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AT HOME.

The tired ones are all at home;
With slow and wearied tread and mien,
That tell of toil-full hours between
The cheery morn and this, they've come.

All day the summer's songful peace,
Its beauty, freshness, all were mine,
And brought me gladness half divine
That with the evening doth not cease.

Oh, could I, like a mantle, fold
About their weariness my joy,
My soul would know more sweet employ
Than all the happy day hath told.

Do ye so wait until we come,
O loved ones in the mansions fair?
So fold o'er us the peace ye share,
When we, the tired ones, reach home.

A MAN THAT SUCCEEDED.

"My only daughter, sir," said Colonel Monteagle. "And, as I venture to hope, accomplished in her way. We are not much in the way of schools or academies here, but I have been her instructor myself, and she is a thorough mathematician, an excellent musician and a linguist of no mean capacity. We are studying Hebrew every day, she and I, and she devotes her evenings to comprehensive reviews of her Latin and Greek. She will be a scholar, if I live to complete her education."

Mr. Crofton looked curiously at the oddly assorted pair—the silver-haired, shabbily-attired old gentleman, with his bald forehead, eagle eye and delicately-white hands; and the dark-browed, sullen-looking girl, with a gypsy skin, untidy frock and patched boots.

Pretty? Yes, she might be pretty under some circumstances. The diamond itself is not an attractive stone before the lapidary's art has polished its rude angles into glittering facets of white fire. But she certainly possessed no sweet, feminine graces now.

"How old are you, Miss Monteagle?" he asked, finding it imperatively necessary to say something.

And Mary Monteagle answered in words, "Seventeen," while her looks replied, plainly, "None of your business!"

"Go, my child, and gather some flowers to deck our humble board," said the old gentleman, magnificently, while he conducted the son of his oldest friend into the tumble-down old stone house, where the carpets were moth-eaten, the furniture mildewed, and every trace of decayed gentility told the sad story of better days.

Mrs. Monteagle, who had been a beauty once, and had her portrait engraved in a "Gallery of American Rosebuds," was sitting up in state in a battered boudoir, in a black silk dress that must have been quite a quarter of a century old, with a flower in her silver-sprinkled hair, and, still preserving the girlish attitude in which the engraver's pencil had immortalized her, oddly contrasting with sharpened outlines and haggard abruptness of her sixty-odd years.

And this was the way in which the old couple lived, in the dead past, as it were, Colonel Monteagle starving contented on the recollection of his past grandeur, and his wife fondly fancying that time had stood still since the days in which she was counted worthy to be one of the "American Rosebuds."

Mrs. Monteagle sweetly welcomed her guest and touched the little hand-bell at her side.

"We will dine, Sarepta," she said to the maid.

"Please, ma'am," breathlessly uttered that young person, "there ain't nothin' for dinner. We eat the last of the cold beef yesterday, and the dog he tipped over the pan of oysters, and—"

"That will do, Sarepta," said Mrs. Monteagle, with a red spot mounting to each of her check-bones, "I said—we will dine!"

And Sarepta withdrew with a jerk.

The dinner was served presently—an instance of the magnetic power of will—but there was no cold beef, neither were there any oysters. Fruit, a thin, watery soup of herbs and parsley, a tastefully garnished salad of lettuce and mayonnaise, and a dish of peaches and cream formed that meal.

"Quite Arcadian!" said Mrs. Monteagle, with a giggle.

"And very badly served," secretly commented Mr. Crofton to himself. "But the salad was nice."

"Where is Mary?" the Colonel asked.

"Drinking in the beauties of the sunset, I presume" the lady answered airily "The dear child has an artist's soul, and we do not tie her down to any hours or rules."

The colonel fell asleep in his chair after dinner. Mrs. Monteagle and her painted face withdrew themselves into the boudoir—and Mr. Crofton, inwardly bewailing himself that he had promised to stay a week at Monteagle Manor, sauntered out upon the heights which overlooked the valley below.

As he stood there, a rustling sounded in the bushes, and the dark-browned gypsy sprang up the hillside.

"You have a fine place here, Miss Monteagle," he said, by way of making himself agreeable.

"I hate it!" said Mary, darkly.

"I—beg your pardon!" exclaimed Mr. Crofton, in amazement.

"I do!" flashed out the girl—"I hate it all! The learning, and the purity, and the grand pretenses, and the miserable shifts."

"But—"

"Ah!" said Mary Monteagle, "you don't know it all. You never heard the tradesmen howling at the back doors like a pack of howling wolves; you don't know that the house is advertised for sale for taxes long in arrears. How should you! How should you be aware that the very clothes we wear are not paid for, nor the coals that cook our dinner? Papa smokes his segers and talks about the Mexican war; and mamma poses in the great chair, and dreams of embroidery work and tapestry stitch; and I—I am expected to learn Arabic and Sanscrit, and nobody knows what else, and ignore our wretched poverty. But I can't. Who could?"

