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A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

The days are short and the nights are long,
And the wind is nipping cold;
The tasks are hard and the sums are wrong,
And the teachers often scold.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
"It will all come right
By to-morrow night,"
Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few and the cake is plain,
The shoes are out at the toe;
For money you look in the purse in vain—
It was all spent long ago.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the street?
Would you have the blues
For a pair of shoes
While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break,
But the little arm is strong,
And work is play if you'll only take
Your work with a bit of song.
And Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the road?
He will do his best,
And will leave the rest
To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face is often sad,
She scarce knows what to do;
But at Johnny's kiss she is bright and glad—
She loves him, and wouldn't you?
For Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
The trouble will go,
And "I told you so,"
Our brave little John will say.

THAT SUNDAY.

Nobody goes to church on Easter Day without a new suit in the very latest fashion!" said Mrs. Clairville.

"Certainly not!" said Alicia, her eldest daughter.

"Mrs. Pelham has written to Paris for a new bonnet, to my certain knowledge."

"And, of course," added Emily, the youngest section of the house of Clairville, "As you are spending the winter with us, Madeline, you will be expected not to disgrace us.'

Madeline Moray looked from one to the other of the speakers with a troubled look of countenance.

"But, aunt Clairville," said she, "mamma writes me that our old cousin Zephaniah and his wife have come from Maine, very poor, and that we must economize as much as possible.

"They are very old, and they need a great many little luxuries, and whatever——"

Mrs. Clairville's face darkened visibly.

"Madeline," said she, "will you never forget that you belong to a farmer's family down east?

"Your cousin Zephaniahs are nothing to me.

"Of course, while you are my guest, I shall expect you to dress as becomes your station as my niece."

Madeline knitted her pretty brows in sore perplexity after aunt Clairville had rustled out, leaving a strong odor of patchouli behind her.

She had a some bank-notes yet left of the store which they had scraped together at home, when they sent her to spend a winter in Boston with aunt Clairville, and she took it from her purse and smoothed it out upon her desk.

Twenty-five dollars!

She had hoped to save it all for cousin Zephaniah.

Her pretty shot silk, with the damasse front, was very fresh and pretty still—she had only worn it some half-dozen times—and her neat little split-straw hat would look very nice, if she bought new ribbon for it and re-arranged the flowers.

At least that was the mental conclusion at which she had arrived, when Mrs. Clairville issued her commands, binding as an imperial ukase, that a new Easter suit was among the necessities.

Madeline knew very well that she was pretty.

She never looked into the glass without perceiving the difference between her fresh apple blossom of a face, and the enamelled and rouged complexions of her city cousins.

She knew that her hair was like burnished coils of gold, her long-lashed eyes like stars, and she would have liked a new Easter suit as well as any one—and the bonnets in Madame Printemp's window looked infinitely beautiful in her eyes, with their French roses and perfectly simulated violets; but there was the old man and his enfeebled wife to remember—the ancient relics of a bygone generation, who had out-lived the sympathy of almost all the world.

"No," said Madeline to herself, "I must not spend this money, Easter suit or no Easter suit."

So she sat herself down, in the rainy March afternoon, to rip up the short silk dress and alter it over so that even Alicia and Emily should not know it for the same.

But, with all her skill in amateur dress-making, the folds would not hang stylishly, the old creases would obtrude themselves on the eye, and the costume proclaimed, in its every glisten and puff—"Made over, made over!"

Emily Clairville shook her head.

"Madeline," said she, "it is of no use.

"You never can wear that dress! And your hat, too!

"A plain split-straw, without so much as a French flower."

Madeline burst into tears.

"Very well, Emily,' she said. "Then I will remain at home.

"You need not fear that I will disgrace the congregation of St. Etheldreda on Easter Sunday."

And this pledge evidently relieved the mind of Miss Clairville.

And the two elegant sisters did not take the trouble, when Captain Brabazin dropped in to five o'clock tea, to send up word to Madeline that there was company in the parlor.

"I suppose she don't care to see me,' the captain thought, with a sinking heart, when at last he went away, after having lingered as long as politeness would admit.

"I suppose he never asked for me," Madeline said to herself as, from her window, she saw his retreating figure saunter slowly down the street.

"Well, it matters less than ever now about the Easter suit.

"Nobody will know whether I have one or not."

But when Easter Eve came, and Madeline was crying softly in her own room, to think of the radiant spring sunset that was flooding all the world at home, the waiter came grinning up to the door.

"Please, Miss Maddy," he said, "hyar's a basket o' laylocks.

"Real springy-smellin', I do declare!

"Wid de cappen's card — Cappen Brabazan, miss!"

Madeline uttered an exclamation of delight.

Oh, the lovely purple things! Clusters of lilac fragrance.

Delicious reminders of the springtide at home.

