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To a Child.

Dear little maid, within whose eyes
Love-rays unclouded burn,
Within thy soul a secret lies
That I would gladly learn;

And it were well if heart of mine
Could to such knowledge reach
As those unsullied lips of thine
Alone have pow'r to teach.

The perfect love unknowing sin
Or any earthly stain,
The undivided heart within
Such love may live and reign,

The firm belief in all things pure,
The faith that fears no wrong,
The trust that cannot grow less sure,
In thee, my child, are strong.

May God within thy heart unfold
Fair truth in thought and deed,
And grant thee all thy life to hold
Thy childhood's happy creed!

GRETA'S FAITH.

Her big blue eyes appealed to me, crusty old bachelor that I was; and, as she trudged along beside us switching flies from our horses' legs with a fragrant bunch of walnut leaves, I wished that her poor little feet were better covered for the journey up the long hill before us, and that her patient fulfilment of a rather ignoble duty spoke less of keen poverty.

She was far prettier than most Swiss peasant-children, and did not look more than seven years old. One plait of her blond hair had lost its decoration of common twine, and hung in curly waves to her waist, its brightness relieving the nondescript brown of her dress.

As we arrived at the brow of the hill she stayed the carriage-wheel with a block of wood carried for the purpose under one sunburnt arm, and I spoke to her for the first time. She informed me that her name was Greta, but was unable to tell either her age or her father's name—in fact, she seemed to doubt the existence of such an individual either at the present time or in the past, explaining that she lived at the mill below in the valley, and was a destitute orphan supported by the charity of the miller's family and the other villagers.

"Can you earn much money switching flies?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—sometimes sixty centimes a day! The travellers in the Lauterbrunnen valley are very kind."

"And do you save your earnings?"

"No; I must give them all to the miller's wife," she answered quietly.

I felt disappointed for the pleasure of making her a little gift of money was marred for me.

"Is this child telling the truth about herself?" I asked of the driver in French.

"Greta? Yes, she is honest as gold; I wish I could say the same of the other children about her. Her little basket of fruit are never sold to strangers with a layer of good berries on top and the stale ones of yesterday below. Oh, yes, Greta is to be trusted! The poor little thing seems grateful for the neighbors' charity, though she has been used to it since her babyhood."

"What kind of people were her parents?"

"Who knows?" the man replied, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

Arrived before a wayside inn, Greta bade us adieu, with her eyes full of thankful wonder at the bright gold piece I had given her—possibly the first coin of the kind she had seen. I felt greatly interested in the child, and thought more of her wide open eyes, blue as harebells, than of the magnificent range of snow-clad mountains opening before me as I continued on my way.

I wished that I could take the little thing away from her present life of sordid duties and hard fare, and raise her to something better. What a comfort she might be to me in my declining years as she grew older! For mine was a lonely life, and I sometimes shuddered when I thought how desolate my latter years were likely to be.

This dream of adopting Greta or any other child was very foolish for a man of my meagre fortunes. I had a small annuity which procured for me only the barest necessities of life, and for any other outlay, such as my present journey, I depended upon the few guineas which at rare intervals I gathered together for water-color sketches which I was passionately fond of executing.

The day of my meeting with Greta should be marked with a red letter in my life's calendar on more accounts than one.

That afternoon, while I was sketching a glimpse of the Staubbach, an elderly lady came towards me and asked permission to look at my work She seemed pleased with it, for on the following day she bought the sketch, paying me considerable more than my price. Furthermore, at the end of a week she offered me a salary which seemed to be a mine of wealth, if I would come to England to instruct her daughter in my art. I availed myself of this opportunity, of course; and, my duties at an end with one pupil, I took others, and many years passed before I again quitted my native land.

At last the roving fit seized me again, and for the second time I found myself in the Lauterbrunnen valley. The familiar scene brought vividly before me the summer-day of nearly ten years before, when the blue-eyed child trudged beside my carriage switching flies. I descended from my *diligence* as we passed the old mill; and I entered, ostensibly to ask for a drink of wine or milk, but in reality to inquire what had been the fate of my little friend of long ago.

A glass of milk was served me by a pleasant-voiced girl of about sixteen or seventeen, in a neat peasant-costume, and with frank lovely eyes of an intense blue. I seemed to have met the glance of those eyes before, and something told me that the child whom I had longed for in years gone by now stood before me transformed into a tall handsome girl. I asked what had become of the child Greta, who lived at the mill long before. She looked at me with wide open eyes.

"I am Greta," she replied. "What does the *gnadige Herr* ask?"

"Only because I was here once in old times," I answered. "You came up the hill and talked to me, and at parting you were very pleased when I gave you a gold piece. Do you remember?"

To my astonishment, she showed me the coin suspended from her neck by a bit of velvet. She seemed delighted to see me again, and grew very friendly and confidential. She told me that it was her good fortune to be the betrothed wife of Max Ulrich, employed in a vineyard near Interthal. His master was reckoned among the richest men of the neighborhood, and he had half promised Max higher wages and more responsible position for the coming year. The wedding was to take place in three months.

