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

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WHY NOT?

"Is it wrong to kiss?" asked a timid maid
Of the shimmering sands that border the deep.
But no answer she got save the wavelets played
A roundelay gay as they kissed her feet.

She asked the sun but he only turned
His saucy face from the eastern sky,
And kissed her cheeks till they fairly burned,
And a tear of vexation dimmed her eye.

She asked the wind as it came from the south
The self same question. The answer came,
For a zephyr sprang up and kissed her mouth
And ruby, red lips till they seemed aflame.

She asked a youth who chanced along,
And the moral question was solved in a trice;
For he answered: "Oh, maiden, it may be wrong
But"—here he proved it—"it's very nice!"

If sea and sun and soft south wind
Kiss unmolested by bolt or ban,
Where the heart is eager and lips and mind
Are not reluctant, why shouldn't man?

THE GERMAN.

Sit down, Betsy Ann; oncommon glad to see you. Yes, I have been to Brighton on a visit to my nephew. I tell you they live in the tallest kind of style, right up to the handle. That wife of his'n, why, I never saw such a high and mighty creeter since I was born. Afraid like? No, not I! I put my head in the air and kept it there, too. I thought I would show them I was a little airish as well as themselves.

I arrived on the noon train, just as all those factor whistles were shrieking. I sartain thought Bedlam was let loose. But I finally got one of those fellows that drive a small house around on wheels to take me to Jonathan's.

They said "they were glad to see me because they were to have a german that evening." But between you and me they did not act tickled at all. But mind you, I didn't let on what I thought, but said, "Sartin. But who is this German over whom you are so pleased? Germans our way don't count for much: may be it's a lord."

Oh, Betsy Ann! if you could have heard them laugh. I was downright mad, and said, somewhat stiffly, "perhaps it's the king, himself,." Upon that they acted worse than before.

Finally, the young gal, Ester—Essie, they call her—said, "Oh! Aunt Jerusha, don't you know, it's a dance?" Then she went off again like all possessed.

After tea their grand parlors were lighted till you could pick up a pin anywhereabouts. And the gals and fellows standing around it was a purty sight I tell you. Such dresses as those young girls wore was good for sore eyes. I didn't suppose they grew anywhere outside of store windows. And the fellers with nice black clothes and kid gloves on their hands, white ties, looking all the world like a lot of ministers, only they didn't act like them.

Purty soon the fiddles struck up. I never heard such sweet music. I felt most as if I was in the air somewhere.

After a while they all sat in two rows. First I knew the head fellar and gal had each other about the weast and went bobbing all round those rooms. I couldn't tell you what they didn't do. Then all of them were clinging to each other going like all possessed. First the feller would try to catch the gal, while she scampered backward away from him. Then he would run backwards and she after him. Then whirl round and round until I thought they were trying to see how long they could stand without falling.

After a little they stopped, I suppose from sheer exhaustion, and walked up and down the rooms to cool off. Along came an uncommon purty girl, leaning on the arm of an awfully tall feller. She was wiping her face with a little piece of lace. I took my new bandana from my pocket and said, "My dear cre ter, do take a handkerchief to wipe off the presperation." She smiled, and said, "Thank you, this will do very well," meaning the lace thing.

My nephew's gal, Essie, pulled my arm, looking as red as a biled lobster, and she said, Hadn't you better sit in the reception room, then the dancers won't annoy you." Dancers," said I, "I haven't seen any dancers." I suppose they thought I said something funny, for they all laughed but Essie, I told her I didn't know what the reception room was but I was all right whar I was.

The fiddles again struck up and some ellow led her off. What do you think they did then? But a gal, the one that seemed to take the lead throughout the whole performance, dropped into a chair with a footstool, hassock they call it, at her feet. Along came the fellows one by one, and attempted to kneel upon it, but she'd twitch it away, and they'd walk off. Finally, along came a fellow she liked, but he, instead of hitting the stool, went plump upon the floor. He gathered himself directly and taking the gal in his arms off they went as before, with the whole crowd after them. I looked at the knees of those nice store pants to see if they were dusty, but they wasn't. So I concluded my nephew's wife must be an uncommon nice housekeeper.

After that the fellers and gals curtesied up to some boxes standing on a table and handed each other out of them some nice little things which they hung about their clothes. I couldn't very well make out what they were, so I asked a pretty gal in pink. She told me "they were fafors." "Wall," said I "I don't know any better now than I did before." She bit her lips and said nothing. She seemed a pleasant kind of gal so I made bold to ask her, "Why the men went on their knees a few moments since. I did not know they ever knelt to anything save their Maker."

"Oh, yes" she said, "they often kneel to angels."

An impudent feller, standing by her side, clapped his hands, shouting "Purty good, Miss Johnson, purty good." Upon that the wholly company came rushing up, crying, "Please explain, so we can all laugh."

Then Essie pulled my arm and said, "Aunt Jerusha, won't you please ask your questions of me?"

