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

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A DAY.

Sunrise fresh, and the daisies small,
Silver the lawn with their scarlets fair;
But the blossoms of noon shall be stately and tall,
Tropical, luscious, of odors rare;
Ah well!
Noon shall be gorgeous beyond compare.

Noon, and the sky is a blinding glare;
The flowers have fainted while we have strayed;
We wandered too far to tend them there,
And they drooped for lack of the dew and shade;
Ah well!
Evening shall right the mistake we made.

Evening; 'tis chilly in meadow and glade,
The last pale rose has died in the west;
The happy hour is long delayed;
Our wandering is but a long unrest;
Ah well!
We will home to the fireside. Home is blest.

Nothing but ashes gray? No blest,
Faint glimmer of light on roof or wall?
A weary search was this long-day quest,
And on empty hands the shadows fall;
Ah well!
Let us creep to bed and forget it all.

WHY HE MARRIED HER.

Everybody at Mayport said that nobody knew why Col. Reave married Eunice Perrang. Everything but her looks seemed to be against the girl. Even her name was used to her detriment, for no one ever heard it anywhere else as that of any family, either good or bad, unless, perhaps, it was a corruption of the French Perrin, in which case it implied that the young woman's own branch of the family must have fallen very low to have accepted so vulgar a pronunciation.

But the name was only the beginning of Miss Perrang's drawback. Her father had nothing but money—gained by compounding liquors—to make him prominent at Mayport, and in spending this his taste was so bad that he seldom succeeded in not being offensive. His wife was a handsome woman who was not without dignity, but an unfortunate fondness for opium and other stimulants had occasionally caused her to act so strangely when in company that invitations to her parties became more and more productive of regrets, and they were returned less and less. When, suddenly, Mrs. Perrang realized her position she changed her set for the one of which her husband was most fond, and her habits also changed for the worse.

People did not drop Eunice as thoroughly as they did her parents. While at school the girls's high spirits, good temper and generosity made her a favorite, and as she was handsome as well as lively the young men joined their sisters in defending her whenever they heard her alluded to merely as "as one of the Perrangs." Beside, there were many mothers and fathers who petted the girl and were quite willing that their own family circles should make some amends to her for what she lacked at home. But as she became a woman and found herself the favorite of most young men in the town, many maidens and their parents perceptibly cooled in their apparent regard for her. Regarded only as a young woman, she was at least the equal of any of her old schoolmates, but as a girl who might marry and compel a blending of good family names with that of Perrang, she was too dreadful to be thought of for an instant.

The girl was wise enough to detect the general change of manner as soon as it began and to know the reason. The effect was what it would have been on any other young woman of proper self-respect. People who tried to keep her at a distance or to let her alone were vigorously "cut" as soon as their purpose became manifest; so she was soon compelled to choose between no society and that which her father's ostentatious use of money attracted. She chose the former, or almost that, for of her old acquaintances about the only ones who remained faithful were Col. Reave, who spent his occasional leaves of absence at Mayport, Dr. Morsely, who was rector of the church which she attended, and Mr. Bonnarton, a New York merchant, who had plenty of money, an invalid wife and two disagreeable daughters.

People then said if poor Eunice ever married, her husband would have to come from her father's detestable set, for Dr. Morsley, although a widower, believed it a sin for a man to take a second wife, and he was a man of character so strong that he never would abandon a principle. The Colonel was not to be thought of as a possible husband; many a mother had attempted to win him for her daughter, but the Colonel came to Mayport only to be near the grave in which, fifteen years before, had been placed the woman whom he had engaged to marry. Mr. Bonnarton was far more likely to become a husband, for had not his wife been ill for years?

But some people had heard stories about Bonnarton. A young lady who once disappeared suddenly from society in New York was never afterward seen at the theatre, the seashore or in Europe except with Bonnarton as her escort. His manner was engaging, his will persistent and his principles no higher than absolutely required by business. So when Eunice Perrang began to ride and dine with him, seeming to enjoy his attentions, a number of fathers and mothers who had consciences began to repent of their course toward the girl and even to try to change it, but when they attempted this they found the girl's own will in their way, so, as people always do in such cases, they attributed her manner to the worst reason that suggested itself. They confidently expected a scandal, for some unfortunate speculations had recently deprived Perrang of all his money, and soon afterward liquor robbed him of his life. What could be expected of a girl like Eunice when she had neither father nor money, and was loved, after a fashion, by a rich man who already had a wife?

A few people begged Dr. Morsley to redouble his endeavors to exert a good influence over the girl; they got for their pains some lectures, severer than any one not a clergyman would dare give, for their own neglect; indeed, the good rector's indignation cost him two families who had always occupied very high-priced pews. Others wanted to speak to Col. Reave, but he had suddenly become almost unapproachable; he accepted scarcely any invitations; he seemed in bad spirits, and were if not that he was seen oftener than usual at the grave of his lost sweetheart, his acquaintances might have believed that he was piqued at Eunice's preference for Bonnarton.