Greta's happiness was truly refreshing, and I felt that my interest in the girl had reawakened. I turned my back on the hotels and *pensions* frequented by the traveling public, and, hiring a room in a *chalet* near the mill, had ample time to make the acquaintance of Greta's lover, Max Ulrich, an honest kind hearted fellow, quite the one to make my little friend happy. They seemed pleased and flattered—though indeed there was no cause for the latter feeling—at my interest in them, and we made many a pleasant excursion together up the mountains and along the river. But one never-to-be-forgotten day a sad interruption came to all our gaity.

Here I must pause for a moment and glance back at some of the past affairs of the little community among which I found myself.

A family of the name of Harteck lived near Interthal, upon a farm of their own, considered a valuable one. One of the sons, Adolph, had been much of a rover in his early youth—had run away to sea, and had led rather a wild life, people said. He had returned to the farm a year or so before my second coming to the neighborhood and had lived there quietly enough, though they said he occasionally drank a glass too much, and had an uncertain temper, which made his neighbors shy of making a friend of him.

A few months after his return to the farm, Harteck found himself in straits for money, and applied to Ulrich, Greta's lover, who was known to have quite a hord in view of his approaching marriage. Harteck's security in farm property was undoubtedly good, and he promised to pay a very high rate of interest if Ulrich would lend him a sum of money for six months. Ulrich, thinking it a good investment, advanced two hundred pounds—his entire savings for the past ten years. Both men agreed that the transaction should be kept as secret as possible, as Ulrich was a little afraid of being thought imprudent, and Harteck did not care to have it known that he needed to borrow money.

A note in high sounding legal phraseology had been drawn up; Harteck had signed it in Max Ulrich's presence; and the paper lay in an old pewter coffee-pot among the rafters of Ulrich's cottage, where formerly his money had been hidden. A lawyer had seen the paper just after it had been drawn up, and said that it would be valid as soon as the borrower's signature was added; so Ulrich's mind was quite at ease.

Time passed, and Greta's wedding day was only three weeks distant.

"By-the-way, Max," I said one afternoon, as the young man's mother was serving me with a glass of buttermilk in her tidy kitchen and drawing-room in one, "let me see Harteck's note; it must be nearly due now."

The young man had taken me into his confidence; but neither Greta nor the old mother knew anything of the loan. Frau Ulrich was very deaf, so my request was no betrayal of confidence.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I mean to ask Harteck for my money next week; I have delayed as long as I can, for the sake of the interest he has promised to give me."

While his mother was busy outside, Max climbed up to the loft called by courtesy his bed-room, and presently returned with a battered pewter coffee-pot minus a handle. With a certain air of triumph, he produced a carefully-folded paper.

"I think you will find nothing wrong with that, sir," he said. "The schoolmaster wrote it, and the Gerichtsrath Monch said it would be as good as gold when Harteck put his name to it."

I looked at the paper narrowly, and turned it over and over, conscious that my face was growing long and serious as an undertaker's, and that Max was watching me intently.

"Is this all the security you have for your money?" I asked while my breath came with difficulty.

"Why, yes, sir! Isn't that enough?" said Max, turning pale.

"That paper is not worth a brass farthing!" I exclaimed. "There is no signature!"

"No signature! Surely, sir, you are dreaming?"

"See for yourself if I speak truth or not."

The space left after the words "sign here," in a badly executed circle was perfectly blank, and there was not a vestige of the name of Adolph Harteck anywhere on the paper.

Max looked as if he had seen a ghost Drops stood out on his forehead and his hands shook violently.

"I swear to you, sir that Adolph Harteck wrote his name on that note as surely as I stand here. I did not see him—it was a bitter cold day, and I was warming my hands at the fire—but I heard the scratch of the pen, and I looked at the signature as he gave me the note with the sand sticking thickly over the letters, but all plain and clear. I folded it up carefully, and have not disturbed it since; and I am sure no one else has. There is some witchcraft about it which I cannot understand."

"It is certainly very strange, and I confess I do not understand how the name you saw written upon this paper six months ago should have vanished so completely. But let us trust that Harteck is an honest fellow, and that he will pay his debts without raising any objections,"

If he wished to play the rogue, his way lay clear before him; but I hoped the best for Ulrich.

The affair, alas, turned out as my first fears had predicted! Harteck declared that the loan had been discussed and the paper drawn up, but that Ulrich at the last moment had changed his mind, and had never given him the money. The whole village was in excitement, the majority sympathising with Ulrich, but many believing Harteck's story—that Max had been robbed of his savings, and was trying to make good his loss by forcing it out of him—Harteck. The ex-sailor had a handsome face and figure, and an eloquent tongue when he chose to speak, and he played the role of injured innocence to perfection. Minute investigation and inquiry led to no good results for Max; the paper he held bore no trace of a signature. His story was believed to be a feverish dream, and he had to make up his mind as best he might to the loss of his two hundred pounds. I felt perfectly convinced of Harteck's rascality; but how to prove it was a serious question.

