I tell you it is ten times harder to train a fighting dog properly than it is a horse."

Large Flocks of Fowls.

There are those who believe that the poultry business pays alone, and no doubt it does; but much depends on the breed. My experience has always been on a farm, and there I do know it is an important branch and bring in a large profit. The farmer can make a pound of chicken meat easier than he can make a pound of beef and the price per pound averages higher. Fowls should be colonized to be thoroughly profitable. There should be no more than 25 in a place. Where hearded together in large numbers, the weaker ones suffer and are unprofitable from being crowded. The stronger birds consume the larger proportions of the food, running over and soiling the remainder, so that it comes in an unpalatable state to the weaker ones of the flock. Five hundred hens, even of the smaller breeds, would require a run of from 15 to 20 acres, at the lowest calculation; but 500 hens in one flock could not be profitable. They should be kept in small separate flocks. They are thus easier tended. The sick or the ailing ones can be nursed and the weaker members have their share. The cost of a house to accommodate 50 hens of the small laying breeds would be somewhere about $40 or $50, according to the taste or ideas of the builder. Much depends on breed. Where a large number of hens are to be kept, separate houses or apartments should be erected, with separate runs or yards attached. The larger the number of fowls congregated together the greater liability to disease. Hence the necessity of keeping the quarters thoroughly cleaned and in purity. This requires care and labor. Without health there can be no profit and the food is expended in vain. A bushel of any kind of grain (corn being the staple) is allowed to a fowl for a year. A single bird of any breed will consume that quantity during the year, and more will be required by the larger breeds. If one hen requires a bushel of corn 500 fowls would take 500 bushels.

What is Needed.

The agricultural mind is naturally independent, looking to the ground and the skies for support. Ingrain in it is the thought of propping the State but never of being supported by it. It is naturally religious and its notion of heaven is of a land kept flowing with milk and honey by good farming. It has many enemies in nature that it knows of and cannot conceive of any that it don't know of. That it should be managed and gradually trained to this or that direction from the out side, like an ox, is also inconceivable. That the schooling of its children should be so contrived as to weaken their hold upon outside affairs is scarcely concivable by it. In truth the government, or the civilization which does this long, cuts its own throat, like a hog swimming. The picture of the old man trying the virtue of stones on the rude boy in the apple tree might well be put back into the spelling book. Immigration will help but cannot alone reinforce the State. The minds of our own young people must be bent or broken to agricultural pursuits. The few farmers who have kept strict agricultueal schools all their lives need not be ashamed of receiving help in that direction from revised law. Mechanics have had it for a century Millions upon millions in treasure and blood have been spent in strengthening our mechanical arm. Tariff-villes are thriving everywhere while weeds and grass are growing in the old farm barn-yard. But the pendulum which governs human action, swings both ways on a general average in a long term of years. The people will not take a stone for bread. But no great progress in agriculture, morals or religion can be made until we take our life leases of agricultural land as a sacred trust, and learn to leave our bit of the world as good as we found it. All robbery, dishonesty, infidelity and wrong is built up from robbing the land.

Royal Cricket.

Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Priace and Princess of Wales and their daughters, by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburg, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Leopold and the Duke of Cambridge, were present recently at a cricket match, between the servants of Her Majesty's household and those of the Prince of Wales from Abergeldie.

—There are 230,000 goats on the Island of Cyprus.

The Grave of Pocahontas.

Walking up High street, Richmond, Virginia, recently, says a writer, we presently turned through two or three by-ways leading to St. George's, the parish church. We found it closed, but being directed to the sexton's house, we found a genial and gentlemanly old man with white hair and side whiskers. He was a shoemaker by trade, and had laid down his hammer and knife and leathern apron to solace the inner man. He very quickly donned his coat and walked with us to the church, into which we all entered. Mr. Robertson was under the impression that the Virginian princess was buried in the chancel. He had reached this conclusion from reading a letter inserted in Campbell's "History of Virginia," a copy of which he had brought with him. This letter was written by C. W. Martin, of Leeds Castle, England, to Conway Robinson, of Virginia, and runs as follows:

