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THE BURDEN OF THE WATER.

The voices of brooks and of fountains,
The burden of bountiful streams,—
The cataract hurled from the mountains,
With the rainbow's miraculous beams,—

Hold secrets of joy and sorrow,
The records of forest or fen,—
A language no poet may borrow
To read its rich meaning to men!

And when, through long distance undaunted
The deep rivers roll to the main,
And the sea-winds above them have chanted
Weird poems of passion or pain.

The tide, in their rhythmic emotion,
To the gathering waters unfold
The infinite grief of the ocean
On the breast of the billows outrolled!

A PARISIAN NOVELETTE.

She was only a poor sewing-girl nothing more. Her days were spent in a factory, where, with hundreds of others, she worked early and late to earn the poor pittance that gained her daily bread, and her nights were spent up in a garret, where the noisome smells from the court below and the curses and cries sometimes made her shudder. But she was no heroine. The other girls said she was not even pretty, but her braids of long, fair hair were bright and soft, and her eyes, though her face was pale, were sweet and pure, and in spite of her life, as it was, she was innocent as when long ago her mother had died in the same garret where she now lived. She was not even a Christian—few in Paris are, I believe—and then churches are not for poor people, you know—and when her Sundays came they were such days of rest after her hard, hard week that she was glad to be away from the crowd and rattle and noise, and sit by herself alone.

One day there came to the factory some gentlemen, all friends of the proprietor, who walked through and looked at the machines, how the girls worked them, how nimble their fingers were, and how the clothes were cut—all matter of fact enough to the girls, but curious to them. They all laughed and joked and said something to the girls, and one stopped before her chair and said, "What beautiful hair!" touching just so gently some one of the long golden strands. She blushed very red, and they walked on.

"Her name?"

"Marie," said the proprietor. "Yes, pretty hair, but nothing else; she is only a poor sewing-girl, not even one of the heads of the department; only a very poor girl, Monsieur."

As the stranger walked out there was caught in his coat a long thread of hair, which he laughed at, smiled, and then loosing slowly, placed it in the rich locket he wore on his chain and passed out. He did not return again, but one day passing on the Boulevards she heard her name called. "Marie!" A gendarme in uniform stepped up and handed her a card: "Monsieur Henri de Lannes, Marquise de Plaquemine."

She was surprised. Gentlemen do not bother themselves about poor sewing-girls often; and then a marquis. Who was he? What could it mean?

"He is here, Mam'selle, and wishes to speak to you. Will you go?"

She followed, she did not know why, and when the soldier stopped at a rich saloon, and the door opened, she stepped in and saw the gentleman who spoke at the factory some weeks ago.

Then, she burst into tears—"Monsieur, don't, for God's sake, Monsieur, I am only a poor girl, and what can a marquis want with me? For God's, sake, don't, please;" and she buried her face in her hands.

The long fair hair fell in its two braids down over her shoulders, and as she sank almost on the floor it covered her almost like a cloud.

Monsieur arose; he was an old man, past fifty; his hair was gray and his face was hard, clear-cut, and cold, and his eyes were like steel just so clear and sharp and cold; he walked to the window of the rich saloon, and then, returning half way, leaned with one hand on a chair and the other tenderly, ever so tenderly for a hard old man, rested for one moment on her fair hair, and it trembled.

By many strange ways and much blood had Monsieur come to be standing in that place, and then for one moment there seemed to float before him a vision of fair Lorraine, a youth long ago, a face sitting in a cottage, and two long braids of hair, a promise that when he returned, with wealth and fame, she would be his. Years of toil and pain, of success and triumph, and a return to find her married to a churl, a common country peasant, and they both gone to Paris.

Since then Monsieur was known to be a hard man—a very hard man; and when with his legions in Africa 'twas said he was a fierce one; but he was high in court and all praised and honored him.

He stood for a moment thus and then wondered to himself half aloud; "Marie, is that your name?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Your mother's name?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Was she from Basle in Lorraine?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

The hands were removed from the face now and the fair soft eyes were raised wondrously, but the face of Monsieur was hard again, only just in the corners of his mouth, where the curves were, there was a trembling, a vague dream of something to be said, which died with them unspoken.

He took her hand, though, tenderly, and as he led her to the door he stooped as she turned and kissed her. Before she looked he was gone.

After that she worked hard as ever in the factory, and though she said nothing she thought often of the great Monsieur, and what it could all mean.

The time came, though, when she was taken ill. It came upon her one day in the street, when she would have fainted and fell but that some one caught her. She was insensible for a long, long time, but in her sickness she could hear no noise as from the court, and when one morning she awoke she was lying in a rich room hung with pictures of rich and marvelous beauty. Over the pillow was her fair hair, and her hand was thin and pale and she was very weak.

Over by the window was the figure of a man—an old man, she thought—half hid in the heavy curtains. As he rose, however, she was so weak that she closed her eyes, and then, half sleeping and dreaming, she could feel him standing by the bed. Who it was she did not know, and was too tired and weak to care hardly at all; but one evening, as the sunset streamed into the room she found on the pillow beside her a picture of a lady that she thought she had once seen. It was a fair lady—a very fair lady—and the long hair hung in two braids down over the breast. She was alone and looked at it curiously, and saw underneath inscribed "Marie de Lisle." "Marie de Lisle," that was her mother's name, and the poor weak hand wandered up to the pale face, and she wondered what could it mean.

