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OUR ANGELS.

Oh! not with any sound they come, or sign,
Which fleshly ear and eye can recognize;
No curiosity can compass or surpass
The secret of that intercourse divine
Which God permits, ordains, across the line—
The changeless line which bars
Our earth from other stars.

But they do come and go continually,
Our blessed angels, no less ours than His—
The blessed angels whom we think we miss,
Whose empty graves we weep to name or see,
And vainly watch, as once in Galilee,
One, weeping, watched in vain
Where her lost Christ had lain.

Whenever in some bitter grief we find,
All unawares, a deep, mysterious sense
Of hidden comfort come, we know not whence;
When suddenly we see, where we were blind;
Where we had struggled, are content, resigned;
Are strong where we were weak—
And no more strive or seek—

Then we may know that from the far, glad skies,
To note our need, the watchful God has bent,
And for our instant help has called and sent,
Of all our loving angels, the most wise
And tender one, to point to us where lies
The path that will be best—
The path of peace and rest.

SET WITH THORNS.

Rose Gurney came slowly down the broad path, and pausing before an old-fashioned red-rose bush, began to select with dainty fingers some partly-opened buds which she fastened with deliberation in the knot of lace at her bosom.

A broad straw hat, with a scarf of white muslin shaded her features; and her morning robe of white lawn daintily ruffled and draped in spotless purity, the little nosegay of roses being the only bit of color about her.

Philip Grantley, smoking his morning cigar under one of the big elms, stepped forward, tossing the fragrant weed aside, and doffing his straw hat.

He was a fine looking fellow, with waving, jet black hair, and bold gray eyes; and when you find such a combination—black hair and gray eyes, you will generally find a will as indomitable and immovable as a pyramid.

"How do you do, Cousin Rose?" he said.

The young lady surveyed him with great calmness, quite ignorant of his extended hand.

"I suppose you are Mr. Grantley," she said with the slightest possible bend of her head; but I am not aware of any existing relationship between us."

"No? Then I am not," rejoined the young man, philosophically, as he dropped his neglected hand into the pocket of his loose flannel coat.

She looked at him with some perplexity now, but his face was inscrutable.

"May I have a rose, Miss Gurney?" he asked with great politeness, his eyes fixed upon the little cluster at her bosom.

"Oh, certainly! Help yourself!" with a little graceful gesture towards the blossom laden bush.

But he only glanced upon it with a smile and turned away as the breakfast bell rung out an imperative summons from the house.

"You will come in to breakfast?" said Rose, with a stiffness not at all natural to her.

"How very kind you are," murmured Philip, languidly, as he sauntered on by her side.

"Papa, how can you expect me to marry that man?" cried Rose, an hour later as she joined her father in the library.

"Is he not agreeable to you my dear?" queried Papa Gurney, a shade of anxiety drifting over his handsome face.

"Agreeable? why papa, he is the most—insufferable man I ever saw! Such coolness, and such insolent grand seignor ways. Why, I wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on the face of the earth!"

"Well, well, Rosamundi, there's no compulsion about it." And Mr. Gurney smothered a sigh. "But I had hoped you might fancy each other; the boy's father was an old friend of mine. At least you can treat him courteously while he stays with us. He is our guest, remember."

Rose left the room silently, with compressed lips. "Treat him courteously," indeed! Conventional courtesy seemed utterly lost on this young fellow, who made himself so entirely at home, who was discomposed at nothing.

In the days that followed, Philip was like the girl's shadow, waiting upon her with the most scrupulous attention, yet not hesitating to criticise her playing, her singing and her riding. Rose quarreled with him unconsciously. As for Philip, he was as impertubable as mortal man could be.

After all he could be a most delightful companion when he chose. Rose realized this when on rainy days he read exquisitely bits of her favorite authors, while she busied herself at sewing: or when in the long scented twilights he related strange adventures in far-away countries.

There had not been the slightest word of love between them; therefore it was a good deal of a surprise when Philip, lingering with her over the piano one lovely summer night, said suddenly:

"Rose, will you be my wife?"

With her heart in her mouth, and angry astonishment in her wide eyes, Rose answered directly, "No, sir!"

Philip did not seem to take her refusal much to heart. He drummed out a little opera snatch rather absently on the white keys, and presently went out on the lawn for a smoke; while Rose, very much disturbed, ran up to her room and came down no more that night.

The next day Mr. Gurney was stricken down with paralysis.

He was quite conscious, but as helpless as a little child, with no control of hands or tongue.

The attempt at speech, the wistful entreaty of his large eyes, wrung the heart of poor little Rose, who was sure that he desired to communicate something to her.

When Philip came to the bedside, that same dumb, passionate beseeching glance went to him. The young man seemed to understand it.

He bent over the stricken man quietly, and said, with his hands upon the poor helpless hands on the spread:

"I know what you wish to say, my dear friend. Do not be troubled—everything is right. Be comforted.