Oh, how kind it was of Captain Brabazan to remember that she was a country girl, exiled here among brick walls.

Madame Cressonde's young women sat up until twelve o'clock that night, to finish the three elegant costumes which Mrs. Clairville and her daughters ordered.

The three bonnets did not come home until Sunday morning.

But Madeline watched them sail forth to church, to the glitter of golden sunbeams and the clanging of melodious bells, like three fashion-plates.

And then she put on her plain little "made-over dress" and, taking a fresh cluster of lilacs from the vase of water, pinned it across the split-straw hat.

"There," she thought as she tied the strings under her chin, "no Paris exotic ever looked half so sweet as that!

"And I am sure Heaven will incline its ear no less favorably to my prayers than if I went to St. Etheldreda's in Worth's newest design."

And she crept to the little church in the adjoining street, which had long been out of fashion, and where the spectacled old clergyman practiced all the austerities of the early fathers, through dire necessity.

Easter Sunday!

She sat there, listening to the anthems, and thinking of the dear ones at home, and wondering if cousin Zephaniah and his poor old wife would ever know that she, Madeline Moray, had cast her mite to relieve their sore necessities, and recalling vaguely the poor widow whose offering had once been so precious in the holiest of eyes.

Hers was not much now, but she also had given it from a free and willing heart.

As she moved quietly, and with reverent, downcast eyes, out of the church, some one stepped to her side.

"You have dropped something, Miss Moray," said Captain Brabazan.

And he held up the cluster of lilacs, drooping now, and a little faded.

She put her hand up to her bonnet with a scarlet blush.

"Your lilacs, Captain Brabazan," she said.

His face brightened.

"I am proud that you deemed them worthy of your wearing.

"Your cousin told me that you was such an anchorite that you did not care for flowers, or books, or society—that you were not even going to church on Easter Sunday."

"I?" cried Madeline.

"Oh, Captain Brabazan, I like all three!

"I cried over your flowers when they came last night.

"They seemed to me like dear friends from home.

"And I wore them in my bonnet because—because I could not afford artifical blossoms.

"There! now you know just how poor I am."

And she laughed, even while the roseate tinge suffused her cheek.

"I do not know whether you are poor or not," said he; "but I do know that I think you the nearest to perfection of any girl whom I ever saw."

"May I tell you all about it?" she asked hurriedly, "for I do not want you to think me avaricious or semi-barbarian, as my cousins sometimes pronounce me. And then you shall tell me whether you think I am right or wrong.

They walked slowly home from church in the soft, bland sunlight of that Easter Day, and when they reached the brown stone mansion in Silverston street, Captain Brabazan went in and formally asked Mrs. Clairville's permission to address her niece with a view to marriage.

That was Madeline Moray's Easter gift.

A man's true and loyal heart—the dawn of a great happiness, over a life which up to this hour had been but chill and solitary.

There was no denying that Mrs. Clairville was much disappointed.

Emily and Alicia had been in society three seasons now, without having received any eligible offer; and it did seem strange that this pale, quiet little girl from the back-woods, as Mrs. Clairville contemptuously expressed it, should have carried off such a glittering prize as Captain Brabazan; for it never occurred to them that Madeline's sweet unselfishness and quiet self denial could possibly have had anything to do with the matter.

And so long as old cousin Zephaniah and his wife lived, Captain Brabazan made them an annual allowance which was ample for their simple wants.

—During the past fifteen years 2,500 churches have been built in this country.

Ferocious Courage of the Afghan.

A correspondent contributes some "Reminiscences of the War in Afghanistan." Referring to the fighting qualities of the Afghan soldiery, he says: An Afghan never thinks of asking for quarter, but fights with the ferocity of a tiger and clings to life until his eyes glaze and his hands refuse to pull a pistol-trigger or use a knife in a dying effort to maim or kill his enemy. The stern realities of war were more pronounced on the battle-fields in Afghanistan than perhaps they have ever been in India, if we except the retributive days of the mutiny. To spare a wounded man for a minute was probably to cause the death of the next soldier who unsuspiciously walked past him. One thing our men certainly learned in Afghanistan, and that was to keep their wits about them when pursuing an enemy or passing over a hard-won field. There might be danger lurking in each seemingly inanimate form studding the ground, and unless care and caution were exercised the wounded Afghan would steep his soul in bliss by killing a Kaffir just when life was at its last ebb. This stubborn way of fighting *in extremis* is prompted doubtless by fanaticism, and we saw so much of it that our men at close quarters always drove their bayonets well home, so that there should be no mistake as to the deadliness of the wound. The physical courage which distinguished the untrained mobs who fought so resolutely against us was worthy of all admiration; the tenacity with which men, badly armed and lacking skilled leaders, clung to their positions was remarkable, to say nothing of the sullen doggedness they often showed when retiring. But when the tide of the fight set in fully against them and they saw that further resistance would involve them more deeply, there was so sudden a change always apparent that one could scarcely believe the fugitives hurrying over the hills were the same men who had resisted so desperately but a few minutes before. They acted wisely; they knew their powers in scaling steep hills, or in making their escape by fleetness of foot; and the host generally dissolved with a rapidly which no one but an eye-witness can appreciate. If cavalry overtook them, they turned like wolves and fought with desperation, selling their lives as dearly as men ever sold them; but there was no rally in the true sense of the word, and but faint attempts at aiding each other. Their regular troops were but little amenable to discipline by reason of deficient training, and they resorted to the tactics they had pursued as tribesmen, when once they were forced to retire."