In a twinkling she whisked out of a side door and returned directly with my nephew's wife. She wore the loveliest black dress all over shot work, with such signs of lace, enough, I declare, to buy Jacob Morse's farm. Laying her hand softly on my arm, she asked me "if I wasn't tired, and shouldn't she show me to my room?" I thanked her all the same, "but thought I would stay and see the show out." She looked, I thought, a leettie disappointed like. Just then a tall feller came along, who held his head so high that he was obliged to drop his eyelids to see, and offered his arm and they walked away.

When I looked around to see how much I had lost a lady sat in a chair with a looking glass before her, and lots of fellers were brought up behind her. She'd shake her head until the one appeared she fancied, I supposed, for he folded his arm around her, and they went bobbing around the room. Then another gal sat in the chair. They kept that agoing until the whole of them were again whirling like mad.

After they had exhausted themselves and were again walking like rational human beings, I forgot what Essie said and asked a short girl in red, "What the performance was for. If they were trying to raise money to send heathens or to the blacks in Liberia?" "Oh, dear, neither," she laughingly replied, "This is the pure essence of high-toned society. We are simply enjoying ourselves. It is possible you have never seen the german?" and she looked at me as if she thought I belonged to some other planet besides her own. Just then the music started and the feller that took off my nephew's wife led her away. Afterward I saw them laughing heartily over something she was saying.

While watching them I lost part of the show, for when I looked again a fellow and girl were going round and round, as if the evil one were after them, and if you'll believe me another fellow was doing just like them, only he was fanning a girl. Said I to a meek looking chap that stood by: "Are they afraid the girl will faint before she does her part? If so, won't you carry her this bottle of hartshorn? It's genuine, I assure you, bought just before I left home.

He looked at me for a whole minute and a half before answering. I suppose he was astonished to meet with so unselfish a person as myself.

Directly he took the bottle and started for the gal, who by this time was leaning on her fellow's arm, all out of breath.

Such an uproar as that hartshorn made! Everyone in the room smelt of it, and passed it back and forth, until I could b' r it no longer.

What did I do? Why, I spoke up in a loud voice, and said: "Gals, if you keep that ere cork out so long, you'll spile that hartshorn. It cost me just twenty cents at our store in Poketown."

I felt some one touch my arm, and there stood my nephew Jonathan—his wife calls him John—and invited me into his house to see some rare paintings.

I asked "if the show was over?" He said "for the present, as the young ladies and gentlemen were now going in for refreshments."

"Refreshments!" I exclaimed; "you don't mean to say all these young creturs are going to eat supper at this hour of night? It'll sartin sure spile their digestion."

But when I looked around they had all gone. So I told him "I was tired, and would retire, if Celinda would show me to my room. But tell her I'll sleep anywar, in the garret or on a lounge, for with such a houseful you must be desprit crowded for beds."

He laughingly said: "We have plenty of room Aunt Jerusha. These young people all go home to-night."

I was greatly surprised, but followed him to my room, where he wished me happy dreams, and hoped I had been favorably impressed with Brighton, and Brighton's young people.

I didn't let on what I thought, for "silence is golden." I had that for a copy in my writing book once and I never forgot it.

Just as I turned off the gas I heard the fiddlers strike up and knew the performance had again begun. I did think quite strongly of going down to see the thing out, but was just a little afraid of my nephew, so soon dropped asleep, but little figures kept dancing around my bed all night and kept up a perfect whirligig till morning. When I awoke the sun was high in the heavens.

Help Wanted.

A Wayne county farmer who is much annoyed by tramps came to Detroit a while ago and had a half a dozen signs of "Smallpox—Beware!" painted to post up on his house and grounds. Although he had one on either side of the gate they had not been up two hours when a rover passed between them and knocked on the door and asked for food.

"Didn't you see those signs on the gate?" demanded the farmer.

"Yes'r; but I can't read,"

The next one said he was near-sighted and thought the signs read "for sale," The third had had smallpox and was willing to nurse the family. The fourth had been vaccinated and was reckless. The fifth had a remedy to sell, and the sixth after getting away with a cold bite, turned to his benefactor and said: "If you want to beat the boys knock down them signs and put up one reading: 'Help wanted.' It never fails to keep them jogging straight along."

The farmer followed the advice, and he hasn't had a call since.

Cremation in Japan.

A young cadet midshipman, with the Asiatic squadron, writes from Yokahama as follows: We wandered up a narrow path between black, barren looking peaks, about half way up the mountain. Upon turning a sharp corner we came into a gully between peaks, in the centre of which was a large stone square building with a cupola. This was the crematory. Upon entering we found a square room, with a ground floor, in the centre of which several brick fireplaces were built. These were formed by brick walls about three feet high and two feet apart. There are five of these fireplaces—two small ones on either side and a large one in the middle. When we arrived they were not burning any one, much to our disgust after our long tramp. As we returned we met, at the bottom of the hill, a body being brought. It was in a large box, like a sedan chair, carried by two coolies. The hearse (?) was profusely decorated with white, the mourning color in this country.