Poor Greta and Max! Their long-cherished dream of a little vine-covered cottage of their own had proved baseless as any other dream. Their wedding day must be indefinitely postponed, and Max must begin again at the foot of the ladder. As a climax to their misery the vine grower who had employed Max seemed to have lost confidence in the young fellow since the affair of the loan, and gave to another man the place Max had been hoping to fill. I would have given worlds to be able to help the young couple in their trouble; but I had no ready money to advance, and I was powerless.

Greta's sad eyes and pale cheeks haunted me, and, if she had been my own child, I could not have felt for her more keenly.

About this time I caught a severe cold, which weakened me visibly, and I decided to try change of air and scene for a time, where possibly some inspiration to aid Greta might come to me. I went away with the poor girl's grief stricken face engraved sharply upon my memory.

"*Auf Wiedersehen!* Bring me comfort when you come again!" she had sobbed at parting, covering my hands with kisses. "Next to Heaven, I trust in you, to help me in my trouble. You will come back before our wedding-day?"

The poor child had such unwavering faith in her lover's being righted in the eyes of all her little world!

"Heaven helping me, I will bring you good news!" I answered fervently, for an inward conviction seemed to assure me that the girl's trust would be rewarded.

My destination was a rustic inn in a valley farther north, where, with the united advantages of a whey cure and a bracing pine scented air, a new lease of strength was predicted for me. At the end of five weeks he found himself much better, and decided to return to Interthal, though I had no good news to take. I chose a much more circuitous route for the home journey than I had taken in leaving—one that kept me several days on the way. Our *diligence* stopped for the night at a lonely little *Gasthaus* so high up on the mountain that the village below looked like flocks of grazing sheep.

I had foolishly drunk strong coffee, and could not sleep in the most tranquil surroundings; therefore a noisy party of fellows in the next room did not add much to my discomfort. They seemed to be playing cards and drinking heavily, judging from the frequent clinking of glasses. The walls were like paper, and were ventilated with frequent knot-holes, so that I could hear plainly every word that was said, though for a long time the conversation was anything but entertaining.

One of the party, dignified by the name of Tigermaul, seemed far more tipsy than the rest, and was honored with the joint compliments of the party on his condition. Suddenly these words in a voice which I guessed to be Tigermaul's, electrified me—

"I'll do it—give you my word for it—and sign the bonds as I signed for that sheeps' head Ulrich—ha, ha!"

"Who is Ulrich, and how did you sign his bond?" asked some one. How fervently I blessed the unknown rogue for his question!

"Why, a fellow below in Interthal, the other side of the Gemsthal! He lent me some money, and brought me his note to sign—give me another swallow, Michel; my throat is dry as a bone. There was a glass of water on the table near the ink—he, he! I dipped my pen in the water, and sprinkled the sand over it. The blockhead put the paper in his pocket and never noticed the difference. I didn't pay, of course, when the time was up."

I climbed upon a chest of drawers in my room and peeped through one of the knot-holes. I was prepared to see Adolf Harteck; and there the villain sat, among his disreputable companions with an imbecile look on his flushed face. Sober, he would never have betrayed his disgraceful secret; and for once in my life I was thankful for the besotting influence of bad whiskey.

My course of action must be swift and stealthy, or this rogue would escape me, after all. At the first sound of movement down-stairs I made my way to the stables, and learned that the party who had spent the night in the room next to mine were on their way to Naples, where they had engaged passages on one of the Florino line steamers going to America, and they must be on their ship within six days. Here already was a stroke of luck for me; delay would ruin Harteck's plans, and he might be ready to pay his just debts rather than be detained. He must have money about him too, or he would not undertake so long a journey. I was very ignorant of the intricacies of the law, and was not sure if my complaint would suffice to cause the man's arrest; but I was determined to exert all my powers of persuasion.

Sulthal was the nearest place of any importance through which Harteck and his companions would pass on their way south yard, and thither I followed them. I was prepared to risk much to see this gaol-bird caged. With a gold piece to each, I engaged the services of two stout-limbed stable-boys, who locked Harteck in a warm embrace as he sauntered out after his supper that evening. He was secured in one of the outbuildings, through the window of which I had an interview with my prisoner. I shall not attempt to repeat the vile language with which he assailed me when I made my demand for Max Ulrick's money. I listened calmly to his raving, and told him that, if he continued to refuse, the affair should pass into the hands of the police, who at their leisure would inquire into the justice of my claim. At last, maddened by the thought of losing ship, Harteck pulled out a leather wallet hidden in his breast, and counted out the sum I required, which he thrust toward me with an oath. I could scaacely believe my eyes at actually having the money in my possession so soon; I hoped only for part payment, with a valid promise for the remainder in cattle, or some farm-produce. The fellow dreaded the prolonged disgrace of a trial. My heart fairly bounded with delight at the thought of the joy I could bring to Greta and Max, and I set off on my homeward journey without delay, leaving orders that my prisoner was to be released an hour after my departure.