Railway Accommodations.

In these days when it is fashionable to complain of corporations as purely selfish, it is greatly to the credit of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, that it is constantly furnishing increased facilities for the accommodation of the traveling public. Recently they have commenced running a through Pullman Sleeping Coach from Washington and Baltimore to Chicago on their Pacific Express, which leaves Washing every day in the year at 9 50 p. m., and Baltimore 11.15 p. m. The arriving time at Chicago is 8.00 o'clock the second morning. The portion of the train which starts from Washington joins at Harrisburg with the section from New York and Philadelphia on which there is a hotel car. This arrangement gives passengers from Baltimore and Washington just the same eating facilities as enjoyed by those from New York, as the first meal *en route* is breakfast on the first morning, after the two sections have become one train.

On their West Jersey connection, also, they arranged for placing, since February 19th, a through passenger car between New York and Jersey City as follows: Leave Brooklyn 12:30 noon; New York, 1:00 p. m., and arrive at Atlantic City (via Trenton and Camden) 5:47 p. m. Leave Atlantic City at 7:25 a. m., arrive at New York, 11:40 noon; Brooklyn 12:30 noon. The car will not be run in either direction on Sundays.

The latter will furnish not only desirable facilities for the citizens of New York and northern New Jersey, but will enable summer visitors to New York city on business to take a run down to the "City by the Sea" conveniently and in a few hours.

Origin of the Cereal Grains.

Wheat ranks by origin as a degenerate and degraded lily. Such in brief is the proposition which this paper sets out to prove, and which the whole course of evolutionary botany tends every day more and more fully to confirm. By thus from the very outset placing clearly before our eyes the goal of our argument, we shall be able the better to understand as we go whither each item of the cumulative evidence is really tending. We must endeavor to start with the simplest forms of the great group of plants to which the cereals and the other grasses belong, and we must try to see by what steps this primitive type gave birth, first to the brilliantly colored lilies, next to the degraded rushes and sedges, and then to the still more degenerate grasses, from one or other of whose richer grains man has finally developed his wheat, his rice, his millet, and his barley. We shall thus trace throughout the whole pedigree of wheat from the time when its ancestors first diverged from the common stock of the lilies and the water-plantations, to the time when savage man found it growing wild among the untilled plains of prehistoric Asia, and took it under his special protection in the little garden-plots around his wattled hut, whence it has gradually altered under his constant selection into the golden grain that now covers half the lowland tilth of Europe and America. There is no page in botanical history more full of genuine romance than this, and there is no page in which the evidence is clearer or more convincing for those who will take the easy trouble to read it aright.

The Threatened Families.

By the proposition to expel from French territory all the members of families which have reigned in France, if it should be adopted, no less than thirty-one persons are affected. Of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, only two—the Comte and Comtesse de Chambord, resident in Australia, but at present free to live in France if they please—would suffer. There are Bourbons of Spain, of the two Sicilies, and of Parma dwelling in France; but they are foreign princes, and would not be included in this sweeping banishment. On the other hand, upwards of 23 members of the Orleans family—which, by the way, has been remarkable for its peculiarly quiet attitude—might be turned "bag and baggage" out of the country. These are the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, living at the Chateau d'Eu in Normandy, but now at Cannes for the season, and their children, the Duc d'Orleans, who is studying at the College Stanislas, the Princesse Helene who made her debut in society about three months ago, and two little princesses. Then come the duc de Chartres, younger brother of the comte de Paris, now stationed at Rouen as colonel of the 12th chasseurs, the Duchesse de Chartres, and their children, Prince Robert, Henri and Jean, and Princesses Marie and Marguerite, all of whom are with their parents. The Duc de Nemours, general of division, who is residing in the avenue du Bois de Boulogne in Paris, follows with his children, the Duc d'Alencon, captain in an artillery regiment, and his wife, the duchess, who with their little son and daughter, Prince Emmanuel and Princess Louise, are now sojourning at Vincennes, and Princess Blanche d'Orleans. The Comte d'Eu and the Princess Marguerite have become foreign subjects, the former through his marriage with a princess of Brazil, now his adopted country; the latter by her marriage with Prince Ladislas Czartepski. Next comes the Prince de Joinville, vice-admiral, with his princess, both of whom reside in the Rue de Berri in Paris, and their children, the duc de Penthievre, a lieutenant in the French navy, and Princess Francoise, married to the duc de Chartres. Lastly, the duc d'Aumale, general of division and a member of the Academie Francaise. The duc de Montpensier and Princess Clencutine, brother and sister of the duc de Nemours, would not be included in the decree of expulsion as the former has become a Spaniard through his marriage with the Infante Louise, sister of Queen Isabella, while the latter is the wife of the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The members of the Bonaparte family who would be directly affected by the adoption of the Floquet proposition are Prince Napoleon and his wife the Princess Clotilde, with their two sons—Prince Victor, who is at Orleans with his regiment, the 32d artillery, and Prince Louise, now studying at the Lycee Charlemagne, and their daughter, the Princess Marie, who is with her mother at Moncalieri, and the Princess Mathilde. The other members of the Bonaparte family, children of the late Prince Pierre and Prince Murat, would hardly be included in the proscription.

