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IN EVERY SOUND.

In every sound I think I hear her feet—
And still I wend my altered way alone,
And still I say, "To-morrow we shall meet."

I watch the shadows in the crowded street—
Each passing face I follow one by one—
In every sound I think I hear her feet.

And months go by—bleak March and May day heat—
Harvest is over—winter well nigh done—
And still I say "To-morrow we shall meet."

Among the city squares, when flowers are sweet,
With every breath a sigh of her's seem blown—
In every sound I think I hear her feet.

Belfry and clock the unending hours repeat,
From twelve to twelve—and still she comes in none—
And still I say, "To-morrow we shall meet."

Oh, long-delayed to-morrow! hearts that beat
Measure the length of every minute gone—
In every sound I think I hear her feet.

Ever the suns rise, tardily or fleet,
And light the letters on a churchyard stone—
And still I say, "To-morrow we shall meet."

And still from out her unknown, far retreat
She haunts me with her tender undertone—
In every sound I think I hear her feet—
And still I say, "To-morrow we shall meet."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

A cross dog Rover certainly was not, though he could be provoked and get angry on fitting occasions.

Little Harry and Julia were extremely fond of him, and showed their fondness by taking all sorts of liberties with him, which, had he been of anirritable nature, would certainly have resulted in a growl on his part, but he displayed the utmost patience in their hands, and I think even complacency and pleasure.

He was a handsome fellow, with hair that curled all over him in delightful little curls, long ears, and a beautiful snub nose.

Rover was sometimes tied up and sometimes allowed to run about loose.

He had a snug kennel, and a trough, in which he was given his dinner every day.

His trough stood in the yard near his kennel, and any birds that saw him ating his dinner used to feel a lively desire to help him.

This was a natural feeling on their part, but it was one Rover could not be expected to share.

The cocks and the hens, and even the younger and therefore less reasonable chickens he soon reduced to order, and kept in good discipline, teaching them very plainly the difference between meum and tuum, or mine and thine.

But there were a number of sparrows, who never seemed to see this question of dinner in the same light that he did.

They generally lived a little distance away, and often would come near, and look down on the trough when it was filled with the excellent food, and on the dog who was eating it; and they never could understand why they had not as good a right to eat it as he had.

Then they would fly out and about, and sometimes in a body, sometimes only one or two of them, would make a rush at the trough, and try to get their share of its contents; but Rover knew a trick worth two of that, and he would give such a growl when they did so, and the growl was followed up by such a sharp sudden snap in the air among them, that he never failed to scatter them all in a minute, and then to be able to thoroughly enjoy his dinner.

Once he actually caught in his mouth one of the toes of a sparrow that had been more daring or less active than the others, and though he only gave the toe a small squeeze and let it off with that, yet even a small squeeze from Rover's teeth was not an aggreeable experience for a sparrow's toe, and while one sparrow was alittle hurt all of them were very much frightened; and for some time after that occurence Rover ate his dinner in peace.

But the day came when instead of being allowed to run about as usual, poor Rover was tied up in his keanel; and I will tell you why this was.

It was not in consequence of any fault of his, or as a punishment; but because Master Harry was ill, and nothing would keep Rover from going to the door of his bedroom and giving a little friendly bark, which meant, as plainly as bark could mean, "Do let me in;" and then Master Harry would insist on Rover being let in, and if he were admitted he excited himself in trying to play with him; and if he were not, it made him so sorry that he could not help crying (he was ill, and that makes people less able to be sensible, and to restrain their tears, than when they are well and strong, you know), so Harry's papa said it was better Rover should be tied up out of the way till Harry was well again.

The first day this happened, Jem (that was James the the yardman's little boy), was giving Rover his dinner as usual to put in his trough, and as usual he did it—but he did not know that Rover was chained up in his kennel, which was not as usual—and so he never thought of getting the trough moved within his reach, but put the dinner down into the trough, which was just out of poor Rover's reach, and then ran away.

Rover tried hard to eat his dinner at first, but when he found he could not he went fast asleep, which was, all things considered, about as sensible a thing as he could do.

He slept, and he was awakened from his sleep and the way in which he was awakened was by a noise of flapping wings and chattering beaks.

He opened his eyes, and he could hardly believe his senses when he did so, for what did he see but his old enemies, the sparrows—if any creatures could be called his enemies, whom till now he had been able to get rid of in a moment by a growl and a snap, and whom he had in consequence of this always regarded as beneath his notice—in triumphant possession of his dinner—his dinner.

Three of them were eating steadily and happily even as he looked.

