

Harvest Home.

Into the harvest fields to-day Singing I went— The fields where once I met the May, All flower and scent; And there rich autumn, warm and sweet, Went laughing through the windy wheat, In glad content.

BABY'S GRANDMAMMA.

"No, sir!" said Dr. Stone, emphatically; "no widows. I've an unquenchable aversion to them, and have followed old Weller's advice to Sammie since my earliest boyhood, and most carefully have I warded off 'em. If ever I marry, the bride must be a young girl; so young, in fact, that I can be almost sure—no one can be quite sure of anything where a woman is concerned—that I am her first and only—Don't screw up your face in that outrageous manner, Payne; you look as though you were going to have a fit. Laugh and have done with it, and then let's stop talking nonsense, for I haven't the slightest idea of marrying, or falling in love, or anything of the sort."

"No old bachelor ever has," said Payne. "But I say, Doc, if I were you, I'd have a neat little card dangling from a button hole bouquet, with the inscription, 'No Widows, for 'pon honor, you're exactly the sort of chap a well-to-do, pretty, susceptible widow would be spoons on. Handsome, clever, and just turned forty."

"Stuffy" growled the doctor. "What a fool you are, Payne!" And then, glancing from the office window, he continued, as his friend, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, was about making some further remarks: "And do be silent for a few moments, if such a thing be possible, for here comes young Phillips' nursemaid, and in a hurry, too, which is something remarkable for that usually easy-going and eminently gentlemanly young person. Well, my girl, as she entered the office, 'what's the matter?'"

"Oh, doctor," she gasped, "baby's took very sick, and we're awful scared, and his mother's awfully, and she's home till night."

"Well, run ahead; I'll be there in a moment"—struggling into his overcoat. "And, Payne, take care of the office. I won't be long. There's a new book on surgery to amuse yourself with until I come back. Capital article where the leaf is turned down—a man blown almost into pieces—but find it for yourself."

"Thank you," said Payne; "but if it's all the same to you, old fellow, I prefer something not quite so amusing."

"When Dr. Stone arrived at the dwelling of the Phillipses, the nursemaid informed him, as she opened the door, that 'the baby had taken a turn for the better, dear lamb, and had been sleeping peacefully for the last ten minutes.'"

"I'll take a look at the little fellow," said the doctor, springing lightly up the stairs and gently opening the door of the nursery.

The baby lay in its crib fast asleep, and by its side, holding one tiny hand, sat a very pretty woman, who, at the first glance, the doctor decided to be about twenty—at the next, about twenty-five. Her golden hair was knotted with artistic carelessness at the back of her small, shapely head, a few pretty tendrils curled escaping to lie like little sunbeams on her low broad brow. Her eyes were large, soft, bright, dark brown, and shaded by long silky lashes. Her nose, slightly 'tip-titled,' as Tenyson has it, lent an archness to her face, and which, otherwise, with such eyes and so perfect a mouth and chin, would have been 'faultily faultless.' Her dress of some lusterless gray stuff, with a bright blue ribbon at the throat and soft lace ruffles at the wrists, clung close to a beautiful form; and the hand that held the baby's was small, snowy white, and daintily shaped. All of which did the doctor take in in three quick glances, after the manner of his kind.

"A seamstress?—a princess?" in the judgment he pronounced mentally as he drew off his gloves, and, with unusual urbanity, proceeded to make some professional inquiries about the child.

The seamstress answered in a remarkably fully pleasant voice, and in a remarkably well-bred and self-possessed manner.

"Baby seems to be all right now," said she; "but I think you had better wait a little while, doctor, for fear the spasms might return."

"Doctor," she said, blushing, not at all unwillingly, it must be confessed, and

while the baby still slumbered entered into converse with his beautiful companion. In a few moments he found himself turning over the leaves of a Browning which he had taken from a small table by her side, and then, in another few moments, giving her, to his great surprise, his opinion of that writer and his works.

I say, to his great surprise, for the doctor was really a shy, reserved man, and not at all given to talking poetry to pretty women; but this woman was so pretty.