Mottoes of the Habsburgs.

The celebration of the foundation of the Habsburg monarchy has suggested to a writer in one of the Vienna journals the compilation of the mottoes adopted by the Emperors who have successively occupied the throne. The founder of the dynasty, whose motto was "Festina lente" before his accession, afterward adopted that of "Melius bene imperare quam imperium ampliare." Albert I, with "Fugam victoria nescit," and Frederick III, with "Beata morte nihil beatus," were succeeded by Albert II and Frederick IV, whose mottoes were "Amicus optima vitæ possessio," and "Amor electis, injustis ordinat ulter." Charles V, had two mottoes, "Nondum" and "Plus ultra," while the motto of Ferdinand I, the founder of the German line of Habsburgs, was "Fiat justitia, pereat mundus." "Deus providebit" was the pious motto of Maximilian II; and, passing over those of Rudolph II and two or three other sovereigns, that of Charles VI, the author of the Pragmatic Sanction, possesses peculiar interest, as he was the last male descendant of the House of Habsburg. His high temper and force of character are embodied in the motto, "Constantia et fortitudine;" while his daughter, Maria Theresa, who founded the house of Habsburg-Lorraine, chose as her motto, "Justitia et clementia." The motto of her husband, Francis I, was "Pro Deo et imperio," while Joseph II took for his device, "Virtute exemplo," and his brother, "Leopold II, "Opes regum corda subditorum." He was succeeded by Francis II, with the mottoes, "Lege et fide" and "Justitia regnorum fundamentum." The late Emperor Ferdinand's motto was, "Recta tuen," while that of the reigning sovereign is, appropriately enough, "Viribus unitis," for there is more strength and unity in the dual empire than when he came to the throne

It must be borne in mind that our domestic animals are kept in an artificial state, and their wants are different from those that are wild. They may have inordinate desires, caused by the manner of keeping, and if those desires are fully gratified damage may result. Too much water to a horse when he is very warm is injurious, as all know, and animals often eat food that causes sickness among them.

What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and always grows with its root upward? An icycle.

An African Utopia.

German explorers have thrown so much light on the immense tract of country situated between 18 degrees and 20 degrees East of Greenwich and 1 degree and 8 degrees, S. L. to the south of the great bend of the Congo, that it may interest your readers to hear a short account of what has been done by them. If you take the western half of Stanley's Map of Equatorial Africa to hand, you will perceive four large tributaries of the Congo dotted down—the mouths of which Stanley discovered—and a "reported" large lake, "popularly Lake Lincoln of Livingstone," to the west of which "vicious and most murderous dwarfs" named Watwa are supposed to exist. Now if Pogge and Wissmann had done nothing but confirm the existence of these pigmies, whom they call Batua, and reduce the Lake Mukamba to very modest proportions, besides placing it further to the southeast, under 5 deg. 46 min. 25 sec. S. L., they would merit praise. But we owe far more to them. They unveil to us the existence of an Utopia, where strangers are gratuitously supplied with food, and they reveal that the Bassonge, subjects of King Katshitsh, a strong and handsome race in a densely populated country teeming with natural produce, excel in artistic manufacture of workmanship of various kinds, in wood, clay, copper and iron, weaving stuff out of the Mabele plant and showing skill in basket making. Wissmann declares that no foreign influence has ever touched them.