One appeared to be keeping watch over the dinner, and three more, who probably had satisfied their hunger, while he was yet asleep, were perched on the side of the trough with their beaks to its contents, laughing at, jeering and taunting him.

One sparrow, growing reckless with his impudence, foolishly hopped off the trough to flap his wings, and laugh and jeer, a trifle nearer to the defeated prisoner, making a little rush forward as he did so, and the next instant he found himself in Rover's mouth, and the next, still in his mouth, while the dog had returned to his kennel.

For the moment Rover saw that the silly creature had placed himself within his reach he made one bound at him, caught him, and with another bound was back again at home, bearing his captive with him.

And the sparrow knew that the dog was uncommonly hungry, for had not he and his relatives eaten up his dinner?

Off fled the rest of the birds in abject terror, leaving the unfortunate captive in the grip of the enemy.

Rover gave the sparrow a good shake with his teeth, which produced vertigo on the brain, and very nearly put an end to him at once; and I suppose the next thing that happened would have been that the hungry dog would have very contentedly made his dinner off the bird, only just then James the yardman appeared on the scene, and discovered that stupid little Jem had put the trough out of the dog's reach.

He had come to pay a special visit to the children's favorite, and had brought him the bones of a chicken, which Miss Julia had had for dinner; and she had left some dainty morsels on purpose for Rover, to whom she had sent it by James, with her love.

"Here Rover, Rover, poor fellow, good dog," cried James, approaching him with both trough and chicken, and by no means perceiving that Rover had a sparrow in his mouth.

Rover, sly fellow, put the sparrow, more dead than alive, at the back of the kennel, from which he advanced toward James, looking as mild and innocent as possible, and wagging his tail.

So he was petted, and petted, and fed, and he got his dinner, for James brought him more than was left in the trough, and gave him water besides, and made as much of him as a man could make of a dog, for Rover was a general favorite, both for his own sake and for that of his little master and mistress.

And then James went away, and Rover returned to his kennel and his prisoner.

The sparrow lay in a little ruffled heap just where Rover had flung him, among the straw at the back of the kennel, when he ran out, hearing James' welcome voice. And there Rover, as he was not at all hungry, having just had a remarkably good dinner, left him, curling himself up in front of him, and going quietly off into a fine sleep.

When he awoke he had forgotten what had happened.

I mean that in the first moment of walking he did not recollect it, and he was quite startled at the miserable little object he beheld, as he happened to look round, standing behind him in the kennel.

Master sparrow had recovered from his vertigo and his terror sufficiently to stand up, but his feathers were in a pitiable condition, quite torn about, one wing was hurt and hung at his side in a crooked manner, while he was so much frightened, and so ashamed of himself, that he hung his head in a crooked manner also, and hardly dared look out of his half shut eyes at his captor.

When Rover saw him, and remembered who he was, and all about him, he could not help laughing.

This was a bit of fortune for the sparrow. Dogs do not laugh as often as you do, and a fit of laughter always put Rover into the best of good humors.

"I say," cried he to the sparrow, "it's about supper-time, is it not?"

At which terrible words the sparrow fell down as if fainting.

But Rover had not meant mischief.

He would have scorned to do such a shabby thing as to eat up this wretched, abject little creature, more particularly as he was not hungry. He was only laughing at the sparrow.

When his supper was brought to him he ate it cheerfully, and then he and the sparrow spent the night together in the kennel.

Towards morning, when twilight began, and Master Sparrow heard the birds singing he tried to make his escape; but he could not fly because of his wing being hurt, and he could not leave the kennel without waking his goaler's prostrate form.

Very softly and timidly, he hopped on to him, and in doing so awoke him; and as Rover awoke, seeing what was happening, he made a great snap at the bird, who fell back headlong, very much frightened, at which Rover had a good chuckle to himself.

"Keep your distance, young 'un," he said; and afterwards the "young'un" kept his distance by rolling himself up into a ball as much as ever he could, and trying to pretend that he was not there at all.

When James brought Rover his breakfast, and the dog had made a good meal, there was still some of the food left in the trough, and while he enjoyed his after-breakfast nap, the poor hungry sparrow ventured forth very slowly and stealthily, and then in an abject, humble startled way began to pick a little out of the trough for himself.

Rover had been awoke by his movements, though he pretended to be asleep, and watched him out of one corner of his eye. As long as he was eating he did not disturb him, for he thought to himself, "Even a sparrow must eat;" but the minute he had what the dog considered enough, Rover with a sudden unexpected growl and snap, which again very greatly frightened him, drove him back to the kennel.

And this state of affairs continued for three days!