As he went on, waxing eloquent, it suddenly struck him that a needle woman would not be familiar with these poems, and he paused, to have her, to his greater surprise, take up the subject, and deliver a criticism far better and cleverer than his own.

From Browning and that more resplendent genius, his wife, to Tenyson, Dickens, Thackeray, and at last George Eliot, of whom the seamstress spoke with a deeper crimson on her cheeks and a brighter light in her glorious brown eyes. "Silas Marner," she said, "is the loveliest"—By this time the doctor had become so interested in watching the play of the pretty curved lips and the bewitching dimples that came and went with every smile, he ceased to hear what the enthusiastic speaker was saying; and when she, looking at him straight in the face, asked: "Don't you agree with me, doctor?" he was obliged to stammer: "I beg a thousand pardons, but what was your last remark?"

"It is I who should beg pardon," said the pretty seamstress, with a charming little grimace. "How thoughtful I have been! Of course you have patients waiting for you. How could I go on so?" The doctor wished she'd go on forever. "But pray don't stay another minute; only tell me what to do if baby is taken sick again, and if I find I can't manage him, I'll send for you immediately. I hope, however, to be able to get along without you."

The doctor hoped she wouldn't—internally, of course—and then he said: "I assure you, madam, I have still an hour at your service." Oh, wicked Dr. Stone! and old Mrs. Aspen growling with rheumatism and expecting you by appointment this blessed moment!

"I shall be only too happy to stay!"—I mean, I think it necessary I should remain. These childish complaints are, as perhaps you are not aware of, often very dangerous. And again, oh, wicked Dr. Stone! for you know you are quite sure nothing serious is the matter with baby! Prescribe for yourself, doctor. It is you who have caught a "dangerous" malady. In spite of your sneers and scoffs all your life long at the tender passion—in spite of your emphatic declaration not more than an hour ago—you have fallen in love, and she isn't sweet sixteen, and she is—a seamstress.

"A princess," he repeated to himself again, and then he said, aloud: "I will, at least, remain until the baby's grandmamma arrives."

"Oh, if that is all that detains you, go at once," said the fair one with the golden locks, a mischievous smile dancing over her lovely lips and in her big brown eyes. "She is here."

"Here?" repeated the doctor. "Why, didn't nurse tell you? I'm baby's grandmamma, and dotingly fond of my grandson too." Then out burst the merriest little laugh, that was hushed in a moment, for fear of waking the sleeping child, for the doctor's face was a comical study. A dozen different expressions were mingled there, as he remembered that the girl wife, Mrs. Phillips, had once spoken to him of her sweet mamma—a widow, and a widow for the second time. But who could have dreamed of such a widow—such a mamma—such a grandmamma? Scarcely knowing what he did, he boveed himself from the room, forgetting all about the directions he was to leave, and hastened into the street.

"Good heavens, how preposterous!" he exclaimed, as soon as he recovered his senses; "and how beautiful!" And just six months from that day Payne was shouting at the top of his voice in the doctor's office: "Ha! ha! ha! Is a groomean? Of course I will, old fellow! But when I think of the young girl who never loved another, transformed into a double widow—ha! ha! ha!—and a grandmother in the bargain—ho! ho! ho!"

"If you don't shut your mouth, Payne," said the doctor, seriously, "you'll have a terrible cold on your lungs, and I won't answer for the consequences."

Cheese Making on a Small Scale.

A young housekeeper, says a correspondent, inquires how to make cheese on a small scale. I will send my method of cheese making, which I have found to be very good: Cut the rennet in small pieces, and fill a jar half full; throw in two handfuls of salt and fill up with water. Strain the night's milk in a tub and add two spoonfuls of rennet to each pail of milk, as sufficient to form a firm curd in half an hour. As soon as the curd will break square across the finger it should be cut in pieces an inch square. Let it stand until morning, then dip the curd to drain. Scald the tub, strain the morning's milk, and proceed as before. When the whey covers the surface of the curd dip it. When the curd is drained sufficiently they should be scalded by pouring on hot water to raise the temperature to ninety-eight deg. or one hundred deg., stirring constantly. Let the curd remain in the hot water until thoroughly done, then drain and hang in a cool place. Proceed with the next day's milk in the same way. When the curd is cold chop both together; add one spoonful of salt to each pail of milk. Press lightly at first, steadily following up the pressure until the whole is firmly set together. The cheese must be turned every day, kept well buttered, and rubbed often to keep off the flies. If inclined to spread, a bandage will be needed.