The Utopia has received the honorary epithet of Lubuku, *i. e.*, "Friendship," but its real name is Casselange; its inhabitants are called Tusselange, and their principal chief, Makenge, resides not far from the confluence of the Lulua and the Kassai. Pogge tells us that the inhabitants of one village, or sometimes of several villages, can be looked upon as a family, for each inhabitant is treated by the rest as a relation, and one member of the community stands by another, "for better and for worse." The king's hospitality went so far that he accompanied his guests a distance about as great as from Berlin to Dantzic—not having received any present except a brass chain, supplemented by the promise of a musical box in case Dr. Pogge should reach the Lualaba, and return thence in safety. The discovery of the amiable tribe of Tusselange, and of the accomplished Bassonge, took place in the following manner: The "Afrikanische Gesellschaft" had charged Dr. Paul Pogge and Lieutenant Wissmann to establish a station at Mussumba (8 deg 24 minutes 10 seconds S. L.), the capital of the kingdom of Lunda, over which one of the strangest among swarthy potentates, the mighty Mwata Yanvo, reigns. Both Pogge, in 1876, and Dr. Max Buchner, in 1879 to 1880, had found it impossible, though they otherwise met with very kindly treatment, to penetrate to the east, north or south of Mwata Yanvo's dominions. The latter was thoroughly convinced that the European travelers could have no other object than that of buying elsewhere ivory and ostrich feathers cheaper than from him, and so he thwarted all their endeavors to penetrate further. On arriving, therefore, on July 20, 1881, from Loanda, on the west coast at Kimbandu (between 10 and 20 degrees S. L. and 19 and 20 degrees E.) they were hardly sorry to hear that both roads thence to Mussumba were impassable, on account of some Kiokos having quarreled with Mwata Yanvo. They at once determined to push on to Makenge, and thence to the Lualaba or Upper Congo, and for forty-four yards of calico per head they found three porters willing to accompany them as far as the Land of Friendship. Following the western bank of the Chikapa up to its confluence with the Kassai, and then of the latter river up to Kikassa, in the Pende country, they traversed this deep stream, about 1,000 feet broad, and there met a Tusselange chief of the name of Kingenge, who insisted upon taking Lieut. Wissmann home with him as his guest. Thus, after sixty-two days' journey from Kimbundu, Pogge arrived alone, on October 30, 1881, at Mokenge's place of residence, situated under 6 deg. 10 min. S. L., rather more than 20 degs. E. of Greenwich. He describes the Tusselange as capital farmers. Everywhere around he saw broad fields of fine mandiocs, maize, millet, earth-nuts or beans. Tobacco and hemp are both grown for smoking. Their country is a fertile and well-irrigated, undulating plain between the rivers Kassai and Lulua, covered in a large measure by large forests, in the midst of which are prairies, which the inhabitants cultivate, and where they built their villages The climate, though warm, is salubrious. Trade chiefly consists in female slaves and India rubber, and humiliating as it may sound to the ears of our lady readers, the average price for a full-grown female is a musket, four pounds of gunpowder or eighteen yards of calico. In the first days of December Pogge and Wissmann met again, and about the middle of the month they reached the Lake Mukamba. On January 5th, 1880, they reached the Lubi, a fine tributary of the Lobilash, and in the midst of a splendid tropical vegetation they saw villages arise, "where in clean and roomy dwellings, with gardens neatly hedged in, forming streets straight as an arrow, the Bassonge live under the shadow of palm trees and bananas."

Thus speaks Lieutenant Wissmann in a letter from Cairo of a country where, according to the newest map published, cannibals have hitherto been believed to reside. On January 29, 1882, under 5 deg. 13 min. S. L., the two German explorers traversed a river 459 feet broad, the Lubilash, which soon turned out to be the same as the Saukura, one denomination being used on the western and another on the eastern bank. Along well-watered grass meadows and through villages ten miles long, here and there coming across cannibals, the travelers reached the Lemani under 5 deg. 42½ min., and proceeding again across the inundated districts and swamps, and through plains the grass of which was so knotted together as to be almost impassable, they came upon the Lufubu on April 2. Nine days later they descended this river into the Kasiku, and entered the Lualaba on the 16th. In Nyangwe the Arabs gave them goods on credit, and on May 5 Pogge started back for Mukenge, while Wissmann with some difficulty succeeded in making his way to the East Coast. He says: "From the Lubi as far as Lake Tanganyika I met with remains of the Batua, who seems to be the real aborigines. In tiny and ill-constructed straw huts, despised by the Baluba tribes, these small, ill-shapen, attenuated, dirty and wild-looking people live. They do not grow anything, nor do they keep pigs or goats, but only a few fowls, living for the rest upon wild fruits and the game they kill. They have a peculiar language, and their weapons and instruments are of a very inferior kind. Iron arrow points are however, sometimes found in their possession, and they train a kind of grayhound for hunting." Wissmann formed a very good opinion of the warlike King Mirambo, whom he visited in August, after a pleasant stay with the Rev. —— Griffith at Ruanda, near Tanganyika, and who treated him to two bottles of champagne. After a visit to the French missionaries at Tabora, and to Dr. Bohm and Dr. Reichardt at Gonda, he enjoyed some good shooting, and on November 17, 1882, he embarked for Suez at Zanzibar.