On the evening of the third day, Master Harry sat up to his tea in the nursery in his little-dressing-gown, rather pale after his illness; but in excellent spirits.

Of course Rover was sent for, and there was no need to tell him what to do, or where to go; it seemed almost as if with one bound he was at the door of the nursery, and with another in Harry's arms.

And as soon as he was gone the sparrow flew away.

But the most curious part of the story is that from that day forth the dog and the bird became the best of good friends.

The sparrow paid Rover frequent visits, and always received a kindly welcome.

Nay, Qover would allow him to perch on his trough, and eat out of it with him, though if any of the other sparrows attempted to take the same liberty he drove them off, as ever, with a growl and a snap.

Often and often, when Rover was curled up fast asleep, the sparrow would be seen sitting on him as comfortably as possible, and there was an understanding between them that both were quite content with their positions.

You can fancy how much amused Harry and Julia were, when they found out the friendship between Rover and the sparrow, though they neither of them knew in what enmity and trouble that friendship had first begun.

The Lover's Plot.

Sir George Mackenzie, who flourished in the last half of the seventeenth century, was one of the most eminent jurists ever known in Scotland, besides being a brilliant man of letters. He inherited wealth, and during his busy life he added so much to it that he became one of the wealthiest men of his time. As a politician he was self-willed and stubborn, and at times violent. Between himself and the young Earl of Bute a strong political difference existed, which neither showed a disposition to harmonize. Yet the Earl had fallen deeply in love with Sir George's daughter, and the love was by her returned. The lovers knew that the stern old advocate would not consent to their union. In fact, it is doubtful if Sir George would have admitted Bute to the house as a friend. His feelings were deep and bitter, and he had been heard to denounce the Earl as little better than a renegade.

The lovers put their heads together and consulted. They were eager to be made man and wife. Of course the young lady could elope and be married clandestinely, and the father could not help himself; but ah! he could disinherit his recreant daughter; and that must not be. The young Earl was not mercenary. The damsel's prospective wealth, as heiress of her rich father, had given her not a particle of extra attraction for him, yet he did not like the idea of having his wife deprived of her just inheritance; and, naturally, he did not care to lose such a broad and grand estate—for this daughter was an only child.

At length the Earl hit upon a plan, and resolved to act upon it. He visited Sir George in his chambers, while the latter held the office of King's Advocate, and appealed to him for assistance.

Now, as man to man, in matters of business, or in any way not involving brotherly love, Sir George held the young Earl in high esteem; and there was no man of his acquaintance whom he would have more readily assisted legally. Furthermore, the advocate had not the remotest idea that Bute either loved his daughter, or that he was familiar with her.

"Sir George," said the Earl, when he was ready to open his business, "there is a young lady in this city whom I dearly and devotedly love; and she has confessed her love for me. Her father is wealthy. Now sir, I care not for the lady's money; yet it would not be pleasant to have her father disinherit her. From this you can judge that the father is opposed to our union. At all events we fear that such is the case. Now, my dear Sir George, I know that you would not hesitate to avouch for my worthiness."

The old man nodded assent very pleasantly.

"And, sir, I think you would be willing to exert your influence in my behalf, if I should marry the lady clandestinely. Your influence would be effectual, I am sure."

And so the Earl went on until he had brought Sir George not only to promise his assistance toward preventing a disinheritance, but so far had the keen old lawyer entered into the spirit of the thing, that he advised the Earl, by all means, to go ahead.

"Why," he exclaimed forcibly, "the man must be blind, or a fool, who would reject such an alliance for his daughter—one of the oldest names in the realm; a fair share of wealth, and a coronet. Go ahead, my lord, and I will sustain you if I can."

And the Earl went ahead. That very evening he arranged with the lady, and on the following day they were privately married.

In the evening Sir George missed his daughter. He had just inquired for her, when a door was opened, and she and the Earl of Bute entered, hand in hand, and advanced straight to his chair, and went down on their knees.

Not a word of explanation was needed. The old advocate caught his breath, changed from a death-like paleness to a furious flush half a dozen times, and finally gave in.

"Sir George, henceforth I shall take great pleasure in sustaining my wife's father," said the Earl.

A hot response was upon the parent's lips, but he swallowed it, and gradually a sense of the absurdity of the situation possessed him, and anon he burst into a hearty laugh, and the erring children were forgiven.

A General Deluge.

It is well known to geologists that animals whose habitat was in or near the tropical regions, and distant from which they could not survive, have been found imbedded in ice in the Arctic regions north of Asia. They were so well preserved through the countless ages since their hyperborean imprisonment that their flesh was consumed by carnivorous animals now inhabiting those regions when a warmer sun melted their encasement. This fact of itself demonstrates that the polar regions were once approximating the equatorial; for these animals could never have wandered so far from the places of their nativity. It also proves that the change from a high to a low temperature was sudden, not leaving time for animal decay to commence after the destruction of life, and the formation of ice by which they were preserved.