Mrs. Henry Holt, of Nashua, dropped dead in a fit while looking at her husband's face in the coffin an hour before his funeral. They had been united in marriage nearly half a century, and in death were not divided.

Farmers Ruined by Mice.

The London Daily News says: The Scotch farmers, with all their shrewdness, are apparently utterly beaten by the mouse. So far at least they have been unable to devise any means of ridding themselves of the armies of these insignificant creatures which have quartered themselves on the border farms. About three months ago the attention of the public in general, and of local agricultural clubs in particular, was called to the depredations caused by these tiny quadrupeds, which, it was suddenly discovered, had increased to such an alarming extent as to have actually destroyed a large expanse of pasture and to threaten to overrun this country. The land is represented as resembling the ground in the neighborhood of targets for rifle practice, being literally riddled with holes; the whole of the vegetation is destroyed in certain localities in Teviotdale, not merely the blades of grass being eaten by the mice, but the roots being consumed as well. The consequence has been that the sheep have been robbed of their natural food, and the recent lambing season has been one of the most disastrous ever known, both ewes and lambs being deprived of sustenance and perishing in numbers. The plague is almost identical with that which has so seriously interfered with the progress of sheep farming in New Zealand, only there it is the rabbits that have caused the mischief; and unless it can be stamped out it threatens the ruin of many sheep breeders and wool growers. One farmer in New Zealand has actually sacrificed 15,000 acres of land by inclosing that area with a solid masonry wall in order to prevent the spread of a colony of rabbits which had taken possession of a portion of his farm. But land is too scarce and valuable in Scotland to permit of such an heroic method of cure. The question for the Scotch farmers is whether they can reduce the number of the mice by encouraging the increase of weasels, hawks, owls and other carnivorous birds and beasts, or whether they must take the law into their own hands and drive out the enemy. The unfortunate part of the business is that the little rodents are of no value, unlike rabbits, whose skins and flesh are both of a certain worth, and they are too small to attract sportsmen with their guns. One thing is certain, that the Scotch farmers will not in future encourage the use of the gun at hawks and weasels, but will rather encourage the visits of these mouse catchers.

There is now on exhibition perhaps the most remarkable couple in the world—a man and woman who are giants in stature. They are Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Bates, whose home is now in Seville, Medina county, Ohio. They are each seven feet eleven and one-half inches in height, the husband weighs 478 pounds, while the wife weighs 413 pounds. The common sized visitor, when placed between them, feels very much as Gulliver must have felt when he fell among the giants.

Mr., or Capt. Bates, as he is called, is a finely proportioned man, of ruddy, healthy looking complexion, neat and military looking in his regimentals. His immense stature is not so noticeable as that of his wife, who seems almost awkward somehow on account of her length, she being actually taller for a woman than he is for a man. They are evidently people who, if not so wonderfully tall, would be considered commonplace.

They are intelligent, however, and the lady especially feels the awkwardness of her position as the object of the curiosity and open mouthed wonder of the multitude. In an interesting conversation with our reporter, she showed openly her dislike of the life she is leading, and her longing to return to her home in Ohio. Their home, by the way, was one built and furnished especially for them. The ceilings are two and one-half feet high, and no doorway is less than eight and one-half feet high. Of course they had the hotel accommodations suitable to them wherever they go, as the doorways are so low and the beds so short.

One of the strangest facts about their history is that they were the children of common people. Mrs. Bates' father was only five feet four inches in height, while her mother was only a common sized woman. Her brothers and sisters are of no remarkable height. Capt. Bates' father was six feet two inches in height—a tall man, but a dwarf, compared with his son. Bates is now twenty-nine years of age. He is a native of Letcher county, Kentucky. His wife is a Nova Scotian, twenty-seven years of age. They were married in London, England, while traveling in that country on exhibition.