Mr. Crofton looked pityingly at the girl's sparkling eyes and pale, excited face.

"I am very sorry to hear this," said he. "Can nothing be done?"

"Yes," said Miss Monteagle, brusquely. "Something can be done—and I am doing it, in so far as I can. But papa and mamma must not be allowed to suspect it. I am—learning a trade!"

"You!" he echoed. "A trade!"

"There's a factory near by here," she said, calmly. "The country girls earn a little pocket money there sewing on shirts. I am to have a machine as soon as I have learned to manage it. I go every evening, while papa fancies I am at the Greek and Latin, to Farmer Pelham's whose wife teaches me the use of the machine. I am learning housework too. I made the mayonnaise for your salad to-day, and I baked the bread. Our servant can do nothing of the sort. But it would kill mamma to think that I stooped, as she would call it, to menial labor."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Crofton,

"That is what I wanted to know," said Mary, hastily, "because, living here all by myself, in such a strange, unnatural atmosphere, I sometimes get confused, and scarcely know right from wrong."

"But they will have to know it when—"

"When I really go into the factory," said Mary. "Yes, I know that. But until then, I would fain spare them the pang. I am to have a dollar a day. Mrs. Pelham says, if I operate the machine skillfully. And a dollar a day will buy mamma many a little luxury, and go far towards paying the grocer and the baker."

"You are a noble girl," said Mr. Crofton, warmly; and in his eyes, at that moment, Mary Monteagle was glorified with rare beauty, as she stood there, the fresh wind blowing her jetty curls about, the reflection of orange sunset deepening the color on her cheek and the grave, faraway sparkle of her eyes half-veiled beneath the long lashes. "And if I could be of any assistance to you in this task—"

"You can," said the girl, abruptly. "You can stay here and amuse papa, so that he will not suspect what occupies my time. You can divert his attention from Sanscrit and Arabic, and all these mysteries."

And, for the first time in his experience of her, Mary Monteagle laughed a mellow, bird-like laugh.

"I will," said Mr. Crofton, heartily.

And so the compact was sealed between them.

Instead of the week he had promised his father to spend with Colonel Monteagle, the sojourn was extended to three.

At the end of that period, he gravely addressed himself to the dark eyed daughter of the house.

"How is the trade?" said he.

"I am to have a machine next week," said Mary, with the conscious pride of one who had conquered fate; and then—only think of it, Mr. Crofton—I shall earn a dollar a day.

"Mary," said Mr. Crofton, seriously, "I have been thinking of another plan for you. You tell me that this farmer's wife has made a first-class housekeeper of you."

"I baked mince-pies yesterday!" said Mary exultantly; "and I have quilted a quilt and made soft soap, within the week!"

"I don't like the idea of your going into a factory," said Mr. Crofton. "Suppose now, by way of variety; you were to—marry me?"

"But you're not in love with me?" said Mary, opening her bright black eyes.

"But I am," said Mr. Crofton, with great gravity. "I have deliberately made up my mind that I can't be happy without you. And, although I don't profess to be a rich man, I believe I can make you a better allowance than six dollars a week, while at the same time you will not be compelled to work ten hours a day for it. That is the business view of the question. Now on to the more personal one. Don't you think Mary, that you could love me? Because I love you very much indeed!"

"I—don't know!" whispered Mary. "I might try!"

And then she blushed charmingly.

So Colonel Monteagle's daughter went to the fair Floridian plantation on the shores of the river St. John, and astonished every one there with her thorough knowledge of housekeeping in all its details. And the two old people with their burden of insolvency and care lifted off their lives, dwell quietly on in the ancient tower-like house, and talk to everybody who crosses their path of "the excellent marriage which my daughter Mary has contracted."

"A thorough scholar," says Colonel Monteagle, with dignity. "A musician, a linguist, a thorough Hebrew student, and proficient in Latin and Greek, I myself was her instructor. It is not singular that a girl of such intellectual power should marry well."

But Colonel Monteagle, honest man, never dreamed that it was the sewing-machine and soft soap, the mayonnaise dressing and the vehement struggle to get free from debt, which conquered Mr. Crofton's heart. There are plenty of scholars and poetesses in the world—but a real womanly woman—is not her price far above rubies?

—It is estimated that a quarter of a billion pounds of tea are used every year.

How the French Vote.

The French elections always occur on Sunday, as on that day, it being a holiday, the voters can go to the polls without losing time from their work. Voting being ranked as to its ceremonial importance, with wedding and funerals, the workingman goes to the polls dressed in his best. He pays no poll tax. The only qualifications are that he is a Frenchman, is twenty-one years of age, and has resided six months in the quarter in which he seeks to vote.