Beds of the most excellent mineral coal are found in Greenland, from which it is quarried and loaded directly on ship board of exploring steamers visiting those high latitudes. It is found outcropping from cliffs at the very margin of the sea.

Twenty-eight different beds of coal, superseded one above another, with varying thickness of intervening rock and slate, have been opened and worked in Great Britain. The lowest of these are more than 5000 feet below the present surface of the sea. This tells us, with unerring certainty, that there have been twenty-eight epochs, each of infinite duration, when those islands were alternately above and below the sea level; periods when the earth was covered with dense verdure; when the surging ocean rolled over it and covered that verdure with sand and gravel, the material of which overlying rock was formed; when it again emerged; was again adapted to the growth of vegetation, and again, after the lapse of countless ages, went down, and so has continued until the present order of things was introduced.

What is true of the British Islands in this regard is probably true of every other island and continent on the globe. And this oscillating condition of the earth's crust will ever go on with seas and continents, while the same laws which have governed matter in the past shall continue. To-day a continent covered with animal and vegetable life; to-morrow the ocean rolls its turbid waves over the melancholy wreck, leaving no trace of the toil, anxiety and unbounded hopes of him who had delved to make it a satisfactory home for his ambition.

The present revealings on the surface of Greenland, where a few hundred years ago were green fields, waving forests, flowing rivers, populous and thrifty villages and a contented people, show only mountains of ice, all nature congealed, a country of desolation and snow. This change has been gradual, and the temperature is still declining.

Iceland, too, is slowly undergoing a similar change. At the same rate of decadence in another hundred years it will cease to be inhabitable. Already such portions of the population as have means are removing to the northern latitudes of America. The island, like Greenland, will soon be a cold and dreary desolation, so to remain until other changes transpire when it may again, in a lower latitude, become the home of man; but ages of frost and ice must first mark its site; other lands in turn, now nearly tropical, must become frigid; and then it is quest onable if any traces of man, even as insignificant as the stone ax or arrow head, shall remain to excite wonder or curiosity among those who shall delve in its soil.

While we can account for the gradual changing of the polarity of the earth and the shifting of climates—the glacial period always existing in some parts of the earth—we cannot, by the same mode of reasoning, explain why whole continents are suddenly submerged, or why the beds of oceans, as suddenly, become continents.

Mountains of ice are continually forming within the arctics; the heat of summer cannot reach them; but century after century and age after age the accumulation goes on, adding to the polar density. Some disturbing element, as an earthquake shock convulsing the globe, a volcanic eruption and upheaval, or the addition of some fragmentary planet or wandering body lost in space, which has been attracted from its orbit by its nearness to our earth, falls upon it, the equipose is lost, and the waters of the ocean, seeking their plane, roll over the rocky bounds, engulf continents and sweep away every vestige of aspiring man, save the few favorable locations which accidentally escape the general deluge and the submergence of continents.

"The Good Old Times."

Mutilation was a common form of ancient punishment. There is scarcely a single part of the body that has not been subject to a separate and special torture; the eyes, mouth, tongue, ears, teeth, arms, hands, feet and heart have been so many sources of suffering by fire and iron. Blindness, resorted to under the first two races of French Kings, was inflicted by Princes upon high personages whose attacks they feared, but whose lives they dare not take. Blindness was applied to Bernard, King of Italy, grandson of Charlemagne, and the Parliament of Senlis in 873 ordered that the rebellious son of Charles the Bald should be deprived of his sight.

A red hot iron passed before the eyes until, to use Joinville's expression, they were cooked; a steel point, which was plunged in the center of the organ; the plucking out from the socket—such were the instruments and means resorted to by justice and revenge, which in barbarous ages were often confounded.

The tongue has in all times been practiced upon by the lay. Louis IX. ordered that blasphemers should be marked on the brow, that their lips should be burned, and their tongue pierced with red hot iron. For this purpose he invented a round-shaped iron, which the executioner applied to the lips of the culprit, after heating it.

Louis XII., the "father of the people," enacted that whoever uttered eight blasphemies should have his tongue torn out, and Louis XIV. re-established the law.

Among the Huguenots buried alive on January 21, 1535, in the presence of the King, was a man named Antoine Poile, whose tongue was pierced and attached to his cheek with an iron pin. The infliction usually took place before a church.

