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DREAM LIFE.

Listen, friend, and I will tell you,
Why I sometimes seem so glad,
Then, without a reason changing,
Soon become so grave and sad.

Half my life I live a beggar,
Ragged, helpless, and alone;
But the other half a monarch,
With my courtiers round my throne.

Half my life is full of sorrow,
Half of joy, still fresh and new:
One of these lives is a fancy,
But the other one is true.

While I live and feast on gladness,
Still I feel the thought remain,
This must soon end—nearer, nearer,
Comes the life of grief and pain.

While I live a wretched beggar,
One bright hope my lot can cheer,
Soon, soon, thou shalt have thy kingdom,
Brighter hours are drawing near.

So you see my life is two-fold
Half a pleasure, half a grief;
Thus all joy is somewhat tempered,
And all sorrow finds relief.

Which, you ask me, is the real life,
Which the dream—the joy or woe?
Hush, friend, it is little matter,
And indeed, I never know.

SWEET CHARITY.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Blythe were seated at breakfast.

The steak was broiled to perfection, and the aroma from the steaming coffee-urn sent forth an appetizing odor.

But as the young wife watched her husband's enjoyment of the daintily-cooked viands, her face wore a look of abstraction not usually seen upon it.

At last Mr. Blythe noticed it; and also that she was not eating—but merely toying with the bit of toast upon her plate.

"What's the matter, Letty?" he asked, with a look of concern.

"Are you ill?"

"No, Malcolm, I was only thinking."

Malcolm gave a long low whistle to emphasize his surprise.

"Thinking! my bright chatty little girl, stopping her merry nonsense long enough for such an unusual operation! what can it be about?"

Letty drew herself up with an assumption of injured dignity; but her eyes and smiling lips bore witness that she was not deeply offended.

"You treat me so like a child, Malcolm, that I have almost grown to think that, though a married woman, I can still avoid all trying responsibilities, and make life one grand holiday.

"But I am beginning to see things in a new light.

"I may have but the one talent—still I have no right to waste it. I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself to be such an idler in this busy world."

Malcolm looked into the earnest eyes with a mock seriousness of expression in his own brown orbs as he said—

"Well, Puss, I am sorry if I'm going to lose my pleasant little companion, and have a long-faced reformer take her place."

Letty smiled.

"Not so bad as that, I hope. Is it not possible to do something to make other people either better or happier, without being 'long-faced' or disagreeable myself?"

By this time Mr. Blythe was ready to put on his overcoat.

Letty, as usual, helped him to get into it, then put up her lips for a kiss.

She looked very winsome, with the seriousness of an awakening soul clouding her innocent eyes, and giving a somewhat plaintive droop to the lips, clear-cut in their outlines, yet red and pouting as a cleft cherry.

Malcolm kissed her fondly; then pinching her cheek, playfully said—

"I'll give you a mission for to-day. Put on your pretty things, and go and buy some presents for your little sisters. Then come home with such a bright face that I can warm my heart in its sunshine."

Letty felt a pardonable glow of pride and pleasure in her handsome husband as she watched him stride off, turning now and then to nod another "good-bye" to her, until the tram car came along which was to take him down to his office.

He had bought a neat little phaeton, for her use, but seldom stepped into it himself.

She sighed as she turned away, though, feeling disappointed that Malcolm had treated the matter so lightly.

But with an effort she threw off the transient cloud, and went to her room to dress and carry out his suggestion.

She was the eldest daughter of a large family.

Her father had never been able to afford his children the luxuries of life out of his limited salary.

So it was a novelty to her to own a purse so plethoric with bank-notes that she could buy a present for every one of her sisters.

As she had been married but a few months, it was her first shopping expedition and she soon forgot the serious thoughts in the excitement of selecting something to please each individual taste among the dear ones at home.

Malcolm Blythe was a wealthy, rising young lawyer.

He had been captivated by Letty's pretty modest face, as he listened to her graduation composition, delivered at the closing exercises of the free school of which she had been an exemplary pupil for several years.

He obtained an introduction, and to the surprise of the gay world of which he was considered an ornament, six months after their first meeting Letty was installed mistress of a perfectly-appointed mansion in one of the pleasantest streets in town.

"Dear Malcolm," she thought gratefully, as she stepped into her phaeton and was whirled away. "It isn't every husband who would give his wife leave to spend money for her family."

Her destination was an extensive establishment where nearly every want could be supplied—from a lady's outfit to a child's simplest toy.

As she walked through the different departments she found herself attracted by one face, amid the passing throng.

It was so young, yet so sad; with a strained eager look in the large eyes which gave them an unnatural expression.

Unconsciously Mrs. Blythe followed the girl as she passed before the different counters, then went on again without buying anything.

At last she paused before a counter upon which lay a variety of warm stockings whose dainty proportions showed that they were intended for tiny feet.

She took up a pair and looked at them wistfully; at last, with a deep sigh, putting them carefully back in their original place.