As for the merchant, his personal appearance and spirits improved steadily, and those of his neighbors who were familiar enough with him to drink his wine said in confidence to other intimates that when rallied about Miss Perrang, the merchant would smile as if he had every reason to be satisfied with his prospects, and when asked hypocritically, how the Colonel was getting along with Miss Perrang, the answer generally was that the Colonel had almost ceased calling, for whenever he came the young lady was almost sure to be entertaining better company.

On one of the rare occasions when the Colonel allowed himself to accept an invitation, he and several other gentlemen were taking wine with the host, when one of the guests, who had taken something stronger than wine before arriving, said:

"I heard to-day that Bonnarton had bought Martin's place at the Ridge. It's a charming little nest, but it's two miles from anywhere. What do you suppose he wants with it?"

"Nobody could guess; those who might have done so saw Col. Reave frown, so they thought it best to remain silent.

"Don't you understand?" persisted the informant, with a half tipsy leer that was nevertheless significant.

"No," said the host hurriedly, taking the fellow's arm, "nor you, Robinson. Gentlemen, suppose we join the ladies?"

All acted on the suggestion but the Colonel, who begged to be excused for the remainder of the evening. An old wound was troubling him, he said, and he would rather be no company than bad company.

But instead of going to the cottage of an old soldier servant, where he was the only boarder, the Colonel strode in the opposite direction. Dr. Morsely, who had been a fellow guest, and had heard of what had been said, begged his host to let him escape from the house unseen and follow the Colonel, for he feared something might happen should the soldier meet—well, he would mention no names. The host understood, and smuggled the Doctor's hat and cane from the dressing-room, and the reverend gentlemen escaped by a side door so speedily that he reached the sidewalk almost as soon as the Colonel. By walking on the sodded portion of the sidewalk, he followed readily without making any noise.

But the trip did not progress exactly as the Doctor had expected. Instead of going directly to Bonnarton's house or to the Perrang place, the Colonel went to the village cemetery.

The Doctor promptly became ashamed of himself; although he was glad to have the Colonel as regardful as himself of Eunice Perrang's reputation, and was rather sorry that the Colonel's abrupt departure had not been caused by the insinuation he had heard, the errand upon which his military friend was now bent seemed of far higher nature than chastising an old profligate. The old man was about to retrace his steps, when it occurred to him that the Colonel had been in such bad health and spirits for a month or two that he might not be safe company for himself at a time when he preferred a lonely graveyard to a cheerful feast. He had heard of middle-aged lovers killing themselves at the graves of their dead sweethearts; so he felt it would not be indelicate if he were to watch the Colonel for a few minutes. The grave was near a hedge that separated the cemetery grounds from the garden of the Doctor's parishioners; so the old man tiptoed through the garden and close to the hedge just in time to hear the Colonel say:

"It is not for my sake, Agnes, but for her's."

Then the Colonel arose from his knees, passed out of the cemetery and walked rapidly towards Miss Perrang's house. The Doctor followed rapidly, his head in a whirl. The Colonel entered the house, and a moment later the clergyman peering in the parlor window, saw that only Eunice and the Colonel were there, and whispered:

"Thank God!"

The Colonel complimented the lady on her appearance and was told in reply that Miss Perrang had never seen him looking better. The assurance seemed to please the Colonel, for his eye brightened as if his mind had been cleared in some way. He answered quickly that no man whose heart was so entirely and worthily filled could help looking his best.

"Oh, Colonel!" exclaimed Miss Perrang, playfully, 'that sounds very much as if you were in love. Do tell me who the happy woman is?"

"May I tell you in confidence?" asked the Colonel gravely; he extended his hand as he added, "we are old friends, you know. You won't laugh at me if you don't approve my choice?"

"Laugh at you, Col. Reave?" exclaimed Eunice. "No woman could do that. The woman whom the one great catch of Mayport is in love with is—"

"You, Miss Perrang," interrupted the Colonel. "Forgive an old soldier's bluntness if I ask plainly will you marry me?"

The lady's self-possession forsook her; so, apparently, did her tongue. All she could do was to stare blankly.

"Have I offended you?" asked the Colonel gently.

Miss Perrang regained her power of speech and replied.

"You have honored me as no other man ever did. I can at least be frank in return." She averted her eye and continued:

"People have talked about me and you have heard them—there, there, don't break a soldier's word for the sake of being polite."

"I have heard scarcely anything and believed nothing. I will believe nothing but what you yourself tell me."

"I can only say there is nothing to tell," said the lady.

"Certainly not," said the Colonel.

"But," continued Miss Perrang, "people will say cruel things about a friendless girl."

"Then people should be kept in order by a man who has the right to speak for her and whose word no one dare impugn."

"Your name and family is held in high honor—"

"Care for them, for me," interrupted the Colonel, "and let me guard you in return."