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"I knew you would come back and bring me good tidings!" said Greta, flying down the steps to meet me as I got out of the *diligence*—the child read the joy in my face before I had time to tell it. "But I almost lost heart when Adolph Harteck went away ten days ago on a journey to America; I thought our money was gone for ever then. His bad conscience drove him away from home."

Max Ulrich, freed from all shadow of blame, was reinstated with his old employer, and, as the grape-harvest was gathered in, there was a wedding at the mill. Greta was the most radiant bride I ever had the good fortune to see, and she chose as her partner for the opening dance her gray-haired old friend who had given her the gold piece long since.

Time flies, and, as the feebleness of age is really upon me, I find a warm corner and welcome at Greta's hearth. Max is part-proprietor of the vineyard now; and I cannot say which I enjoy more at the tranquil summer delights in the cottage among the vines or stuffing at Christmas the stockings of Greta's little boy and girls with sweets.

DIVERS AT THE WRECK.

A Belief that no Attempt will be Made to Raise the Oregon.

Mr. Brown, on the 19th, conferred with the Merritt Wrecking Company relative to the feasibility of raising the Oregon. Without entering into any contract with the company they decided to examine the wreck to see what can be done toward floating the ship and raising her cargo. A boat with a diver went down to the scene of the collision to make an examination. An attempt will probably be made by the diver to see if the mail can be secured, especially the registered packages. As to the possibility of raising the Oregon, a man who has had much experience of such work said: "I don't think it will be undertaken for the reason that it would require a large outlay, and the chances of sucess are very remote. Could one be certain of fine weather and a smooth sea, such as we have in the Upper Bay, it would be possible to do it; but out there on the ocean, where in the calmest of weather there is a heavy ocean swell, and where it is impossible to calculate on the absence of a strong breeze, or even a gale, for the length of time necessary to perform the work, I should consider it an extremely foolish business to attempt anything of the kind. The value of the boat is very great, and that would be a strong inducement to any company of men to undertake the job, but for myself, I would not put a cent in it."

"Will not the company try to raise her?"

"No. I think not; she is probably partially insured, and the company will abandon her to the underwriters."

"And will not the underwriters try it?"

"No, I think they will pay and look as pleasant as possible under the circumstances. If, however, the Coast Wrecking Company thought fit to undertake the job, I have no doubt either the company or underwriters, or both, would guarantee them full 75 per cent. of the value of all they could recover."

"Would it be possible for a diver to go down and recover the mail?"

"I hardly think so. If the bags were immediately on her deck it might be done, but no diver could, in that depth of water, go into the interior of the vessel and get the bags from the mail room."

"How are the sunken vessels usually raised?"

"Chains are passed underneath them, the ends carried to pontoons on either side and then, with an ebbing tide, the chains are hauled tant, all the strain possible being put on them by hydraulic pressure. Then, when the tide raises the pontoons, the vessel is lifted a bit from the bottom, and the pontoons and their load are towed into shoaler water, until at top of high water they again ground. This process is constantly repeated, with each tide the wreck being taken into shallower and shallower water, until finally the decks appear above the surface, then the wound in the hull, whatever it may be, is made as tight as possible with canvas and boards or in any other way which may suggest itself, and powerful steam pumps are put at work and the boat is sufficiently floated to be taken out of water on a dry dock. But, as you may judge, in this case the distance that the wreck would have to be moved would be too great for any hope of success, and I am quite sure no company would care to attempt it."

A Hotel for Dogs.

A very kind lady went from Boston to live in a little town in Nebraska. It is very cold there in winter. The lady felt very sorry for all the cats and dogs that had to sleep out of doors. When she saw a stray one about her yard at night she would call it in, and give it a nice, warm bed behind the kitchen stove. On some cold nights she would have half a dozen lying asleep. So her lodging house came to be very well known and barked about.

One bitter cold night, while they were having a blizzard, the lady and her son Louis sat by their cheery parlor fire. All at once they heard a loud scratching at the door. Louis opened it, and there stood "Rowdy," a dog who had lodged there before. With him were two dog friends, whom he tried to introduce. He said, as well as he could, "Please give my friends shelter. It is a bitter night, and they have no place to sleep."

"Rowdy" did not try to come in, but looked first at the dogs and then at Louis in a pitiful way. The boy asked his mother what he should do. The lady came to the door, and looking at the dogs said to "Rowdy:"

"No, 'Rowdy,' your friends have warm, shaggy coats on, and our beds are about full. They must go to some other hotel. But your hair is very short and thin, and you are very cold. You may come in and go to bed."

"Rowdy" turned around and seemed to explain to his friends how it was. They quietly walked off the piazza, while "Rowly" came in and went to bed, where he lay tucked up in burlaps till morning.