Well, the days passed, and she recovered. It was in mid July, and she must go. Those around the chateau said not, but she could not stay. Somehow her heart would not let her; and so one night when all were sleeping, she arose and wandered away back to Paris.

She did not go back to the factory. *He* might find her there, and she dreaded him now, somehow, with an indefinite fear of she knew not what; and so, with other poor girls, she worked in the *cafes*, where there was much talk now of the war. There was revolutionary talk, too, of what "the reds" would do were the army away, and once in a while when she dared ask, she made timorous inquiries of "Monsieur the Marquis," so she called him, and once when his name was read aloud as the leader of a desperate charge, and only retreated when borne back by soldiers, she shuddered.

This time also passed, and Paris, in "sabots" and "red caps," was in an uproar. Napoleon had surrendered, Paris had fallen, and after the enemy left the city was crazy, wild, mad, and furious with blood and fire; but she worked on. What was it all to her, only a poor sewing-girl, except that bread was hard to get, and at that very poor and dear?

But one day she heard there was to be an execution. What was that? Only something she had heard of, never seen; and so in the press of the crowd she hastened to where La Commune waved its red flag, and where the ruined, blackened walls showed where La Commune's vengeance had fallen.

There were three hostages—only three. One a young man, a chasseur, in his rich uniform. He was handsome all said. His eyes were bound; he stood against the wall. A crash, a roar, and he fell forward on his face, while his gilt uniform was draggled in the dust.

The second was a priest in his black sombre dress and beads; he looked up once, and then died, as the other before; and the third, he was a general, they said, and had defied the people. There was a press forward to see, and Marie was pushed forward to the foremost rank. She looked. He was a man of over sixty, with white hair and features clear-cut and hard and very cold even then; he stepped up proudly and smiled.

The Red in command gave the orders, "one" "two"—there was a rush from the foremost rank, a sudden cry, and then a girl's form was seen to be lying in the arms of the hostage, "three, fire" shouted the Red, but somehow the muskets didn't roar, and somehow the Sabotes in the crowd raised a faint cheer which deepened into a roar, and a suggestion was heard to put the Red in his place.

Paris, especially common Paris, is quick of feeling, and when the poor girl explained in her tears that "the general" was dear, very dear to her; that he had saved her life once when she was very ill. Aye, more, he was her mother's lover long ago in Lorraine; that she had died while married to another man, and —and—that she loved him. Would they?

She was not fair; she was not pretty even; but her pale golden hair covered him like a halo and cloud, and Red Paris, erstwhile so furious for his blood, raised him and her on their shoulders, and a wild, furious array marched away down the street to where La Commune sat with closed portals. La Commune was, however, easily got at, and when the wild array burst in with its hostages born aloft, it was only too happy to grant what was wanted, and when they returned, like a sea going out, the two were landed close together, and he, the great general, the proud marquis, folded her in his arms and kissed her, while the tears stood in his eyes. They were very happy.

* * * * * *

Do you see that couple yonder—that tall gentleman with gray hair, riding behind the Marshal of France? Well, that is Monsieur the Marquis, and the tall lady, with hair like a sunbeam, is his wife.

They are married! Yes; and though the red ashes of La Commune are crushed out dead forever, as they ride on the boulevard many a cap is touched that way, for they are always very kind to Paris in "sabotes," she never forgetting, though she is now Madame the Marchioness, that she was once only a poor sewing-girl.

Curious Gambling Scenes.

The Piutes are having a grand gambling tournament. In the day time they meet on the sunny side of one of their wickiups, from which they extend wings by tying blankets on poles to break the wind. The gamblers who engage in the tournament place two poles on the ground, about 10 feet apart and parallel with each other, and seat themselves on the ground, cross-legged, outside the poles. There are generally six or eight bucks on each side, and the stakes, which range from $2 to $20 in silver, are staked on the open ground between the parallel poles. Each side is furnished with six or eight short sticks and four long ones. Two strings are then procured, and when it is decided by chance which side shall take these shells, the game begins.

A low, motonous chant, accompanied by striking the poles with the long sticks and the swaying of their bodies to and fro, as if keeping time with the chant and noise made by the sticks, is commenced by the side who won the shells, and the two bucks who have possession of the shells move their hands and arms and change the shells from one hand to the other, and finally conceal both hands under their blankets and cease moving them. This seems to be the signal for one of the bucks on the other side to guess what hand the shells are concealed in. If he guesses right the shells are thrown to his side and two of the short sticks. Then the chant and its accompaniments is taken up by that side and continued until the shells are won back by the other side.

When all the short sticks are on one side the game is decided, the side having the sticks being the victors. The chant and beating the poles and swaying to and fro ceases until the stakes for another game are deposited, when the performance is repeated. All day long and far into the night by the light of a sage-brush fire this gambling continues, and considerable money changes hands. The squaws and children arrange themselves outside the gamblers and look on for hours, apparently as much interested in the game as the players.

Copper **has been detected in the soil of a churchyard, and in portions of exhumed bodies.**

Trapping the Turtle.