Whether Miss Perrang would have hesitated longer is known only to herself and the Colonel, for the latter hearing the gate close and steps approach the house, quickly threw his arms around the astonished girl and kissed her on both cheeks. A moment later Mr. Bonnarton entered the room and seemed displeased at what he saw, but the Colonel, who seemed to be in high glee said:

"Good evening, Mr. Bonnarton, you have arrived just in time to be the first to congratulate us on our engagement."

Mr. Bonnarton merely glared and exclaimed:

"The Devil!"

Miss Perrang without the slightest sign of fear returned his look, upon which Bonnarton said: "Good night," and abruptly quitted the room. As he did so Dr. Morsely sneaked away from the window where he had been listening, dropped on his knees behind a neglected rose-clump and offered up a prayer that he had never seen in print. A few weeks later he joined the Colonel and Eunice in marriage, and everybody who was anybody came to the wedding and visited the bride always thereafter. The Colonel, in spite of his long devotion to his first love, became a very happy husband. As for Bonnarton, he was so unmercifully chaffed that he speedily drank himself to death.

Nature's Protective Colors.

Nature, like a careful mother, equips her children as best she can for the battle of life. She gives to animals colors that, by resembling their surroundings, protect them against their enemies. The brown or gray color of the wild rabbit blends with its surroundings and hides it from hostile eyes. The mottled feathers of the quail and partridge closely resemble the fallen leaves, among which the young birds conceal themselves. Animals that roam at night, as do the rats and mice, bats and moles, are usually of a neutral tint, such as escapes notice in the dusk. The helpless tree-toad takes the color of the tree on which it lives, and his bitterest enemy has hard work to find him. The animals and birds of the hot desert are tawny and gaudy in hue. So the lion conceals himself by crouching in the sand, and thence springs upon his unsuspecting prey. The tiger stalks among the jungles of India. The vertical brown lines which adorn his tawny skin enable him to lurk unseen among the bamboo stems. The spotted skin of the jaguar imitates the changing spots of light and shade among the leaves, and thus conceals him in his lair. The puma has neither bars nor spots on its skin; it does not need them. It waits for its prey by crouching along the limb of a tree, where its dull color escapes notice.

White animals and white birds are, as a rule, dwellers in Arctic regions. The white suit of the polar bear indicates at once its distant home amid the snows and snow-fields of the north. Some animals, like the Arctic foxes and Alpine hares, wear their white livery only in winter, and appear in summer clad in brown or gray. In the thick tropical forests, whose bright foliage is never touched by frost, live the brilliant green parrots and paroquets that seem so out of place here. Nature also seems to take pains in providing for her weak and helpless creatures. The upper surface of the wings of some of our common butterflies is of a bright color, but the lower surface is dusky. When they light on a tree or wall, and close their wings, the color of which closely resembles the surrounding surface, the insect collector needs sharp eyes to find them. Moths that fly by night are gray, or neutral, in tint. Some tropical butterflies resemble withered leaves, and even the marks on their wings appear like the veins of a leaf. Our grasshoppers take the color of the grass. Beetles frequenting mossy banks are green in color. Beetles that live on the bark of trees are rough like bark and frequently resemble lichens. Some defenseless insects are protected by their resemblance to insects able to defend themselves. Some flies, which possess no means of defense, resemble wasps and hornets. In these and in many other ways nature watches over her children so that none, from the least to the greatest, shall lack protection.

Helene Marcovich.

Helene Marcovich, widow of Colonel Marcovich, who attempted on October 23 last to shoot King Milan, in prison, committed suicide on the 12th of April. Helen Knitnanin, who was undergoing imprisonment in connection with the same offense, took her own life in prison some time ago. The attempt made upon the life of King Milan I, of Servia on the 23d of October last, created something of a sensation at the time. His cousin and immediate predecessor, Prince Michael, fell by the bullet of an assassin while walking in his garden on the 2d of July, 1868. Milan was then a lad of fourteen at school in Paris, and the tragical circumstances under which he ascended the throne made such a deep impression upon his youthful mind that he appears ill at ease to this day when in public.

Helene Marcovich, who attempted to assassinate him last October, and who has now ended her life by suicide, was the widow of Colonel Jefrew Marcovich, who was executed with several others by Milan's order, in May, 1878. The charge against him, and for which he was executed, was that of complicity in treasonable conduct of the Topola Brigade of the National Militia, which upon one occasion refused, when ordered to march against the Turks. The prevalent feeling in Servia with reference to the trial is that all the defendants, including Colonel Marcovich were entirely innocent of the charge brought against them, and public sympathy with the unfortunate men was greatly strengthened by the unseemly haste with which they were tried, convicted, and done to death.

The widow continued to brood over the wrong which she had suffered by her husband's execution, and at last worked herself up to such a pitch of frenzy that she fired two shots at the King while he was at his devotions in the cathedral at Belgrade. Queen Natalie, who was with the King in the cathedral, fainted and was carried in an unconscious condition to the palace. The King accompanied her thither and then returned to the church unattended and remained until the end of the service. The crowd attempted to lynch the would-be assassin, and subsequently an effort was made to prove that she had been in communication with the revolutionary party in Belgrade, and that the latter had instigated her to commit the murderous attempt. She was the daughter of a Hungarian physician, a little over thirty years of age, of superior education, and great personal attractions.