Tears gathered in the old man's eyes, and he motioned Rose and the house-keeper from the room. They could hear his voice low and steady and soothing; and when they returned Philip went away, but the anxious, eager, expression was gone from Mr. Gurney's eyes; and when, later, Rose questioned Philip concerning her father's uneasiness, she got no satisfaction.

It was then, in the days of her sorrow, that the girl learned the real nobility and gentleless of Philip Grantley's heart. Never was there such an unwearying nurse as he.

He took all troublesome duties upon himself. Rose gladly gave the reins of government into his steady hands.

She broached the subject one day.

"Mr. Grantley," she said, "I feel that it is selfish in us to lean so thoroughly upon you. We must learn to do without you. Some time again if you will visit us when papa is better—"

Her voice broke here; everything in the future looked so hopeless, and she knew herself to be young and inexperienced.

He was watching her attentively with very gray eyes; and when she paused he took her hand and drew her unresistingly in the circle of his arm.

"Rose, do you want me to go away.

She shook her head. She dare not trust herself to speak.

"Rose, I will not attempt to disguise from you the fact that your father will never again be well. Some time, perhaps months hence, he may regain the power of his speech. But, Rose, he will be an invalid always; and I am going to ask you to let me share with you the care of him. He is dear to me, and I suit him. Rose, dear little red Rose, I want you for my own; we need each other—don't you see? Can you love me a little?"

She was weeping wildly in his arms now, and he waited for her to grow calmer, and then led her to the sick room.

Mr. Gurney listened, with such unmistakable rapture and assent in his eyes to the young man's story, that Rose could not doubt what the desire of his heart had been.

They were married very quietly a few weeks later: and then a few words from Mrs. Barton, the housekeeper, opened Rose's eyes,

"So you are not going to leave the old place after all, Miss Rose?"

"Leave the Hall? What do you mean, Mrs. Barton?"

"Then Mr. Grantley has not told you!"

"Told me what?"

"Miss Rose, just before your father's illness, he had decided to sell the old house, as he had met with heavy losses. Mr. Grantley bought the place of him in order that it might not go into the market He has probably been keeping this from you in order to save your feelings; and I must say, Miss Rose"—with the respectful freedom of an old servant—"you have got one of the kindest-hearted gentlemen in the country."

Rose went silently in search of her husband. When she found him in the library her face was very pale, and her eyes very big.

"Philip," she said, "I have just learned that this house belongs to you."

"What's mine is yours, my dear; and what's yours is—"

But Rose had thrown herself upon his breast and was crying heartily.

"Philip! How rude, and unkind, and ungenerous I have been to you. who are so noble!"

"Softly, little one! You are always my own red Rose; a little thorny, perhaps, but that is the nature of roses."

Food Makes the Man.

Speaking roughly, about three fourths, by weight, of the body of man is constituted by the fluid he consumes, and the remaining fourth by the solid material he appropriates. It is therefore no figure of speech to say that food makes the man. We might even put the case in a stronger light and affirm that man is his food. It is strictly and literally true that "A man who drinks beer thinks beer." We make this concession to the tee totallers, and will add that good sound beer is by no means a bad thought factor, whatever may be the intellectual value of the commodity commonly sold and consumed under that name! It can not obviously be a matter of indifference what a man eats and drinks. He is, in fact, choosing his animal and moral character when he selects his food. It is impossible for him to change his inherited nature, simply because modifications of development occupy more than an individual life, but he can help to make the particular stock to which he belongs more or less beery or fleshy, or watery, and so on, by the way he feeds. We know the effect the feeding of animals has on their temper and very natures; how the dog fed on raw meat and chained up so that he can not work off the superfluous nitrogenised material by exercise becomes a savage beast, while the same creature fed on bread and milk would be tame as a lamb. The same law of results is applicable to man, and every living organism is propagated "in its kind" with a physical and mental likeness. This is the underlying principle of development. Happily the truth is beginning, though slowly and imperfectly, to find a recognition it has long been denied. It is possible that in the natural desire to secure the best and purest supplies of food and drink for man we are pushing matters a little to extremes and becoming ridiculous. Utopia is a long way off, and "Hygeia" has not been built. It is, however, desirable that we should aim high and make the teachings of physiological science the precepts of our daily life and conduct. We may not be able to reach our ideal, but progress will be advanced by striving to make its attainment an object. "What to eat, drink, and avoid" is a rational proposition; and if some of us are becoming a little unreasonable in the attempt to solve it, at least we are on the right road, and ought to be encouraged rather than abashed by the not unkindly criticism our endeavors are calling forth.

Hudson River Excursions via Pennsylvania R. R.

Commencing Thursday, the 5th instant, and continuing on Thursday only until further notice, this most delightful of all the one-day excursions will be commenced by the Pennsylvania R. R. by rail to Jersey City, and thence via the favorite steamer, "Richard Stockton," to West Point and Newburgh. The beauties of the Hudson river have been pronounced by great travelers as equal to any in the world, and by some said to exceed the world-famous scenery of the Rhine. Certainly there is nothing to compare with it in point of convenience and cheapness, as the entire trip can be comfortably taken between early breakfast and late supper.