Each year, before the election, he must procure a card bearing his name, address and age, besides the stamp of the authorities of the ward, or arrondissement, in which he resides. But French officials are accommodating. A careless voter, who has neglected this duty, finds an official behind a table at the entrance of the voting place, who, if no one objects, fills up a blank card and hands it to him. The subsequent proceedings we will let Mr. Henry Bacon, an American artist residing in Paris, tell, we condensing his narration.

The voting begins at eight o'clock in the morning and is concluded at six at night, and takes place in the school-rooms of the different arrondissements Several sergeants de ville walk back and forth before the entrance. Men with white bands about their hats, on which are printed the candidates' names, stand at the gate distributing tickets.

Across the school room there is a long table made of planks and in its centre rests the "urn," as the unpainted pine ballot-box is called. It is fastened with a padlock, and in the top is a hole large enough to pass a silver dollar. Before the voting begins the box is unlocked, and those present examine the interior.

The President of the Election Committee stands behind the box; the voter, with his hat off, hands in his card. The President calls out the number and name on the card; one of the assessors finds the number and name in the voting list and repeats both aloud.

The voter nods in recognition, the President clips a corner from the card, returns it to the elector, who hands him a ticket so folded that the name is invisible, which the President solemnly drops into the box.

The crowd in the room is quiet and orderly, and no policeman appears unless he is called in. Near six o'clock the room fills up, for every elector has a right to assist in ascertaining the result of the day's voting. As soon as the polls are closed the President opens the box.

"Form your tables for counting," says an official, "four electors at each table." Everybody offers advice, and the noise is tremendous. Taking up a paper bag on which is printed "Bulletin de No.——," the President asks:

"Would any one like to look at this sack?"

Several assure themselves that there are no votes stowed away in the corners.

An elector holds the sack while the President counts one hundred ballots into it. Then it is closed, pinned up and carried over to the first table. The crowd closes around, some standing on benches, while two electors, with large sheets of ruled paper before them, prepare to record the vote. Another elector opens the sack, takes out a vote, unfolds it, reads the name and passes it to a fourth elector, who spreads it out on the table. Each of the markers makes a mark upon the paper under the name of the candidate whose name has been called.

As a hundred eyes examine each ticket, no trick is possible, and every mark made upon the paper could be sworn to by a score of persons. If two tickets are discovered folded together, there is a noise. But some one reads the law which says that if the names are different, one cancels the other; if they are the same, one remains valid, the other is cancelled. Thereupon the noise subsides.

After the different committees—there are several counting tables in the room—have made up their counts then a statement of the returns, signed by the President and assessors, is sent to the Mayor's office, where, from time to time, the returns are announced.

Cleaning up Things.

A barn near Denver was infested with rats. Not long afterward a large steel jaw trap was set for the pests, and neatly concealed on top of a chopping-block. The same day a man was hired to "clean up things" in the barn. He did his work faithfully, and after a while, becoming weary, concluded to take a rest. Looking round, he espied the chopping-block, an inviting seat, and leisurely planted himself on it, when—snap went the trap, and the cries and yells of the innocent victim of the surprise party could be heard the length of the street. "Murder! murder! Take him off!" These and other fragmentary sentences brought the house servant to the scene, but she was powerless, and further help had to be obtained to release the poor fellow from the jaws of the imaginary animal which had him. He was half frightened to death, and the services of a physician were needed to dress the painful wound.

"A Navy on Toast."

They must have had a very hilarious time over the lighting of the new Eddystone lighthouse. At the banquet which followed the ceremony, the Duke of Edinburgh proposed as a toast, "The American Navy," and that, too, "in highly complimentary terms." It is bad enough to have no navy sufficiently large to be served on toast, without being twitted about it by a prince of the blood. But one may be sure that the diners had a good laugh over that toast. We did not have much of a Navy in 1812, but it was enough to meet and conquer that of Great Britain. The Duke of Edinburgh may remember that fact.

High Art in Copper.

The beautiful specimens in copper to be seen in silversmiths' shops illustrates the progress lately made in the art of metal coloring and workmanship. If they are not to be compared in size to the lost Gottorp globe of copper, inside of which ten people could sit, they are at least as attractive as many of them are charming from their quaintness. Many decorative articles, together with those for service, are made of copper in original conceits, or after models before created in the generally used silver, hardened with a certain proportion of copper. Curious urns, vases, stands and other antique and modern shapes are shown, with cane tops or mountings, and trays for cigar sets, plain, polished, in imitation of birch bark, or finished with etchings, attained by fret work, after the application of the appropriate acid. The sets in these trays consist of a cigar-stand, match-safe, ash receiver and alcohol lamp, after the fashion of the famous lamp of Aladdin. In the etched trays are polished flowers, daisies pinks and other blossoms, with butter flies bees and every-day insects, while the vessels are decorated with silver applied in various forms of fishes, lizards, bugs, crabs, lobsters, water and pond lilies, lotus blossoms, cranes and many marine conceits, as in the Limoges ware. Most noticeable is the coloring of many of these articles, rich maroom, plain, clouded in pinkish red or fret-work surface, with flakes of deep pure garnet, a color attained by careful experimental tests. Some of the specimens have hammered silver, and others are finished in the Japanese figure in copper or silver applique. These objects in copper certainly claim quite as much attention as those of Benares brass, for, although they do not posses the same kind of attractions as the brass goods, their peculiarity in coloring, and unique designs, render them particularly worthy of consideration.