—According to the official statement of the United States Treasurer, the total debt of the United States on the first of the present month was $1,881,451,099, and the total interest-bearing debt $1,354,834,750. Decrease since June 30, 1882, $102,638,346. Decrease during February, 1883, $8,630,578.

A Long Journey.

Old Squire Griddle was one of the most peculiar men in Arkansaw. You could take his wagons and plows, his cows and steers, but you must not take one of his horses away from home. One day a young fellow who lived in the neighborhood, having lately become a member of the community, had occasion to make a horse-back journey. He did not own a horse, and acting upon the suggestion of a fellow who understood Griddle, he went to the Squire's house and meeting him, said:

"'Squire, I have occasion to do some horse-back riding, and as I do not own an animal of the most noble species I have come to borrow one of your spirited horses."

The 'Squire looked at him for a moment, and said: "All right, sir, you are perfectly welcome to ride one of my horses. John," to a servent, "saddle up Napoleon for this gentleman."

In a few minutes the animal was ready, and the young man, taking the bridle reins, was about to lead him through the gate, when the 'Squire exclaimed:

"What are you going to do with that horse?"

"I'm going to ride him, as you said I might do."

"Yes, but you mustn't take him out of the lot. Ride him around the lot as much as you please, but you must not take him away.

The young man, completely "sold," turned away and suddenly encountered several of the neighbors, who had secreted themselves to witness the performance. "Oh, we've all been served that way," one of them said, "and it is a neighborhood custom to give the victim the laugh."

The young man went home. He meditated revenge. He couldn't sleep. Next morning early, he went out and sat down in the forks of the road, and pondered. Finally he shook his head with a satisfied air, and arose. He went straightway to the 'Squire, and said:

"'Squire, I want to borrow your horse again, to-day."

"All right, sir. Like the one you had yesterday, I suppose. Yes, well, you shall have him again. John, saddle Napoleon."

In a few moments the animal was in readiness for the prospective journey. "I suppose," said the young man, preparing to mount, "that you object to anyone taking your horses out of the lot."

"Yes, sir. If you want to ride you must ride inside the lot."

"All right," said the young man, mounting. "Good day, sir," and he began to ride around the lot. The 'Squire looked at him for several minutes shook his head, went into the house and drank a toddy. At noon the young man stopped and yelled: "Hello!"

"Hello!" replied the 'Squire, "won't you light?"

"No, I haven't got time. "Thought I'd stop and see if I could get something to eat. Houses are rather scarce along the road. Bring me out something please."

He was supplied with a dish of turnip greens and bacon, and his horse was given a bundle of fodder. After the hurried meal, he said:

"Good day, sir, much obliged."

"Good day," repeated the 'Squire. "Hope you'll have a pleasant journey," and the 'Squire shook his head, went into the house and drank a "snifter of apple jack."

Just about night-fall the young man stopped at the fence again.

"Hello!"

"Hello," repeated the 'Squire.

"I've been riding all day; have come a great distance, and my horse is tired. I'd like to stay over night with you?"

"Get down. John take the gentleman's horse. Come into the house, sir. You say that you have come quite a distance, and you look tired. Won't you have something to drink," continued the 'Squire when they had entered the house. "Drink hearty."

"I'd like to get an early start in the morning," said the young man. "My destination is yet a great way off, and I will be compelled to ride hard in order to reach it by to-morrow night."

Early next morning the traveler mounted his horse and began his circuitous journey. Just about noon he stopped at the fence again.

"Hello!"

"Young man," said the 'Squire, walking out addressing the traveler, "you are the boss. I have met a great many people—"

"My friend, I haven't time to talk. I have a long journey before me, and unless I hurry on I cannot reach my destination in time to transact the business which awaits me."

"Never mind the journey. I say that you are the captain, and to show how I appreciate your genius, I'll present you with Napoleon. He's the fluest horse in the State. Take him home with you. Good day, sir.

An Old Family.