A special train to connect with the boat will leave Broad Street Station at 7.00 A. M., on Thursday only, to stop at Powelton avenue, Ridge avenue, Germantown Junction, Frankford Junction, Torresdale, Bristol, and Trenton. Connection will be made at Trenton by the train which leaves foot of Market street at 6.20 A. M., which train stops regularly at all principal stations between Camden and Trenton. The fare for the entire round trip is only $2.50; children between the ages of five and twelve, half price.

He who throws out suspicion should at once be suspected himself.

Home Life in Brazil.

The streets of the business parts of the city of Para are very narrow. A few are well paved with limestone, imported at an enormous expense from Portugal. The other streets of the town are macadamized with the one sort of stone that is common in Brazil. This common stone is composed of very small quartz crystals and ochre cement. It is exceedingly soft, and under the heavy wheels of the clumsy vehicles rapidly crumbles to a fine, red dust, which would be intolerable but for frequent wetting. Street sprinkling is wholly performed by the clouds, and as this section lies in the zone of calms a daily shower is expected. It usually falls about 4 P. M. and with so great regularity that daily appointments are made with reference to the rain. No "outlandish invention" could so thoroughly wash through the best paved parts of the city, and it is to be hoped that no other sprinkler would leave such wretched pools of water in the fine red sand of the macadamized streets. Winding among the elegant dwellings of the more wealthy classes of people the streets are wide and beautifully planted with trees of various sorts. Sometimes the palm is chosen and sometimes the far-famed "silk-cotton" trees are planted, but by far the commonest are the mangoes. Brought from the East Indies, the mango flourishes in luxuriant beauty and its thick, clustering foliage forms one of the most striking features of Para, making this city stand out in bold relief among the other individualities and peculiarities of various Brazilian cities.

In studying the habits of birds there is nothing more interesting than to mark each tribe's special manner of constructing its nests. So, too, in making the acquaintance of a new people, nothing seems more important than a consideration of their houses and home life, and they are first to attract the attention of a foreigner. One might naturally expect wood to be the most common building material in a country of such vast forests of huge trees. This however, is far from being the case, There are only about a half-dozen sawmills on the whole Amazon river; consequently home-manufactured lumber is not abundant and all of the stone used in building is imported. But the clayey soil bordering the small streams and many parts of the larger rivers makes brick a far cheaper building material and it is also a much better means of protection from the fierce heat of tropic suns. The outer walls and even the partitions are built three feet thick, in order to support the crushing weight of the heavy earthen tiles of the roof. The outsides of the brick houses are sometimes colored pink, blue, green, yellow or white, but they are for the most part covered with porcelain tiling, in which blue and white predominate, but in which almost every color or combination of colors may sometimes be seen. This tiling is always of the same form, five inches square and nearly half an inch in thickness. Sometimes one piece forms a design, but commonly it takes four of the pieces set together to form a figure. The figure is fastened either with cement or with mortar on the brick walls. When not of glass the outer doors are almost invariably painted bright green, and without exception both windows and doors open in the centre and swing on hinges into the room. In many cases blinds or "latticed windows" are used in place of glass windows, and these are frequently suspended at the top, so that they may be turned outward and propped into a kind of awning for the windows. The outer doors and windows are all provided with wooden shutters, which are made to exclude the hot sun and are faithfully closed to shut out the night air, of which the people are so much afraid that every house looks like a dungeon when its inmates are sleeping.

Perhaps one reason for these well-nigh hermetically sealed windows and doors is found the fact that vampire bats abound, and they are sometimes so bloodthirsty that a strong horse that has been exposed to their ravenous appetites for a single night will be staggering and weak in the morning. They seem to be possessed of very fastidious tastes, and the bats that freely bleed one person will never be known to bite another, even if the two individuals are sleeping always in the same room.

But to return to the houses. All the doors of a common dwelling-house are wide and high enough to admit two mounted horsemen riding abreast. As for the interior, paper-hangings are not very common, the walls being covered from the floor to a height of three feet with glazed tiling, like that used for exterior walls, and the remainder simply whitewashed to the ceiling, which is made of wood and painted white. Sometimes for better ventilation the ceiling is constructed of slats that are arranged in diamond form and the diamonds expand in size from the chandelier to the edge of the room. Insect life is so vigorous and so encroaching that even oilcloth is not common and other carpets are out of the question—even the most elegantly furnished houses only boast of a rug or two. The floors are, however, quite ornamental, being composed of alternate strips of light and dark wood. The roofs, as I have said, are tiled, and the red tiling is made in oblong, curved pieces which are so laid on the wooden frame that the roof is of continuous and parallel rows of earthen gutters; the scalloped edge of the eaves being hidden in nicer houses by building the front wall a foot or two higher than the roof, and placing upon the top of this parapet a row of porcelain or marble vases, urns or monster acorns and beautiful statues.