"No, they ain't in pain," said an ancient skipper at the Fulton Market dock, as he rearranged a piece of scantling under the head of a blear-eyed turtle that was lying in the sun. "It looks cruel to keep them turned on their backs, but water is dashed over 'em every hour or so, and I reckon they have an easy time of it; but it is rough to put 'em out in the sun before a restaurant, and tack a placard on the shell. 'To be served this day.' That, says I, is takin' an undue advantage, but you can't expect feelin's in men that deals in food; all they care for is to fill you up. I'm down on 'em."

"How so?" asked his companion.

"I struck here a month ago," replied the Skipper, "on my smack, from Key West. The cook and all hands went hum Mystic, so I had to shift-like for myself. I signed papers with a restaurant man up the street here to provide three square meals a day, and one day I bein' fond of turtle, I brought in a young green that I'd kept, and requested to have it made into soup. Wall, the next day I dropped into the market, and there was that very turtle for sale. Ye see, I had my private mark on him. I didn't let on, but on the way to dinner I picked up an old shipmate o' mine, now on the police force, and invited him to try the soup. Wall, the waiter brought in some black stuff, and soon as I'd tasted it. 'Salt junk seasened.' I says, 'send the boss.' Out he came, a-smilin' all over, but I brought him up with a round turn. Says I, 'This 'ere soup's kind o' weak, I reckon,' says I; that turtle kind o' waded through, and he went so fast he's caught up with Fulton Market, and,' says I, 'ten dollars down or the turtle,' or,' says I, 'I go with my friend here, who,' says I, 'is a particular friend o' the Mayor.' Wall," said the old man with a grin, "he planked down the ten dollars and we walked out. It's windy when they get the bilge on old Sam. No salt hoss mock turtle for me."

"Then you are in the turtling business?" asked his companion.

"Wall, sort o' half an' half," was the reply. "We fish in the Havana trade all winter, and in the spring, if we come North, fetch all the turtles we can. There's always a market for 'em. Where do we catch 'em? Wall, mostly 'round Markeys (Marquisas). Tugoses (Tortugas). Then we buy a likely lot from the Conch crawls at Key West. Sport? Wall, some thinks it's sport. I used to think it sport to go crow shootin' when I was a yonker, but when the old man sot me out in the cornfield to shoot crows all day, it didn't seem so funny. So it's with turtlin'. Ye git surfitted with it. About this month around the Tugoses is a good time, and so on up to midsummer. The Keys are about six or seven in number; nothin' on 'em but sand, pusley, and bay cedar bushes. On Garden Key there's a big fort, but there's only two Keys that turtles comes ashore on, and why that's so I'm blest if I kin tell. On Loggerhead Key, to the westward, the loggerheads come up, and I never see a green turtle there yet, but on East Key, about five miles off, there you git all the green turtles ye want.

"What's the difference? Wall, if you had the two made into steak, you'd tell like enough. The loggerhead is bigger, tougher, and uglier, and brings about one-third what the green turtles do, the latter bein' fine form, delicate-like. The loggerhead is jest like an old New Bedford whaler, while the green turtle is a regular clipper ship. Wall, as to how we catch 'em. We run down to the Keys, and lay the smack off, and late in the afternoon put ashore in the dingies and make camp in the bushes. Then one hand takes a walk round the beach clost to the water; in that way he strikes the tracks up, at onct follows 'em up, and so finds the nest. Eggs good? Wall, its a matter o' taste. I've seen turtle eggs on the galley stove forty-eight hours, and they never changed a bit; cookin' don't affect 'em a mite, and the only way I ever saw 'em eaten, was when they were taken out of the turtle half formed, lookin' like yellow grapes, and dried in the sun until hard, and eaten like cheese; they kind o' taste like it.

"Turtles don't generally come ashore until after dark. Every twenty minutes or so one of the hands takes a round, and when he comes to a track easy to see by moonlight or stars up he rushes, and if the turtle is layin' she won't move, and you've got to wait till she gits through; but if she's jest through or about diggin' she'll turn and make tracks to the water in a way as is a caution to sinners. The first time I tackled one she got the start on me, and I ran up behind jest in time to catch about a barrel of sand. She threw it with all four flippers like a Mississippi stern-wheel steamer, fillin' my eyes so I jest sot down and yelled while she slid off into the water. But a good hand will slip up, and with a grip jest behind the fore flippers send a big one over. This done, the flippers are slit with a knife and made fast by rope yarn, and she's ready to ship and left right there. If it's a big turtle the turner gives a sing out, and a couple o' hands go on the run to give him a lift. I've been one o' these men, and I aint no babby, a-tryin' to lift a big loggerhead over, and couldn't. She struck my mate over the head with her fore flipper the first time I raised her, and he went down just as if he'd been sent for, and his jaw looked like the gang plank of a tread mill—all 'gormed' up. The next lift she took hold o' my foot; and talk about bull dogs! she nigh on to tuck me overboard, the other men beatin' her with scantlins. But, Lord bless ye! she was a-movin' for the water all the time, takin' us right along, and throwin' sand like a wind mill. At last, in she got, and the only satisfaction I got was a ride. There was a shoal piece that ran off about two hundred yards, and as she hinged off, I grabbed her by the back of the neck, and she towed me to the edge of the channel quicker than I ever went through the water afore.