"The parish register of burials at Gravesend, in the county of Kent, contains the following extract: "1616, March 21—Rebecca Wrothe, wyffe of Thomas Wrothe, gent; a Virginian lady borne, was buried in the chancel.' The date, 1616, corresponds with the historical year 1617. It appears that there was formerly a family of the name of Wrothe resident near Gravesend. This name might, therefore, easily be confounded with that of Rolfe, the sound being similar. Nor is the name Thomas for John at all improbable. Gravesend church, in which Pocahontas was buried, was destroyed by fire in 1727, and no monument to her memory remains, if any one existed." So far, Mr. Martin. But while Pocahontas, I think, was baptized Rebecca (I am not sure, and as you have books of history at hand, correct me if I am wrong), yet to turn John Rolfe into Thomas Wrothe is very much like deriving Pekin from Napkin—"Napkin, Nipkin, Pipkin, Pekin." Now, against Mr. Martin's explanation, is the tradition which has been

"Reported successively from age to age"

in Gravesend that Pocahontas was buried in the northwest corner of the churchyard, at a spot to which the sexton led us. It was just next to a tombstone on which we deciphered: "Wife of John Weed, July—,1329," or 1529 possibly. The day of the month is illegible, although we could make out a "3," which would make it the 13th or 23d of the month, since the space required two figures. This certainly establishes the antiquity of burials in that part of the yard, whether the date of the above be of the fourteenth or sixteenth century. This sexton, John Turner, has been in office nine years. He received the tradition of the spot from his predecessor, William Netteingham, who was sexton for about twenty years, while William received it from his father, John Netteingham, who was clerk of the parish for fifty-two years. This carries back the account more than eighty years, for John Netteingham told his son William that all his life, from his boyhood, that spot had been pointed out as the one near which "or about at which" Pocahontas was buried. In the absence, then, of all proof "upon record," this tradition comes to us as nearly an established fact as possible without an exhumation and a recovery of the remains of some relic identifying them. At all events we accepted it, and I gathered some buttercups that grew on the grave and plucked a few ivy leaves from the vine that clambered nearby on a wall,

"Feasting where no life is seen."

I felt that I had trodden near the last resting place of the noble princess, who, to save a human life, had boldly risked her own, and who had only lived to feel her heart break in a strange land.

How to Pack a Trunk.

The art of packing is by no means a common accomplishment, and the comic pictures which represent the girl of the period despairingly sitting on her trunk, while the maid-of-all-work vainly endeavors to lock it and the expressman clamors at the door, are scarcely as much exaggerated as one might suppose. It is always disagreeable and difficult to pack in a hurry; therefore, it is wise to begin in season, say at least a day before it seems at all necessary to do so. See that your trunks are in order, and allow ample time for any repairs which are to be made, for mechanics, as many of us know to our sorrow, are more apt to make fair promises than to keep them.

After the trunks are ready, get everything together which is to be packed, and then go quietly and systematically to work. Very large trunks are an abomination over which expressmen groan and swear not altogether without reason. Still, small ones are inconvenient, except for short journeys, and multiply expense, as the expressage is for each piece, be it Saratoga trunk or small valise, without regard to size. But whatever the size of the trunk, it should be filled, or at least packed full enough to prevent the contents from tossing about. If you are compelled to take a trunk which is too large for what you need to pack in it, fill it with crumpled paper, rather than leave it half empty. Even experienced travelers have only a partial idea of the rough usage to which baggage is subjected or how remorselessly trunks are pitched about. The train stops for two minutes, perhaps, and your new Saratoga is thrown—not lifted—from the baggage car down on the platform, and then knocked around, pitched first on one end and then on another, until it would seem as though every fastening must be wrenched out of place. In this condition of affairs, unless the trunk is closely packed the contents will be literally churned up and down, and the clothes, which you have carefully folded, will be tumbled to a degree, even if nothing worse comes to them.

There are expressmen, and expressmen, and it once happened to the writer to fall in with an accommodating one in a moment of extremity. At the last minute it was discovered that the key of a trunk was missing, having mysteriously disappeared from the lock, and to this hour it has never been found. "Got a stout rope, marm?" One was produced, he proceeded to tie up the trunk across each way, knotting the cord scientifically. "There, now, that'll hold. You see it's better to have the rope both ways, so as the top can't come off. A trunk strap's pretty good but a rope's better, 'cause it goes both ways." In England baggage is always corded for long journeys.

Nothing heavy, like books, etc., should ever be put in the top of a trunk, since the more heavily it is weighted the more likely the hinges are to break. Dresses should be carefully folded with the flounces laid smooth and drawing strings let out, the waist folded but once the wrong side out, with the sleeves laid over the back and the fronts over all. Then, if absolutely necessary, the basque may be folded again down the middle seam of the back but never across.