Mountain Scenery in California.

Professor Davidson, chief of the United States coast survey, who is now engaged with a corps of engineers in making signal observations upon the summit of Mount Diablo, a high mountain on the Pacific coast, near Benicia, Cal., gives some interesting items concerning the latitude and distance of some of the most prominent points visible from his quarters on the mountain top. The view from the summit is a grand one and embraces an area, including land and ocean, of no less than 32,000 square miles. The most distant point within range of observation is Lassen's Peak, in the Sierra Nevada, which is 183 miles from Mount Diablo, and has a latitude of 10,650 feet; Snow mountain, 7,000 feet high, 114 miles distant; Downville Buttes, 8,720 feet, 157 miles distant; Lolo mountain, near Truette, 8,280 feet high and 136 miles distant, are also all visible. Nearly all the mountains of the Sierra Nevada range are to be seen, and the coast range in the way up to the northern end of the State are in view. Of the nearer mountains Clay street hill, in San Francisco, thirty-two miles distant, can be discerned, and Mount Lyell, the site of the new Lick observatory, 4,300 feet high and fifty-two miles away, is in sight. At a distance of eighty-three miles the horizon of the sea is seen, and on all sides the eye rests upon miles and miles of the mining and agricultural country of California.

Life in Arizona.

An Eastern gentleman engaged in mining in Arizona has written to a friend in New York, giving an account of the difficulties under which mining operations are prosecuted in that Territory. He says: "The amount of progress I make seems to me small, but you can have no idea of the difficulties which I have to be constantly met and overcome. The labor is very unreliable, and it is hard to get a day's work for a day's pay, and there is a strong feeling of jealousy between the whites and Mexicans which is hard to overcome. The weather is hot beyond belief. Never, I think, less than ninety degrees in the shade, and from that up to 120 degrees. There is no lumber in the country, and all the building has to be done with cottonwood poles, and hauled five miles on jackasses to the mine. In addition, I have had to pack water five miles, as we have had no rain, and the tanks at the mine are exhausted. We have now killed three rattlesnakes in the house. In opening my trunk I was stung in the finger by a scorpion. I bound a poultice of onions and tobacco on the wound and drank three full pints of whisky. It made me very drunk, and I think killed the other poison, although my whole hand and arm was numb for a day or two. It is a pretty hard country, and three men have already died of thirst near here. My last letters were sent here from the mine (only fourteen miles distant) by an old Scotchman. The letters did not arrive, and we searched for him and found him dead only four miles from camp. He was stripped and his nails were worn from his hands by scratching in the sand for water. We have sent out twice and brought in men who were crazy and blind and speechless from thirst. The sun is terribly hot, and the rocks so hot that they blister the flesh if touched. You can hardly conceive it, as well as hard work, to accomplish much. Transportation, more than anything else, is the great bugbear."

Adventure with a Sword Fish.

Toward the end of last November, an engineer proposed that a diver of some renown should make one of a party of three to explore the rocks of the island of Hyeres. He accepted the engagement. A boat and the necessary diving dresses were hired, and in due course the three divers found themselves exploring the unknown depths of the ocean. It was arranged that they should all keep close together, so as to be able to communicate with each other, which could be done by approaching the helmets so that they touched, when the sound of the voice vibrated through with sufficient distinctness to be understood. They found mussels in great variety and abundance amongst sea flowers and plants of the most lovely and varied colors, sprouting out in all directions from the crevices in the rocks, such as they have of fish differing strangely in form and size, some of which approached and eyed them curiously, and vanished as if by magic at the slightest sound or movement. About a quarter of an hour after their descent, the diver who was slightly in advance suddenly stopped and motioned the others to stop. He then neared them and said: "A sword fish."

A sudden shiver ran through them at the word, as the strength and viciousness of these creatures are well known, and the one which they saw approaching was about two meters in length, with a sword which measured about one meter. After a moment's doubt and hesitation, they drew the daggers with which they had happily provided themselves, and awaited the fish, planting their feet firmly apart, watchful and terribly anxious. Flight was impossible.