"Turtles ain't so stupid as people thinks. I've often watched them, as sometimes they come up in front of the camp. First you hear a kind o' sigh—kind o' asthma-like; then in the moonlight you'll see a black head a-lookin' 'round. Up she comes, a little at a time, but afore she leaves the water she makes sure there ain't no one around; then goes for the beach, crawls right up close to the bush where the water never reaches and where durin' the day it's almost red hot. Then she picks out a place and commences to dig with her hind feet, until a hole about three feet deep is dug, and into this the eggs are dropped—sometimes a hundred, more or less. When she's done, she covers it up, and, instead of goin' right back—and there you see the cunnin' o' the brutes—she crawls along the edge of the bush a ways, and then strikes for the water, perhaps two hundred feet from where she come up; so all ye know when ye find tracks is that the nest is somewhere between 'em, and a green hand is like to make a still hunt for it.

"Sometimes as many as a dozen are turned in a night, and sometimes nary one. They like bright moonlight nights though. The next morning we git 'em into the dingy and then rig a block and tackle and git 'em aboard the smack and run for Key West. Most skippers that make any business of turtlin' have crawls on the flats on the northwest side of the Key. Crawls? Wall, crawls's a place where turtles can't crawl out. Nothin' but a fenced in place in four or five feet of water, and into this all the turtles is put to be kept till called for, as Capt. Kidd said when he buried the pot o' gold. On these crawls, or those of the Conchs, we call when we work up along. The turtles are taken out and stowed on their backs and dashed with water, and live for any time.

"What are the Conchs? Wall, they're a part of the population of Key West, livin' in a part called Conchtown, and supposed to live on conchs. But I never see one eat one, and I reckon nothin' but groupers would tackle 'em. The Conchs have a curious way of catchin' turtles with a peg. Spearin' ye might call it, but the spear is a peg, lookin' jest like about two inches off the end of a three-sided file. That ere is made fast to a long grouper line about as big as our cod line, and made to fit into a long pole. With this rig they scull over the reef with a dingy, and when they see a turtle asleep on the bottom or lying' on top, they let him have it. You'd think such a plug would pull out, but it don't; suction keeps it in, and a big loggerhead will pull a boat a couple o' miles afore they git it alongside. Then, agin, it don't hurt the critter; only sticks in the shell, and can be worked right out, which a barbed spear couldn't.

"There's another turtle they git on the reef—the hawksbill; they're fine eatin', but the shell is the most valuable, bein' made into combs and the like. On the South America coast they take the shell off by roastin', and lettin' the critter go to grow another. Did ye ever see a Gallapas turtle? No. Wall, there's a terrapin for you. Land turtles four feet long and three feet high that'll tote along a man or three of 'em just like a horse. I landed on the island in '61 and brought away a half a dozen of 'em. The whole island is marked with their tracks leadin' from the water up into the cones. They're the biggest land turtles a-livin', but there ain't much call for 'em except for curiosities. The biggest sea turtle today is the Leather turtle, sometimes weighin' two thousand pounds. The back is made up of one piece, havin' no scales like the others. They are pretty rare, bein' found only out to sea. There's a big one in New London they say. The owner gave it red eyes and stuffed it all out of shape, and shows it every year as the great sea monster, and actually don't know himself what he's showin'."

The Gallapagos turtle mentioned by the skipper is from gigantic stock. Several years ago some workmen excavations in lower India, when they came on to what was evidently a house; at least such the natives considered it. It was carefully unearthed, and turned out to be the shell of an enormous turtle that lived during the tertiary period. It was fourteen feet long and nine feet high, and competent naturalists expressed the opinion that when alive it must have been twenty-five long. It was a land tortoise, and crawled about like our common wood tortoises of to-day, making footprints as large as those of an elephant. In the Western country known as the Ball Lands hundreds of fossil turtles have been found, their interiors filled with solid rock, once the sand or muddy lake or sea bed in which they lived.

On one of the Government expeditions a turtle, perhaps thirty feet in length, was found, which, curiousity enough, had rudimentary characteristics, showing it to be a missing link, as it were, connecting other forms. It was a forefather of the great leather turtle of to-day. Its length from flipper to flipper was over seventeen feet, making it the largest turtle yet known.

Death on the Ocean.

A terrible memorial of the recent dreadful loss of the steamship Navarre was fished up a few days ago by a smack, whose people found in their trawl the bodies of a man and woman tied together, with their eyes bandaged. Probably the mysterious deep never yielded up a secret more shockingly suggestive then these corpses. Whether the man and woman were a married couple, or sweehearts, or brother and sister, we know not; but their bodies, fastened together in death, tell a moving story of devotion, just as their bandaged eyes convey a most pathetic picture of resolution and anguish. In the wreck of the Cimbria it will be remembered that the survivors spoke of seeing some of the emigrants at the last moment cutting their throats to shorten the final struggle. Most narratives of disaster at sea contain passages of this kind, telling how those who seemed of a shrinking and timid nature when all was well stood forth most noble and perfect types of heroes when danger was supreme; how the swaggerer, the bully, the tyrant proved an abject cur, casting himself down upon the deck in his terror, alternately praying and shrieking in the agony of his fear; how some, unable to await the approach of the last moment, destroyed themselves, while others, with folded arms and contracted brows, stood motionless upon the sinking hull, going to their death like men lost in thought.