Among the flowers and shrubbery of the gardens there is often a fountain and around their marble basins statuary is arranged. No high winds or winter frosts ever blight the verdure in this land of perpetual summer, and every yard with its sanded pavements or its gravel walks is provided with a high iron fence, over which no thief could possibly climb. Above the head of him who passes the guarded entrance a pair of crouching lions or porcelain dogs seem to threaten violence to him who enters unbidden. Some of these gates are provided with bells, others have only the cord of the house bell dangling in the street, at the mercy of many a saucy and mischievous boy, who catches the cord as he runs and is far from the reach of the angry servant who comes to answer the summons. Door bells are not the most common means of warning to those approached by visitors. Knockers are seldom seen, and as the heavy doors would never echo om tapping knuckles, the only way would seem to be to call out for admittance. Not so. The Brazilian pauses on the threshold of his neighbor's castle and claps his hands two or three times! Sometimes this sound of clapping will be heard under your window, and stepping to the balcony, it is according to chance whether you will be saluted by a beggar, by one of your best friends, or by a man who most respectfully invites you to purchase a ticket to a circus or a sleight-of-hand performance.

The poorer classes and slaves live in a sort of house whose floors are of mud, whose walls of sash-like framework are filled with unburned clay and whose roofs are covered with the well-dried leaves of the "thatch palm."

Cremation in the East.

Among the Hindoos, as every one knows, the process of cremation is common, and at Berares its practice may be observed at any hour, alike beneath the burning rays of the noonday sun and by the light of the pale moon. Many a poor sufferer strains his last efforts to reach the shore of the Ganges, there to die on the hallowed ground. The expense of wood for the funeral pyre being too great to secure the burning of the whole body, it is partly charred, and then sent to float down the holy stream into the eternity of the sea. The wealthier Hindoos are more formal in the disposal of the dead. After bathing the body in the river it is swathed in a shroud of white, scarlet or saffron colored material; sometimes even covered with cloth of gold or silver, some vermilion paint, symbolizing the blood of sprinkling, is then thrown over it, and the body is laid upon the pyre. After adding sweet grass, precious oil, and more wood, the chief mourner bears a lighted torch three or nine times round the body, touches the dead lips with the holy flame, and lights the pyre. Then it is kindled in several other places, and in a very short time the body is consumed by the flame the ashes are gathered up, and the Ganges bears them away.

In Japan cremation is not so publicly performed. A plain-looking house in the corner of the country cemetery, with mud walls and earthen floor, inside of which are seven or eight low stone enclosures, serves as a crematory. The body, in a sitting attitude, is placed on a heap of dry fagots in one of the enclosures, and when after six or eight hours the fire is burned out, nothing is left but a few white ashes, those are put into an earthenware urn and buried with or without religious rites. The burning of the bodies is not compulsory in Japan, but Buddhists of the Monto sect are nearly without exception cremated.

The town crematories differ only from those in the country by their tall chimneys, by which unpleasant odors are kept from becoming troublesome to the neighborhood. There is a small room kept separate for the wealthier people in which they have their dead burned apart. For the use of this private apartment they pay twenty shillings, while those who prefer to be burned in company pay about the fifth part of this sum. The fuel only costs about one shilling. From 8 P. M. to 6 A. M. the fires burn on the granite supports which are laid on the earthen floor, and from each of these hearths the ashes are gathered and put separately into an urn. There is no smell to annoy any one, and no nuisance. Terrible as cremation may appear to some, the process is far less hideous in its details than that which has its slow course in the deep narrow bed into which the flower-covered coffin is lowered from our sight.

Girl Graduates.

There were eight graduates in all. Two of them were exceedingly beautiful, both being blondes; five of them were pretty, but the eighth was decidedly homely, though intelligent.

"Well," said one of them when asked the question, "I'm going abroad to study medicine. It will take me about five years, and then I intend to come back here and practice in my own home in Connecticut. I think the salvation of this country will be only attained when half physicians are women!" And when a noble expression in her beautiful blue eyes she turned away. This was from the prettiest girl of the lot.

"I'm not going to be so silly," said the other beauty, biting the end of her white satin fan. "I'm going into society. This summer ma's going to bring me out at Newport, Saratoga and Long Branch, and in the fall I'm going abroad to be finished or polished up, you know. It gives one an air of elegance to travel abroad, I'm told."

"But what are your plans for life?" was asked.

"Plans? how funny! Why I intend to have a good time, of course. But plans! Why, ma says its vulgar for women to have decided views on subjects. Of course I'm going to belong to a dancing class, and have regular reception days, if that's what you mean by plans," and she fanned herself gently and held her big bouquet of pink roses up to her dainty nose.