Packing trunks for ball dresses come with several trays, one above the other, each capable of holding one dress and its accessories. At the Parisian modistes', where professional packers are employed, the art of dress-packing is carried to perfection. The dress is taken, and if it is separate from the corsage, it can be laid in the tray with only a slight fold at the top of the skirt. The train is spread out first; then every puff or fold is kept up by soft wads of yellow tissue-paper, white having been found to darken white and delicately-tinted satin. This is to prevent the creasing or crushing to which velvet and satin are particularly liable. Large sheets of the paper are then placed over the whole. The waist is next taken and laid out flat, like a bat, upon the paper-covered skirt. The sleeves are filled with paper so as to retain the shape made by the arms; every button is covered with paper, and under head fringes, etc., are laid pieces of paper to prevent discoloration or cutting. Over the whole is then placed a final layer. When the top tray is reached, and, perhaps, the next one also beside the paper a sheet of the finest cotton batting, such as florists use, is placed over it, and in turn, over this a layer of oil silk. This is a precaution against the penetration of dampness or dust.

A clever American notion is that of adjustable trays which may be fitted to any trunk. These are merely tray bottoms formed of frames, with tape end-pieces, which hold them firmly in place.

Finding Fault.

Many persons have acquired a reputation for cleverness when they are in reality only acute fault-finders. It is true that there is power of a practical kind in being able to recognize the defects of what we see around us; but, if we are content to snatch a little cheap credit for acumen by simply proclaiming those faults and nothing more, the faculty is not likely to do us any lasting service. It is not thus put to an honest and thorough purpose. The gain of being able to discover imperfections accrues to the power of mending or avoiding them. We do not mean mending them in the character and work of others, but in ourselves and our own doings. Most expert finders of fault know how to declaim against them and expose the weakness or worthlessness from which they spring. To "find fault" and to "scold" are almost parts of the same process; but, however good the scolding may be for others, it does no good, but rather harm, to the individual by whom it is administered. The greatest successes have been gained by those who have been clever in finding faults but slow in exposing them, and who have had the wit to profit by the lessons these faults have taught them, so as to make their own character and work the more perfect. The gift of fault-finding is not to be despised, but it should be supplemented by the gift of learning from bad examples how to make our own lives good. When we can thus apply to ourselves the experience of others we have learned life's greatest lesson. It is not wise or right to be over-eager to expose the faults we find. If we can help those around us by telling them of their faults, and if we have the tact to do this discreetly, it is right to do so; but it is not good policy to seek a bubble reputation for acuteness by parading the discovery of all faults given to man. Meanwhile no one really will fail to learn something to his own advantage from even the ungracious or impetuous "fault-finder." If others detect evils or defects in our characters, we may be very certain there is something for us to mend. The fault-finder may be "jealous," or animated by "unworthy motives," but it is certain that there must be something faulty in our nature or work if he complains of us; so, instead of feeling vindictive, we ought to set to work to profit by his suggestion. Society is very short-sighted to be intolerant of fault finders. They are its best friends, even though it is not love that impels them to criticise its shortcomings. We should not busy ourselves with the motives of the fault-finder. That is a matter with which we have no real concern. It is enough for us that there are faults to be found with and in us. Our business is to mend these faults: and we ought to be thankful to those who point them out, not being too fastidious as to how they accomplish their work or perform their service. That the office they have chosen is a graceless exercise of ability is their affair, not ours; and theirs will be the consequent unpopularity.

Colors of the Different Races.

The color of the skin, that important mark of race, may be best understood by looking at the darkest variety. The dark hue of the negro does not lie so deep as the innermost or true skin, which is substantially alike among all races of mankind. The negro, in spite of his name, is not black, but deep brown, and even this darkest hue does not appear at the beginning of life, for the new-born negro child is reddish-brown, soon becoming slaty-gray, and then darkening. Nor does the darkest tint ever extend over the negro's whole body, but his soles and palms are brown. The coloring os the dark races appears to be similiar in nature to the temporary freckling and sunburning of the fair white race. On the whole, it seems that the distinction of color, from the fairest Englishman to the darkest African, has no hard and fast lines, but varies gradually from one tint to another.