The amputation of the ear was a common punishment in the middle ages. It was practiced on the serf who displeased his master. Sauval gives the following account of it: "The amputation of one ear was inflicted on dishonest servants, and cut purses; a second offense cost them the other ear; death was the penalty of the third offense. When the first larceny was considerable it was the left ear which was cropped.

Teeth also were within reach of the executioner. It was the wont to pull the teeth of Jews to make them give up their money, and Louis XI. after the death of Jaques d'Armagnac, whom he caused to be skinned alive, ordered that his children should be taken to the Bastile and have their teeth extracted. Amputation of the feet was common, as well as the hands. They were simply chopped off with sword or axe, and the stump plunged in boiling oil or cauterized with an iron. These punishments were frequently inflicted on women.

Pouring boiling oil on the feet was a common form of torture. Death was caused by pouring boiling oil into the ears, the nostrils and the throat. Molten lead was applied to the same purpose. One executioner received a liberal reward for inventing a crescent shaped knife, by means of which a criminal's heart might be ripped out so rapidly that he had not time to die under the operation.

Cases were common in which the victim had his lips lopped off one by one, and being ripped open and disemboweled before the death stroke was given.

It would take a volume to enumerate the tortures the devilish ingenuity of man was father to in those ghastly times. The Parliament of Paris applied only two kinds—water and the boot. In Brittany the sufferer was tied to an iron chair and his legs brought by degrees in contact with the fire. At Besancon the horse, which consisted of mounting the victim on a log garnished with spikes, was in use. Estrapade prevailed at Orleans. At Rouen, the thumb, fingers and legs were crushed.

The boot was an instrument consisting of four planks pierced with holes, through which ropes were passed to hold them together. Between the two innermost planks the victim's leg was fitted. The executioner then drove wedges between the outer ones. Ordinary torture included four wedges, but on extra occasions eight were used. At any rate the leg was reduced to a pulp of riven flesh and muscle and splintered bone.

Tortare by water consisted in seating the culprit on a stone stool, after his sentence had been read to him. His wrists were attached behind his back to two iron rings distant from each other. All the cords then entwined round his limbs and body were then pulled as much as possible, and when the body of the sufferer could not be stretched any more a trestle was placed under his back. The *questionaire* held a horn in one hand, and with the other he poured water in, and obliged the criminal to swallow four pints in *question ordinaire* and eight pints in *question extraordinaire*. Death was commonly the result of this torment.

Torture comprised several graduated torments inflicted upon a prisoner, either to compel him to confess his crime or to obtain the name of his accomplices. While he was subjected to these sufferings a Judge, standing close to the torturer or *questionaire*, called upon the accused to say the truth, and wrote down his declarations, whence the name of question which was given to this torture. Question was of two sorts, either definite or preliminary. These two categories were subdivided into *question ordinaire* and *extraordinaire*. Through the first it was sought to exact from the accused the confession of his guilt; through the accused it was endeavored to discover the names of the accomplices who had helped him in the perpetration of his crime. Torment carried to a certain limit constituted *question ordinaire*, it was doubled in *question extraordinaire*, which, as a rule, was only inflicted upon culprits previously sentenced to death. Yet there are people who regret the "good old times!"

Quinine Trees.

During the last two or three years a bark containing quinine and quinidine has been imported into England from Columbia in such enormous quantities as to equal or even sometimes exceed the whole of the importations of cinchona bark from all other countries. The botanical source of this bark, which is known in commerce under the name of Cuprea Cinchona, on account of its peculiar coppery tint, has hitherto been a mystery. M. Triana, the well known quinologist, has recently succeeded in tracing it out and has stated that it is derived in a great measure from two species of the nearly allied genus *Remijia*, none of the members of which were previously known to contain quinine. Several species of *Remijia* have leaves resembling those of the true cinchonas, and of these M. Triana has determined that R. *purdieana*, Wedd., and R. *edunculata*, Karsten, certainly yield cuprea bark, the former being the species which contains the alkaloid cinchonamine, recently discovered by M. Arnaud. It appears probable that other species also yield the cuprea cinchona of commerce, but definite information on this point is still wanting. The value of the bark has led, according to M. Triana, to great devastation of the forests in which the trees grow, and has produced a financial stagnation, business being neglected in order to follow the more profitable occupation of collecting the bark. Fortunately seeds of the tree have been received and are now in cultivation at Malvern House, Sydenham. The tree is likely to prove valuable for cultivation in countries where malarial fever abounds, since it grows at an elevation of 200—1000 metres above the sea, at which even red cinchona bark will not flourish.

Unhealthy Milk.