"For my part," said the homely girl, "I think life is a curious mixture. What's the good of learning so much trash, for it is trash. Then you live a little while, and speak correct English, and then die. I don't know what I'm going to do. I should like to be in love, but I don't really think any one would ever fall in love with me, so I'll have to give that up. I wish I could go to school all my life."

"Now, Edith," said one of the girls, yet unheard from; "you know you'll marry some awfully nice fellow, because you've got so much money. As for me, I am only too thankful to have been educated, even by a stingy old aunt; and now I've got to support myself."

"I should think it would be lots of fun to earn your own living," said a lively little brunette who was in grand spirits. "Don't you find it so?" she went on, turning to the reporter.

"Oh, yes, lots!" was the heroic reply.

"Yes, I should love it. Getting checks of your own every week and drawing on the bank, and having enough money to buy all the candies and chocolates you wanted. Oh, I do wish pop wasn't so rich."

"Don't be silly, Maud," replied a stately young lady, with very wise eyes. "Frank says it's very difficult to make money, and when I'm married I'm going to be very economical. I've come to the conclusion that it's a very wicked thing to have so many new dresses and music and ice cream, when thousands of people are starving."

John Gilbert's Boots.

Toward the close of one of these trips through the border States, the company to which Mr. Gilbert was attached played in St. Louis, then an insignificant town of a few thousand inhabitants, paved principally with mud six inches deep, and boasting one theater, transformed out of an old salt-house, the only entrance to which was by way of a long and rickety flight of steps built on the outside of the end wall. From his share of the receipts of a performance in this establishment young Gilbert bought a pair of very fine-looking boots, and, on account of them, was for the moment the envy of his companions, several of whom were without adequate covering for their pedal extremities. They said very little regarding his purchase, however, until some days afterwards, when, on the way down the Mississippi to New Orleans, the boat in which they had taken passage stopped at Vicksburg for a load of cotton. There two or three of the actors, knowing that the boat would be detained all night, determined to give a performance on their own account, and hired a negro to make the announcement. Toward evening it became evident that the tumble-down shed in which the entertainment was to be given would be filled; and old "Sol" Smith—"the original Sol"—who was to be one of the performers, came to Gilbert, and dolefully displayed a pair of shoes through which a torn stocking was only too plainly visible, said, in tones which would have done credit to Forrest or the elder Booth:

"John, friend of me youth, let me have your opinion of these shoes."

"They are very bad shoes," replied Gilbert, with equal solemnity; exceedingly bad shoes, my friend."

"In fact it would be injudicious, as it were, to appear before the culture and fashion of Vicksburg in such shoes? queried "Sol;" and Gilbert beginning to see what was coming, reluctantly admitted that "the culture and fashion of Vicksburg" might indeed object to so lavish a display of worn stockings.

"Then me friend, me noble friend!" continued "the inimitable Sol" with increasing animation, "there is absolutely no help for it. Me very soul revolts at being compelled to ask the sacrifice, but in the name of our friendship I conjure—nay, I command you—to lend me your new boots!"

What warm-hearted man could have withstood such an appeal? Certainly not John Gilbert. Without further ado he pulled off the new boots and gave them to his friend? They were several sizes too large for "Sol;" still, happy in their possession, he hurried away to take part in the performance.

The house was well filled. "Sol" received nearly $20 as his share of the proceeds, and, having the night before him, wandered about "just to see the town, you know," happened into a gambling saloon, lost his money, took a brandy-smash or two, became happily oblivious to what was going on about him, staggered out into the street toward his boat, and at last arrived in the very best of health and spirits, but without anything on his feet.

He left John Gilbert's new boots sticking in the black mud of Vicksburg. During the rest of the trip to New Orleans that eminent comedian was obliged to wear the "holey" shoes of his friend "Sol," while "Sol" himself—a wiser, if not a sadder, man—was obliged to walk about in a pair of dilapidated slippers furnished by the liberality of the steamboat captain.

Don't.

Don't go to bed with cold feet. Don't sleep in the same undergarments that are worn during the day. Don't sleep in a room that is not well ventilated. Don't sit or sleep in a draught. Don't lie on the left side too much. Don't lie on the back, to keep from snoring. Don't try to get along with less than seven or eight hours' sleep out of twenty-four. Don't jump out of bed *immediately* on awaking in the morning. Don't forget to rub yourself well all over with crash towel or hands before dressing. Don't forget to take a good drink of pure water before breakfast. Don't take long walks when the stomach is entirely empty. Don't start to do a day's work without eating a good breakfast. Don't eat anything but well-cooked and nutritious foods. Don't eat what you don't want just to save it. Don't eat between meals nor enough to cause uneasiness at meal-time. Don't eat the smallest morsel unless hungry, if well. Don't try to keep up on coffee or alcoholic stimulants, when nature is calling you to sleep. Don't stand over hot-air registers. Don't inhale hot air, or fumes of any acids. Don't fill the gash with soot, sugar, or anything else to arrest the hemorrhage when you cut yourself, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster. Don't wear thin hose or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather. Don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach or when ill. Don't strain your eyes by reading or sewing at dusk, by a dim light, or flickering candle, or when very tired. Don't sing or halloo when your throat is sore or you are hoarse. Don't drink ice-water when you are very warm, and never a glassful at a time, but simply sip it slowly. Don't take some other person's medicine because you are similarly afflicted. Don't bathe in less than two hours after eating. Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing. Don't call so frequently on your sick friend as to make your company and conversation a bore. Don't make a practice of relating scandal, or stories calculated to depress the spirits of the sick. Don't forget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them. Don't call on your sick friend and advise him to take some other medicine, get an other doctor, eat more, eat less, sit up longer, go out more frequently; stay a week, or talk him to death before you think of leaving.