The natural hue of skin farthest from that of the negro is the complexion of the fair race of Northern Europe, of which perfect types are to be met with in Scandinavia, North Germany and England. In such fair or blonde people the almost transparent skin has its pink tinge by showing the small blood-vessels through it. In the nations of Southern Europe, such as Italians and Spaniards, the browner complexion to some extent hides this red, which among darker peoples in other quarters of the world ceases to be discernible. Thus the difference between light and dark races is well observed in their blushing, which is caused by the rush of hot red blood into the vessels near the surface of the body. The contrary effect, paleness, caused by retreat of blood from the surface, is in like manner masked by dark tints of skin

The range of complexion among mankind, beginning with the tint of the fair-whites of Northern Europe and the dark-whites of Southern Europe, passes to the brownish yellow of the Malays, and the full-brown of American tribes, the deep-brown of Australians and the black-brown of negroes. Until modern times these race-tints have generally been described with too little care. Now, however, the traveler, by using Broca's set of pattern colors, records the color of any tribe he is observing, with the accuracy of a mercer matching a piece of silk. The evaporation from the human skin is accompanied by a smell which differs in different races. This peculiarity, which not only indicates difference in the secretions o the skin, but seems connected with liability to certain fevers, etc., is a race-character of some importance.

An Esquiman Hunting Camp.

During the latter part of the month of August, I visited one of these hunting camps on the southern bank of Connery River, above the gate-way through which the search party passed on the return from King William's Land, in February, 1880. In this camp were three tupics, containing four families, and when moving camp, which occurred every other day while I was with them, every one, old and young, men, and women, had his load, and the dogs staggered under burdens that would fill with sadness the heart of a member of the S. P. C. A. Even a palsied old crone had upon her back the skins which comprised her bed. It was a comparatively light load, but she had to keep up with the line of march as best she could, or fall behind and come along at her leisure. Only when we forded the river, which was accomplished at a portage, over and through the stones of which the water dashed with great violence, did any one go to the assistance of the old woman. Then two young men took her light frame in their brawny arms and carried her safely through the torrent, landing her upon the opposite shore, where she was again left to follow, or not, as she pleased. It is astonishing what burdens these fellows will carry upon their backs, by means of a thong which passes across the breast and just below the shoulders, sometimes supported by an additional thong over the forehead. Besides their share of the load, the women have the youngest child in their hoods or sitting upon the back-load, with their feet around their mother's neck. The men seldom offer to relieve their partners of the infant, unless it be the heir, in which case the father will sometimes deign to take him upon his own bundle. But it always seemed to me as if the fathers would rather see their daughters left behind to become food for wolves than lower their dignity by carrying a female child. Arrived at the spot selected for the new camp, bundles are laid aside, and all, throwing themselves upon the ground, enjoy a few moments of peaceful rest. Then pipes are filled and passed from mouth to mouth, and conversation upon the prospect of reindeer being seen is entered into by the men, while the women erect the tents, unload the dogs, and put down the bedding. If there is any meat in camp, moss is gathered by the women, and a fire is started in the doorway of the tent to cook a potful of meat, while the men lounge about and smoke, or roam over the hills to look for traces of reindeer. During the day-time, while the men are hunting, the women and children generally repair to the nearest lake, and fish for the fine salmon which abounds in all the waters of that locality, and which are eaten either raw or cooked.

Scotch Proverbs.

Ye're naister o' yer ain words but, once spoken, yer words may maister you.

God never sen's mouths, but He sen's meat for them.

He that teaches himsel' has a fule for a maister.

Raise nae mair deils than ye're able to lay.

Naething should be done in a hurry but catchin' fleas.

Sharp stomachs mak' short graces.

There was ne'er enouch whar naething was left.

Bend the back to the burden.

Be a frien' to yoursel' and sae will' ithers.

Better be alane than in ill company.

Do the likeliest, an' God will do the best.

Every man kens best whar his ain shoe binds him.

Fear God an' keep out o' debt.

Fules make feasts, an' wise men eat them.

"An wise men mak' proverbs, an' fules repeat them."

Fair words ne'er brake a bane, foul words may.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The Bell telephone carried messages 390 miles the other day.

—At Pompeii, combs have been found exactly like the modern fine tooth kind.

—The Boston Public Library contains 291,338 volumes.

—Of the population of Ireland, 76.6 per cent. are Catholics.

—There are 10,000 anti-polygamy Mormons residing in Iowa.

—There are 191¼ miles of sewers owned and controlled by the city of Boston.

—Secretary Lincoln has a little son named Abraham.

—Nearly all the ice imported into Great Britain comes from Norway.