Dr. Brush, of New York, calls attention to the fact that the sale of diseased and poisoned milk is a matter of more serious moment than that of watered or skimmed milk. He suggests as an outline of an improved system of milk laws: First, that all city milk dealers should be compelled to procure a license from the Board of Health; secondly that all milk dealers report to the Board the quantity of milk they sell and where it is obtained; thirdly, that in the death certificates of all children under two years of age, dying from certain specified forms of disease, the name of the milkman who had supplied them be inserted. By some such plan the Board would be enabled to detect poisonous milk. If a certain form of infantile trouble was found to exist among the customers of a certain milkman, an inspector could be sent to the source from which the milk came to ascertain if there had been an epidemic in the dairy, or if any of the cattle were suffering from disease, and if the milk from a cow too soon after calving had been sent to the city. A few years of observation like this, carried on conscientiously, he thinks, would enable the Board to propose intelligent laws regulating the sale of milk. Of one fact he is thoroughly convinced—that the sale of poisonous milk in New York city produces more trouble than if the whole supply was pure, healthy skimmed milk.

Utilizing Waste Products.

There is no better example of the utilization of what was formerly regarded as waste material on the farm, than that of cotton seed. Formerly regarded as worthless, and worse than that, because it cost something to cart it away and dump it into the bayou or creek, it now forms no small part of the value of the cotton crop and has added millions to the wealth of the cotton-producing States. In ordinary grown cotton, there are two pounds of seed for one of lint, and one thousand pounds of seed makes seventeen gallons of oil worth readily forty cents per gallon. The resulting oil cake is also considered more valuable as food for animals or as a fertilizer than the seed was before the oil was removed. Both the oil and the oil cake are in great demand in France and Italy, and in many places the refined oil is taking the place of the oil of olives.

In this place it is taking the place of lard, and only a few days ago, an agent of a Boston firm was in this city taking orders of some of our grocers. It can be furnished cheaper, is a vegetable product and pure, and for the general purposes for which lard is used, the purified cotton seed oil is said to be much better besides being cheaper. By a new process, the oil is also solidified and largely used as a substitute for butter, being a most acceptable substitute, selling at wholesale for $1 a gallon, and retailing much higher. The butter made from the seed taken from a bale of cotton is said to be worth $16, an almost net addition to the value of the cotton crop. When the seed is first received at the oil mills, it is carefully reginned, and about ten per cent. of short cotton lint is saved, which is used for making the finest quality of batting. It then passes to another machine, which takes off the hulls, passing them to the engine room to be used for fuel. The kernels are then crushed and pressed the same as flaxseed, the resulting oil being barreled, while the hard cake is bagged up in 100 pound packages or ground up and sold for cattle feeding purposes, greatly adding both to the value of the beef and the manure.

A correspondent speaking of the value of this comparatively new industry, says that it adds fully twenty-five per cent. to the cotton industry of the States producing that staple. For the census year 1879-80, the crop was reported to be 5,737,257 bales, averaging 500 pounds each, and worth $286,862,860, to which this newly devoloped product will add a still further value of $71,713,210, or nearly as much as the entire annual product of all the gold and silver mines of the United States put together.

A Race with Buffalo.

Mr. Matthews, of Coleman, Texas, who has just crossed the Staked Plains, from Las Vegas, N. M., says: Awfully grand are the Llano Estacodos. Here the majestic bison roams, breaths pure air and enjoys freedom; the home of thousands of fleet-footed antelopes and droves of wild horses. When first the horses scan you they bow their necks majestically, sniff heaven's pure zephyrs, snort, peform an evolution with the exactness of an expert, then bound away with the velocity of the wind, measuring distance by time, thus bidding defiance to the fleetest horseman. We discovered a herd of buffalo that morning and prepared for action, armed with Mr. Cleveland's long-range rifle; soon firing began, making four shots without effect. The noble beasts halted, raised their shaggy manes, took in a snuff of pure air, then bounded away, their tramps sounding like distant thunder. But, ah! the chicanery of man overpowers even the buffalo. Orion Allen and Owen Burnham, each with saddles, steeds, arms, well equipped, dashed instantaneously across the rolling prairie bent on capturing the noble game. Over the broad plains went humping the majestic beasts, mile after mile was measured by Orion and Owen, still roweling their excited steeds in hot pursuit, at every bound lessening the distance between themselves and their game; as the vision grew dim it was seen Owen brought one beast to the earth. Orion was still in hot pursuit of the herd and finally cut one out (the great leader of his race) worthy of his Winchester; circle after circle was made, mile after mile was left behind, distance diminished between pursuer and pursued, till Orion was seen to raise his Winchester; a flash, the leaden missive took effect; a big buffalo was mortally wounded.