The creature, too, appeared undecided, and for a moment seemed intent upon making away from them. Then he halted, and momentarily looked at them with his small dark eyes, whereupon he turned half round and made a dart at them. He missed his aim, and that was his ruin. The diver, who had been anxiously watching his movements, turned a little on one side as the fish came shooting past, and with a strong hand seized hold of his sword, which he dealt the creature a heavy blow on the side of its head, inflicting a wound of no small dimensions. The blood shot out in streams, and was at once carried away by the sea water. A second and third blow with the knife followed in quick succession; the diver twisting and turning in all manner of ways, but never losing his hold of the sword, while the fish was plunging about in every direction. Recovering from their dismay, the diver's companions all fell upon the fish, and administered blows on the head, back, belly, and wherever possible. Still the strength of the animal did not seem in the least to abate, until a well directed blow ripped open his abdomen, when the body turned on its back and slowly ascended to the surface of the water. All these actions were of course accomplished with extreme rapidity, or the result would probably have been much less satisfactory.

None of the men thus happily freed from this terrible danger felt in the least inclined to encounter a similar hunting adventure, so orders were given through the speaking tube to raise them as quickly as possible, and they were at the surface in a few minutes. The diver looked for the body of the sword fish, which was eventually found, and the sailors cut it up to divide amongst themselves, the engineer claiming the skin, which he has had stuffed and placed in his study, in commemoration of a startling submarine adventure.

An Iceland Cave.

The interior of Iceland, as is generally known, is a great uninhabited grassless desert, for the population (only about 70,000 for an area one-fourth larger than Ireland) is mostly confined to the seashores and neighboring valleys. In going from coast to coast this desert must be crossed; it edges the inhabited land as the sea does on the other side, and gives it a wild charm—for us, at least, who suffer from over-population. We were now on the borders of this region, crossing a great valley or plain of old lava, with a background of snow mountains. The lava was rather like a very rent and crevassed glacier, but all black, the somber coloring being only relieved by the patches of gray and yellow lichen. Right in the middle rose the isolated conical hill, Erick's Jökull, with dark crags below, and perpetual snow and ice above. Even that sunny day, the scene conveyed the strongest impression of vast, weird, remote desolation. We rode over the lava till we reached a great gaping pit, and then dismounting clambered down over rough rocks into the cave of Surtseier, which they say runs for two miles underground. The floor of the cavern was of transparent hard ice, covered near the entrance with some inches of water. The last sight of daylight, looking back, was therefore very pretty, as the ice gave a perfect blue reflection of the overreaching rocks. Now lighting candles, we scrambled on over icy slopes. Down in the clear depths we could see the strange black shapes of the lava, and Dante saw the traitors like flies in amber in the ice of his frozen Inferno. All this cavern must have been once a huge bubble in the boiling lava, and these fantastic bowlders flung from some furious volcano. Then came the frost giants and made the place their summer palace, and where the cavern is at its highest and the clear ice stands in tall columns, and fretted arches reaching to the roof, it is curious and pretty enough for any fairy tale. In the light of our torch, the whole place flashed back prismatic colors with a blaze that made our two little candles seem very dim when it was out. At the end of the cave, in a hollow rock, we found seals and coin, and carved names left by former travelers, some of them dating from early in the century. We added our names, as we were the first ladies who had been in the caverns—not that there is any special difficulty about going there, but that, differently about going there, but that, we were glad to return to the warm daylight, feeling convinced that the outlaws who once inhabited these caverns must soon have become the most fantastic of men.

A Curious Study in Currents.