A recent number of the London *Times* contained an interesting review of the history of the Dukedom of Norfolk and of the family of Howards. This Dukedom will be four hundred years old next June, and the incumbent is the premier Duke of England, ranking immediately after the princes of the blood. Sir John Howard, the first Duke of Norfolk of the present title, was the descendant and ancestor of sovereigns, and his family, even in Pope's day, was taken as representing the quintessence of English nobility as attested by Pope's line "all the blood of all the Howards." The first Duke was killed at Bosworth, attained by Parliament and the honor of his house forfeited, but his son, the Earl of Surrey, recovered the title on the battle field of Flodden. Two of this Duke's grand-daughters became Queens of England, and the grandson he commanded the British fleet that vanquished the Armada. The third Duke escaped execution by Henry VIII., who died on the day he signed the Duke's death warrant, which, in consequence of the King's death, was never carried out. His grandson, the fourth Duke, was less fortunate, and was executed during the reign of Elizabeth, and the title extinguished by his attainder. It was nearly a century before it was revived, the fifth Duke being the great grandson of the fourth. For two centuries there has been no disturbance of the title, though it has passed from the direct line to branches of the Howard family. The story of this family is interesting, not merely because it is associated with many of the most stirring events of English history, but because it goes further than most family histories in sustaining the theory of hereditary genius. For hundred of years the Howards, on their merits as men of intellect and courage, would have been leaders in any conditions of society. The family has been almost equally distinguished in battles upon land and sea and in literary attainments. It has produced philosophers and poets, as well as soldiers of distinction, and, wherever an aristocracy is recognized, is entitled to a front rank. This is so seldom the case that the four-hundredth anniversary of the Dukedom of Norfolk becomes interesting even to the most pronounced Democrat.

A Courier from Napoleon.

"I once enjoyed the high honor of carrying letters from the Emperor Napoleon to Josephine," remarked Mr. Charles Martel, a French wig-maker, at No. 802 Walnut street. Mr. Martel, a venerable looking gentleman, who is in his eighty-fourth year, feels very proud of the services rendered his Commander-in-Chief on that occasion. Whenever he can be persuaded to talk of the affair his wrinkled countenance lights up with emotion, and the old man relates with evident pleasure the particulars of how he came to be selected courier, and how well he discharged the task assigned him.

Mr. Martel was rather disposed to evade the interrogatories of his visitor at first, but he was eventually prevailed upon to tell the story. "The Emperor was advancing upon Moscow at the time I speak of, which was in the early part of the year 1812," Mr. Martel began. "The army had arrived at Warsaw when Napoleon issued an order for a courier to instantly set out for France. I was but thirteen years of age at the time, and was a drummer boy in the Fourth Regiment of Hussars. Our General came to me, knowing that I was a good horseman, and told me that the Emperor wanted to see me. Upon being led into the presence of Napoleon, I found three other soldiers there, who had also been recommended by their respective Generals to act as couriers. His Excellency had summoned the four of us, in order to see for himself and make his own selection. When I entered the camp Napoleon smiled, and, turning to my General asked: "Do you think the boy will do?" Though I was only a lad, and knew nothing of the contemplated mission beyond the fact that there was a long distance to be covered on horseback, I was ambitious to be selected. You may imagine how my heart leaped when my superior vividly recommended to the Emperor the tricks he had seen me perform with several of the cavalrymen's horses. I had learned to ride well, and even at the age of thirteen I could manage a horse as well as any body. Napoleon appeared somewhat plessed at the recommendation of my General, and remarked: "He will do." He then selected another man, much older than I was, because at the time it was customary to send two couriers by different routes with the same messages, for fear that if only one were dispatched the letter would not reach its destination. After dismissing the other two soldiers my comrade and I remained to receive our instructions. When all was ready and we were about to mount our horses, Napoleon said: "I think the boy will arrive first, though his route is nine miles longer. Such encouraging words from the Emperor of France fairly set me wild, and I resolved to hand my packet of letters to Josephine before my companion, though I should fall dead at the feet of the lady the moment after doing so.

"I securely placed my package in a belt around my waist. The only food I took was some crackers, a few slices of beef and a flask of brandy, which I stowed away in my saddle bags. Upon receiving the word 'go' I sprang lightly into the saddle and dashed away, closely followed by the other courier. I determined to draw away from him before arriving at the forks of the road. Digging my spurs into the horse I gave him the whip, and in a few moments I had the satisfaction of seeing him falling behind enveloped in a cloud of dust. I mounted a fresh horse every twelve miles along the road, which were kept in the Government stables for the especial use of the Government's couriers. For sixty hours I rode along in this way. Though I was very much fatigued I never gave up, for I was determined to prove the truth of the Emperor's prophecy that I would arrive first. Night and day I sped along through the snow and rain, with only one idea on my mind, and that was to win the race. The distance is over 500 miles, but I managed to get to Paris one full hour ahead of every competitor. Arriving at Josephine's mansion, which was seven miles outside of the city, I was immediately ushered into her reception parlor, though I was covered with mud from head to foot. The noble lady graciously took from my hand the letter, and, with a simple 'thank you,' turned away and departed. The Emperor caused a message to be conveyed to me tendering his sincere thanks for what I had done."

Training Geraniums.