As she turned away large tear-drops welled up from their fountains, and stood for a moment in her eyes, then rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Poor little Nettie," she said, half-aloud, "how I wish I could buy them for you."

"Who is 'little Nettie?" asked a gentle voice, and looking up, the girl met a glance from Mrs. Blythe's eyes which for the moment deprived her of her power to answer.

It was so kind and sympathetic that her tears came faster tnd faster.

At last she found her voice, and managed to stammer out, notwithstanding the lump in her throat, which seemed to rise and almost choke her—

"Nettie is my little only sister. We two are all alone in the world, and oh, ma'am, I love her so dearly."

"Did you think those stockings you were looking at would fit her?"

"Yes ma'am; and I've been trying to earn enough money by sewing to get them for her, but I couldn't."

"She shall have some stockings, and some nice warm underclothing, and a dress too. You shall come with me and select them."

It did not take long to make the intended purchases.

Then Mrs. Blythe led the wandering girl out to where her luxuriously-cushioned phaeton was in waiting, and in a few moments they where being whirled rapidly along the crowded streets.

"Now put your hands into my muff and get them nice and warm, while you tell me all about yourself and Nettie. I will take you home, and see where you live and what I can do for you."

Nanny's story was soon told.

I will give it in her own words—

"We live on the top floor of number five, Walton St. Poor mother broke her heart after father's death, and only lived two months. I have earned what I could by doing coarse sewing; but work is out off and pay was so poor that I hadn't saved anything.

"I've tried to pick up odd jobbs, but they are hard to find. I haven't begged yet, though I walked up and down a good while to-day, trying to get up courage to ask for some pennies just to get Nettie some bread and milk, but I couldn't."

Tears were in Mrs. Blythe's eyes as she listened to the pitiful story.

Then she said—

"She shall not lack again for what she needs. I will help you until work gets brisk again."

As they entered the cold, bare-looking room, it did not seem at first to be tenanted.

But at last a curly head peeped out from under a blanket which covered the meagre apology for a couch.

Little Nettie had crept under it to keep herself warm.

As she caught sight of her sister she gave a glad cry.

Then seeing the strange lady she shrank back timidly.

"Don't be afraid, Nettie," said the kind voice; "I am going to stay here while sister runs and buys some coal and wood, and something to get you a warm supper with."

While Nanny was away she produced the warm, bright-colored stockings, and told Nettie to put them on.

It takes but a trifle to make a child forget sorrow, and be gay with the gayest, and Nettie's face absolutely shone with joy, and her baby tongue was soon prattling away as though she had known Mrs. Blythe all her life.

When that lady went home her own heart was full of the reflected happiness which she had bestowed upon Nanny and Nettie.

That evening after her husband had donned dressing-gown and slippers, she told him the story of her day's work, half-expecting he would make sport of her in his usual kind, but satirical fashion.

He listened in silence, apparently counting the purple rings which curled upwards from his cigar.

When she had finished he turned to her—

"Do you know what you are doing, Letty? You are encouraging pauperism! It is evidently my duty to reprimand you seriously."

Letty looked at him in a puzzled way; but a merry twinkle in his brown eyes betrayed him.

"Oh, Malcolm! you are too bad! you are making fun of me."

"Not at all Letty; I shall take your punishment into my own hands at once."

And before the young wife knew of his intentions he drew her upon his knee and kissed her tenderly.

"I see you've found your mission; Letty; and you may do all the good you wish to while I find the funds. Does that seem right and good in your eyes?"

"Malcolm, you're an angel!"

The answer was somewhat irrelevant, but it was satisfactory.

Mrs. Blythe soon obtained steady employment for Nanny.

Besides being enabled to support herself and little Nettie comfortably, she was slowly and surely laying up a sum of money against a "rainy day."

Would that every happy, prosperous woman felt, it to be her mission to lift the burden from some suffering sister.

Sparing something for "sweet charity's sake" out of her own abundance, and thus laying up a store of that inperishable treasure which "neither moth nor dust doth corrupt."

Osier Willows.

The demand for basket willows in this country appears to be unlimited. We import a large quantity from Europe, and peeled willow is worth 10 cents a pound in New York. We have taken occasion several times, speaking of diversified industries, to call the attention of our people owning river and creek lands, or wet land, to the great value of planting osiers. We doubt whether at this time any orchard or crop will pay so well, leaving out the fact that lands too wet for cultivation can be used and made profitable. There are in New York little townships that produce over 1,000 tons of willows. Frequently this crop is sold green as cut and brings about $30 per ton, and this would clear about $300 per acre or more. Now; we have another idea: What are called the false banks on James river are very rich and would produce osiers as thick as wheat, and of the best quality. This crop, beside its money value, would protect the banks and thus prove doubly valuable. As soon as we produce willows and broom corn we shall have springing up in the villages basket and broom factories, just as sheep walks and cotton fields are insuring woollen mills and cotton factories.

A Race for a Kiss.