How some People Dance.

Though dancing is a popular amusement the world over, there are comparatively few really graceful dancers. Some men are pitiful sights when they get up to dance. Awkwardness is no name for their clumsy movements. The timid dancer first looks scared and then gets red-faced and then reckless, and fans the floor with his feet as if he had secreted something in a knot hole and was covering it with surrounding dirt. Sometimes he is about four bars ahead of the music, and then as far behind. He spasmodically clutches his partner, who feels as if she were jammed between two freight cars. He holds his breath till he bursts off his collar button, and then blows off steam with a prolonged grunt. When the dance is over he stands paralyzed and dizzy for a moment, while the room seems to revolve like a turn table. When he reaches a seat he flops down like a gob of mud, and turns to swabbing the back of his neck or fumbling with the bottom of his vest, which perhaps has become so displaced by his violent exertions as to expose a white gash of shirt across the abdomen.

How Much Makes a Man Rich.

"To be rich," said William L. Marcy, at one time Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor, and if necessities of life are enjoyed by each it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possessions is the richest." To illustrate this idea Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote: "While I was governor of the State of New York I was called on one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring "if this was Mr. Marcy?" I nodded assent. 'Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?' I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was and what he was driving at. 'That's what I told 'em,' cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force. 'I told 'em you was the same Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport; but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, you know me don't you, Bill?' I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect having seen him before, and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name. 'My name is Jack Smith,' answered the backwoodsman, 'and we used to go to school together thirty years ago in the little red school-house in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose.' I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in: 'Oh yes you are. I know you are rich—no use denying it. You was comptroller for a long time; and the next time we heard of you you was governor. You must have had a heap of money, and I am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew that you would come to something.' I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?' 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I have got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State.' 'And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?' I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his. 'Well, he replied, 'I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clear cash.' He was rich, for he was satisfied.

Arabi Bey's Birth.

About fifty years ago there lived in the Delta of Egypt, near a small hamlet called el-Wijh, a worshiping farmer of some means, whose wife was barren. This farmer, or land-owner, was a man of some influence among his clan, which was originally descended from the Bedawin Arabs of the Eastern desert, but had become "domesticated" and had settled down on the borders of the Delta as tillers of the soil. His friends had often told him that the cause of his wife's barrenness was, of course, known to the Omniscient only; but that as she was an Egyptian of the low lands and he was descended from the stock of Abraham and his eldest son Ishmael, God would be much more likely to bless him with offspring were he to take unto himself a wife from among the children of the desert.

He accordingly sent eastward to certain wandering tribes, and in due course of time had brought to him a true Bedawin girl. This girl, knowing that she had been taken to wife by her husband only with a view to offspring, had, on her way to el-Wijh, passed by the resting place of the remains of Our Lady Nafeessah (between Zagazig and Ismailah), to there pray that she might be blessed soon with a male child, that she might find favor with her lord. During the night that this true Arabian girl, who was on the eve of marriage, spent at the tomb of the soul-giving Nafeessah she had a dream. A man clothed in the robes of the religious order of law doctors appeared to her, saying: Go in peace to thy intended husband, for thou shalt find favor in his eyes."

In the fullness of time she gave birth to a male child, and when the midwife bore the glad tidings to the father he exclaimed: "Ahmad-al-I' Aha!" which means, "I praise God." Wherefore all the women friends, when they heard what the father had said, declared that the boy should be called Ahmad. Ahmad grew up to be a stalwart youth, and was known among his fellows by the appellative "el-Urabi," because of his descent from the Arabs in contradistinction with the Egyptians.

Diving for Black Pearls.

Diving for black pearls employs a large number of men and boats off the coast of Lower California. Traders supply the vessels and diving apparatus upon the stipulation that the pearls that are found are to be sold to them at specified rates. These jewels are of much beauty and highly prized. A year's product is worth on an average from $500,000 to $1,000,000.

THE cat is the great American prima donna. If bootjacks were bouquets her nine lives would be strewn with roses.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The invention of keys is ascribed to Theodore of Samos, 730 B. C.

—Crœsus was King of Lydia in the middle of the sixth century B. C.

—In France $1,800,000 worth of mushrooms are eaten every year.

—Georgia supplies its own beef now, instead of getting it from the North.

—St Petersburg was founded by Peter the great in 1703.

—The gastric juice is more acid while digestion is going on than in the intervals of the process.

—Northern corn contains most oil and starch and Southern corn most mineral and albuminous matter.

—The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise will visit San Francisco in September.