At the gathering of people on the occasion of the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, a striking example and illustration was observed of the fact that a crowd lives only by the aid of the ascending current from the bodies of the persons composing it. The observer was sitting on the platform in front of Memorial hall, and all the space between this platform and the Main building, a space of probably one hundred and fifty feet in width by five hundred feet in length (of a dense crowd), was occupied by about forty thousand persons, standing as closely as comfort would allow. The air was quite warm, about seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, and a light breeze was blowing from the west. There were many smokers in the crowd, and it was noticeable that the course of tobacco smoke, which showed white against the brown front of the Main Exhibition building, indicated the course of the current at different points. A breath of smoke on the outskirts of the crowd was dispersed irregularly. A puff of white smoke anywhere toward the middle of the crowd rose with great apparent rapidity until it was lost to sight by ascending above the line of roof of the building; the background of white clouds, with which the blue sky was then broken, not allowing it to be distinguished higher up. The swiftness with which the smoke rose showed that the ascending current in the center of so thickly thronged and so large a space was rapid. In fact, it showed a set of currents like those at a fire—on the outskirts tending toward the center, in the center upward.

How Turks Eat.

The Turkish restaurants at dinner time are a wonderful sight. The guests squat round a mat, the host brings in a whole sheep and tears it open with his hands, whereupon the guests seize upon the rice, with which the interior of the animal is stuffed, and after kneading it in their fingers into balls fill it is quite brown, they put it into their mouths, the flat cakes of horrible, indigestible maize bread supply the places of napkins, and are then eaten.

Defacing Counterfeit Notes.

The circulation of counterfeit bank notes will be materially lessened in the United States by the strict enforcement of the act of Congress requiring bank officials to deface such notes on presentation and thereby render them utterly worthless. The secretary of the treasury has issued a timely circular on the subject.

TICKLED.—Iowa has been tickled nearly to death to think that an ear of Iowa corn has been carried back to Brazil by Dom Pedro, because the emperor, appearing to be amazed and delighted with the remarkable size and appearance of the Iowa corn, begged an ear at one of the stations on the Burlington and Missouri River railway while passing through the State. It has since transpired that the imperial party were learning the American game of poker, and only wanted that corn for checks.

CHANGING.—In 1867 Russia supplied forty-four per cent and the United States fourteen per cent of England's demand for foreign wheat. In 1873 the United States supplied forty-four per cent, and Russia only twenty-one per cent.

Salt Mountains of Nevada.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Alta, writing from Prescott, Arizona, gives the following description of the wonderful salt formations on the Virgin river, in Nevada: Stone's ferry is about six hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of the Colorado, having an altitude of 1,250 feet above tide water. The river at this point is 650 feet wide, and has generally a swift running current of from four to six miles per hour. Virgin river, which rises in the mountains of Nevada over one hundred miles to the north, enters the Colorado a short mile above Stone's ferry. At low water it is a swift running stream of over fifty feet in width, with an average depth of about one foot. The salt formations are, in fact, mountains of salt, and extend for thirty miles or more up the Virgin river, and the Muddy, one of its branches. It was discovered some twelve or fifteen years since by the Mormons, who built up several very flourishing colonies in the valleys of Virgin and Muddy, put out fine orchards and vineyards, and brought large tracts of land under successful cultivation. For reasons unknown to me they were recalled to Utah some years since by their Prophet Brigham, leaving their fields and improvements, or selling them for what they could get. During their stay they worked the salt mines to some extent, and supplied the country for long distances with what was needed. Since that time the mines have been worked at intervals by different parties. The different openings made are in the face of the mountain bluffs which run down from the north and south ranges of mountains both on the east and west side of the river. The first one visited by me was about six miles up the Virgin river from Stone's ferry, and about one-half of a mile to the east. The second one is seven miles up the river, and one-fourth of a mile east. The surface of this and the other salt bluffs and mountains is covered with a dark, orange colored clay and earth, in which are strewn large quantities of impure mica. This clay and earth is some two feet deep, and underneath this is from two to four feet of impure sedimentary granite, and then, at a depth of from three to six feet from the surface, the salt is found in a solid and compact form. It is mined by blasting in the same manner as granite or other stone would be. Five miles further up, or twelve miles from the ferry, is another opening of similar character to the two first. The salt from the three mines mentioned is of a dark gray color, somewhat resembling granite, and is ninety-two per cent pure. Small veins, from two to six inches wide, of pure crystallized salt, are met with every few feet in these formations. At a point twenty-one miles from the ferry is a larger mountain than the others, and this is all pure, clear and transparent. I laid a block of it one foot thick as a copy of the Alta, and could as easily read through it as through a solid body of the purest glass. In extent and purity, these mountains of salt equal, if they do excel, any in the world. After an examination of the salt mountains I returned to the ferry, where I was hospitably entertained by Mr. Emery. On the following day Mr. Emery took me to a natural salt well, which is a short mile from the ferry, in a northwest direction. A stretch of mesa land, about one hundred feet above the Colorado river, runs off to the north and west for some miles, and on this mesa, about half way between the river and the base of the black volcanic mountains to the northwest, is this wonderful salt well. The well is a circular opening in the mesa, about seventy-five feet in diameter, the surface of the water being fifty feet below the surface of the mesa. The banks are abrupt, and almost perpendicular, except at one point on the south, where the rains have washed down the banks to a slope sufficient to permit approach to the water. The water is so salt that a person bathing in it will float upon its surface like cork upon common water. The full depth of the water in the well is unknown, but a line has been sunk 139 feet without touching bottom. The evidences are that here, in the remote past, was a great salt lake, which in the lapse of time has been filled in by washings from the mountains and river until all that is left of its former greatness is this well of salt water so greedily described.