Of Dr. Pogge's safe return to King Mukenge we have heard nothing as yet, but the Berlin Geographical Society is in hopes that he has founded a station there, and that we may any day hear of his arrival at Loanda on his way homeward. Wissmann arrived at Cairo on New Year's Day, on the very same day as Mr. Joseph Thompson, who has proceeded to Zanzibar at the request of the London Geographical Society.

Avenging Their Father.

There is a romantic story related of an affair which occurred in Yeddo, China, and connected with the life of U-i, a historic character who was executed for conspiracy. When he first appeared in Yeddo he gave lessons in sword exercise. One day two young girls came to him—they were sisters—wishing to be instructed in the use of the sword and halberd. Curious to know why they desired to acquire a knowledge of the use of arms, he inquired of them the reason. When they informed him he approved their determination and taught them with all the care and attention he could bestow. These sisters were the daughters and only children of a farmer of Shiraishi, Sendai. One day it happened, as they were in the fields with their father, a young and gay retainer of the Prince of Sendai passed near them, and in passing a splash of mud accidentally fell upon his garments. He was in a great rage, and though the father and his daughters besought and implored his pardon for the unintentional act, he drew his sword and cut the father in pieces, leaving the disconsolate girls to care for his remains as they could. They, by the side of the dead, took an oath to be revenged on the young murderer of their parent. Nobu and Kiyo were the names of these two sisters. After the sepulture of their father they walked to Yeddo and made their wishes known to U-i. It is said they studied under his tuition for a whole year, U-i standing their friend in every way when assistance was needed. Upon their return to their home he furnished them with approved weapons with which to fight the slayer of their father.

Then, and until a few years past, it was deemed praiseworthy to slay an enemy in revenge for insults or wrongs inflicted. As U-i knew these girls were to challenge their enemy to deadly combat, he sent with them, to act as a second, one of his best swordsmen. As soon as they arrived at their home a challenge was sent to their foe to meet them at a given day at Shiraishi. This singular duel was to take place in a stockade made of bamboo, and thousands gathered to witness the combat. The Japanese loved to witness feats of arms and were accustomed to attend such meetings as the fighting propensities of the people gave rise to, that they might see fair play accorded to all parties. The chronicles of the event tell of the breathless interest manifested by the assembled thousands gathered to witness these heroic sisters meet in deadly combat the trained swordsman of the potent Prince of Sendai, and how the blood was stirred in the hearts of the vast concourse as the combatants rushed from their places to do battle to the death. How the sympathy went out from the multitude in behalf of the young girls; of the partial victory of the man, as he sorely wounded, one after the other, both of them, and of the wail of grief that resounded over the place when it appeared as if he was to prove the victor. For awhile it seemed that the sisters would be slain, but fortune favored the fair and brave at last, and the head of their foe was carried away by them and offered at the grave of their father. Their parent had been avenged.

How to Hold a Teaspoon.

The Hon. Grantley Berkeley tells the following amusing story of old Lady Clermont, who used to be a constant guest at the Brighton Pavilion in the days when that singular edifice was the abode of royalty and roysterers. Her physicians had recommended a moderate use of stimulants to supply that energy which was deficient in her system, and brandy had been suggested in a prescribed quantity to be mixed with her tea. "I remember well," says Grantley Berkeley, who was a child at the time, "having my curiosity excited by this to me, novel form of taking medicine, and holding on by the back of a chair to watch the modus operandi. Very much to my astonishment the patient held a liquor bottle over a cup of tea and began to pour out its contents, with a peculiar purblind look, upon the back of a teaspoon. Presently she seemed suddenly to become aware of what she was about, turned up the spoon the right way and carefully measured and added the quantity to which she had been restricted. The tea so strongly 'laced' she then drank with apparent gusto. What seemed inexplicable to my ingenuous mind was the unvarying recurrence of the same mistake of presenting the back of the spoon instead of the front. The gravity with which she noticed her apparent mistake without attempting to conceal it, and her little exclamation of surprise so invariably uttered, amused me so much that when she quitted the Pavilion the best part of the day's entertainment seemed to have departed with her."

She is Still Dead, Madam.

A funny story is told of the wife of one of the most noted admirals of the country. The lady is a leading society woman here, and she prides herself on her remembrance of people. She always endeavors to make herself very agreeable, and is as pleasant to strangers as though she had known them for years. A year ago, meeting Commodore Blank at a dinner table, she said, "Why, my dear commodore, I am so glad to see you! How is your wife?"

"She is dead madam," was the blunt reply.

Of course the admiral's wife apologized for not knowing what should have been a well-known fact—and a fact which she had in reality heard but had forgotten.

The other day this same lady met this same commodore at a party. She was apparently delighted to see him, and at the outstart of their conversation she said: "Now, commodore, I want you to tell me how is your darling wife?"