There were two mourners, one man and a child, dressed entirely in white There were others in the procession, carrying white flags and paper lanterns, also, an old priest dressed in long, mud-colored robes. We joined the procession and followed into the temple. The body was set down in the centre of the temple, and the priest, after ringing a bell to call the attention of the gods, began prayers, the principal part of which seemed to be expressive groans. During the service mourners and the other members of the profession were chatting and laughing as if nothing was going on. The Japs do not believe in the immortality of the soul, but think a man goes from one life to another until he becomes good enough to be absorbed into the Mikado or Great Gods.

After the services in the Temple the trimmings were stripped off and the body was carried up the hill. We followed, determined to see the end. The old sexton was ready, and had wood laid across one of the fireplaces. The body was taken out, it having been encased in a cask about three feet high, the legs being doubled up along the body. This is the regular coffin used used in the country, the graves being dug in a cylindrical instead of a rectangular shape. In this case the coffin was laid upon the wood and straw piled around it. The chief mourner then lighted the pile and left. I suppose you will think we should also have left, but we did not. The straw soon blazed up and the wood caught. In a few minutes there was a loud crack, like the report of a pistol. It was occasioned by the bursting of the hoops on the barrel. The barrel soon fell off, exposing the body, which straightened out. The sexton was very obliging, and removed the straw, etc., from the body so that we could see the whole operation. After the body began to burn it was its own fuel. We stayed til it began to fall to pieces, when we left. After a body has burned to ashes it can be claimed and buried by the friends; if not claimed the ashes are thrown out the back door, where there is a great accumulation of such remains of the dead. The charge for burning the body is about sixty cents.

Bleaching a Black Woman.

There is a colored lady in Cincinnati, who, after having been for some time under peculiar medical treatment, is gradually, from the effect of the drug administered, being changed to white. The physician having charge of the case was found and after some hesitation volunteered to accompany the reporter to see his patient. The lady is the wife of a mulatto man, at one time a photographer in the city, but now keeping a stationery store, and both are well known. Mrs. Ball was born in Fredericksburg, Va., and is at present about sixty-seven years old. Three years ago, after suffering about seventeen years with an ovarian tumor, she called on the doctor. Upon examination he found that to remove it in the usual way would sacrifice life. The only course, in his opinion, was to follow a method of treatment that would give relief from the intense physical suffering which the woman experienced. With this in view he began the administration of a certain drug, the name of which he withholds for the present until he has completed the study of the case and is ready to give the facts in detail, with theories and deductions, to the medical profession, and through them to the public. Shortly after the treatment was begun he noticed white blotches appearing upon the skin, which gradually enlarged and extended over the face, body and limbs. Just at this time, too, the woman began experiencing relief from her excruciating pains, and from that day to this has improved in health, until she is now better than for twenty-five years. As though in progress with her health, the blotches increased in size until one-half of her body is as white as the purest Caucasian. She was originally a very dark mulatto. The portions of skin still retaining their original color are cold and clammy, while the whitened parts are warm and animated. This change has been very slow, as it has been going on for nearly three years, and the transformation is only half completed.

A Touch of Nature.

"Your child is very sick," said the doctor, laying down his book to feel a very small pulse; "she has fever and is threatened with inflammation of the brain."

"What shall I do for her, doctor?" asked the sweet little mother, looking up with fond attention in her brown eyes.

"Give her this powder and put a mustard plaster on her chest, and let me know if she gets better soon."

The doctor returned to his book and the mother went away with her baby, but soon came back again.

"She is much worse, doctor; I am afraid she will die."

The doctor laid down his book and looked attentively at the baby. "Yes, she will die," he said gravely. "I can do nothing more for her."

The brave little woman did not shed a tear. For a moment she looked grave while the doctor regarded her earnesly, then she said, gently:

"I shall bury her in her best white dress and put her blue white sash on; and please, doctor, don't send in your bill until after the funeral."

"I will not," said the doctor, and he looked grave for a few moments after he was left alone; then he resumed his reading, while a tender smile lingered about his mouth. He was a popular lawyer, but was playing a part for the benefit of his little daughter, and the baby that died was an indestructible doll.

Egypt.

It seems but yesterday, it was but a few years ago, that Mohammed Ali sprung from the lowest origin. A Macedonian boy, who had a French merchant for his patron, became successively a brilliant soldier, an influential leader in the distracted state of affairs in Egypt after the French occupation, secret manager of Cairene politics and Governor of Egypt by the Sultan's appointment, and the most powerful man in the Mameluke aristocracy which feared neither God nor Sultan. In 1811 he gave that memorable feast in the citadel of Cairo to which the unsuspicious Mamelukes came, to be shut in and shot down like dogs. By that massacre of 470 men, and the subsequent execution of their surviving friends, he removed all obstacles from his way and established his family on the throne, which the Sultan was compelled to recognize as practically independent. Mohammed Ali was one of the ablest men Islam has produced. He reformed Egypt, and brought order and the beginnings of prosperity out of the chaos and misery which had prevailed. He introduced all the industries out of which the revenue of Egypt has since been derived. He constructed the Mahmoudieh canal connecting Alexandria with the Nile and thus with Cairo. His expeditions for the conquest of Greece, his contest in Syria with the Sultan, the brilliant campaigns of his soldier son Ibrahim Pasha, all form a page of the most exciting history of Eastern politics. The Western nations were compelled to take part in it for the repression of the rising power of the Egyptian dynasty. But for England's love of the Sultan in Constantinople, the story of the last fifty years in the Levant would have been altogether another tale.