Attention at This Time.

Mount Vesuvius is receiving a great deal of attention from strangers at this time. Nightly its internal emotions show signs of increasing, presenting beautiful scenes of effulgent illuminations, deeply outlined against the sky with a vermillion tinge. A few nights ago an unusual display of its vomiting power was witnessed. Occasional volumes of red-hot lava issued forth in sudden bursts that ran down the side of the mountain in one long stream of flowing red, crimsoning as the contact with the atmosphere cooled it, like the decreazing heat of red-hot iron. The next morning snow covered the scarred surface of the mountain from the summit nearly half-way down to the base, while the ever-exhaling smoke ascended into space like a long white plume.

BLOOD ON THE PRAIRIES.

Fearful Execution of a Desperado With a Revolver and a Rifle.

H. A. Steadman who lives three miles northwest of Oakland, Nebraska, was shot and mortally wounded on March 20th, 1886. There was some altercation between him and his hired man, named Ed. Johnson. The man was discharged and was paid the money due him, when without warning, or any provocation, he pulled out a revolver and shot Stedman through the stomach, from the effects of which he is now dead. The assassin then jumped upon a horse belonging to his late employer and fled.

Without delay intelligence of the shooting was carried to the authorities, who organized a mounted posse and started in pursuit of Johnson who then had a good start. The pursuers, in command of Constable Parker chased the fleeing murderer to a point about twelve miles south, which is about nine miles southwest of Oakland in Cummings county, on the farm of Charles Johnson. He ran into a barn and locked himself in, the chinks between the boards affording loop-holes for the use of his revolver, as well as a rifle with which he had provided himself. He was close pressed when he took refuge there, and the barn was at once surrounded by the constable and his plucky men.

The pursuers were armed only with revolvers when they caged their man, but they at once commenced a fusilade. They found their shots returned with aim and considerable accuracy as to aim. Johnson, in a rash moment, exposed himself and was shot through the leg. The next moment Constable Parker's horse was killed from under him. The firing then became furious, but there were no serious results, the murderer all the time keeping his pursuers at bay.

Finding their weapons of too light calibre, the officers went for Winchesters, with which they will arm themselves. In the meantime the sheriff at Tekamah was telegraphed, and he sent back word "to take the man dead or alive." There is no doubt that this will be done. Ten men have started from Oakland fully equiped for a man-hunt, with rifles and matches. They propose to surround the barn on every side and prevent Johnson from making his escape in the darkness.

There is no doubt but that Johnson will be summarily dealt with if captured alive. At 6 o'clock in the evening he showed no signs of surrendering and, from the manner in which he handled his weapons, had no fear of his running out of ammunition. In the barn with him were ten horses, which were madly screaming and plunging, terrified by the rattling of the shots. It was thought some of the horses had been wounded.

A few moments after 6 o'clock Charles Johnson, the owner of the farm, came in line with his desperado namesake's rifle, and he was shot down. He was badly wounded, but may recover. This served to exasperate the constable and his men, amd they redoubled their efforts to effect the capture of the assassin, who remained cool and as determined to fight for his life as ever.

A carrier who has just arrived, and is reliable says that at 8 o'clock firing had ceased, except for a few desultory shots from the guns of the attacking party. Soon, however, this was changed and the ground became a veritable battle-field. The shooting was thick and fast, horses plunged and ran, men shouted and wanted to make a charge, and in the midst of it all Peter Johnson, a brother of Charles Johnson, already badly hurt, fell to the ground mortally wounded by a ball from the desperado's revolver. Angered and forgetful of everything but their comrade's fate, they rushed toward the barn. The smoke was thick and the men rushed on like phantoms in the night, but Johnson dropped his revolver and picked up his rifle, and by its rapid use, checked the men who were closing in around him. Two horses were wounded in this charge. The two wounded brothers, were taken into a house and cared for. A physician was at once sent for. At 10 o'clock Sheriff Skinner of Burt county arrived at Oakland en route to the scene of the excitement. He will be accompanied, probably, by a few men of undoubted bravery, and will go determined to take the murderer and desperado at all hazards. At midnight the desperado was safe in his retreat, and it appeared that he could not be moved. All hopes of capturing him before daylight have been abandoned, and the men are only watching to see that Johnson does not escape. In Oakland everything is excitement, and tidings from the scene are anxiously awaited.

A Baronial Household.