There is no other plant so easily grown or trained into good form, more pleasing for its brilliant bloom, or so free from insects as the scarlet geranium. When grown in the form of a tree and well pinched back to mass the bloom, and well cared for, this plant will easily bear a hundred clusters of its bright scarlet flowers at one time, making a brilliant show that few other plants can rival. To procure such a plant we may proceed as follows: Take a cutting as straight and long as possible from another plant; one a foot long is best, and root it in a seven inch pot. When the buds begin to start, rub off all but the top one, and let this grow a foot or so; then leave some side branches to grow to strengthen the main stem, but pinch off all the blossoms, and keep the main branches shortened in. Continue thus for a whole season. Then cut back the main stem to about fifteen or eighteen inches and remove the side branches. New side shoots will start and all these must be rubbed off except the top ones; of which several may be left to grow in a proper direction to make a well balanced little tree. It is now permitted to bloom and rest the next summer; after which it is again cut back, and treated as before. Each year a little more old wood may be left, until in five or six years it may be as many feet high, and may need a fifteen inch pot, having a dozen main branches, and scores of blooming shoots. The Scarlet King is the best variety to be grown in this way; and while it is a thing of beauty each year it yearly grows better and better, and pays well for the waiting and working.

Iron Columns in Building.

Iron columns in buildings might, it is suggested, be protected from the action of fire in two simple and inexpensive ways. One, which has the advantage of making it possible to highly ornament the column with little trouble, is to enclose the column in rings of terra cotta, put on the top when it is set up; and the other is to fill the column with water. To do this all the columns in the tier should be connected with short pipes through the bed plates, a small escape pipe should run from the upper column through the roof to the air, and at the base of each tier a pipe should connect with the street mains, so that all the columns may be filled with water either permanently or on emergency. With the escape pipe at the top for the expansion of the water or steam the columns would stand until every floor was burned out, and if the girders were hollow and filled with water in the same way, both girders and columns would doubtless stand intact and could be used in rebuilding.

—Cabmen receive only 15 cents an hour in Italy.

Natural Decorative Art.

In the wine-vaults of London, the wine-vault fungus sways hither and thither in the most graceful profusion. It is lighter than cobwebs, and takes shapes like crystalization. It grows sometimes like coral, forming pendants which are swung by every zephyr, and are finally brought in contact and cling together in great festoons. The ceiling or roof is covered with a field of the fungus four or five inches in depth, and out of this grow or gather the most curious formations, the most interesting of which are the round balls like hornets' nests, in color and shape, or great gray sponges.

In the vaults where oil is used they soon get black and dirty, but when gas is burned they remain as white as snow for a long time, and are exquisitely beautiful. If the light is held up to them, as soon as they feel its heat, they shrivel away with a sickening odor and disappear To the touch they are damp unpleasant and sticky. The vault men are very proud of them and they dislike to see them destroyed, although it sometimes becomes necessary to do so. Their presence is regarded as a proof of the adaptability of the vault. If they gather quickly over a lot of wine that has been recently laid down, the wine and the cellar are both deemed to be good. Down in Lewes is what is said to be the best vault in the world. It was used in former times as a prison and torture chamber, and it reaches out under the sea quite a distance. It is very lofty, and wine has been stowed there since 1814, over which the fungus hangs eight or nine feet long. When it gets filled with dust and becomes too heavy for the delicate fibre that supports it, it breaks away, and being too light to fall entirely down, it floats through the vault like an enormous balloon, with the most extraordinary ghost-like effect.

Our guide explains all this as we go from one lot to another, completing our tasting list, which ranges through all the still wines you can name, and he leads to one dark corner where the fungus hangs in mushroom forms, and declares with a proper pride that that particular corner has not been cleaned since the vaults were built in 1803.

A Glittering Heap of Gold.

Some time ago, an old man named Jack Harkey, living near Matthews station, just across the line in Union county, North Carolina, died and the little old house in which he had lived alone for many long years was locked up by his executor. Not long after the old man's death the executor found $600 in cash, which it was known the old man had, and cleaned everything out of the house except an old cupboard that stood in a corner of the room. As it was not in the way and was not a bad looking piece of furniture it was permitted to remain undisturbed. The house was rented to a family who moved into it recently, and to whom the golden secret of the old cupboard was unexpectedly revealed. The wife did not like the looks of the old cupboard and proposed to her husband that they should move it to another part of the room. This the husband consented to, and the cupboard was accordingly removed out of the corner where it had remained for perhaps a quarter of a century. As it was away, a small tin box, such as is used by business men in which to keep papers, was found on the floor covered with dust. The man gave it a kick and was surprised to find that it was no, easy to move, and on picking it up was further surprised at its weight. A few blows of an axe broke open the lid and a pile of bright glittering gold pieces met the gaze of the astonished husband and wife. They set to work counting out the coins and found that the pile amounted to the snug little sum of $1,200. As soon they had counted the money they replaced it in the box and hid it, when the man, with honest haste, went straight to the executor of Mr Harkey's estate and related the circumstances of the finding and closed by inviting the executor to accompany him to the house and take possession of the money. The executor followed him home and obtained the gold.

Covering Boilers With Silk.

It is well known that silk is an excellent nonconductor of heat, and some recent experiments in Germany would seem to indicate that it might pay to encase boilers in this costly material.