A butter pedler from Honey Lake relates with great glee how a neighbor of his was cured of too frequent tipping the gin-bottle. This neighbor married a young, handsome spirited lady, and for a month or two all went well in the house and about the farm; then the husband fell back into his old tricks. The wife remonstrated and for a time the husband reformed. Presently, however, she became satisfied that the "bottle tipping" was again going on. When she spoke to her husband about the matter he swore that the "aroma" she detected was that of a colic medicine he was taking, he having developed a most intractable colic, for the relief of which he had brought home and paraded a bottle of medicine.

The wife was confident that there was kept somewhere about the premises a considerable store of a very different kind of medicine. She kept her own counsel and at the same time a strict watch. In a day or two she discovered under a manger in the barn the secret hoard. She said nothing of the discovery to her husband.

Soon after the huspand had business at a neighbor's some two miles away. On his return he was somewhat surprised at seeing a note pinned upon his front door. He hastily advanced and read as follows:

"Ben: You will find the key ot the house where you keep your colic medicine. I have taken Kitty and gone home to my mother. Father and brother Bob will come to-morrow for the trunk in which I have packed my things. NELLIE."

The husband rushed to the barn. At a glance he saw that Kitty, his wife's mare, and the side-saddle were gone. Darting to the manger he hauled out his corpulent demijohn of gin, and suspended from its neck found the key of the house.

Securing the key, he sent the demijohn whizzing and crashing against a post of the barn. Bounding forth, he ran to and mounted the horse he had left standing in front of his house.

Away he dashed. It was ten miles to the house of his father-in-law, and he was determined to overtake his wife before she could reach it or kill a horse in the attempt.

Said the butter man: "Now, I seed Ben's wife come over the hill, half a mile south of my house, on her little mare Kitty, and begin to perform some queer abolutions. After she'd got over the brow o' the hill she paced up an' down the road or a time; then she rid up and looked over the ridge for a while. After lookin' a bit she turned about and rid up and down the road a few times, then went up to the brow o' the hill again. So she kept doin', an' once or twice she got off and led Kitty up to the top of the hill.

"I was puzzled as to whether she was waitin' for somebody or had lost something while on her way to her father's place, some four miles beyond my house. I was just about to walk out that way when I seed her wheel Kitty round from the brow o' the hill and begin to play her whip.

"In half a minute she was flyin' past my place like a wild woman. I stood at my front gate by the roadside, ready to holler out at her to know what was up, but, bless you, she never looked to'ards me. Her eyes seemed sot in her head, her face was pale and at every jump she let into Kitty with a whip. I swar, her ridin'-skirt fairly cracked as she bounded past.

"Jist then I heerd a tremendjus clatter behind me. Turnin' about, I seed Ben a comin' over the pitch of the hill on his big black hoss, like a wild Comanche. He was ridin' with loose reins, leanin' away for'ard, and diggin' his big spurs into his horse like he'd rip his insides out.

"He passed by, with hair and coat-tails sailin' back in the wind, and never turning his head to right nor left. I thought I seed murder in his eye. I tell you, a million thoughts went through my brain in a second. All the stories I'd ever heard about jealous husbands and insane husbands went through my head in a lump, and I do believe if I'd my gun in my hand I'd have taken a wingshot at him on suspicion.

I seed Nell look back once and then lay the whip on Kitty hotter'n ever. Ben was goin' like the wind. I knowed Nell was headed for her father's; and I seed plain as day that Ben would get her 'fore she was safe landed.

"At last he was upon her. It then was neck and neck for a time, with Ben reaching out for Kitty's bridle. At last he got it, and the two horses gradually slowed up till they finally stopped. I mounted my gate-post all of a tremble, expectin' to see somethin' dreadful happen.

"They stopped in the road talkin' nigh onto half an hour; then I seed Ben lean over and Nell lean over till thar two heads come together.

"'What the mischief!' says I, 'Kissin' instead of killin'. Well, that sort o' fracas gits me!' After the head-bumpin' the pair turned about and came slowly joggin' along back.

"As they passed me I called out to Ben to know what in the living jingo it all meant. Ben began to stammer something 'bout half of which never got through his big beard, when Nell sings out to me: 'Only a race for a kiss!' and givin' Kitty a cut that made her bound ten feet, she called out to Ben: 'Come on! A race to the top of the hill for another!' and away they both went.

"That was five years ago, and I never knowed the meanin' of that wild harum-scarum ride till 'bout three months ago, when the story 'bout the 'colic medicine' leaked out among the wimmen folks. For a good while after the ride, howsumever, I remember o' the neighbor men wonderin' what had come over Ben that he had shut down on his gin all of a sudden and wouldn't so much as take a glass o' Oregon cider.

"To this day no doubt Ben thinks he had a desperate chase after Nell and a narrer escape of her gittin' into the home den 'long with her big brother, her father and his mother-in-law; and I've never said a word to him 'bout how she foolest long under the brow o' the hill."

An Adventure in Calabria.