She was thrown into surprise and consternation by the reply, "Madam, she is still dead!"

Old Hyena Puncher.

The other morning, while the urbane manager of Woodward's Gardens was smoking a four-bit cigar, and meditatively listening to the muffled wails of a tomcat that had just been swallowed alive by the anaconda, a tall, thin, scientific-looking man, with a goatee and blue glasses, entered the gate and remarked in an insinuating manner:

"Of course, you pass the scientific fraternity?"

"Of course, we do not!" said the showman, emphatically.

"What, not the servants, not the pioneers in the great march of the mind into the hitherland of the infinate beyond?" returned the professor, with great surprise.

"I will not deceive you," sarcastically replied the proprietor of the only salamander; "we pass nothing but the quills on the fretful porcupines—I mean the press. You can't see the ost ilges unless you come down and put up."

"Dear me, dear me!" sighed the scientist, reflectively. "To think that a professor of cosmographic conchology should be denied admittance to a third-class Zoo! Has the Skamgatibus been fed yet?"

"Skam——which?" asked the tiger importer.

"Why, the Skamgatibus; you've got one, haven't you?"

"Ye-e-s-s; I believe we've a small female somewheres," said the grizzly's friend, doubtfully.

Way, I never knew a first-class collection to have less than two pairs," said the professor, contemptuously; "how do your Azimuths stand this cold weather, eh!"

"Azimuths?" asked the Napoleon aggregator of curiosities; "what's them?" Some kind of bird—you don't mean ostri--?"

"Ostridges be hanged?" said the successor of Darwin; "ostridges are nothing. I've shot more ostridges with quail shot than you've got hairs on your head. You dont actually mean to sit there and tell me you haven't got a single Azimuth to your back?"

"Don't believe I have," admitted the alligator breeder, mortified; what are they like?"

"Oh they're of the order Spinalis, about eight feet high. Far peels off in the spring, you know—the Siberian species. I mean, I suppose you've got one of those Rectangular African Flipgoohlies that reached New York the other day?"

"No,' said the much agitated showman; "here I've been keeping an agent in New York on a big salary to look out for attractions and he doesn't catch on to the first blamed thing. Spends all our money on second-hand panthers and kangaroos with the rheumaties. I'll bounce him by telegraph!"

"Haven't even got a Flipgoohly, eh?" mused the scientist, in a tone of great pity. "And I shouldn't be surprised if you didn't have a Golden Crested Cuspidor in your whole show."

"Neither I have—nenner I have,' replied the wretched promoter of pelicans in a tone of great bitterness. Spose you just step in, sir, and look round; mebbe there is something else you could say—"

"N-n-o, I guess not," said the tall man. "It would hardly pay me to spend so much valuable scientific time in a fourth-class show like this. Not even an Azimuth, eh? I should think you'd be afraid of being actually mobbed some time. I'm sorry for you, my good man; sorry for you. I've no doubt you mean well, but—not a solitary Skamgatibus—Great Scott!"

And as the disciple of Audubon passed into a saloon across the street and swapped a lead nickle for a glass of beer the bar-keeper heard him chuckle something to the effect that he had got even on that old hyena puncher, and don't you forget it.

Lead Poisoning in Dressmakers.

Lead poisoning is often produced in an unsuspected manner, The occupation of dressmaking might be regarded as one likely to be exempt from it; yet a dressmaker just admitted into the Leeds Dispensary, England, was found to have a distinct blue line on her gums, with simultaneous symptoms, such as a furred tongue, inflammation of the lips, and general debility—all signs pointing to the probability of poisoning by lead. The physician in attendance for some time failed to discover the source of the lead poisoning, and was beginning to think the blue line had been caused in some other way, when he accidentally learned from a merchant that silken thread, being sold by weight, and not by length, is sometime adulterated with sugar of lead. He than questioned the patient, and she informed him that it had been a common practice with her, when at work, to hold silk as well as other kinds of thread in her mouth, and that she had done this the more readily with silk, inasmuch as it often had a sweet ta te. This is a sure indication of the presence of lead and all thread possessing it should either be rejected or used with caution. It will be found that the silk thread of the best makers is tasteless, whereas some inferior threads are sweet.

Egypt.

Egypt is to have a large police force, composed mainly of Europeans. Active recruiting for this body has been going on in Switzerland, Germany and Belgium. Natives of those countries are deemed equally eligible. French and Italians are, for political reasons, excluded. The recruits are not to be under twenty, nor over forty years of age. They are to get from $30 to $60 a month, from which about $8 a month is to be deducted for the cost of rations. The Egyptian Government is to pay the expense of conveyance to Egypt, and there is a special agreement with the Swiss recruits that, in case their country should become involved in war, they are to have the privilege of returning immediately to their homes, at the expense of the Egyptian treasury.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—In Great Britain 375,000 persons work under ground.