Very handsome, too, are the novelties in oxidized silver. One set consists of a gold-lined berry dish, in leaf shape, curled, overlapped and joined together by a bunch of luscious ripe grapes. The delicate veins of the leaf show through the gold lining and the surface of the autumnal tinted leaf. Smaller autumn leaves, quite as brightly colored, form cream pitcher and sugar-bowl, which are further decorated with oxidized silver spiders and flies, apparently making efforts to reach the edge of the vessels and to gain the goals of cream and sugar so temptingly placed before them.

Beautiful collar and lace pins for ladies are made of this colored silver. Among the newest conceits at Wilson's are begonia leaves in natural tints, four-leaf clover, a new moon, with face in it, from Florence; a genuine Indian flint, bound to an arrow by a silver chain; the Patience churn, a parrot's head with large pearl in its curved beak, a dragon fly, and a locust with outspread wings, upon which are engraved characters, which might easily be mistaken either for Chinese or Greek sentences.

A Strange Dance.

While returning along the steep bank of Luxor to the Lohengrin we were met by Achmet Effendi, the son of the English consul, Mustapha Agha, who begged us to come to the fantasia held at his father's house that evening. This invitation we of course accepted, as it is the customary thing. Accordingly we betook ourselves at the appointed time to Mustapha Agha's house, built among the columns of the temple of Luxor, and here, after the usual smoking of cigarets, salutation-making and coffee drinking, we witnessed much the same curious style of dance as I have endeavored to describe when first passing Luxor on the ascent of the river. There were the same eight Ghawazees clothed in the extravagantly-colored dresses of their class, and decked with tinsel and ornaments; the same wild music produced by performers who extracted shrill sounds from one-stringed rababs, and the same waving of arms, snapping of fingers and passionate songs, while the dancers danced their Oriental measures. One new feature of the performance struck me as being a display of the manner in which these Ghawazees can command the different muscles of their lithe bodies in all the various motions of their dancing. A young girl took a lighted candle, and fixing it in the mouth of an empty champagne bottle, placed this improvised lamp on her coin-bedecked head, and forthwith commenced to thrill and quaver in a most surprising fashion. Then, after making these waves of motion run from her head to her feet—during which she seemed about to lose consciousness, so absorbed was the look in her eyes—and, after tremulous movements of her neck, body, and arms, she slowly sank to the floor till perfectly flat on her back, with the bottle and lighted taper still standing upright on her head, which was now at right angles to her body. With her arms at her side she now rolled across the room from one end to the other and then back again without even compromising the safety of the balanced bottle and light, though how she contrived to twist her neck at the right moment without dislocating it, or to turn her body independently of her head, was a wonder to all, albeit we watched her every movement closely. Although many other strange feats of the sort were executed, this elicited the most surprise from the visitors seated on the divans around the room, and, as a proof of the Ghawazee's strange control over each muscle of her body, was a most curious exhibition.

Opium Packed for Smuggling.

The box of opium found on the seabeach near Olema, California, proves to be a double tin box about 18 inches square, covered with heavy sail duck, perfectly sewed together, then painted with white lead, and after this had dried upon the cloth painted black. This could not have been done in San Francisco for the purpose of reshipping to the Sandwich Islands. This perfect water-tight arrangement shows that these boxes were thrown overboard, either in the bay or where they would be washed ashore. It might be at the wharf, to be picked up under piling, all along the city front, for then there would be no necessity for a windy night, muffled oars, or city policemen. This well covered box contained sixteen balls, about the size of a cocoanut, of apparently crude opium. But the peculiarity of it was that it was not what it seemed. Ordinary crude opium resembles putty or cheese in texture, and these balls, though covered with poppy leaves and a hardened shell about one-half inch thick, were filled, as military shell, with opium ready for smoking. If the opium were crude it pays $1 per pound duty; for smoking, $6 per pound. But even the crude opium, of the crust spoken of, is prohibited by law from importation, because it does not contain 9 per cent. of morphine. The profit of smuggling opium is so great that every device is used to get it ashore.

—It is said that Alabama has had but four Governors who are natives of the State.

Myrtle's Three-Ply Love.

"Myrtle, dear!"

"Yes, George, what is it?" replied the girl, glancing shyly upward.