I was traveling at one time in Calabria—a country of bad people who, I believe love nobody, and hate the French with a mortal hatred, and a Frenchman who fell into their hands was likely to fare badly. My traveling companion was a young man of 20. The roads in the mountains are very precipitous, and it was with great difficulty that our horses advanced at all. My comrade rode in front and, taking a path which seemed to him shorter and more practicable, we soon found we had lost our way. To return upon our steps or to find a path that would lead us out of the woods, seemed equally impossible. We sought for one while the day lasted, but the more we sought, the farther we plunged into the depths of the forest, and it was black night, when, at last we arrived at a little house as black. We entered, not without suspicion, but we had no choice.

Within we found a family of charcoal-burners at their supper, which they invited us to share with almost their first words. My companion did not wait for the invitation to be repeated, and in a moment, we were eating and drinking with them,—he was, at least; as for myself, I was chiefly occupied in examining the place and the faces of our hosts. They had the appearance of charcoal-burners, but the house might have been taken for an arsenal. On every side were guns, pistols, sabers, knives, cutlasses. All this displeased me, and I saw well that I pleased the people as little. My comrade, on the contrary, made himself one of the family, he laughed, he chatted with them, and with a singular imprudence which I ought to have foreseen,—for I should not have trusted to a head of 20 years,—he told whence we came, whither we were going, and, worse than all, that we were Frenchmen. Imagine a little:—alone, lost, among mortal enemies, far from all human help; and, that nothing might be lacking that could destroy us, he pretended to be rich, and promised these people whatever they wished for our expenses and for a guide the next day! At last he spoke of his valise, prayed them to take the greatest care of it and to place it at the head of the bed. He wished, he said, no other pillow. One would have believed he carried the diamonds of the crown—when what caused him such anxiety in that valise was only the letters of his lady love.

The supper ended, the people all left us. Our hosts slept in a room below; an attic or loft raised six or eight feet above the room in which we had eaten, and to which we climbed by a ladder, was the sleeping apartment that awaited us,—a sort of nest into which we introduced ourselves by creeping under rafters laden with provisions sufficient for an entire year. My companion climbed first, threw himself upon the bed, and was asleep in a moment. Determined to watch, I made a good fire and seated myself by it.

The night wore away very quietly. I was beginning to be reassured and to think my fears and suspicions wholly groundless, when, just before daybreak, as it seemed to me, I heard the voices of our host and his wife in loud talk, apparently arguing. Placing my ear to the chimney, which communicated with the room below, I clearly distinguished these words from the husband:—

"Well, let us see finally, will it be necessary to kill them both?"

To which the wife replied, "Yes, kill them both."

I heard nothing more—I stood breathless—my whole body cold as marble, to have seen me, you would scarcely have known whether I was dead or living. Heavens! when I think of it even now, I shudder. We two, almost without arms, against 15 or 20 who had so many, and my comrade dead with sleep of fatigue! To call him, to make a sound, I dared not; to escape without him, I could not; besides, though the window was not high beneath it were two great bull dogs howling like wolves. Imagine, if you can, the horror of my situation!

At the end of a quarter of an hour which seemed long enough, I assure you, I heard the sound of steps upon the stair-case, and looking through the crack of the door saw the husband, a lamp in one hand in the other one of his great knives. He ascended the stairs, opened the door, passed the lamp to his wife, who had followed him, then entered with bare feet. Shading the lamp with her fingers, his wife, from without, said to him, "Softly, go softly." He reached the ladder, mounted it with his knife between his teeth, and coming to the head of the bed on which the poor young man was extended unconscious, helpless, offering his bared throat, with one hand he took his knife, with the other, he seized..... Ah cousin! I tell this to you because it is the truth..... .....he seized.....a great leg of ham that was suspended from a beam, cut a large slice from it, and retired as he had come; the lamp was withdrawn, the door closed and I left to my own reflections.

As soon as it was daylight the whole family came with a great noise to wake us, as we had desired. A very good breakfast was served to us, I assure you; two fowls made a part of it, one of which, said our hostess, we must eat, and the other we must carry away with us. On seeing them I comprehended at once the meaning of those terrible words "Will it be necessary to kill them both," and you, I believe, have sufficient penetration to divine without explanation what they signified.

Hunting Panthers.