We have an account, written in 1811, of the household of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, in his Yorkshire castles of Wressel and Leckenfield. The number of attendants who lived permanently in the house was 166, besides those who were employed outside. Amongst them were officials of every sort, including eleven chaplains, and a complete choir to sing the service daily. The daily occupations of each were minutely regulated, and the system of accounts was carefully prescribed. The various aticles of provision for this vast household were estimated for the year to amount to 2,116 quarters of wheat, 124 bullocks, 677 sheep, ten tons of Gascon wine, and so on in proportion. The meat was generally eaten salted, and needed 160 gallons of mustard to make it palatable. Of course the number of the household does not include guests. Every day something like three hundred must have been fed at the castle. At six o'clock all attended service in the chapel, after which they breakfasted off beef and ale. At ten o'clock came dinner, at four supper and at nine o'clock all retired to rest. The household of a great noble gave a training in buisness habits, in which our forefathers were as proficient as men of the present day. In fact, their ordinary occupations were so few that they gave great attention to the regulation of the minor matters of daily life.

The Earl of Northumberland, however, was one amongst a few in the greatness of his establishment and in his magnificence. Even he had few comforts, as we should reckon; and when he moved from one of his castles to another, all his furniture was carried with him. The rough walls were hung with tapestry, which was suspended from hooks. Food though plentiful, was coarse, and furniture was plain. There was little privacy in the grim fortresses which the great inhabited. Two or three rooms were set apart for the use of the family and their guests; the rest were small chambers for holding stores and providing sleeping room for the host of attendants.

FLOOR-MAKING.

How Wheat and Other Grains are Converted into Flour.

In theory the making of flour from wheat is simple, and though there is such a maze of machinery in the mill, it is after all quite easy to understand, at least in general principles. The first thing to do is to make the wheat clean. As it comes to the mill it contains oats, corn, weed seeds of various kinds, smutty wheat, etc., all of which must be taken out before the wheat goes to the rolls.

The first thing to be taken out is the wire which comes from the harvester. The wire, which was used in binding the wheat, is cut by the threshing machine into fine pieces, which it seemed apparently impossible to get out. But a bright man invented a machine that does it and does not miss a wire. The machine is comparatively simple and consists mainly of sheet-zinc, at the lower under edge of which is a row of magnets. Over this sheet the wheat passes in a thin, wide stream, and as it passes the magnets the wire is held fast by them. A scraper passes along this edge and scrapes them all off to one side.

The wheat now passes to the oat separator. This is a large cylinder on the inner surface of which are pressed cavities, or dents, if we may call them so, just large enough to hold wheat, but not large enough to hold the oats or corn. The wheat passes into the cylinder, drops into these cavities, and is carried up the side of the cylinder. A stationary brush, which just touches the side of the cylinder, and is placed part way up, catches all of the oats and corn that may have been carried so far, and drops them down to the bottom of the cylinder. Further up, or as soon as the cylinder has turned so far, the wheat drops, and is caught on a system of sieves like a fanning mill. This one description is sufficient for our purpose, which is only to show that the wheat is made perfectly clean before grinding.

The cockle separator is made on the same principle as the oat separator, the main difference being that, as the cockle seed is smaller than the wheat, the "dents" are made smaller, so as to hold the cockle and other small seeds and leave the wheat.

The next machine is the smutter, where all the smut is taken from the wheat. The last machine is the Becker brush in which the wheat passes through brushes that take off the dirt, rub off the "fuzz" on the kernel and make it clean as it is possible to make whole wheat. The only dirt left is what is in the crease of the kernel.

The wheat is now ready for grinding, and passes to the first reduction rolls. There are eight sets of these in the mill placed side by side. The rolls on these are of corrugated iron, the first machine having eight corrugations on the rolls, the second twelve, each one increasing by four to the sixth, which has twenty-eight. In passing through the first rolls the wheat is cracked, the dirt in the crease released and some flour made.

The cracked wheat now goes to the upper story, where it passes over a wire cloth called a scalper. All the flour made is taken out, the dirt of course going with it. This is the lowest grade of flour made, and is scarcely fit for bread, though it is sometimes used for that purpose.

The cracked wheat now goes to the second rolls, where it is cracked finer than before, and again to a second "scalper," where the next to the lowest grade of flour is taken out. This wheat then passes in succession through the rolls and scalpers to the fifth, a portion of flour being taken out by the scalpers each time.

The coarser parts or "middlings" are now taken to a purifier where all the impurities are blown out. The purified middlings are now ready to be groun into flour. This is done by passing them between porcelain rolls, after which the product passes to the bolts and the flour passes through, leaving still a portion to be ground again. This last part is ground with Buhrs and bolted.

At the sixth reduction, with the iron rolls, the bran is separated and carried to the bran duster where the most of the flour adhering to the bran is separated and carried to the lowest grade of flour, the bran being carried to a room to be made ready for shipment.

While going through the process of purifying in the middlings purifier a portion of the flour is carried along with the impurities to the dust room. The contents of the dust room are afterwards returned and reground. The flour is separated and carried to the lowest grade.

ROYAL WEDDINGS.

The Marriage of a Daughter of the Count of Paris to a Son of the King of Portugal.