These are matters of well known history, but it is well just now to recall and review them.

By the Mahammedan law the succession of princes is not from father to son in the direct line, but to the eldest male descendant, in whatever branch of the family. This was the order by which, until the accession of Ismail a few years ago, the family of Mohammed Ali reigned. The succession has been marked with the old Oriental use of poison and dagger for the removal of one to make room for a successor. We have no space to enumerate the murders in Egyptian palaces and elsewhere. It is wholly out of the order of things for a descendant of Mohammed Ali to die a natural derth. After Toosoon Ibrahim and Ismail had disappeared from the scene Abbas Pasha reigned. Under him the wise counsels of the founder of the family for the good of Egypt began to give way to the desire of personal wealth and aggrandizement. Abbas was murdered in his bed by daggers hired by the family—for these Egyptian murders were often family affairs. The fat and good-natured Said succeeded. He was the victim of European plunderers. Easy and unsuspicious, he was led to pay enormous prices for European steamboats, and sugar mills and engines, and became the general object of robbery by English and French contractors. It has never been quite certain, but always suspected, that Said died of a slow process of poisoning, leaving Egypt mortgaged to Western Europe.

When Ismail succeeded he desired to "Europeanize" Egypt, enrich himself and change the law of succession so that his own son and grandson might succeed him. This latter concession he obtained, at a high price, from the Sultan. But in buying it he brought the bitter enmity of all other descendants of Mohammed Ali, and incurred also the opposition of all Mohammedans who adhere to the strict law of the religion. New complications were thus introduced into Egyptian politics.

It must be remembered that during all this time there has been in Egypt a powerful though silent enmity to the whole family of Mohammed Ali. That family is Turkish. The Turks are foreigners in Arabia and Africa. They are hated in Egypt as the ancient Egyptians hated the shepherds of Asia. An Arab sovereignty would command tentold support in Egypt. The Turkish invader has sustained his position by giving offices to Turks and excluding Arabs as far as possible.

The Europeanizing notions of Ismail brought about their natural result. Destitute of the sagacity of his illustrious ancestor Mohammed Ali, who knew just what European ideas, customs and inventions were suited to his people, Ismail brought in low-class theatres, dance houses and all the abominations of French and Italian seaport towns. The calm of old oriental cities gave way to midnight orgies. Ten years made a fearful change in Alexandria and Cairo, and the change was felt as far up the Nile as Minieh and Es-Siout, and even at Es-Souan; and worse than all for himself, he borrowed European money and found that his plantations and palaces, and crown were in the hands of European pawnbrokers. He was dethroned by the summary process of foreclosing a personal mortgage, and the pawnbrokers have since been trying to use for their own benefit the last remains of the power which was created seventy years ago by the son of Macedonian beggar. It has been threescore years and ten of blood, poison and plunder, and it is yet unchanged. But the end ought not to be far off.

Meantime the great population of Egypt is a quiet, suffering, silent peasantry, laboring from sunrise to sunset, and sleeping from sunset to sunrise, and this population has not for all this time moved hand or foot, or taken any part in the buying and selling of Egypt. The reader should always remember that when dispatches report the state of feeling in Egypt, the action of the "Notables" the excitements of the people, none of this has reference to the millions who are the bone and sinew of Egypt. They have never yet risen to assert themselves.

Jehiel Jasper.

"Planting most done, Jehiel?" said the storekeeper, as Jasper dropped in for his weekly supply of navy plug.

"Wa'all, no; not kerzactly. Been so kinder cold'a'raw, I ain't done much o' nothin."

"Squire Perkins tells me he's got his main crops in—all but a little patch for late vegetables."

"That's just the way with the squire," said Jehiel. "He defies Providence—plants his crops and generally makes out on it. I don't do that way. It ain't in me to be so all-fired pushin.' How's my account stand?"

"Well, Jehiel," said the grocer, "it's a little heavier than your credit. You don't seem to be any more pushing in paying your bills than you are in planting your crops."

"No, 'taint my natur. I don't seem to get hold o' money like some folks. Taxes is so darned high, and——"

"Now, Jehiel, that's too thin. You havn't paid your taxes for two years, and——"

Just then Jehiel lounged out of the store and sat down on the stoop, and enjoyed a shiftless afternoon. There's no pushing the Jehiel Jasper.