The radiant glory of a summer moon shone down upon the earth this June night, bathing in all its mellow splendor the leafy branches of the sturdy old oaks that had for centuries shaded the entrance to Castle McMurtry and laughed defiance to the fierce gales that every winter came howling down in all their cruel force and fury from the moorlands lying to the westward of the castle. On the edge of the broad demesne that stretched away to the south stood a large brindle cow, and as the moonlight flecked with silvery lustre her starboard ribs she seemed to Myrtle a perfect picture of sweet content and almost holy calm.

"Is it not a beautiful night, dearest?" murmured the girl "See how the moonbeams flutter down through the trees, making strange lights and shadows that flit among the shrubs and flowers in such a weird, ghost-like fashion. The dell is indeed clothed in loveliness to-night, sweetheart."

"Yes," said George W. Simpson, "this is the boss dell"—and then, looking down into the pure, innocent face that was lifted to his, he took in his own broad, thirdbase palm the little hand that erstwhile held up Myrtle's polonaise. As they stood there silently in the bosky glade, George passed his arm silently but firmly around Myrtle's waist.

The noble girl did not shy.

"Do you love me, sweetheart?" he asked in accents that were tremulous with tremulousness. Myrtle's head was drooping now, and the rosy blushes of Calumet avenue innocence were chasing each other across her peachy cheeks. George drew her more closely to him. If a mosquito had tried to pass between them then it would have been bad—for the mosquito.

"Can you doubt me, darling?" he whispered. "You surely must know that I love you with a wild, passionate, whole-Emma love that can never die. Do you not love me a little in return?"

For an instant the girl did not speak. George heard the whisking of the brindle cow's tail break in rudely upon the solemn stillness of the night, and ever and anon came the dull thud of the bullfrog as he jumped into a neighboring pond. Presently Myrtle placed her arms about his neck, and with a wistful, baby's-got-the-cramp look in her face, she said to him: "I love you, George, with a deathless devotion that will eventually keep you broke." And with these fateful words she adjusted her rumpled bang and fearlessly led the way to an ice cream lair.

A Confused Memory.

There are scores of respectable and reputable heads of families who take regular lessons in the manly art of self-defence, and who spend an hour every evening in swinging clubs and otherwise developing and hardening the muscle. One of the most enthusiastic of the lot had finished his boxing lesson the other night, when the trainer said:

"I am sorry to lose your money and your company, but I feel it my duty to say that I can learn you nothing further. You have got the science and muscle to clean out a crowd, and heaven help the man who stands before you!"

The citizen went home with a consciousness that only cowards carry revolvers, and he wondered how a man would look after he had given him a sock dolager straight from the shoulder. The next morning as he was leaving his house along came a strawberry man who was yelling his wares at the top of his voice.

"Do you sell any more berries for yelling in that manner?" asked the citizen, as the peddler drew rein.

"Oh, take in your nose!" was the reply, "Some one will take your whole body in some day!"

"But it won't be a man with a wart on his chin!"

"No impudence, sir!"

"And none from you, either!"

"You deserve a good thrashing!"

"And perhaps you can give it to me!"

There was a golden opportunity. The one had science—the other impudence. The one had received thirty-eight lessons in boxing—the other fairly ached to be pounded.

"Don't talk that way to me or I'll knock you down," said the finished pupil as he gently threw himself in position to mash a brick wall.

"Oh, you will, eh?" Then let's see you do it!"

Even the graduate could not tell exactly what took place. He remembered of being kicked on the shins, struck on chin and twisted over a horse block after he fell, but when consciousness returned his wife and children were crying over him and the peddler was two blocks down the street shouting:

"Straw-bu-ries—great big ones—red as blood—perfect daisies—only two shillings for a heaping big quart without any thumb in it."

The Law of Wills.

Some very badly drawn wills stand the test of litigation, and others well drawn are easily broken. Neither bad grammar nor misspelling in the body of a will vitiates it. If the judges can understand what the paper means, they will order that to be done. Wills having nearly every important word misspelled, and nearly destitute of punctuation, have been accepted. Maine papers say that a court has lately taken proof of a will made in pantomine by a man who was deaf and dumb, and who could neither write nor use the manual alphabet. But mistakes which obscure the meaning make trouble. It is stated that Mr. Matthew Vassar, when drawing his will, meant to leave $7000 to seven churches—that is, $1000 a piece; but in copying his rough draft he inadvertently inserted the word "each," thus giving the churches $7000 each, or $49,000 in all. The general rule as to mistakes is, that if the will is lucid and intelligible, and can be carried into effect as it reads this must be done. The language cannot be altered because witnesses say that the testator meant something different from that which was written. But if what is written cannot be performed, the courts will take proof of what the testator meant to write.

Poisonous Hair Balls.