On the 14th of February last a writer from Paris said the fallen Orleans family is sought after by all the royal houses of Europe. Recently the daughter of the Duc de Chartres, the Princess Marie, married Prince Waldemar of Denmark. Soon Antoine d'Orleans, brother of the Comtesse de Paris, will marry the Infante Eulalie, sister of the late King of Spain, and very soon the daughter of the Comte de Paris, the Princess Amelie, will marry the Duke de Braganee, heir to the throne of Portugal. Thus Italy, Spain, Greece, Russia, England, Portugal and Austria are allied to the descendants of Louis Phillippe.

The Duke de Braganee made the tour of European courts with the intention of finding the future Queen of Portugal. Soon as he saw the Princess Amelie he decided to ask her hand. By a strange coincidence the princess, when only twelve years old, made a study of the Almanach de Gotha to decide who should be her husband. The choice of the child fell upon the one whose birthday was the same as hers—September 28—and this one was the Duc de Braganee.

The princess is twenty years old and the Duc de Braganee one year her senior. The young duke has a name which presents some difficulties, even to a very good memory. It is Charles-Ferdinand- Louis- Marie-Victor- Michel-Raphael - Gabriel - Gonzague - Xavier-Francois d'Assise-Joseph-Simon de Braganee-Savoie-Bourbon-Saxe-Coburg and Gotha Duc de Braganee. Probably there is not a prince in all Europe better related. By his maternal grandmother he is a direct descendant of Marie-Therese, of Austria. His mother is Marie-Pia, daughter of Victor Emanuel, of Italy, and Adelaide, Archduchess of Austria. By her marriage with the Duc de Braganee the Princess Amelie will become niece of King Humbert, of Italy, and also of Prince Napoleon. There is also talk of marrying Amelie' sister, Helene, to Prince Victor Napoleon, and by this means annexing the Bonapartes to the Orleans. It is very strange that the Bonapartes do not realize how little prospect they have for success, when the brother-in-law of the Bonaparte heir, the King of Italy, and his sister-in-law, the Queen of Portugal, not only made no objection to the marriage, but freely gave their approval.

The royal house of Portugal descends from the house of Burgundy, which, at the end of the eleventh century, founded a dynasty on the borders of the Tagus. To-day it is a mixture of Bourbons, Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and Savoy. The grandfather of the young Duke, Dom Ferdinand, was a Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; a house which already occupies the thrones of Belgium and Portugal, and at the death of Queen Victoria will reign over England and India. The republicans often say that the Comte de Paris is half German, because his mother, the duchess of Orleans, was a Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The Mecklenburgs, however, are not Germans, but Slavonic; they, with the Niegoch of Montenegro and the Obrenowitch of Servia, are the only Slavonic rulers in Europe.

Tradition demands that the marriage of an heir to a throne shall take place in the country where the Prince must one day govern, in the midst of his future subjects, and for this reason the city of Lisbon will witness in some weeks the marriage of its Prince royal to a French Princess. The Palace d'Ajuda, inhabited by the royal family, is situated on the right bank of the Tagus. It is elevated to such an extent that the immense harbor may be seen for six miles right and left. This royal dwelling, surrounded by parks, is of a very severe style. Towers are seen at every corner, and some are not yet finished. In this palace the marriage will take place.

The father of the Duc de Braganee, Dom Luiz I., is only 48 years old, and has been on the throne since 1861, the date at which he succeeded his brother, Pedro V. of Alcantara. Dom Luiz has always lived in perfect harmony with his people and is much loved by them, notwithstanding the financial misfortune of the Portuguese Government. Many of the King's inventions have been of great benefit to his soldiers. His chief happiness is found in study and through his influence many French works have been translated into his language. Some dramas of Shakespeare, among them "Othello," have been remarkably rendered into Portuguese verse and signed Dom Luiz de Braganee.

In a Chinese Restaurant.

Chairs were placed around the large table, and Wong superintended the bringing in of five large bowls with steaming contents. "Now, gentlemen," he said, "let us sit down"—and down we sat. Upon the table before each one was placed a pair of chopsticks—and nothing else. Besides the bowls and the chopsticks the cloth held nothing. No plates, no cups, no knives, no forks, no salt, no pepper, no water, no tea, no potatoes. Nothing but the steaming bowls out of all reach and those ridiculous sticks. Then the waiters brought in four small bowls filled with rice wine, and placed before each diner a minute pottery dipper, if I may so describe a miniature bowl with a handle running off at an angle of 45 degrees. In this bowl reposed a little cup, the rim of which was about the size of a 2 cent piece.

Each one under Wong's direction lifted up the little cup and dipped it full of wine, replacing it in the dipper. The wine was very like very strong port, and was the only liquid on the table. Some little practice is required to manipulate properly the Chinese substitute for knife and fork, especially when there are no plates used, and the track of the food from the bowls in the centre to the guests' mouth was marked by a line of grease splashes upon the cloth. The center bowl contained a soup of peculiar flavor. Two of the others contained what was really fricasseed chicken. In the other two were curried chicken, and a mixture of something like escalloped oysters with a soup and mushrooms. The peculiarity of the whole repast was its high-flavored condition. Everything was spiced to the topmost notch, and the throats of the Cancasians cracked in their reproaches against their owners. The chicken was cooked bones and all. The bones, by some unknown process, were softened and mashed till they gave as little trouble to the esophagus as do those of the sardine.