There were some famous panther hunters in Sullivan County, New York, in early days. Besides Darbee there were the Overtons, Peter Stewart, Cyrus Dodge, Nelson Crocker, and many others. Peter Stewart is still alive, and must be getting along toward ninety years of age. He lives in Rockland, where he was born. The narrative of his adventures would make a book. Cyrus Dodge killed more panthers in one single hunt than any other hunter that ever lived. He killed seven in less than one hour. He was hunting one day in the Spring of 1818, and when in the neighborhood of Long Pond discovered a panther's den. It had two kittens in it, the old panthers being away on a foraging expedition. He took both the young ones and started home with them, placing them inside his hunting shirt. He hadn't gone far before he heard the mother yelling behind him. He knew he was in for a fight, and placed himself in a position to do his best. Pretty soon the panther came tearing along through the woods. When she caught sight of Dodge she bounded to within thirty feet of him and crouched for a spring. He shot her, but did not kill her. Her cries were terrible, and Dodge knew that in a short time any other panthers there might be in the vicinity would soon hasten to the scene. She was disabled, and another shot put an end to her. Then Dodge made for the pond, which was a half mile or so away. Cries from all sides told him that he was not yet through with all his work. By the time he reached the pond he could hear panthers leaping through the branches of the trees. A panther will not enter water. Dodge waded out as far as he could and prepared for business. Within gunshot of him he discovered five large panthers in the trees. He killed one at the first fire. The loud mewing of the kittens under his shirt could evidently be heard by the old panthers, for none of them left the spot at the sound of the gun. They bounded frantically in the branches, and two of them rushed to the water's edge and shrieked and lashed their tails in fury. Dodge shot both of these, and killed the other two, and two more that reentered them without leaving his tracks in the pond. The skin of the largest of these panthers is still preserved by the family. Dodge took the kittens home, but as they grew they became so savage that they had to be killed.

—Coinage at the various mints in the U. S. for February, $4,548,360, of which $2,400,000 was standard dollars.

Moscow and the Kremlin.

In spite of the threats of the Nihilists, preparations for the coronation of the Czar Alexander III. are progressing at Moscow, and news comes daily of some new and more expensive elaboration of the machinery for the imperial pageantry. The Kremlin, wherein the principal ceremonies will be performed, is one of the most remarkable structures in the world. Its usual designation in the West, "the palace of the Kremlin," is entirely misleading. There is within its walls a palace, it is true, and a most magnificent one in point of both extent and decoration, but that is only a small portion of the whole, which is a combination of fortress, arsenal, ecclesiastical capital, official headquarters and imperial residence all in one. The Kremlin is really the citadel of Moscow, and undoubtedly occupies the entire area of the ancient city. It is surrounded by an earthen rampart varying from 30 to 50 feet in height, at whose base on one side flow the waters of the river Moskwa. Within the walls, overlooked by the tower of Ivan the Great, whose gilded cross is 325 feet from the ground, are cathedrals, churches, palaces, monasteries and monuments grouped together without any attempt at symmetry of arrangement and representative of almost every known variety of architectural design and period. There are the Cathedral of the Assumption, in which every Czar since Ivan the Terrible has been crowned, and in which it is intended Alexander's coronation shall take place next May; the Cathedral of the Archangel, where the bones of all the Romanoffs up to the time of Peter the Great lie buried; the Cathedral of the Annunciation, formerly the place of baptism and marriage of the imperial family; the Church of the Redeemer, one of the oldest buildings in Moscow, if not in Europe; the Miracle Monastery, the Ascension Convent and the Sacristy of the Holy Synod, where the robes and sacred vessels of the patriarchs are preserved. These are the religious edifices. Next comes the palace, built on the site of the one destroyed by Rostopchin's torches when Napoleon's army was driven out to freeze in the dread winter of 1812-13. This structure, a large portion of it erected by the Emperor Nicholas, he whose heart broke when his armies met defeat in the Crimea—contains many magnificent halls dedicated to the various orders of Russian knighthood. In this, too, is the treasury, where, as in a vast museum, are contained arms, armor, relics, regalia and other treasures illustrative of the history of the ancestors of the Czar. The Arsenal, an imposing structure of imposing strength, occupies the angle of the Kremlin, and there, when the despot of the Russias walks, he surveys with pride a collection of captured trophies of war, among them 635 cannon taken from the enemies of the Czar. The great bazaar of Moscow is an enormous structure, covering three squares, three stories high and intersected by numerous narrow streets and passage ways. In its storehouses it is calculated there are stocks of all sorts of goods, amounting in average value to between $55,000,000 and $60,000,000, and this represents only a comparatively small portion of the value of the general merchandise within the city, there being other bazaars and market places of almost equal extent crammed with valuable stocks of goods. The destruction of such a city would be an incalculable disaster to Russian wealth and commerce. Whether the Nihilists possess power sufficient to carry out their threats remains to be seen. It is now almost certain that the Emperor has abandoned, if he ever entertained, the idea of making any concessions to their demands.

Wilderness of Canary Birds.