Crimean Incidents.

Cordial terms prevailed between the British and French officers of corresponding rank. There was no more striking instance of this among the older men than that of Sir Colin Campbell and General Vinois. The one commanded the Highland Brigade at Balaklava, and the other was at the head of the nearest French Brigade on the heights. Although the Scotchman could not speak a word of French nor the Frenchman a word of English, they were in the habit of breakfasting together every Sunday, alternately in each other's tents, without an interpreter. There they would sit on the opposite sides of the table, helping one another to the best of everything, but only saying:

"My friend, Vinois!"

"*Mon ami*, Campbell!"

Whether or not the Frenchman proved constant in his kindly feeling is not recorded; but it is a historical fact that, years afterward, on the Scotchman's death as Lord Clyde, a sum was found appointed in his will for the purchase of a mourning ring to be sent to his "friend Vinois."

Lieutenant Elliot, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, saved the life of General Scarlett by his admirable devotedness. A tall Russian officer, perceiving that the officer leading the charge must be of high rank, placed himself so as to cut him down when he should reach the column. General Scarlett, being extremely short-sighted, was not prepared to guard his left. Elliot, who was riding close behind him as his aid-de-camp, gave his horse the spur, and dashing past him just as the Russian had raised his arm to strike, ran the latter through the body with such force that the thrust went home to the hilt. The Russian was turned quite round in his saddle before the sabre could be disengaged, and then he fell dead to the ground. General Scarlett recommended Elliot for promotion and the Victoia Cross, on account of his distinguished conduct in this charge of the Heavy Brigade; but neither of the applications was entertained by the Horse Guards, for what reason no mortal man can tell. This "bean sabreur" as he was dubbed by many of his friends, received no less than fourteen wounds on that ill fated day. After the battle, one of his brother officers went into his tent and found him standing before a looking glass.

"Hellos, Elliot. Beautifying, are you?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I am sticking on my nose."

It had been slashed nearly off his face in the melee. He was a most agreeable and kind-hearted companion, and a very able cavalry officer; but his modesty never permitted him to talk of his services. When General Scarlett's two recommendations were negatived, Elliot said that he could not expect to be rewarded for having done his duty, and nothing more than any other English officer might have done.

Captain Morris, of the 17th Lancers, grievously wounded in the head, was lying with his horse's bridle in his hand, when a young cornet of the same regiment, Sir George Wombwell, whose horse had been shot under him, ran past in the vain attempt to catch another, which was galloping riderless.

"Take mine," said Captain Morris. "My riding is over."

"No, no," answered Wombwell. "I will help you to mount, and you will get back all right."

The captain became insensible, and Wombwell, thinking him dead, got on his charger and rode to the lines unhorsed. Captain Morris recovered his senses when some Cossacks were robbing him. He lay still, lest they should despatch him if they saw he was alive. After they had left him, up came an English troop horse, with his nose on the ground, evidently seeking his fallen rider. Captain Morris took hold of the bridle, and contrived to mount the animal, which stood quiet for him to do so. He rode in the direction of our lines, till the horse was killed by a round shot. The fall rendered him insensible once more. When he regained consciousness, he tried to walk. Stumbling often, and sitting down when he felt exhausted, he found himself at last beside the body of another officer, whom he recognized as Captain Nolan. Knowing thus that he must be near the lines, as poor Nolan had fallen at the beginning of the charge, he summoned up the remains of the indomitable resolution for which he was noted in the army, and finally staggered into the camp of the Light Brigade. I saw him often during his slow recovery from his wound, and conceived the highest admiration for him. He was most deservedly promoted, and after the Crimean war was over, went with his regiment to India, where he died.

One is always sorry to hear of the death of one's comrades at the front; but, whether it be that it happens so frequently that it ends by leaving the callous, more or less, or that the uncertainty of one's own fate encourages egotistical indifference to the fate of others, it is certainly a fact that an intrenched camp is not the most favorable sphere in the world for the development of altruism and benevolent sympathies. I recollect a case of an officer, noted for his kind-heartedness and affectionate manner toward those around him, having to give a message to his favorite aid-de-camp to carry, when the latter was struck dead by a round shot.

"I must ask you to carry this message," said the offier, turning to another aid-de-camp, and explaining the particulars, which he entered into as if nothing unusual had taken place.

Another friend of mine, a most worthy officer, never could speak seriously on any subject whatsoever. He had received a bad wound while going his rounds in the trenches, and had been conveyed to the hospital at Scutari, where Miss Nightingale nursed him. One morning he complained to her most bitterly of the noise which other wounded officers in the same ward had made in the night, having kept him awake when he wished to sleep. She told him that those officers had died in great agony.

"Well," said he, "I would feel so much obliged to you next time, if you would ask any mortally wounded officers you may be taking care of in this ward to die quietly, without disturbing others in the night."

The Transit of Venus.