Various cases of poisoning from the use of perfumes have been reported in recent English journals. In one instance a little girl had bought some heliotrope perfume at a bazar, and had applied it on her face. This caused a vesicular eruption, swelling, itching, and, in fact, erysipelas, which lasted for some time. The scent was made with some of the products of coal tar, and not with the odoriferous principles of plants, thus acquiring its irritating properties.

Warfare in Chivalrous Times.

One instance of promiscuous slaughter is remarkable for the high esteem to which it sometimes raised its chief perpetrator. In the famous war between the citizens of Ghent and the earl of Flanders there was no worse episode than when the lord of d'Anghien took the town of Grammont by storm one fine Sunday in June, and showed no mercy to man, woman or child. Numbers of old people and women were burned in their beds, and the town, being set on fire in more than 200 places, was reduced to ashes, even the churches included. "Fair son," said the earl of Flanders, greeting his returning relative, "you are a valiant warrior, and, if it pleases God, will be a gallant one; you have made a handsome beginning." History cannot but rejoice that the young duke's first feat of arms was also his last, and that, not many days later, he lost his life in a skirmish. Of course, all persons found within a town taken by assault were by the rules of war liable, and all the male adults likely, to be killed. Only by a timely surrender could the besieged cherish any hope for their lives or fortunes; and even the offer of a surrender might be refused, and an unconditional submission be insisted on instead. There is no darker blot on the character of Edward III. than the savage disposition he displayed when, with respect to the brave defenders of Calais, he was only restrained from exercising his strict war-right of putting them to death by the representations made to him of the danger he might incur of an equally sanguinary retaliation in the future. There was in general a strong feeling against making ladies prisoners of war; nor could the French ever forgive our countrymen for allowing the soldiers of the Black Prince to take prisoner the duchess of Bourbon, mother to the king, and to obtain a ransom for her release. To the French appears to have been due whatever advance was made in the more humane treatment of prisoners. Both the Spaniards and Germans were wont to fasten their prisoners with iron chains; but of the French Froissart says expressly: "They neither imprisoned their captives nor put on them shackles and fetters, as the Germans do in order to obtain a better ransom—curses on them for it. They are without pity or honor, and ough never to receive any quarter. The French entertained their prisoners well and ransomed them courteously, without being too hard with them." In this spirit Bertrand du Guesclin let his English prisoners go at large on their parole for their ransom, a generosity toward their foes which the English on no occasion knew how to requite. Froissart gives one striking illustration of the greater barbarity of the Spaniards toward their prisoners, which should not be forgotten in endeavoring to form a general estimate of the character of the military type of life in the palmiest days of chivalry. In a war between Castile and Portugal, whenever the Castilians took any prisoners, they tore out their eyes, tore off their arms and legs, and in such a plight sent them back to Lisbon. It speaks highly for the conduct of the Lisboners that they did not retaliate such treatment, but allowed their prisoners every comfort they could expect in their circumstances.

An Arctic Tragedy.

With Horn sound begins the interest in Spitzbergen, as the place was the scene of as cruel a tragedy as was ever enacted. The story has in it all the dramatic elements of a thrilling novel of the old schools, and finds a fitting denouement in the mines of Siberia. On one of the innermost islands of Horn sound, a few years ago, were found a heap of nine skulls, said to be those of a Russian crew murdered by a party of English whalers. These murderers were never discovered, but another and still more remarkable discovery was made in the year 1853 by a Norwegian sea captain, near this place, and it is of this I intend to tell. It is the commonest occurence for ships that venture up here to lose one or more men a trip, and so when the other members of the small crews—say five or six men—return home and report that they have lost comrades, no particular attention is paid to the news beyond the little circle widowed by the lost men.

It happened somewhere about 1849 that the crew of a Russian whaler made their way to Archangel and reported that they lost their captain and two men on Spitzbergen through an accident, details of which were given. The captain and his men were mourned, and in a little while the affair was forgotten. In 1853, however, the Norwegian captain in question, while out hunting for reindeer, found three human skeletons, and beside them a gun from which the stock was rotting. On the barrel of the gun were scratched a number of inscriptions in Russian, which the Norwegian was unable to make out. He brought the gun home with him, and sent it to Archangel, where it was found to contain the history of the captain and the two men, previously reported as having been killed by accident. The inscription told how the owner of the gun and his two men had been basely deserted by the others of the crew, for whom they were out procuring food, and left to die of exposure. Those of the crew then alive were arrested and sentenced for life to work in the mines of Siberia. The poor captain and his men must have suffered terribly, for, from dates on the gun—the last of which was March 3—it was learned that they had survived a greater part of the winter.

Wood air is a cosmetic. The finest types of the human form are found in the Kentucky forests.

Elephants Minding the Baby.