The recent annual report of the Hildesheim Board of Trade closes the chapter on the purchase and sale of animal products with an allusion to a branch of trade no longer uncommon within the sphere of its action. The firm of C. Reiche, in Alfeld, dealers in animals, original by raising and selling canary birds only, but of late years a rival of the great Hamburg house of Hagenbeck appended a detailed statement of sales of wild beast, ruminants, pachyderms and birds, which its travelers in Africa and Australia had purchased, as well as of canary birds bought and exported to countries beyond the seas. The increase in the importation of foreign singing and ornamental birds during 1882, over 60 per cent, of which were resold to foreign countries, was a marked one. The firm bought in Germany 42,000 male and 20,600 female canaries, besides 4300 wild birds, a total of 66,900 birds, of which 48,200 were sent to the United States, 1500 to South America, 1200 to South Africa, 13,000 to England; the remaining 3000 died. Of foreign animals there were imported by the house 90 wild beast, ruminants and pachyderms, 200 long-legged and other large birds, besides 9350 ornamental and singing birds from America, Africa and Australia, of which 50 per cent, remained in Germany, the rest going to France, Belgium, Holland, England and the United States. The food consumed by the birds alone amounted to the respectable quantity of 27 tons, viz., 19 tons of rape seed and 8 tons of hemp, millet and other seeds, besides ants' eggs, 1200 pounds of biscuit and 9600 hen eggs.

Red Sea Lighthouse.

The Egyptian Government has commenced the erection of a lighthouse on one of the rocks in the Red Sea known as the Brothers. The Brothers are two small coral islets in the Red Sea, about one mile from each other, the depth of water between them varying from 100 to 250 fathoms. The northern islet is about a quarter of a mile long and 100 yards wide, and a beacon is situated on it in latitude 26 deg. 18' 30 north, and longitude 34 deg. 50, 44 east, and it is in close proximity to this beacon that the new lighthouse is being constructed. The foundations are now being laid for a circular stone tower, which is to be thirty-five feet in height, with a winding staircase to its summit. Rooms for the lighthouse keeper are to be built in the form of a sort of court round the tower. The stone is being quarried and the lime burned on the island itself, and an abundant supply of drinking water is provided by a condenser which has been fitted up on the island. The work will be completed about the end of April, when the light—a fixed white dioptric light of 3d order, visible at a distance of fourteen miles—will be exhibited. But of course, due publicity will be given later as to the exact date.

Cures by Electricity.

"Why don't you take some stock in the new electric light company," said an aged man to a middle aged man, as they stood up to a bar taking a drink.

"Not none," said the middle aged man, as he stirred the beverage with a spoon, and swallowed it—not the spoon but the beverage. "There's too much electricity, I tell you, and I don't know where the electricity craze is going to end. We send messages by electricity, talk by it, our streets and houses are to be lighted by it, and now they have got to using it to cure diseases with. Why, do you know, they advertise to cure everything with electricity. You know my wife? Well, she thinks she has every disease under the sun, and she is a walking galvanic battery. I dare not touch her unless I touch a gas pipe or some iron substance first, or a spark will fly from my hands and startle me. You haven't seen her lately, eh? Well she looks twice as big as she ever did before, but she is poor from carrying around electric belts and pads. First, she saw an advertisment in a Chicago paper of an electric belt, and she wouldn't be satisfied till I got her one, and to keep peace in the family I took her measure down to Chicago and got a belt, and she put it on and said she felt better. Then she wanted a pair of electric insoles for her shoes, and I got them. Then she wanted an electric supporter, and I thought it would be a good way to support her, and I got one for her. Then she wanted an electric stomach and liver brace, and I got that. I thought she was pretty well protected against the majority of the diseases the human family is subjected to, but she saw some more pictures of electric appliances in the paper, and I had to buy her some back pads, and breast collars, and electric stockings, and she will want the rest of the harness, including a surcingle and headstall. Why, John, honestly, I will give you leave to shoot at my wife with a shot gun loaded with fine shot, for five cents a shot, and will give you a dollar for every shot that touches her person. She is enveloped in a perfect coat of electric mail, and she isn't very well yet. O, I forgot the knee pads and hair crimpers. I expect she will want a telephone line next, and a tower with an electric light of four hundred candle power. We'll, I don't know as this electric business in my family does any good, but it is a great saving on pills and things. Before she struck this electric fake it was a cold day when the drug man's hand-cart did not stop at my house, but now all she buys at a drug store is porous plasters and perfume. Why, she used to have a regular time card hung up in her room for taking medicine, and it required the brain of a chief justice to prevent getting the different kinds of medicine in at the wrong times. I have seen her take seven different kinds of little white pills in a half day, and never miss a pill or get the wrong kind, and every pill looked just alike, and there was no taste or smell to them. It was a great strain on her mind, and may be this electricity is doing her good, in resting her intellect. All you have to do is to buckle on the magnetic corset, or surcingle, and it goes right to work at the drop of the hat, and the same one is good for a child in arms or a veteran a hundred years old. There is no doubt in my mind that science has simplified things wonderfully, and if my wife is not cured it will not be her fault. But no electric light stock for me, If I should carry home a block of electric light stock my wife would buckle it on to her somewhere, and swear she experienced great relief. But I will have to go, as I have heard of an electric bunion, persuaid and corn annihilator a man is selling down on the South side, and my wife wants one. Good-day."

Tripe.