A German Porter.

A traveler describes the average porter of the hotels in Germany as a remarkable being. He is asked more questions in one day than an ordinary man can answer in two. He must reply to one question in Spanish, another in English, a third in dulcet Italian, the next second he must assume all the suave politeness of the mercurial Gaul; and before the taste of the last French nasal adjective has left his mouth, he must twist his tongue about the many spirals of a Russian consonantal noun. His gold-banded cap is ever ready to be lifted, his learned head eager to bend itself in a bow, and his linguistic tongue willing to answer any and all questions in almost any and all languages. But even this magnificent man of varied attainments, decked out and though he is in a showy uniform, does not refuse to take what is offered him, be it gold, silver or coppper.

Flags For the Nation.

"What can you tell about flags that is interesting?" was asked of the proprietor of one of the largest factories in New York.

"A great deal," he said. "The trade is booming; that't interesting to us. The Fourth makes the trade lively just now, of course; but trade for the last year has been much better than it was last. Flags form one of the necessities of life. They are the most prominent outgrowth of American enthusiasm. We get married at an altar draped with the national colors. Sunday schools parade the streets and go picnicking with flags in the hands of the children. Christmas trees are decorated with them. The advent of bock beer or the opening of a bar-room calls for the use of the patriotic emblem of freedom. We nominate political candidates in flag-draped halls. The opening of the great bridge called for thousands of flags. We honor the memory of the soldier dead by decorating their graves with the flag they fought for. We listen to stories of the wrongs inflicted on the oppressed in another land in halls where the stars and stripes are twined with the emerald field and the harp. Everything that excites our emotions sells our flags. There is no place like America for flags; there is no flag so beautiful as the American flag."

"Have you any idea how many flags are made and sold in a year?"

"Not a very accurate one. They are made by the million. Our concern turned out a million and a quarter last year. There are dozens of other firms turning out other millions. We fill orders for a thousand gross of the small ones. We keep hundreds of thousands constantly in stock. Flags are perishable. When the present excitement is over the flags are thrown away. When the future excitement comes new ones are bought. They are so very cheap that no one cares to keep them. Thus we make small paper flags, one by one and a half inch large, mounted on a pin, that we sell at thirty cents a gross. From that figure the price runs up to $200 for a very large and elegant silk banner handsomely embroidered. The largest bunting flags seldom exceed 36x50 feet in size. Such flags are used by hotels. Then there are the streamers, the burgees or banners with mottoes, the signal flags for merchant ships and yachts. Those may be called side issues to the flag business, but they are a large factor in the trade."

"What do you make your flags of?"

"Silk, bunting, muslin, and paper. Silk flags are usually made to order. We keep a great variety of bunting flags in stock. These flags are made by sewing the different colored clothes together. The bunting was formerly imported, but a number of years ago Gov. Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, made up his mind that he could make better goods for less money. The opposition he encountered encouraged him. He now sells the best bunting in the work for about $10 apiece. The inferior imported stuff costs $14. The next cheaper grade of flags is made by printing the colors on the white cotton cloth. We can print them as large as six feet in length. They are printed on hand presses much the same as newspapers were printed years ago. All attempts to cheapen the work by steam power have failed."

"Do you ever make foreign flags?"

"Thousands of them. They are wanted for decorating purposes chiefly. Ships buy some, but not many. They get them abroad. The foreign consuls give us orders for some very elegant flags.

"To what territory do you look for your trade?"

"The whole country, New York supplies the nation, although many flags are made elsewhere. Here is an order from Cincinnati. Over there is a bundle for San Francisco. You can say that in the new trade, as in a great many other things New York city leads the world."

An Aesthetic Kitchen.