There is nothing by any means uncommon or incredible in the stories which have been reported, says Buckland, about the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant. It is always expedient to employ a married mahout if you can, with a hard-working wife and two or three children. The whole family become, as it were, parasites to the elephant by whom they earn their living. It is only a question of degree to what extent an elephant may be trusted with a baby; but I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of its trunk, while the mother went to fetch water, or to get wood or materials to cook the family dinner. No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant; but most people who have lived a life in the jungles know how very possible it is for a jackal or a wolf to carry off a baby, even when lying in a hut, when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become ridiculously familiar without, and take all kinds of liberties with it, which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt her, while it amuses the child. You see a little naked black imp about two feet high standing on the elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language. On arriving at the water, the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the imp's command, lies down and enjoys itself, just leaving a part of its body, like a small island, above water, on which the small imp stands and shouts, and shouts all the more if so be that he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the imp slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. These little urchins as they grow up become first mates to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts.

The wife of a mahout is almost always a great favorite with her elephant, and I remember a case in which the wife of a mahout who was killed by his elephant (I believe more by accident than from actual malice) succeeded in quieting the beast, which seemed to understand the poor woman's anguish at the death of her husband, and endeavored in its elephantine way to make amends for its offense. It is nothing new to say that the elephant is the most sagacious of animals, and those who have had most to do with them cannot help liking and admiring them.

"Don't Get Danks For It."

Hoffenstein was busily engaged scolding Herman for not polishing a lot of cheap jewelry in the show case, when a stooped shouldered countryman entered the store and inquired:

"Have you got any good jean pants in here?"

"Certainly, my frent," said Hoffenstein; "we makes a specialty of goods in dot line, and we defy competition. If we sell anyding und you don't like it, you gets your money back or somedings else in exchange, you know. Vas you a farmer?"

"Yes sir, I live up on Red River."

"Vell, den, you need a pair of bants like dese,' said Hoffenstein, pulling out a sky-blue pair from a pile of clothing lying on the counter.

"Dey vas der genervine doe-skin, und dey vill last you de whole year round, you know."

The countryman took the pantaloons to the light, examined the texture of the cloth, and then shaking his head knowingly, he said:

"There's too much cotton in them; they will shrink."

"Of course, my frent, dey vill shrink, but vait und I tells you someding. If a man vat owns a pank or keeps a store comes here, I don't sell him dem kind of bants. Vy? Because dey vas made eggspressly for de farming pisness. Dey vas de dermometer bants, a blessing to de farmer vat vears dem. Do you know, my frent, dose bants vill dell you eggsactly vat the vedder vill be. Ven it vas going to be vet und cold dose bants vill begin to shrink up und ven it was going to be dry und warm dey comes rite down you know. Dree years ago I sell a bair uf dem to a man vat vas name Vilkins und effer since den he makes good crops ven de oder people don't make noding, because he always knows by his dermometer bants vat der vedder be. Afder a while de neighborhood finds out de segret uf Vilkins' success, und at de beginning of de blanting season, you know, dey comes for dirty miles around und if dey see Vilkins' bants crawling up his legs dey holds off und vaits for a change, but if his bants was down dey goes rite back home und put in de crop. Dink uf it, my frent. Mit de dermometer bants you can tell egsactly ven to put in de cabbage seed, und blant corn twice as better as mit any almanac, und besides ven de vedder gets so cold und vet dot de bants goes up under your arms, den you can sew buttons on de front und vear dem as a vest."

When Hoffenstein had finished his yarn concerning the pantaloons, the countryman smiled, and turning abruptly on his heel left the store.

"Did you see de vay dot man acted, Herman?" said Hoffenstein angrily

"Yes, sir,' replied the clerk.

"Vell, it shust shows dot de more you try to help some people along, de more you don't get any danks for it."

Receipts of Government.

The total receipts of the U. S. government for the fiscal year ending June 30, were the largest since the foundation of the government, except for the years 1866 and 1867. In 1866 the total receipts were, in round numbers, $520,000,000, and in 1867 $463,000,000. For the past year they have amounted to about $403,000,000, furnishing a net surplus of $151,684,350, which has been applied to the extinguishment of that amount of the outstanding debt. The various items from which this immense revenue was derived were as follows: Customs, $219,678,698; internal revenue, $146,147,976, miscellaneous, $37,634,610; total, $403,460,285. The increase of the total revenue over that of 1881 amounts to $42,677,992. An examination of the figures of the interest-bearing debt shows a reduction since July 1, 1881, of $175,757,350. This, taken in connection with the amounts refunded at a lower rate of interest, reduces the interest charges from $75,000,000 annually to $57,000,000, a reduction of $18,000,000. It would seem, that a very marked reduction in taxation might be safely indulged in.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Two million barrels of salt are annually exported from Michigan.

—The flesh of the manatus or sea cow is used for food and resembles beef.