One of the most pathetic stories in the language is the account of the loss of the Kent East Indiaman by fire in 1825, for the reason that a hundred particulars are introduced by the writer relating to the behavior of the people when all hope was abandoned and death seemed inevitable. We read of the little children who, when the flames had mastered the ship, and all was uproar and horror on the deck, "continued to play as usual with their toys in bed, or to put the most innocent and unseasonable questions to those around them;" of a young military officer removing from his writing desk a lock of hair, and placing it in his bosom, that he might die with that sweet keepsake upon his heart; of another writing a few lines to his father, and enclosing it in a bottle, "in the hope that it might eventually reach its destination, with the view, as he started, of relieving him from the long years of fruitless anxiety and suspense which our melancholy fate would awaken"; of the older soldiers and sailors seating themselves over the forehatch under which was the magazine, so that they might be instantly destroyed when the powder caught first; of cowards drinking themselves insensible or writhing in their terror upon the decks; of young girls praying calmly amid a kneeling crowd; of brave men standing collectedly with their eyes on the setting sun, whose light they never hoped to see again. It is a wonderful and thrilling picture, and how often has it been repeated since in other ways and amid other seas! The last is not, indeed, the worst, but it is among the worst. The Navarre is but one of scores of ships which have gone to their doom offering, before they took the final plunge, the most dreadful of all pictures of human anguish; but the suffering she embodied seem to survive yet, even in death, when we hear of those two corpses tied together coming to the surface, with their eyes blindfolded, and when we endeavor to realize by those devoted, silent witnesses from the bed of the ocean something of the terror and the resolution, the fear and the courage, the wild despair and the passionate supplication to Heaven which made up the picture of that as of all other wrecks of a similar nature.

A Week's Change.

They had gone down to the seaside for a week's change. The day was a perfect one, with now and then a capful of wind blowing out of the little round clouds that swelled up over the horizon like bubbles.

"Will you go out with me?" asked Helena.

"With all these flaws?" he said.

"Just as you please, then I will go alone."

"Alone! What in heaven's name could you do alone?"

"I am not Grace Darling nor Ida Lewis," she said, the laugh brightening all the rich color in her cheek; "but I fancy I could pull a boat about in these smooth waters."

"Life would be much more comfortable, Helena, if there were something you were afraid of in it! Well, here we go," and he gathered up his lazy length and reached his hat. "If we drown it is your fault."

"It doesn't much matter about drowning," she said, swinging her hat as they went along the shingle, and unaware that she spoke in other than a matter-of-fact way. "If we drown together."

"Are you so indifferent to life—in such a hurry to get through—"

"Oh, no, no, never! But it is all so blest that I am half the time afraid something will happen—,"

"But the worst that could happen is death, and—"

"No, indeed; the worst that could happen would be that you might look at some other woman!" and then they both laughed, knowing well the habit of her jealous pangs, and ran along to the boat, it signifying little that neither of them knew much of anything about a boat, and that they were running before the wind directly in the track of the seagoing steamers.

"Could anything be more perfect?" said Helena, half recumbent in the stern, sea and sky making a sapphire and lapis lazuli ring about her. "We seem to be alone in this great hollow shell of the sky and sea. It is like our old lover days over again."

"Only better," he answered her.

"Only better," she repeated.

"We must come out at night, with the sea and the stars and the freedom of the universe alone together," and as they sailed, he told her histories of the old craft that had ploughed these waters—fire-ships and phantom ships—and recited to her verses of his own inditing, for now and then he turned off a little song as perfect as a pearl.

"That is the strangest thing," she said, "that you, who don't know what music is, should have the writing of such verses, and I, who am music's confidante, cannot write a melody."

"You are a melody," he said. And just at that instant there was a roar, a rush, a ringing of bells that sounded in their ears like gongs, wild cries, a vast, black hull towering over them, a crash, a sweep of many waters, and then nothingness.

Half an hour afterward a fisherman found a broken boat afloat, bottom-side up, a man entangled in the rigging, his head above water, unconscious, but alive. Trimming his sail speedily, he took the half drowned man ashore. And after the sickness and delirium of weeks, as wretched and desolate a man as walked on earth, Leonard Vance took up his colorless life, alone, as he said, till the sea gave up its dead. For Helena was never found. I scraped the moss away, the other day, from a stone set up as a memorial without a grave, and overgrown with bramble roses, to read the name upon it, Helena Vance, lost at sea, aged 28.

Medical Value of Vegetables.

Asparagus is a strong diuretic, and forms part of the cure for rheumatic patients at such health resorts as Aix-les-Bains. Sorrel is cooling, and forms the staple of that *soupe aux herbes* which a French lady will order for herself after a long and tiring journey. Carrots, as containing a quantity of sugar, are avoided by some people, while others complain of them as indigestible. With regard to the latter accusation, it may be remarked, in passing, that it is the yellow core that is difficult of digestion —the outer, a red layer, is tender enough. In Savoy the peasants have recourse to an infusion of carrots as a specific for jaundice. The large sweet onion is very rich in those alkaline elements which counteract the poison of rheumatic gout. If slowly stewed in weak broth, and eaten with a little Nepaul pepper, it will be found to be an admirable article of diet for patients of studious and sedentary habits.