Already about forty expeditions have been projected for the observation of the coming transit of Venus. The number will be considerably increased by those of the United States, Italy, and Austria, yet to be announced. The French have fixed upon eight stations. In the north, Florida, Col. Perrier; Cuba, M. d'Abadie; Mexico, M. Bouquet de la Grye; Martinique, M. Tisserand. In the south, Santiago du Chili, M. Leclerc; Santa Cruz, M. Fleurias; Rio Negro, M. Perrotin; Port Desire, or Chubutt (Patagonia), M. Hatt. These missions will start in July. Each will have two equatorials, one 8 inch and one 6 inch.

—Brass castings shrink one-eight inch to the foot in cooling.

Grief and Humor.

There is a ludicrous side to grief, as well as a pathetic one, and the disinterested observer at a funeral will often notice absurdities and incongruities which are all the more glaring and ridiculous from the trappings of woe by which they are surrounded. We can imagine the quaint expression of sorrowful indignation on the face of that little boy who, while weeping kindly at his grandmother's funeral, discovered that a little schoolmate who was present was also crying earnestly. "Look here," he said, in an angry whisper to the visitor, "what are *you* crying for, she (sob) wasn't your-r-r-r g-g grandmother?"

"I k-k-now it," answered the other, "but can't I f-f-feel b-bad too?"

"No you can't," responded the mourner, in a voice that nearly disturbed the solemnities.

"Th-th-this s-l-ut n-n one of your f-f-funeral!"

Upon one occasion when a very flowery pulpit orator was called upon to make the final address at the burial services of a lady who was highly esteemed, he had forgotten his notes, in which he had prepared a peroration somewhat after the style of Edmund Burke when he was describing Marie Antonette. Fixing his eyes on the bereaved partner of the deceased, who was buried in grief, the funeral orator began:

"When she who now lies so peacefully before us first struck her husband—" here he paused and frantically plunged his hands into his coat tail pockets—"first struck her husband—"

"It is false! she never struck me," shouted the angered husband.

But the orator paid no attention to him; with glazed eyes and the perspiration rolling down his face he continued mechanically.

"First struck her husband-er-er"—then as his memory returned, he went on joyfully: "First struck her husband's young and romantic fancy in the early dawn of love and hope," etc., etc., and the services proceeded without further interruption.

For genuine wit as well as genuine good feeling, the Irish surpass all other nations, and their funerals are both tearful and jolly, for it is almost impossible for an Irishman to give an answer to a solemn question without his mother wit getting the best of him and his manner is so indescribably droll it is impossible not to laugh at him. A priest who was officiating at a funeral where all present were strangers to him, leaned forward and asked of a man near him if the deceased was a brother, not knowing the sex himself.

"No, your riverence," answered Pat.

"A sister then," said the priest, and he was about to resume the services, when Pat leaned forward and whispered:

"Nayther, your riverence; the corpse was no relation to me at all at all."

This was as particular as the sexton who called out, "The second cousins of the corpse will please come forward and take their places." At another funeral the person in power announced that "the lateral branches of the corpse will now join the procession."

A recent widower in this city, noted for his fine personnel and suavity of manners abroad, and the display of "pure cussedness" and animosity at home, caused no end of trouble at his wife's funeral by his revelation of natural and acquired obstreperousness. The friends who had charge of the services at the house had arranged the handsome parlors to their minds, when, happening to leave them alone a few moments they returned to find the carpets covered with sheets, and were informed by the disconsolate husband "that he didn't propose to have a mob of people destroying his property." Having dressed for the funeral with elaborate care, he informed his friends at the last moment "that he wouldn't step out of his room if he didn't have a black bordered handkerchief furnished. While the ceremony was in progress and the minister was delivering a tearful tribute to the virtues of the young wife lying in her coffin, the bereaved man stepped to a friend who was leaning against the marble mantel, and whispered:

"Don't lean on so heavily, it will come down if you do, and I can't afford to have it smashed."

At the grave he gave himself up to a paroxysm of grief that was known to be for the benefit of the people present, and after returning to his desolate home his first act was to throw the funeral flowers out of the windows, declaring they ruined the vases they were in and littered up the rooms.

Of all things simulated grief is the most absurd and the easiest detected. A man who insists upon being buried in the same grave with his wife and requires two men to support him, while a third holds his hat on his head, is sure to marry again within a twelve-month, for such an emotional nature cannot exist alone.

The Advice Card.

A few days since a well dressed young man entered an express office in Cincinnatti, and said to the obliging money clerk, Mr. Clark, that he wished to send some money to his wife; and that she lived in Boston in a flat, and that her mail being sometimes tampered with, he would like to know how to send it, so that it would be absolutely safe. Mr. Clark replied by showing him the "advice card" they use in connection with orders, on which is a clause stating that if the sender of money has in his posession a signature of the payee, and will paste it on the card, the persons calling for the money can identify themselves by duplicating the signature. The gentleman replied that he had lots of them, and putting his hand in his pocket brought out a bundle of letters. After examining several in succession a broad smile spread over his countenance, and with a half doubtful expression he said, "Are you a married man?" Mr. Clark answered that he was. "Well, then," said he, "look at this," handing over one of the letters. Mr. Clark looked and found the cause of the young man's amusement to be that the letter was signed not with his wife's name, but with the endearing substitute, "Your ootsey tootsey," and it turned out that they all were so. Mr. Clark then said, "Well, cut one of them off, and the agent will cause her to duplicate it." The gentleman, after some hesitation, agreed, remarking. "I'll do it, but when I get home I will expect some lively hair pulling.