—Lord Rosebery paid $10,000 for the large Vandyck at the Hamilton sale.

—The fruit exports of America have increased a hundred fold in five years.

—It has been calculated that a single cat will devour twenty mice in one day.

—Of the 1150 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, but seventeen are women.

—The Zuni Indians have used the sunflower for decorations for centuries.

—Miss Annie Louise Cary's physician tells her that she must not sing again for a year.

—Hanlan the oarsman, is said to have made $80,000 during his recent trip to England.

—In Liverpool, the only public elevators are those in the grain docks at Liverpool.

—Mr. Ruskin is said to be about to dispose of Turner's most celebrated drawings.

—The standing army of France comprises 499,000 men, with a reserve force of 327,000.

—The recent census showed that there are 9,945,916 families in the United States.

—In Havana is one sugar cane factory capable of producing 125 pounds of sugar per diem.

—The present Chief Justice of Alabama used to set type on a weekly newspaper for $5 a week.

—Oscar Wilde is reported by Mrs. Grundy to be engaged to a Boston "literary lady."

—The Rev. A. C. Dickson has accepted the presidency of Wake Forrest College at Raleigh.

—Mrs. Langtry had a special train at the cost of £103 between Glasgow and London the other day.

—Senator Hill's cancer was caused by nicotine, which got into a blister on his tongue while he was smoking.

—The destruction of vineyards in Europe by the phylloxera is estimated at 3,000,000,000 francs within ten years.

—A German traveler says the scheme of flooding the Sahara is impracticable, as it lies 900 feet above the sea level.

—The Peterboro [N. H.] public library, numbering 4000 volumes is known as the oldest free library in the United States.

—A pendant carbuncle on the necklace of Mary, Queen of Scots, was valued at 500 crowns, a large price for those days.

—The oyster trade of the United States employs nearly 53,000 persons, and the annual product exceeds 22,000,000 bushels.

—The number of persons drowned by the recent flood caused by the sudden rising of the river at Verseez, Hungary, was forty-four.

—The importation of opium from India to China amounted in 1798 to 300 tons, in 1863 to 3000 tons, and since then the increase has been still more rapid.

—During the month of May the State treasurer of Texas received from the sale of land $65,326, of which $27,488 was first payments, representing sales of about 500,000 acres of school lands.

—The streets and public places of Paris are lighted with 45,815 gas burners, sixty-three electric lamps, sixty-five vegetable oil lamps and two hundred and ninety-three mineral oil lamps.

—According to German statistics crimes and misdemeanors in Prussia have increased at the enormous rate of 111 per cent. since 1871. In 1880 alone the number of prisoners rose by nearly 15,000.

—Our exports of domestic breadstuffs during the eleven months ending May 31, 1882, amounted in value to $167,653 532, against $244,955,413 during the corresponding period of the preceding year.

—The exports of petroleum and petroleum products for April were valued at $4,187,000; previous April, $2,750,000; ten months ending April, $42,394,000; same period the preceding year, $31,401,000.

—The late Ex-Governor Washburn, of Wisconsin, left an estate worth about $4,000,000. He made his first money out of government timber taken up by his brothers when they were surveyors. His widow is in an asylum for the insane.

—It is estimated that there are in London at the present time no fewer than 24,000 unemployed mechanics, artisans, clerks and unskilled laborers, and that throughout the country there is a floating population of 50,000 vagrants.

—Major Bellamy, who once was one of Georgia's most prominent slave holders, now employs about 1000 negroes on his large plantation, and each family has a neat cabin, a vegetable garden and some fruit trees; a plantation church and a school maintained at the Major's expense.

—It appears from Parliamentary return that 4044 persons were drowned on the coast and in the inland waters of Great Britain during the year 1880. Of this number, however, 471 committed suicide and twenty six were murdered. The number of persons saved from drowning was 718, of whom 577 were saved by life boats.

—June 1st, the third anniversary of the death of the son of Napoleon III, was commemorated by the ex-Empress Eugenie, Prince Lucien and many of their friends by appropriate ceremonies at the tomb a Chislehurst. A wreath of immortelles was sent to be placed on the tomb by Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice.

—King Oscar and Queen Sophia, of Sweden, respectively fifty-three and forty-seven years old, celebrated their silver wedding on Tuesday of last week. Among the gifts received was a magnificent silver clock, from the Grand Duke of Baden, whose daughter is the Princess Royal of Sweden.

—According to the reports presented to the Old Catholic Synod of Switzerland the Church is supported by the State in nine cantons, and has an official existence in 42 parishes. It has 57 ecclesiastics. Last year there were 1,428 confirmations and 895 baptisms.

—Count Albert Apponyi, the leader of the Catholic National party in Austria, is in age a mere youth, but presents a dignified and commanding presence, high culture and the ability to address his hearers equally well in German, Hungarian, English, French or Latin.