It is wonderful how pretty even a kitchen may be made to look by the woman of aesthetic tastes. Calling on a lady who, tired of boarding, dabbled in "light house-keeping," she showed us her kitchen with pardonable pride. Pretty china was displayed on shelves, brackets, and in a tiny cupboard; Japanese scrolls, fans and plates hung upon the walls, and there was nothing about the room suggestive of cooking except an innocent-looking oil stove, which stood on a box curtained with chintz, bearing printed figures from the opera of "Patience," in soft, æsthetic colors. A breakfast-table stood at one side of the room—which was little larger than a half bed-room—a pretty dressing-case occupied one corner, and the only remaining corner was filled by a small wardrobe. "But where do you keep things? Where are your kitchen utensils—your kettles, tins and broilers?" With a smile our friend pulled aside the curtain which hung below the oil stove, and there in a box were all the utensils necessary in cooking. Further investigation revealed the fact that the dressing case was only used to hold groceries, while the washstand concealed the tin dish-basin, soap, etc. Market baskets, tea towels, work aprons and the like were stored away in the wardrobe. "How do you dispose of refuse scraps; fruit and vegetable parings and the like?" we asked. She beckoned us to the window, where a basket hung by a long rope reaching clear to the basement. "I send them down in that; the girl empties the basket, and I draw it up again whenever I need it. It saves running up and down stairs, and besides has a flavor of 'The Princess in the Tower' about it which relieves it from absolute commonplace." This woman moves in the best society, drives in a stylish coupe, dresses well, and, in the current phrase, "goes everywhere," yet there are probably few who know about her cozy little kitchen and her dry slop-basket. Verily, "one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

Luther's Bible.

Martin Luther's hand Bible, preserved as a most precious relic in the Berlin Markish Museum, gains additional interest with the approach of the 400th anniversary of the great Reformer. It came originally from Wittenberg, from the library of the Theologian Professor, Lommatzsch, who sold it in 1865 to Sanitary Councillor Lutze, of Koethen, for 9,000 marks and a life rent. Of the latter the Markish Provincial Museum acquired the Bible by purchase on January 27, 1877. The Bible is the large Basle Latin edition of 1509 *cum pleno apparatu*, and annotated throughout by Dr. Luther, who made use of it in his preparatory study for its translation. His characteristic coarse handwriting covers every page of the text, and the commentaries as well as the inside of the parchmeet covers. The title page contains the biblical quotation: "If Thy word, oh Lord, do not comfort me, I should perish in misery. 1542 Mart, Luther D."

Raising Cinchona.

A letter from Ceylon, lower India and Java says I fancy you would be surprised at the modes of cultivating the cinchona, as now practised in Ceylon, lower India and Java. I fancy a slight description of it will have some interest for you, After getting the forest felled and burned off, the land is lined off, and holes are cut the same as for coffee, only not so large, eight inches wide and deep, instead of twenty as for coffee. The best approved mode is five feet apart; this gives 2,540 trees per acre.

Leave the holes open until thoroughly oxygenized, and this point is shown by the weeds beginning to grow well down inside the holes. Then put out plants in shadowy weather, at four years of age, cut off all lateral branches to a height of five feet from the ground. Trees if on fairly good soil should then be ten feet high. You leave branches above five feet from the ground, because they are the laboratory, a machine that draws the alkaloid-producing properties from the atmosphere.

At the end of five years you start on the stems of the cinchona trees (here you will be astonished) with spokeshaves. Set the blade of the spokeshave sufficiently forward to enter the bark to the point where the cambrium, or innermost bark, lies. This cambrium must not be cut; it is the machine that will grow thick for next year's bark. Mats are adjusted at the foot of the trees to receive the shavings. The men peg away, and a fair day's work for an average coolie on five-year-trees is 60 or 70 pounds of the wet bark. This, when dried, should turn out one third of its weight in dried bark, the value of which, just now, in Colombo (Ceylon), is one shilling and sixpence, or about 36 cents per pound. A fair thing, from five-year-old trees, would be half a pound of bark per tree. But, like many other things, many get more, and many get less.

At our present rate of expenditure, about ten pounds sterling per acre, or say in equivalent rupees, 25 or 100 cents to a rupee equals $125. Allowing 1,700 trees to the acre, an average of 7 cents per tree covers expenditures. Taken as a whole, cinchona growers have done very well on soils that were not too light with clay.

The plant wants a very gravelly soil, but will not stand wet feet. The variety of plant now most in vogue in Ceylon is called the "Cinchona hybrid," caused by the mixture of the pollen from the two varieties. This cross is believed to possess the greatest immunity from the various diseases peculiar to any tropical cultivation over large areas.

The greatest difficulty is found in the cinchona nurseries, when the young plants are just above the ground, say a quarter of an inch, they damp off in yellow spots. The only remedy here is to transplant at once into new beds, four inches apart, removing the plants to the field when four inches high.

The diseases most commonly met with are two, a peculiar decay of the roots and consequent death of the tree, and canker, cause and cure not known. The hybrid is not subject, it is said, to canker. Plants of like nature covering large areas generally do produce some decimating influence, as it nature preferred variety.

But the plant of all others I would think best to cultivate in Ceylon is the cardamon. It is a bulbous plant, something like a hen's egg in shape, with a root of our American rhubarb plant attached to one end of it at right angles to the longest diameter of the egg.