The Chinese Church.

There are one thousand five hundred temples in China, consecrated to Confucius. The annual sacrifices at these curious churches are five thousand eight hundred sheep, five thousand large goats, twenty-seven thousand pigs. The luxury of Chinese worship may be imagined by the fact that more than twenty-seven thousand pieces of the richest silks are annually used in the temple of Confucius.

Kangaroo-Hunting.

Kangaroo-driving entails far earlier hours than the ordinary field sports of civilization in which Englishmen indulge at home. Breakfast at half-past six or seven in the morning, and a gallop it may be of ten or of twice ten miles to the rendezvous, will enable the "new chum," or stranger from foreign lands, to take stock of the company constituting the field. He finds, as a rule, about thirty horsemen at the appointed tryst, of whom half are white men with guns in their hands, and the other fifteen are black natives, mounted on capital horses, which they sit and manage to perfection. The beaters, with the masters of the station to marshal and keep them in order, are spread out at distances of a quarter of a mile from each other, in a half moon extending over three or four miles. The guns are sent ahead some six or eight miles, and take up their station in line at points for which the kangaroos, when startled, are accustomed to make. The marksmen lie down behind bushes or among some logs of trees, nor have they long to wait before the "thud," "thud" of an "old man" kangaroo, leaving the van of the mob which follows him, strikes forcibly upon the listening ear. The usual practice of experienced hunters is to allow the first few kangaroos to break through the line without being shot at, and when once the leaders have passed ahead nothing will deter the rest from following. Then the deadly fusilade opens, the shot being poured into the hind-quarters of the quarry. Three and a half drachms of powder and an ounce and a half of heavy shot make havoc with the game, which keeps bounding along on each side of the shooters until their guns become fairly too hot to hold. At last the first mob is exhausted, and stillness takes possession of the woods for a quarter of an hour or so, broken only by the occasional cry of a dying kangaroo. Presently the second mob begins to heave in sight, and again there is rare work for the busy guns. At last an unearthly storm of shouts, screams, and yells rings through the bush, and the black natives, cracking their stock whips, which make a noise like the discharge of a pistol, and brandishing their gaudy red and yellow handkerchiefs, burst upon the view. Just ahead of the beaters comes a straggling array of wallabies, and it is impossible for the shooters to thrust in their cartridges fast enough. The sport goes on again just in the same way for a week, at the end of which the bag may be some fifteen hundred kangaroos, and about a third of that number of wallabies, slain. If ever indiscriminate and wholesale slaughter be justifiable it must be in such a case, for if the kangaroos were not kept down they would make the land uninhabitable by the squatter. It may be mentioned that there are many other ways of killing kangaroos than by driving them in the way we have just described; but, in conclusion, we can promise those young English sportsmen who are fond of "hot corners" at home that Australia will supply them with as many shots as the best preserved covert in Suffolk or Cambridgeshire, and that by killing kangaroo and wallaby without stint or abatement they will be conferring an immense benefit upon their hosts, for which they may count upon receiving a hearty welcome and a profusion of thanks.

Distance of the Stars.

It would take a ray of light travelling at the rate of 186.000 miles per second three years and eighth months to go to the nearest fixed star. In order that the mind may be less confused in the midst of these thousands of sparkling points it has been agreed from the highest antiquity to class the stars according to their apparent brightness. The brightest stars have been called stars of the first order or magnitude, although this term does not imply anything relative to the actual size and brightness of the stars; those which follow, still in the order of their apparent brightness, have been called stars of the second magnitude; then comes those of the third, fourth, and fifth magnitude, according as they appear smaller; stars of the sixth magnitude are the last stars visible to the naked eye. It is generally thought that the brightest are the nearest, though this is not always so. There are said to be between 5,000 and 6,000 stars visible to the naked eye. But when our feeble sight gives way, the telescope, that giant eye which increases, from century to century, piercing the depths of the heavens, constantly discovers new stars. After the sixth magnitude the first glasses revealed the seventh. They then reached the eighth, the ninth. It is thus that thousands, have increased to ten thousands, and that tens of thousands have become hundreds of thousands. More perfect instruments have cleared those distances, and have found stars of the tenth and eleventh magnitudes. From this period they began to count by millions. The number of the stars of the twelith magnitude is 9,556,000; added to the eleven preceeding magnitudes, the total exceeds fourteen millions. By the aid of still greater magnifying power these limits are again surpassed. At the present time the total number of stars, from the first to the thirteenth magnitude inclusive, is calculated at 43,000,000. The sky is truly transformed. In the field of the telescope neither constellations nor divisions are distinguished; but a fine dust shines in the place where the eye, left to its own power, only sees darkness, on which stand out two or three stars. In proportion as the wonderful discoveries in optics will increase the visual power, all regions of the sky will be covered with this fine golden sand.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—The Koran was written about 6,10 A. D.