The stalks of the cauliflower have the same sort of value, only too often the stalk of a cauliflower is so ill-boiled and unpalatable that few persons would thank you for proposing to them to make part of their meal consist of so uninviting an article. Turnips, in the same way, are often thought to be indigestible, and better suited for cows and sheep than for delicate people; but here the fault lies with the cook as much as with the root. The cook boils the turnip badly, and then pours some butter over it, and the eater of such a dish is sure to be the worse for it. Try a better way. What shall be said about our lettuce? The plant has a slight narcotic action, of which a French old woman, like a French doctor, will know the value, and when properly cooked it is really very easy of digestion.

The first and greatest of all faults is to defraud ourselves.

Langtry on Women.

"Since you have been in this country, Mrs. Langtry, have you met many American women?"

"No, I have not met a great many, for my theatrical duties have been so heavy that I have received but few visitors and have really refused nearly all invatations—although I have had many friendly offers of hospitality wherever I have been. But the American women I have met I have been charmed with, and of course I have seen thousands and thousands of the American fair sex, for my matinee audiences are almost entirely composed of women."

"And what impression has the American woman made upon you, Mrs. Langtry? What do you think of her?"

"What a question to ask one!" and Mrs. Langtry threw up her hands in astonishment. "I really don't think I can answer that. I don't think it would be delicate for me to discuss the matter. I think it cannot be expected that I should pass judgement on the American women."

"But you must have some impressions of their manners, appearance, dress, etc. It would undoubtedly interest American women to learn what the English beauty thinks of them."

"Really this question has so surprised me that I don't know what to say, but if you think it will really be of interest I will try and tell you what I think. In the first place I think American women have very pretty faces, so bright and winning. One sees many more pretty faces here than in England. Then I think they have beautiful hair and very pretty hands and feet."

"And their figures?"

"Well I must take the liberty to say that I think their figures are generally bad. The American standard of figure is altogether too plump to please me; but, again, I do not see why my opinion should be of any interest in the matter. I have been called 'scraggy' in one town I visited."

"And where was that?"

"Well, I think it must have been in Pittsburg. I think the most disagreeable things were said of me there."

"Do you admire the dress of American women?"

"I cannot say candidly that I do; on the whole, I think they dress too smartly for the street, and too simply for the theatre. I think they mix their colors badly and have too many bows and ends on their dresses. To my taste a woman cannot be too simply dressed for the street. A dress of simple neutral tints please me best. I saw a woman in the street the other day wearing a gray ulster a blue dress and scarlet kid gloves. Just think of that!" and Mrs. Langtry almost shuddered with horror at the thought of scarlet gloves "and she also had a *bouquet de corsage* of daffodils; That was rather a gay mixture of colors, was it not?"

"You want to know what I think of the manners of the American women? I think them charming, so free and open. The American women are so independent and there is such a delightful lack of self-consciousness about them. They are, too, very bright in conversation, and the freedom and frankness of their manner impresses one instantly; it is also different from the reserve of the general run of English women."

Celaning House.

The advantages of oiled and shellaced floors, where all the cracks are filled in with putty, are as plain in closet-room as elsewhere in the house. If you have moved into a house where the cracks in the closet floor have a suspicious look, get them well rubbed in with concentrated lye the first thing, in quantities that will harden in the cracks. This will keep you neat, if it is not convenient to have a few closets finished off this house cleaning with the hard and polished surface. If you can do this, however, it is worth all the trouble it takes. The yellow pine stain makes a beautiful bright finish for a closet floor. When all the woolens you can spare are put away, with velvets and furs hung up in their bags so that they do not crush, get all the smaller articles in a trunk or chest. If you have not a cedar chest or closet, an old starched and shining table cloth will do to make a trunk lining or shelf lining that will entirely protect, and can be sewed over at the top of the whole contents. When closets and woolens, &c., are attended to, take a day's breathing time and rest.

Keep yourself strong, and see that you do not begin to take up carpets, wash floors, and turn mattresses out of doors, except on a bright, warm day. There are people ill with pneumonia at this writing, in spite of May in the almanac. Let it be settled, warm, before the larger operations begin. You can have pictures lifted from the walls, the glass rubbed off with whiting and the frames rubbed with linseed oil, and all stored away in a spare room out of the dust and away from the walls on some previous day. The walls do not get as much attention, otherwise, as they should. Take down all curtains, shades and lambrequins, and wipe and beat thoroughly, getting them previously out of the way. Then take up your carpets, and clean your walls. Brush papered walls with a soft towel around the brush; scrub painted walls in clear water, no soap, but use a little ammonia where there are dust marks. Lime water is again recommended for use on all unpainted floors that are not hard finished, and treat your ceilings as you do your walls, brushing, washing or white-washing, according to the finish. If you have had the forethought to provide an extra cover for the mattress, of blue check, this can come off and be washed at any time as the mattress is kept free from dust. If not, let it go down into the yard and give it first a thorough dry brushing with a whisk, then go over it again with the whisk dampened; so as to cleanse it thoroughly. It must have a good sunning after this. Very few people wash their pillows, yet there is hardly any article of constant use that needs washing more. They can be dropped inta hot soap suds and stirred about, one at a time, so that the gathered dust will be washed out of them, then hang across the clothes line in a good breeze and sun, turning them frequently to have them dry evenly.