In one trial three boilers of the same size and make were ranged in order, one covered with the ordinary felt, another with a coating of silk only five-eighths the thickness of the felt, while the third was left altogether uncovered. They were all filled with water having a temperature of 100 degrees, Centigrade, and examined at intervals. After the lapse of three hours it was found that the unprotected boiler had lost twelve degrees of heat, and the other two each two degrees. After a further lapse of thirty-three hours, the felt-covered boiler had lost thirteen and a half degrees, and that covered with silk only fourteen, so that there was no appreciable difference between the protective powers of the silk and those of a casing of felt nearly twice its thickness.

With regard to the cost of the material, it is said that in all silk manufactories there are waste scraps which it would be difficult or impossible to utilize in the trade. These can, it is asserted, be made up into bands and rolls, costing comparatively little, and sold at a profit to the makers and users of boilers.

As to the lasting and wearing powers of silk as compared with felt nothing is said, and there has not, perhaps, been time to apply an adequate test: but it is at the least possible that in this respect the finer substance may possess great advantages over the coarser and cheaper.

Fertilizers.

There is uneasiness in the market for fertilizers on account of the uncertainty regarding future supplies of Peruvian guano. The quantity remaining in the nitrate beds is still very large, but the difficulty of removing and loading it on ship-board continually increases, and already in some large deposits this cost exceeds the value of the material. Naturally the deposits most easy of access are first worked and the claims are abandoned whenever the expense passes the profitable point. An investigation was recently undertaken by the Chilian minister of finance, the representative of foreign holders of Peruvian bonds and the attorney of the syndicate which recently purchased one million tons of Peruvian guano, with a view to ascertaining just how much can be shipped and what the prospect for the future is. Chili will strip the deposits as rapidly as possible and no matter what the outcome of the protracted peace negotiations will take care to absorb everything of value in the territory she now claims as the prize of her conquest. It is said that the Peruvian Guano company of London has disposed of its entire stock in Europe at a round profit.

A Beautiful California Valley.

The still, dry air, the genial spring temperature (six or eight degrees higher than that of Santa Barbara), the gentle repose, the aspect of peace and fertility, the stretching perspective through the breaks in the range, the beauty of the abundant woods, the picturesque disposition of the shapely, isolated trees, the myriad of bright-colored birds, the concert of melody always going on in the branches—these things combine to invest the Ojai Valley at this time of the year with an idyllic charm which I have yet seen nothing rival. There is one road in particular which everybody loves. It follows the valley of a little stream, near the base of the southern ridge, and wanders for miles through a leafy glen where the boughs interlace overhead, the grass is clean and fresh below, there are few weeds and bushes, sunshine lies under the branches, and one can look far away, through dancing lights and shadows, into the depth of the wood; until the eye looses itself in mysterious traceries of gray and green, and festoons of the wild grape. To walk here always makes me think of the sylvan scenes in Shakespere. This is the Forest of Arden. I shall see "Rosalind" and the "Banished Duke" presently. Or is it perchance the wood near Athens? If I come by moonshine shall I find Titania caressing Bottom transformed? Is the whole lovely picture only a midsummer dream? Shall I wake in a moment to find the mystery of the wood is dispelled, and that what I took for the tattle of the brook, the murmur of wild pigeons and the clatter of garrulous woodpeckers is only the morning salutation of the hotel Chinaman, who brings the pitcher of warm water with the remark: "Heap hot. I just cook him!"

Crime in Hungary.

In no other country in Europe is life and property so insecure as in Hungary. Murders and robberies take place almost every day, but it is only when a big gun happens to be the victim is public attention called to them. It is only a short time since Count Andrassy's palace in Buda-Pesth was broken into by burglars, and it certainly was not their fault that nobody was killed during the operation. The murder of Count Majlath has created the most intense sensation throughout the whole of Austro-Hungary, especially as the deceased judge was in his way a most remarkable personage. He was an exceedingly haughty man, and very proud of his lineage, although not on friendly terms with any members of his family. His elder brother, who died a few years ago, was also a very eccentric individual, and although possessed of considerable wealth, lived in the most simple style on his estates at Peribenyik, and although he had a fine chateau, preferred to reside in a peasant's cottage. On his death it was found that he had left all his property to his natural son, and this gave rise to litigation, which has been going on ever since, and was engaging the attention of Count Majlath at the time of his assassination. So bitter was the feud in the family that rumors were started to the effect that hatred and not robbery was the motive which prompted the murderers, and the affair is still shrouded in mystery, despite the usual police formula that "they" have a clue. It is well-known that the Emperor of Austria, ever since the tragic end of his brother Maximilian, has had the greatest aversion to signing a death warrant, in consequence of which nearly all murderers know that they will escape with penal servitude, or an inadequate sentence of a few years imprisonment, on the few occasions on which they are found out.

Love-Philters.