—Maud Granger is too ill to act at present.

—Edwin Booth is worth over half a million.

—Emerson's estate is worth upwards of $200,000.

—Mexico is dead set against Apache immigration.

—Susan B. Anthony is a cousin of Senator Lapham.

—Maggie Mitchell has made $40,000 during the season.

—Iowa farmers are now eating potatoes from Scotland.

—The finger rings of America are said to be worth $58,000.

—Kalakaua has a new two hundred thousand dollar palace.

—A San Antonio (Texas) woman has 40,000 silk worms at work.

—Chief Justice Waite will spend most of the summer at Lyme, Conn.

—It is estimated that the Gypsy children of England number 30,000.

—The first abbeys or monasteries were founded in the third century.

—The creameries are monopolizing a large share of the milk at this time.

—There are manufactured 12,000 shovels weekly in the United States.

—The cat was domesticated in Egypt. The Greeks and Romans did not possess it.

—Stephen Day was the printer of the first almanac published in America, in 1639

—A Quaker affirmation was first accepted as a legal oath in England in 1696.

—During the time of the Norman conquest the game of dice was very common.

—The whale fishery first sprang up in the Bay of Biscay, in the twelfth century.

—A Chicago firm killed and packed 200,000 cattle and 3,000,000 hogs last year.

—Benedict, an Italian, born 480, was the founder of the order of Benedictine monks.

—James Gorden Bennett has given Mrs. De Long $50,000 in government bonds.

—One hundred and ten whalers were sent out from the port of New Bedford in 1876.

—The annual consumption of beer in this country is only about nine gallons per capita.

—Seventy patents were issued to women from the United States Patent Office last year.

—Of the 183 ministers of the Methodist new convention in England, 120 are *teetotallers*.

—The losses by fires in 1881, as footed up by fire insurance companies were $81,280,800.

—The Church of England has 907 churches in London, 476 of which have surpliced choirs.

—Of the 519 women prisoners at Sharborn, it is stated that 456 were committed as inebriates

—The United States produces 30 per cent. of the grain of the world, and 31 per cent. of the meat.

—A $25,000 piano of unparalleled splendor was the Prince of Wales' wedding present to Leopold.

—The Washington monument reached a height recently of 250 feet. It is to be five hundred feet hight.

—The fleet and spirited horses of Hungary, are bred on wide plains, where they scamper at liberty until they are broken.

—In Gold Hill, Nev., houses and lots which a few years ago were valued at from $2,000 to $5,000 each are being raffled off.

—The Paris papers says that a French athlete has run 13¼ miles in an hour. This is about 2 miles better than the best English record

—Miss Gladstone, daughter of the English Premier, will probably be elected principal of the flourishing Ladies' College at Cambridge.

—The picture gallery of Sir William Armstrong, at Rothbury, England, is lighted by the aid of the force from a little mountain rivulet.

—The importation of eggs into Great Britain last year was 750,000,000, or about two dozen for each man, woman and child in the country.

—Howard Williams, colored, who has been selected as caterer for the White House, has been for many years body servant of Senator Conkling.

—The Princess Louise will return to Canada this month and spend the summer there. In September, with Lord Lorne, she will visit British Columbia.

—A French millionaire, in order to encourage population, has left annual prizes of $1,200, $800 and $600 to the mothers of the largest families in Paris, with preference to the poorest in case of equality.

—The only child of Grace Greenwood, Miss Lippincott, is to make her debut in opera next winter in America. She is reported as a charming singer and lyric actress.

—The French Cremation Society now consists of 406 members. The receipts for the first year were 7,000 francs. The average cost of cremation has been but three francs.

—Count Von Moltke, Germany's veteran Field Marshal and Chief of Staff, has taken leave of absence for an indefinite period, preparatory to final retirement from office.

—The value of farm products in the States of Rhode Island, Florida, Delaware, Oregon, New Hampshire, West Virginia, Massachusetts and Connecticut was $80,140,110.

—Charlotte Cushman's cottage at Newport has been let for the summer season of three months for $5000. All her beautiful antique furniture, her statuary and her pictures are let with the house.

—The oyster fishing and packing industries of Maryland and Virginia give employment to 40,691 hands, who receive wages to the amount of $6,956,444 yearly. The amount invested in this business is $9,606,976.

—The path of destruction of American tornadoes has averaged 1085 feet in width, according to Sergeant Finley. The storm cloud moves at the rate of twelve to sixty miles an hour, while the wind within the vortex sometimes reaches the tremendous velocity of 800 miles an hour—392 miles being the average.