—California last year packed 600,000 cases of canned fruits.

—American patent medicines are in great demand in Belgium.

—The Massachusetts Senate has passed a resolution for biennial sessions.

—Berlin with over 1,160,000 population, has only forty five places of worship.

—A Post of the Grand Army of the Republic has been established in Honolulu.

—A club of climbers will leave Boston for the White Mountains during this month.

—One Chicago pawn shop has loaned money on 2200 revolvers during the past year.

—A lady, Miss S. Clark, has been appointed Treasurer of a savings bank in Exeter, N. H.

—The Lower House of the Missouri Legislature contains forty attorneys and fourteen editors.

—California white wines are exported to Germany in considerable quantities, and find much favor there.

—Cash girls in New York stores are paid $1.50 a week, and some of them $2 after years of experience.

—A London lecturer declares that England has spent during the last ten years £1,440,000,000 for liquor.

—We use 21,000,000 spools of thread a year, and three or four thousand cords of wood in the making of spools.

—New York will raise by taxation, to defray the expenses of its city government, about $20,000,000 in 1883.

—An agent has gone to South Africa to secure ostriches to stock a farm to be established in San Bernardino, Cal.

—A thoughtful citizen of Kansas City, Mo., has presented each of the letter-carriers in the city with a pair of ice-creepers.

—During the past year sixty-one Congregationalist ministers have died in this country, at an average age of sixty-four years.

—The total number of cases of shoes shipped from Lynn, Mass., in 1882 is 310,525. This shows a gain of more than 25,000 over 1881.

—Women Stenographers of the highest class command and receive salaries of $1000 a year and upwards, when employed in large establishments.

—The Rev. Osborne Ingle, an Episcopal clergyman of Frederick, Md., has lost his wife and seven children, mostly by diphtheria, within a brief year.

—In a corn-raising contest near Rome, Ga., five young men took part. The winner of the prize raised thirty-seven bushels and seven ounces on a half acre.

—A boy in Mobile, Ala., burned down two buildings to win two bets aggregating $4 that there would be two fires in the city before certain specified dates.

—A slow watch caused the loss of five lives and the wounding of two men, besides the destruction of considerable property on the Chesapeak & Ohio Railway.

—The Duke of Sutherland, by his recent purchase of land in Florida, becomes, it is said, a larger real estate owner in the United States than in England.

—Immigration to the United States is lessening in volume. For the five months ended Nov. 30, the arrivals aggregated 244,611, as compared with 291,320 in 1881.

—Russia's debt has almost doubled since 1872, the annual deficit in her finances averaging $120,000,000. A loan recently negotiated brings the debt up to $2,765,000,000.

—The Texas cattle drive for the coming spring is estimated at 220,000 head. Of these not more than 120,000 will reach the open market. The rest will be reserved for ranch purposes.

—The gold product of California from the discovery of the precious metal by James W. Marshall in the tail-race of Sutter's Mill, Jan. 19, 1848, to June 30, 1881, amounted to $1,170,000,000.

—The product of the Leadville (Colorado) mines for the past three months is as follows: Pounds of lead, 17,088,228; ounces of silver, 1,337,216; ounces of gold, 2, 921. Total currency value, $5,792,123.

—The memorial library building which the sons of the late Israel Washburn are to erect at the homestead in Livermore, Me., is to be of granite, and is to be ready for use during the coming summer.

—Hunnewell, Kansas, shipped during the last season 4,000 car loads of cattle, averaging twenty-two head to the car. The cattle brought $35 per head at market making over $3,000,000 worth shipped from this one point.

—Some Maine officers attempted to seize a car load of beer in Portland the other day, but a locomotive came along and carried beer and officers to Portsmouth, N. H., 50 miles away where it is not unlawful to hold beer for sale.

—During the five years ending December 31, 1881, there were 1,870 hotels burned in the United States and 360 in Canada. During the month of November, 1881, there were thirty-nine burned in the United States and six in Canada, more than one for every day of the month.

—The aggregate value of the elevators belonging to the Northern Pacific railroad is $300,000. They do an annual grain trade of from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000, and in their merchandise department they did a business last year of 100,000.

—The best compliment paid the public schools of Washington by a foreigner, qualified to judge, is the fact that the children of the Swiss Minister attend public school in the Peabody building, and Gen. Frey, as is well known, presided over the educational department of his native State for a number of years.

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army in England, in his report for 1882, says that in that year 669 of his soldiers, including 274 women, were knocked down, kicked or brutally assaulted otherwise, and that 56 buildings in which they were holding service were attacked and badly broken up at doors and windows.

—J. L. Shirley, of Dallas county, Texas, went hunting with $300 in currency in his pocket, and used paper for wadding. He was loading from the wrong pocket, however, and had shot away over $60 of his money before he discovered his mistake.