Occasionally you see a man order tripe at a hotel, but he always looks hard, as though he hated himself and everybody else. He tries to look as though he enjoyed it, but he does not. Tripe is indigestible, and looks like an india-rubbia apron for a child to sit on. When it is pickled it looks like dirty clothes put to soak, and when it is cooking it looks as though the cook was boiling a dish cloth. On the table it looks like glue, and tastes like a piece of oil silk umbrella cover. A stomach that is not lined with corrugated iron would be turned wrong side out by the smell of tripe. A man eating tripe at a hotel table looks likes an Arctic explorer dining on his boots or chewing pieces of frozen raw dog. You cannot look at a man eating tripe but he will blush and look as though he wanted to apologize and convince you he is taking it to tone up his system. A woman never eats tripe. There is not money enough in the world to hire a woman to take a corner of a sheet of tripe in her teeth and try to pull off a piece. Those who eat tripe are men who have had their stomachs play mean tricks on them, and they eat tripe to get even with their stomachs, and then they go and take a Turkish bath to sweat it out of the system. Tripe is a superstition handed down from a former generation of butchers, who sold all the meat and kept the tripe for themselves and the dogs; but dogs of the present day will not eat tripe. You throw a piece of tripe down in front of a dog, and see if he does not put his tail between his legs and go off and hate you. Tripe may have a value but it is not as food. It may be good to fill into a burglar-proof safe, with the cement and chilled steel, or it might answer to use as a breast plate in time of war, or it would be good to use for bumpers between cars, or it would make a good face for the weight of a pile driver, but when you come to smuggle it into the stomach you do wrong. Tripe! Bah! A piece of Turkish towel cooked in axle grease would be pie compared with tripe.

—The king of Portugal receives the salary of $440,000 a year.

Etna and His Neighbors.

Mount Etna's eruption is only a partial success this time, but even a partial eruption from Etna means more than a complete activity in many other volcanoes. The volcanic chain in Southern Italy, Sicily and the adjoining islands is one of the most interesting in the world. From its position in the centre of civilization the system has for nearly twenty-five hundred years afforded the best means of studying the phenomena of volcanoes, and it is safe to say that every symptom of Vesuvius and Etna has been observed and that all the important symptoms have been reported since the days of Pliny. The Bay of Naples itself is now believed by geologists to be the remains of an enormous crater, along whose edges small jets still exist. Vesuvius being the most important. Thus for miles along the shore hot springs, rumblings, sulphur beds and other evidences of internal dynamic energy are met with. At Pozzuoli, a suburb of Naples, is a blind crater known as the Solfatara, and beyond is Lake Avernus, an extinct crater filled with water. The island of Ischia, at the northern entrance to the bay, is crowned by a volcano, Mount Epomeo, which lay dormant for five or six centuries, and that burst into eruption only a short time ago. Proceeding towards Sicily we come to a cluster of small islands, the best known of which is Stromboli, which is almost continually in a state of activity. There, according to some legends, was situated the forge of old Vulcan, whence sparks and cinders were perpetually emitted. Etna itself is the largest volcano of the system, and differs from the others in structure, as well as in magnitude. Vesuvius has only a single opening, and so has Stromboli; but all along the sides of Etna secondary jets, several hundred in number, are found, in addition to the enormous crater at the summit. But even Etna is not a first-class volcano. For them we must go to the Andes, and study Colopaxi and Coyambe, or to the Cordilleras to Popocatapetl, or to the terribly energetic systems of the East Indies. Mamiloa, in the Sandwich Islands, must also be ranked among the largest and most active of volcanoes, being, in fact, the nucleus of the Sandwich Islands. Mamiloa and others of its formation discharge lava, and sometimes boiling water; some of the Andes system belch forth scoriæ, stones and ashes; while Etna and Vesuvius vary, sometimes sending streams of burning lava down their slopes, and at and at others projecting stones and huge cinders far into the air, accompanied usually by a dense shower of ashes which are carried many miles by the last which buried Pompeii eighteen hundred years ago, while Herculaneum was covered chiefly by a deep stream of lava. This accounts for the fact that Pompeii is comparatively easily excavated, while Herculaneum must be hewn, as it were, out of the solid rock. Popular opinion has always laid considerable stress upon the fact that most volcanoes are either upon the seashore or within a short distance of it, but scientific men to-day differ in the amount of weight which they attribute to this coincidence. The most trustworthy of them have not yet decided just what influence the proximity of the sea has upon the development and energy of these huge vent-holes through which the mighty subterranean forces occasionally speak to the inhabitants of the earth's thin crust.

Prayer in the Jury Room.

A reporter had an interview with George Washington Breakiron of Breakneck, Bullskin township, one of the jurors in the Dukes case. Breakiron protested that he did the best he knew how, and was innocent before God of any wrong intention.

"What was the first thing you did after retiring to the jury room?"

"Well sir, we prayed."

"Who suggested the idea of praying?" asked the reporter.

"Amalong."

"Did Amalong pray?"