The dinner did not come in regular course, but when we seemed to have had enough of one thing Wong would send the bowl away and replace it with something else. Several varieties of Chinese vegetables and fish made their appearance and were sampled with great interest. Something with an unpronounceable name, but which was really fish-tripe, was voted a great delicacy, and lobster, prepared in a peculiar way, was also a gastronomic success. The soup contained a great variety of strange vegetables, among them a dark-green sea moss. Instead of our salt there was provided small dishes of a liquid prepared from beans and which answered the purpose. Then small puddings of white rice flour cunningly designed to represent an opening flower were found to contain a sweet interior of beans and molasses, or some sweet substance. Bowls of rice were brought in, but it was eaten hot and dry without milk or sugar, which accompaniments are thought by the celestials to spoil both rice and tea.

Cave Dwellings Found in Saxony.

Inhabited cave dwellings are found in the Balkan peninsula, and also in such a cultivated place as Saxony. They are in the neighborhood of Halberstadt, quite close to the village of Langenstein. Here in a sandstone hill about a dozen caves have been dug which are used as dwellings. They have different rooms, light and dark, as well as chimneys, windows and doors, and are said to be very dry and habitable. The writer of the account, a physician, says he found the inhabitants quite comfortable, and that some of them had lived there for more than thirty years without suffering from any evil effect to their health.

M. Ch. Tellier, in a recent experiment, raised 2500 quarts of water in an hour from a depth of twenty feet with a power generated simply by the natural heat of the sun.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Chicago consumes 300,000 pies per diem.

—A Gloversville hen laid three eggs in one day.

—London's Lord Mayor is a Methodist minister.

—Mexico has over 13,000 miles of telegraph lines.

—Chanfrau's paralysis is laid to the use of hair-dye.

—British hansom cabs often outnumber American wheels.

—There are 1000 vacant houses at Adelaide, Australia.

—It is said to cost 40 cents to stop a railroad train 1 minute.

—The first report of an Alaska grand jury has just been made.

—The colleges of this country contain 18,000 female students.

—Artesian wells have been known in China from time immemorial.

—Prohibition is enforced in 200 towns in the State of New York.

—Type-setting in this country is said to cost $30,0000,000 annually.

—In some parts of Georgia, bears, wildcats and coons are abundant.

—Opium smokers in San Francisco spend $1,000,000 on that drug.

—A colt eighteen inches high is attracting attention in Meriden, Conn.

—Mme. Patti, it is currently reported contemplates another tour of America.

—Philadelphia consumed during last year 1,273,501 barrels of beer and ale.

—Half cents were issued from the United States mint for half a century.

A Chicago woman has been paying a pawnbroker $58 a year for the use of $25.

—The manufacture of broom corn toothpicks is a growing Kansas industry.

—In certain portions of West Africa the natives eat all enemies taken in war.

—A quicksilver vein has been struck on a farm in Charleston, West Virginia.

—Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.

—The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

—Philadelphia policemen carry neat black walnut canes—a present from the Mayor.

—It costs the 35,000,000 of people in England about £880,000,000 per annum to live.

—One man in Santa Barbara, Cal., has raised 300,000 pampas plumes this season.

—A quartz ledge was laid bare recently, near Helena, M. T., by a stroke of lightning.

—An apple tree at Lancaster, Pa., which is 125 years old, bore a good crop this season.

—German female telegraph operators receive a salary of $240 a year and get no vacations.

—Elopements seem to have become epidemic in parts of the country the past week or so.

—The annual value of the milk product of this country is about half the national debt.

—Earthquakes in North Japan are more numerous and severe in winter than in summer.

—Canton, China, with a population of 1,500,000, does not publish a newspaper of any kind.

—Nine-tenths of all the fire-crackers are made in Canton by the firm of Fatshing & Chow Ling.

A Canadian Lodge of Free Masons has expelled one of its members because he is an Agnostic.

—There are over 40,000 heads of families in Ohio who follow wool growing for a livelihood.

—George Washington's former headquarters at Charleston, S. C., will be turned into a bakery.

—New York is beginning to boast of her surface roads now. Jake Sharp has stirred up the town.

—The amount of American capital invested in Mexican railways is said to be about $155,000,000.

—There are more than 13,000 marriages entered in the Old Swedes' Church in Philadelphia.

—The average size of families in the United States in 1850 was 5-56. In 1860 it had decreased to 5-04.

—Fourteen of the 38 States have labor bureaus in operation. Massachusetts was the pioneer.

—Montreal is to have a botanic garden seventy-five acres in extent in the beautiful park on Mt. Royal.

—The Mexicans of Southern California carry all their water in waterproof baskets made of willow.

—A Texas man ninety