—Baltimore has more colored Sunday-school scholars than any other city in America.

—Professor Maria Mitchell, the Vassar College astronomer, has been made an LL. D. by an Indiana college.

—Mr. Tennyson, now in his seventy-second year, is able to read very little, his eyesight being sadly impaired.

—It is said that there are upward of 3,000 steam-ploughing machines now employed in England and Scotland.

—The output of coal from the mines of Alabama has increased from 10,000 tons in 1872 to 400,000 tons in 1881.

—Ohio, with over 3,000,000 of people has only 36,000 paupers, who costs the state something over $800,000 yearly.

—Sugar, according to a prominent physician, promotes digestion, and may be prescribed in certain cases of dyspepsia.

—The colonists of Ireland among whom Cromwell portioned out the conquered territory are still called Cromwellians.

—The aggregate ages of a couple married at Winchester, Ky., last week, amounted to 147 years. The groom is 77 and the bride 70.

—Louis XII. was the most famous King of France since the days of Saint Louis, and acquired the title of "Father of his people."

—The locomotives on some Russian railroads are heated with crude naphtha, which is introduced into the tender as it comes from the wells.

Professor Josiah Parsons Cooke, of Harvard College, has been honored by Cambridge University, England, with the degree of Doctor of Laws.

—The oldest brick building in England, except those built by the Romans, is said to be a castle in Sussex, built by De Fiennes, treasurer of Henry VI.

—A contract has been awarded at Montreal for tunnelling the St. Lawrence at a cost of $3,500,000, the work to be completed within four years.

—James Longworth, who gave $50,000 to Cincinnati, as an endowment for an art school, proposes to add a fund of $10,000 a year towards the same end.

—A Scotch woman residing in Salem, Mass., not quite 40 years of age has borne sixteen children in sixteen years, in no case twins. Thirteen are still living.

—Florida papers are saying that some very large turtles are being caught on the Gulf coast, and instance one recently captured near Tampa which weighed 500 pounds.

—Pure butter at fifteen degrees has the same specific gravity as alcohol of 53.7 per cent. (926), and oleomargarine as alcohol of 50.2 per cent. or .915 specific gravity.

—Senator Bayard has written to some friends at Charlotte, N. C., urging that "an impressive monumental column" be raised to the memory of the Mecklenburg patriots of 1775.

—The price of iron has fallen in England as well as in this country since January 1st. The fall has been $1.10 in pig iron, $2.50 in bar iron and nails, and $3.15 in hoop iron.

—Bela Hubbard, a wealthy resident of Detroit, has presented that city with life-size statues of Marquette, La Salle, Cadillac and Father Richard, to be placed in outer niches of the City Hall.

—A workman in an iron mill in Phœnixville, Penna., recently, rolled a round, three-quarter inch bar of iron, 186 feet in length. This is claimed to be the longest bar of iron of that size ever rolled.

—Mrs. Priscilla Goodwyn, a granddaughter of Ex-President Tyler, is giving very successful readings in the Southern States. She is the granddaughter on her mother's side of the actor, Cooper.

—Ashland, the home of Henry Clay, has come back into the possession of his family, having been purchased by Major Henry Clay McDowell, who married the daughter of Colonel Henry Clay, of Buena Vista fame, a granddaughter of the statesman.

—The Duke of Hamilton is evidently not bankrupt. He has purchased the Westburn estate, in North Lanarkshire, for $300,000, in order that he may work the minerals under the property, of which he is the proprietor.

—Mr. Cornwallis-West's estate of Llanarmon in Northern Wales was recently offered for sale at public auction, but was withdrawn when only $289,000 had been bid. It comprises more than 9300 acres, including several thousand acres of the finest grouse moors in the kingdom.

—The Prussian Government has selected Aiken, S. C., as one of the stations for the observation of the transit of Venus in December next, and the members of the expedition from the Royal Observatory in Berlin, are expected to arrive there about the end of October.

—Miss Mary Anderson visited Mount Auburn Cemetary on Decoration Day and placed a beautiful wreath of flowers upon the grave of the poet Longfellow, who was one of her kindest and most valued friends. She also decorated the grave of Charlotte Cushman.

—Cardinal Newman, in his earlier years, was a performer of marked ability upon the violin, and now, at the age of eighty-one, he still takes delight in drawing sweet strains of music from the instrument that has been his companion for more than three score years.

—Captain Paul Boyton has swum more than 25,000 miles, saved hundreds of lives, and is officially reported by the Life saving Service as having rescued seventy-two persons from drowning upon the coasts of the United states. For his service he has received forty-two medals from European Governments, but not one from this country, of which he is a native.