Ex-President and Mrs. Hayes probably will sail for England early next month.

—The Emperor William is growing deaf. As he grows older he does not become more social.

—The annual raisin production of California amounts to about 62,000 boxes.

—The Lord Mayor of London is a devout attendant at the Metholist Church.

—It is estimated that there reside in London, England, not less than 30,000 thieves.

—The average wages of workingmen in France are only 60¼ cents a day; those of women are 31¼.

—The cotton factories in the South have, since the war, paid an average dividend of 22¼ per cent.

—The superintendent of lamps in Boston has charge of 10,296 gas and 2,368 fluid lamps.

—A book was recently returned to the Boston Public Library which has been missing for more than 20 years.

—The ex-Empress Eugenie was at Darmstadt on July 4, in the strictest privacy as the Marchioness Brennes.

—The elephant was put upon the coins of Cæsar because that animal was called *Cæzar* in Mauritania.

The late Lord Beaconsfield at twelve years of age was a compiler and editor of a weekly school newspaper.

—A Connecticut woman has given her son a large comforter made of hair cut from her own head during ten years.

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

—Thirty years ago it cost Massachusetts $4.81 to educate each child; now it costs $13.55.

—Celluloid is a complex combination formed by mixing gun-cotton and camphor.

—In 1779 the British peerage contained 21 dukes, and in 1879 precisely the same number.

—It is said that in a recent canvass of 80 towns in Connecticut, 50,000 people were found who never attend church.

—The will of the late Dean Stanley has been sworn under £90,000 as to the personal estate.

—Fresh buttermilk is sold on the streets of New York at three cents a glass.

—The picturesque village of Reichenbach, in the Bernese Oberland, has been almost destroyed by a land slip.

—Boston in 1880 consumed 641,693 barrels of lager beer—two barrels to every man, woman and child.

—Senator Fair has resumed work on the Comstock while the superintendent of his company's mines takes a vacation.

—On March 31, 1880, there were in Great Brittain 14,212 places where letters could be mailed. The staff of the Post Office is 32,000.

—Bituminous coal is produced in twenty-seven counties of Pennsylvania, and the estimated out-put of 1881 is over 25,000,000 tons.

—The average peach crop of the Delaware peninsula is about four million baskets; this year it will not exceed one hundred and twenty thousand baskets.

—A man in Schoenberg has a vine with three thousand bunches of grapes which when pressed will produce sixty-six gallons of wine.

A farmer near Bellefontaine, O., has a pig 10 months old, weighing 150 pounds, that was born with but two legs, and it walks around on them.

—New Orleans has six women to every five men. This is said to be a greater excess than in any other city in the Union.

—The people of Texas are in great glee over the discovery of cannel coal in that State, and believe it will add another to their already great resources.

—Mr. Archibald Forbes, the well-known war correspondent, arrived in New York recently, by the City of Montreal, from Liverpool, and took up his quarters at the Union Square Hotel.

—One of the finest examples of ornamental statuary in the United States is the monument erected in Chicago to the memory of the late Senator Stephen A Douglas.

—Victoria, Princess of Baden, the young lady who is about to become Crown Princess of Sweden, is having her bridal veil made for her at a German lace factory.

—A conspicuous increase of suicides among the officers of the Austrian Army has led to an investigation, and it is found that pecuniary embarrassment is the cause in 90 per cent. of the cases.

—The British flag at present controls an aggregate of 16,000,000 tons of shipping, against 11,000,000 tons of ship sailing under the combined flags of other Nations.

—In all the mines in Great Britain there are, it is estimated, 378,151 persons employed, and the length of underground tunneling in which they work is 58,744 miles.

—Horatio Ross, one of the most noted stalkers in the Scottish Highlands, went out recently on his eightieth birthday and shot two stags. Mr. Ross is still hale and hearty, and is as keen a sportsman as ever.

—The entire debt of the United States does not amount to the gross income of the people for five months in the year. In 1865 the debt amounted to $878.25 per capita; in 1880 it was $37.74 per capita.

—Saginaw, Mich., is now the largest salt producing district in the United States. The yield for last year was 13,000,000 bushels. The entire amount produced in the United States was 29,800,298 bushels.

The total population of Austria-Hungry by the recent census is 37,741,413, or about one million larger than that of France, and two million larger than that of Great Britain. The increase in Hungary during the decade was very small—only one-ninth of one per cent.