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None of the men thus happily freed from this terrible danger felt in the least inclined to encounter a similar hunting adventure, so orders were given through the speaking tube to raise them as quickly as possible, and they were at the surface in a few minutes. The diver looked for the body of the sword fish, which was eventually found, and the sailors cut it up to divide amongst themselves, the engineer claiming the skin, which he has had stuffed and placed in his study, in commemoration of a startling submarine adventure.

An Iceland Cave.

The interior of Iceland, as is generally known, is a great uninhabited grassless desert, for the population (only about 70,000 for an area one-fourth larger than Ireland) is mostly confined to the seashores and neighboring valleys. In going from coast to coast this desert must be crossed; it edges the inhabited land as the sea does on the other side, and gives it a wild charm—for us, at least, who suffer from over-population. We were now on the borders of this region, crossing a great valley or plain of old lava, with a background of snow mountains. The lava was rather like a very rent and crevassed glacier, but all black, the somber coloring being only relieved by the patches of gray and yellow lichen. Right in the middle rose the isolated conical hill, Erick's Jökull, with dark crags below, and perpetual snow and ice above. Even that sunny day, the scene conveyed the strongest impression of vast, weird, remote desolation. We rode over the lava till we reached a great gaping pit, and then dismounting clambered down over rough rocks into the cave of Surtseier, which they say runs for two miles underground. The floor of the cavern was of transparent hard ice, covered near the entrance with some inches of water. The last sight of daylight, looking back, was therefore very pretty, as the ice gave a perfect blue reflection of the overreaching rocks. Now lighting candles, we scrambled on over icy slopes. Down in the clear depths we could see the strange black shapes of the lava, and Dante saw the traitors like flies in amber in the ice of his frozen Inferno. All this cavern must have been once a huge bubble in the boiling lava, and these fantastic bowlders flung from some furious volcano. Then came the frost giants and made the place their summer palace, and where the cavern is at its highest and the clear ice stands in tall columns, and fretted arches reaching to the roof, it is curious and pretty enough for any fairy tale. In the light of our torch, the whole place flashed back prismatic colors with a blaze that made our two little candles seem very dim when it was out. At the end of the cave, in a hollow rock, we found seals and coin, and carved names left by former travelers, some of them dating from early in the century. We added our names, as we were the first ladies who had been in the caverns—not that there is any special difficulty about going there, but that, differently about going there, but that, we were glad to return to the warm daylight, feeling convinced that the outlaws who once inhabited these caverns must soon have become the most fantastic of men.

A Curious Study in Currents.