Varnish **for writing on glass may be made of 300 grains ether, 30 grains sandarac, and 30 grains mastic. Dissolve and add benzine until the varnish imparts to glass a roughened appearance. Use cold.**

A scheme **is said to be maturing by which several Muskegon, Michigan, capitalist intend to become the purchasers of a number of townships of pine lands in Florida, estimated to be capable of producing 1,000,000,000 feet of lumber**

Midnight in a Menagerie.

"Don't talk so loud," said the watchman; "you'll wake the oudad."

"That what?"

"The oudad," replied the watchman; "that's what they call it; he's a lovely bird and has a voice like a buzz saw. And when he buzzes, gosh! So let him sleep," and the watchman silently led the way past the oudad.

"Cheese it," broke out the watchman again. "Do you hear that?" An elephant had evidently kicked his companion.

"Are the elephants apt to be very restless at night?"

"Oh, very. And when an elephant is restless, there's a good deal that's restless. They sleep on one side till that's tired and then they flop over on the other. That was a flop we just heard."

"What's this?" asked the reporter, pointing to something in the path.

"That," replied the watchman, following up the obstacle with his lantern, "seem to be part of a camel. But where's the rest of him? Oh, here it is. They stretch out well, don't they? Those are magnificent humps—made expressly for this circus, too. They are harmless."

"What, the humps?"

"No, the camels. And they make no noise at night unless they find shingle nails in their food. Then they complain."

"Don't get too near the business end of that thing," said the watchman, lifting up his lantern so that it was even darker than before, "that is a mule. Never interfere with a mule's plans, and in approaching him always allow for a contraction and subsequent expansion of the muscles. Next to the mule are the zebra-striped ponies. We never venture to use soap on those stripes. Here are some very rare things, and they are as queer as they are rare. They never make the slightest noise either when pleased or when frightened. They are the giraffs. No one ever heard a giraffe murmur. Observe the length of their neck. What a winter resort for diphtheria! You can get something of an idea of their length of neck by picturing in your mind's eye four yards of sore throat and the amount of vinegar and salt required for one gargle. The giraffe is indeed a difficult thing to keep; he dies so easily and almost without provocation."

"This animal here," continued the watchman, still walking by the stalled animals "is not as you might have supposed, a Harlem goat. No; this is the sacred bull. It is said he was taken from the Pope."

"Is he very sacred?" asked the incredulous reporter.

"Yes; he's extremely sacred. He gets more sacred every day. The amount of reverence he inspires in his keepers is only equaled by that of the mule."

Having reached the end of the stalled animals the watchman announced, by a twist of his lantern, that he was about to come upon the ferocious wild beasts in cages. He then put out the lantern, and he and the reporter sat down on the railing that protects the caged animals from the spectators. It was a little early for the usual midnight roar of the animals, but not half so early as the visitors had thought, for soon there came from the cage back of them a noise that startled both of them out of a week's growth. It was the greeting of an African lion.

It only required the roar of one lion with good lungs to start the whole menagerie. That beautiful bird called the emu was the first to reply to the lion's call. The reply was nothing more than a mild form of sneeze, but it went a great way. And in less time than it takes to record it the congregation of animals that were endowed with any sort of an apparatus for making a racket had tuned their pipes and were blowing and bellowing to see which could make the most noise. It was a lively place to be in without any light. But that did not seem to make any difference to the animals. The baboon barked and the rhinoceros grunted. And the louder they barked and grunted the louder the lions and tigers roared. Then the elephants joined in the general disorder, and when they united in the chorus there was no peace for the wicked. One elephant is usually considered sufficient to supply one family with all the noise it wants; but when twenty elephants lift up their voices in one sympathetic lamentation, nothing but the deepest coal mine could ever furnish a safe harbor or a sure retreat. Add to this the hair-splitting noises of the cockatoos and the macaws, the mournful lowing of the Nubian rhinoceros and the unparalleled snore of the hippopotamus, and the effect is appalling. The watchman looked at the reporter and the reporter eyed the watchman. Neither could speak. And it would not have made any difference if they had spoken. They might have roared until they were black in the face and still not have been heard. Each grasped the other's hand and bolted for the entrance with as much haste as though pursued by the whole menagerie.

Styles in Hair Dressing.

Hair dressers are beginning to complain of the prevailing styles. They say that the fashion Mrs. Langtry introduced of wearing the hair drawn back in a small knot at the back of the head and fluffy in front has taken away all the profit they once derived from their calling. Elaborate coiffeurs are no longer the fashoin. Extreme simplicity is now in vogue. Nothing shows off a well-formed head or a pretty face so well as this simple and natural way of wearing the hair. It is parted very accurately in the middle and the knot is worn low on the neck, so that the full shape of the head is revealed. The bang has gone out of fashion and in its place our the fluffs Of course, this arrangement is very trying to ugly faces. Many women pass as beauties simply on account of their hair, and to them the present fashion is very obnoxious. They evade it by having braids of twisted coils at the back coming up well on the head and a very fluffy fringe in front. The wigmakers, however, have made money. The majority of ladies do not care to cut their hair so as to make it fluff up in front, and very few have hair that is available for this style of face decoration. Therefore, the wigmakers provide the fringes with the exact shade of the hair, and they make it so natural that it is impossible to detect where nature leaves off and art begins.