The best Malabar plants are for sale at fifteen rupees per thousand. Plants not three years old are eight feet high, and have by that time developed immense tufts of long, heavy shoots of leaves. Tie a handful of fowl's feathers together at the lower end and spread the tops out in a sort of radiating tuft, and you have the shape of the crop-bearing cardamon plant. Some get to be 10, 12 and 15 feet in height; the leaves and shoots are in shape like the aloe. They are very thin, with stunted mid-rib, glossy dark-green on upper side, and velvety pale green on under side.

The crop is formed on lateral shoots proceeding from the cluster of bulbs at the surface of the ground, and pushing their way along the ground in all directions from the centre of the plant. The little white flowers and tiny buds spring from the sides of these tendrils, or shoots. A remarkable peculiarity is that the flower springs from one point on the tendril, and the carbamon pods, of which there are two or more, close to the flower, from another part of the tendril. The flower, in short, does not develop into a fruit. It seems to be there as a feeder or fructifier, on its own wee, tiny stem, and each young cardamon has also a tiny stem of its own.

Steaming in Mud.

A correspondent from Las Vegas, New Mexico, says the Las Vegas hot springs, which are now attracting so much attention, from their specific curative qualities, are situated in a plateau of about 30 acres, completely surrounded by mountains and traversed by the sparkling Gallinas. A palatial hotel, also built and controlled by the railroad, adds to the attractiveness of the place as a popular resort. There are about forty springs, of all degrees of heat and vileness of taste, and all varieties of baths are given, the most popular of the latter being mud baths. The new arrival usually declares that nothing but a case of life or death would induce him to be immersed in the black, slimy earth. He begins with a mild tub bath and shampoo, then his courage rises to a vapor, medicated or electric treatment, and finally he succumbs to the sensation of the hour, the mud bath mania. A tub is filled with hot earth, taken from a spot where the mineral waters trickle through, and about the consistency of thick paste. In this the victim is placed, with his head protruding, to steam for a half hour or so. Then he is put under a shower until cleansed. It is astonishing to see what people can bring to themselves to do. Delicate, fastidious ladies, who shrink from the ordeal at first with horror and nausea, become so found of the baths as to cry when giving them up; but a row of the fair creatures, immersed in the thick, black stuff, with just their heads visible, like so many Bluebeard's wives after the decapitation act, is a sight more novel than edifying. It is claimed that this treatment will cure rheumatism, neuralgia, skin diseases, etc., and eradicate malaria. A Cincinnati doctor has just left the springs after taking 68 mud baths cured of a terrible case of blood poisoning.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—There are over 1,000 bicyclers in Boston.

—1639 new post-offices were established in the United States during the fiscal year just closed.

—Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, Canada, has fully recovered from his recent dangerous illness.

—Three children have died in Brazil, Indiana, within the past two years from drinking concentrated lye.

—Portland, Oregon, is to have this year a $1,000,000 bridge, and railroad workshops costing $5,000,000.

—A devil fish, measuring eight feet in circumference, was captured at Santa Monica, Cal., a few days ago.

—The total coinage of the U. S. Mints during June was $4,944,430, and during the last fiscal year $66,192,704.

—There are more than 800,000 people in Ireland who speak Irish, and 100,000 who can speak no other language.

—The total debt of the city of Boston is reported at $41,281,000, an increase of $1,118,000 since last year.

—The French authorities this year estimate for 17,200 tons of iron-clad ship building; the English for 12,200 tons.

—Chester County farmers are complaining seriously of the damage wrought in their grain fields by English sparrows.

—A census of Portland, Me., has just been taken, which shows a population of 35,896, an increase of 2,000 in three years.

—H. D. Cosgrove, of San Francisco, has offered the City of Buffalo a monumental drinking fountain, to cost $8000.

—A cane made of 8,000 pieces of pasteboard playing cards, tightly rolled and glued together is carried by a man in Chico.

—Laborers are scarce in Maine and there is a brisk demand for men in the hay field at $2.50 a day—so an Augusta paper says.

—There are nineteen bills affecting the liquor trade before the British Parliament, and half of them refer to the Sunday traffic.

—The public debt statement for June shows a decrease of $18,088,201. The decrease for the fiscal year just closed was $187,823,253

—The number of sheep in New Mexico is reported to have increased from 10,000,000 in 1880 to 20,000,000 at the present time.

—The quantity of wheat raised in Maine last year, was 605,714 bushels, of oats, 2,265,575 bushels, and of potatoes, 7,909,625 bushels.

—Men quarrying flint in a wood near Elkton, Md., have, for some time past, been disturbed by showers of stones coming apparently from the sky.

—The Indian colonial retains his fondness for curry when he returns to England, and curry is one of the few dishes that England has adopted.

—The amount of fresh beef exported from this country during May was 9,322,000 pounds. For the corresponding month last year 2,725,000 pounds.

—The total assessed valuation of real and personal estate in the city of New York for 1883, is $1,276,077,164, an increase of $43,200,765 on the valuation for 1882.

—In actual gain in population in ten years, from 1870 to 1880, only one State excee