At the gathering of people on the occasion of the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, a striking example and illustration was observed of the fact that a crowd lives only by the aid of the ascending current from the bodies of the persons composing it. The observer was sitting on the platform in front of Memorial hall, and all the space between this platform and the Main building, a space of probably one hundred and fifty feet in width by five hundred feet in length (of a dense crowd), was occupied by about forty thousand persons, standing as closely as comfort would allow. The air was quite warm, about seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, and a light breeze was blowing from the west. There were many smokers in the crowd, and it was noticeable that the course of tobacco smoke, which showed white against the brown front of the Main Exhibition building, indicated the course of the current at different points. A breath of smoke on the outskirts of the crowd was dispersed irregularly. A puff of white smoke anywhere toward the middle of the crowd rose with great apparent rapidity until it was lost to sight by ascending above the line of roof of the building; the background of white clouds, with which the blue sky was then broken, not allowing it to be distinguished higher up. The swiftness with which the smoke rose showed that the ascending current in the center of so thickly thronged and so large a space was rapid. In fact, it showed a set of currents like those at a fire—on the outskirts tending toward the center, in the center upward.

How Turks Eat.

The Turkish restaurants at dinner time are a wonderful sight. The guests squat round a mat, the host brings in a whole sheep and tears it open with his hands, whereupon the guests seize upon the rice, with which the interior of the animal is stuffed, and after kneading it in their fingers into balls fill it is quite brown, they put it into their mouths, the flat cakes of horrible, indigestible maize bread supply the places of napkins, and are then eaten.

Defacing Counterfeit Notes.

The circulation of counterfeit bank notes will be materially lessened in the United States by the strict enforcement of the act of Congress requiring bank officials to deface such notes on presentation and thereby render them utterly worthless. The secretary of the treasury has issued a timely circular on the subject.

Items of Interest.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is furthest from the bark. Talkers should speak the truth because it is good, and not because it is disagreeable. There is a mill at Hingham, Mass., which was built in 1643, and is still in running order. A Liverpool lawyer has been compelled to pay damages for having given bad professional advice. Why is a mad bull an animal of convivial disposition? Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

The mother of Lieut. Stungis, who was killed in the Custer battle, has become insane from grief. He was her only son. The entire coffee crop of the world last year was 900,000,000 pounds, of which the United States imported over 300,000,000 pounds. A lady says it is no worse to encircle a lady's waist with your arm in a ball-room than to kiss your friend's sister on the back stairs. No worse! Why, it is not half so good.

Why don't your father take a newspaper? said a gentleman to a little urchin whom he caught in the act of pilfering one from his doorstep. "Cause he sends me to take it."

A Boston servant girl utilized the telegraph wire that passed over the flat roof of the house for a clothes line, and every Monday the boys had a deeply scientific argument as to what ailed the chemicals.

It was not many years ago when all the skates used in the United States came from abroad, chiefly from Germany. Now, a Massachusetts company is filling orders for nickle plated skates to be sent to Germany. The letter carriers of New York recently presented to Postmaster James a petition 3,000 feet long, containing the signatures of 50,000 persons, and protesting against the reduction of the salaries of the carriers.

A Yankee counsel, who was defending a man on trial for wife murder, sought for some euphonious and innocent phrase with which to describe his client's crime, and finally said: "He winnowed her into paradise with a fence rail."

A few days since the poor Empress Charlotte escaped from the Chateau de Laeken, where she is still under care. After finding her it was difficult to make her return, and she was induced to do so at length by the stratagem of flinging flowers before her, as she is very fond of flowers.

Adam and Eve escaped two serious advances of modern lovers. In the first place, Eve had no mamma to make indignant inquiries as to Adam's social position and prospects of patrimony, and Adam had no "governor" to see that he did not throw himself away on a portionless girl.

John Stuart Mill once said, privately, that there ought to be a gradation of electoral power, so that the more learned a man the greater number of votes he would have. Louis Blanc replied that if Mr. Mill could at a public meeting convince 600 ignorant men how they ought to vote, he would thereby cast 600 votes.

The latest arrangement to insure the honesty of car conductors is a turnstile. The front platform of the car is closed entirely; no person is allowed to ride on the back platform, each being compelled to enter the car through the turnstile, which stands in front of the doorway, and registers the number of those passing through.

Sentencing a criminal to be hanged a Missouri judge recently delivered himself