—The Japanese indemnity fund bonds, amounting to $1,837,825, have been placed in the treasury for cancellation, the proceeds, less the Wyoming prize money, to be paid to Japan.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Mrs. General Diaz is nineteen years old.

—Louisiana has opened an oyster trade with California.

—A bed of marl has been discovered at Cuthbert, Ga.

—Emperor Francis Joseph suffers from a cancer.

—Only twelve Texan legislators are natives of the State.

—There is $527,153,23 cash in the State treasury of Iowa.

—Small-pox rages in Chattanooga and in Eastern Tennessee.

—Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, does not rapidly improve.

—Keystone Coal Company of Pittsburgh has defaulted on its bonds.

—Riots have occurred in Ceylon between Catholics and Buddhists.

—The house in which Gambetta died at Ville d'Avray, is offered for sale.

—The additions to the Berlin Fourse will make it the largest in the world.

—San Francisco passenger statistics for February show a net gain of 2,167.

—Shelbyville and Murfreesboro, Tenn., are now connected by telephone.

—The Shah of Persia believes in a stable government. He has 400 horses.

—Longfellow will stand between Dryden and Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

—The Methodist population of New York has fallen from 1 in 64 to 1 in 104.

—The latest new industry reported from Alabama is a goose farm, with 500 birds.

—Over 7,000,000, gallons of water now daily flow out through the Sutro tunnel.

—Henry G. Margaund has contributed $5,000 for a public library, at Little Rock, Ark.

—Three-fifth of the 2,200 convicts in the Texas penitentiary are negroes and Mexicans.

—Herr Krupp, the gunmaker, is to found a town—Neu Krappingen—for his employes.

—There are now 50,155,783 people in the United States, according to the census compendium.

—Henry Hahn, of Aiken, S. C., has a cow that yields twenty-four quarts of milk per day.

—An Austrian railroad company uses the telephone to signal its trains from station to station.

—Of the 30,000,000 acres of land in Mississippi less than 5,000,000 acres is under cultivation.

—Col. W. C. Clark, of Jack county, Tex., has lost 700 of 1,200 sheep on his ranche since December.

—Mr. Bergh is needed in Brackett, Texas. They have a cock pit there and fight chickens on Sunday.

—Mahogany, ebony, rosewood and cedar are used as fuel by the poorest people in some parts of Mexico.

—Over 18,000 head of Buffalo have been killed east of the Yellowstone river, in Montana Territory, this season.

—Londoners have a superstition that foreigners who gamble in English railway cars are always unsuccessful.

—In Washington city $85,000,000 worth of property goes untaxed, because it belongs to the national government.

—Moscow has voted 200,000 roubles, equal to about $150,000, for fetes in connection with the coronation of the czar.

—South Australia has a population of 279,866. Its debt had grown from $11,000,000 in 1873 to nearly $50,000,000 in 1881.

—It is proposed to so change the Massachusetts State Constitution that women who are lawyers may be made justices of the peace.

—The portrait of General Grant that was commenced by Le Clear and finished by Bierstadt, has been placed in the East Room of the White House.

—A sexton who was digging a grave in the Santander (Mexico) Cemetery, dug up a coffin containing jewels to the value of many thousand dollars.

—The 400th anniversary of the birthday of Martin Luther is to be kept by the Protestants all over Germany on the 10th of November, with extraordinary pomp.

—There are now 156 Roman Catholic churches, with 270 priests, within the diocese of Boston, where 17 years ago there were but 99 churches, with 93 clergymen.

—Farmers in the United States have $12,210,253,362 of capital invested in their business. This sum includes farms, implements, livestock fertilizers, and fences.

—General Nelson A. Miles, who is at this time one of the most popular army officers in the country, will spend his two month's leave of absence in the East. General Miles has command of the Military Department of Columbia.

—It is estimated that not fewer than 10,000 persons now arrive weekly in St. Paul and are forwarded to the remote Northwest by the Northern Pacific and Manitoba lines.

—Lumber is now being manufactured from straw, the standard size being 32 inches in width, 12 feet in length, and the thickness the same as the average surfaced boards.

—There are over 4000 savings institutions in Italy, and the deposits show that the people are saving at the rate of $15,000,000 a year. There are now on deposit almost $200,000,000 represented by almost 2,000,000 books.

—An eleven-pound boy with eight teeth was born in the Almshouse, in New Haven Connecticut, recently, his mother being a widow, whose husband died about four months ago from injuries received on a railroad.

—The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the total values of the exports of domestic breadstuffs during February and during the two and eight months ended February 28, as compared with the corresponding months of 1882, were: February, 1883, $15,773,009, 1882, $11,175,193; two months ended February 28, $31,608,586, 1882, $23,152,717; eight months, $149,131,142, 1882, $135,296,632.

—The main building for the Southern Exposition, which opens at Louisville, Ky., on the 1st of August, is now in a sufficiently advanced state of construction to give some idea of its proportions. It will be one of the largest of the kind ever built, covering an area of 677,400 square feet, being inferior only to the main buildings at the London Expositions of 1851 and 1862, and the Centennial Exposition.