The philter of the Greeks was, as its name implies, a love-portion, and since "all is fair in love and war," it was looked on as a recognized weapon not only to be used, but also to be guarded against. Hence arose the custom of applying counter-charms, which, when employed with the cabalistic songs prescribed for the occasion, were sure of success, unless a more powerful one of the order should counteract the spells of the officiating witch. The ingredients mingled in a love-portion were such that it may well have tasked all the gallantry of a reluctant lover to accept the proffered cup. Some of the components most in favor were the bones of toads and snakes, a portion of the forehead of a new born foal, called "hippomanes," the feathers of a night hawk, the blood of doves, bones torn from the mouths of famishing dogs, and the strands of the rope with which a man had hanged himself. Among such a heterogeneous collection of materials some must have had injurious properties. And, either in gratification of private hate, or to make good their reputation from time to time among their votaries, it was in the power of the dealers in magic to prepare a decoction which should arrest the reason or even flow the of life.

A Maine Lumberman's Adventure.

A curious accident happened to a scaler of logs at a camp among the Katahdin Iron Works, about seventy miles from Bangor. He had been setting traps some five miles from the camp. On returning he struck through the woods to reach the camp above. He came across a small camp which had been used for shaving splits. This camp was full of shavings and dry as powder. He built a fire to warm himself and lay down for a nap. He had been asleep about twenty minutes when he was awakened by a roaring, snapping sound all around him. The shavings had caught fire and he was surrounded with flames. He leaped for the door, but before he could get out his clothes had taken fire. His whiskers and hair were burnt off and his hands and face and portions of his body were badly burned. As soon as he got out of the burning camp he extinguished the fire in his clothing by rolling in the snow. He was in a sad plight when he came into camp, beardless, hairless and almost naked. It was a narrow escape from a terrible death.

Another start is, it appears, to be made in that march of progress in which up to the present time, China has made such a sorry show. It has been determined that the mineral resources of one of the largest provinces shall be properly investigated, and a German mining expert is to be sent there to report on the underground wealth of the province.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Many Virginians are settling in the West.

—Among the ladies of Vienna fencing is very fashionable.

—John Ruskin is lecturing at Oxford on "Recent English Art."

—It is expected that 600 miles of new railroad will be built in Michigan this year.

—The estate of the late Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, is estimated at $17,000,000.

—At the last Queen's drawing-room the Princess of Wales wore two shades of green.

—It is estimated that 2000 persons a year, mostly prisoners, take their own lives in Russia.

—Seven Chinamen have been killed in Grant county, N. M., during the last year by "rustlers."

—The British Misister, the Hon. Lionel Sackville West, has engaged rooms at Saratoga for the season.

—The light-house at Sydney, New South Wales, has an electric light of over 12,000,000 candle power.

—New Zealand has introduced the American common school system, and has 836 schools and 64,406 scholars.

—Some of the European steamers last year cleared from $40,000 to $50,000 on each round trip of four or five weeks.

—A member of the Pennsylvania legislature has introduced a bill forbidding the running of Sunday railroad trains.

—Mr. Gladstone would utilize wet lands by growing water cresses and improve railway embankments by planting fruit trees.

—Columbia college, which was started in 1750 on the proceeds of a lottery, now has an endowment of $5,000,000 and 1857 students.

—The Delaware Lackawanna and Western company is reported buying large amounts of coal lands in the Wyoming region.

—The two court theatres at Vienna paid $22,500 during 1882 to authors and composers, and the two court theatres of Berlin paid $14,000.

—Of the old five cent pieces there are nearly 128,000,000 in circulation, of three cent pieces 28,000,000, and of one cent pieces 500,000,000.

—It is estimated that 2,500,000 tons of clear solid ice have been stored along the Hudson between Troy and New York during the winter.

—The new depot to be built by the Pennsylvania railroad company at Harrisburg, and for which ground has been broken, is to cost $300,000.

—Queen Victoria has signified her intention of opening the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington on Saturday, May 12.

—A brilliant Anglo-American ball was given at Geneva on the 12th of March, in which the honors were carried off by a young Scotch lady.

—Secretary Teller has appointed Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson a special inspector of matters relating to land titles among the California Indians.

—A single book in the Earl of Ashburnham's library, known as the "Albani Missal," an illuminated ancient MS., has been valued at $50,000.

—Fifty thousand pairs of shoes daily are made in the prisons of New York. The outside manufacturers claim to be unable to compete with the contractors.

—During the past year there were carried over the Pennsylvania railroad and its branches, 8,263,359 tons of coal, and 2,888,787 tons of coke, a total of 11,157,147 tons.

—For brutally whipping one of his small pupils a school teacher in Ackley, Hardin county, Iowa, was compelled to resign, and was fined $25 and costs in the Police Court.

—Colorado mined and shipped during the year 1882, 2,000,000 tons bituminous coal, 2,000 tons of anthracite and 100,000 tons of coke, producing a revenue of about $4,400,000.

—The projected Scottish Temperance Life Assurance Company of Edinburgh, which is to have a capital of £100,000, will insure the lives of total abstainers "at greatly reduced premiums."

—There are now doing business in this country and Canada 415 street railways, employing about 35,000 men. They run 18,000