"No sir; not out loud anyhow. He said we had better pray; they had done it in that Low trial and he thought we ought to do it, too. Clawson was one of the four church members on the jury and he prayed out loud."

"Did you pray?"

"No sir; that's something I never could do; but I've often wished I was a good Christian."

"How long did Clawson pray?"

"I don't know, sir, but we was down on our knees a good while."

"What was the next thing?"

Then, sir, we appointed a foreman. They wanted to appoint me, but I told them I never was on a jury before and I did not want to begin on such big cases. I wanted to try small cases first. So we picked on McIntyre. Then we talked the case over. The letters were read several times. Cagey done the reading out loud. Amalong tried to read them, but he got all mixed up."

"What did you think of Duke's letters?"

"We thought a man should not write such letters to a father, but we concluded they did not bear directly on the murder, and we passed over them. We decided that Nutt's letter contained a bad threat, and after talking the evidence over awhile we voted. On the first ballot three were for manslaughter and the rest for acquittal, except myself. I did not vote first time. Amalong voted for manslaughter on first ballot, and after that he went for acquittal. He had a good deal to say. Also Cramer, who was babbling for an acquittal, did the best he could."

"What did you decide as to the shooting?"

"We thought it was done pretty much in self-defence."

Catholic Figures.

According to the summary of the Catholic directory for 1883, the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States comprises 1 Cardinal, 13 Archbishops, 59 Bishops, 6,546 priests, 5,241 churches, besides 1,184 chapels and 1,568 stations, which are attended by priests, and where mass is occasionally celebrated. The Catholic population is computed to be 6,832,954. There are 31 ecclesiastical seminaries for the education of 1,434 ecclesiastical students. The number of colleges, 81; academies, 579; and parochial schools, 2,491. The number of pupils attending the Catholic schools, exclusive of colleges and academies, is given at 428,642. There are 273 asylums of various kinds and 185 hospitals. A comparison of figures will show that there is but a very slight overaverage of one priest to every church. The number of educational institutions foot up over 3,000, or equal to half the number of churches.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—M. Grevy is seventy-four years old.

—In New Orleans cucumbers are selling at 7 cents apiece.

—A company at St Louis turns out 200 dozen shovels a day.

—A closely contested election in England costs about $10,000.

—Brooklyn has added several chemical engines to its department.

—The population of Mexico is estimated at 10,000,000.

—Montana claims to have 1,000,000 cattle grazing on her plains.

—About one-fifth of the area of Illinois is said to be marsh lands.

—Pere Hyacinthe and his wife intend to visit America during the summer.

—Ada Cary Sturgis, the singer, is seriously ill at her home in Durham Me.

—At the beginning of 1882 107,112 miles of railway were open in Europe.

—Governor Boynton, of Georgia, carries his head six feet three inches high.

—Ex-Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, has gone to see the wonders of Texas.

—The Earl of Dudley, whose income is $5,000,000 is said to be losing his mind.

—The Malagassy Embassy visited the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, recently.

—The Canadian port of Sarnia shipped 1,800,000 eggs to New York in one week.

—The thirty eight savings banks in Rhode Island have 112,472 depositors and $48,320,671 deposits.

—Professor E. S. Dana, of Yale College, has resumed his college duties after a severe illness.

—Alligators are becoming scarce in Florida and their extinction is considered only a question of time.

—The firemen of Le Roy have organized a benevolent association for disabled firemen with a capital of $4 300.

—Charles N. Marsh has been chosen Clerk of the town of Hingham, Mass., for twenty-eight consecutive years.

—Owing to the unseasonable Autumn in France between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 of acres of wheat remain still to be sown.

—Sir William Armstrong, the English gunmaker, has given $750,000 to Newcastle, Eng., during the last twenty years.

—The Agricultural Department at Washington, in its final estimate, makes the cotton crop for the past year 6,835,000 bales.

—In 1860 not a hundredweight of wheat was exported from India; last year 9,379,225 cwt., were consigned to the United Kingdom.

—The fireman's fund of Rochester, now amounts to $47,000. It is for the benefit of disabled firemen and their families.

—Baltimore, Md., has abolished her board of fire commissioners, and has given the control of the department to a fire marshal.

—During the month of January there were throughout the country twenty-three fires involving a loss of at least $100,000 in each instance.

—The Chinese are going home. More than 5,000 departures and only twenty arrivals are recorded since the restriction law went into force.

—The deepest sea soundings yet taken in the Pacific shows a depth of 27,935 feet, or about five and one third miles. The deepest Atlantic soundings are 27,366.

—Recent investigations warrant the conclusion that there are in Cochin China, deposits of gold and silver, beds of lignite and phosphate of lime, with veins of iron ore.

—A pair of bald eagles have made their home near Stony Point, Mich., on the margin of Lake Erie, for many years, and it is believed that they are nearly if not quite seventy years old.

—The first extraordinary flood at Cincinnati on record was in 1792 when the water is supposed to have gone above sixty feet. There was not much property to destroy at that period,