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When Birds Fly Home.

A PASTORAL.

When birds fly home to Southern climes,
And flow'rs are few upon the mead,
A shadow comes o'er nature's face
Which makes the heart feel sad indeed;
For then all woodland sons are hushed,
The insect orchestra has played
Its grand finale, and chilly winds
Are mustered in a death parade.
The trees keep time with solemn moan,
Their leaves lie mingled on the ground;
The brooklet late with cheerful voice,
Steals slow away with doleful sound.

The glistening scythe hangs dulled with rust,
The hay-stacks stand like tombs, the kine
Low in the lane, the creaking press,
Brings forth the blood of fruitful vine;
All things proclaim a mournful change
Outside, but round the hearth is seen
The cheer which tells the husbandman
Has for the season careful been;
There songs are sung, there blushing maids
Give ear to love's bewitching strain;
And when long years have rolled away,
Their hearts with joy revert again.

—*J. William Pope.*

TRUE THROUGH ALL.

"You fully understand me, Ethel? Unless you do as I wish in this matter, you cannot remain an inmate of this house. I will not have such an example of disobedience set to my own daughters. They are at an age when they may be badly influenced by it, and seriously harmed."

Mr. Stephen Curliss, broker and speculator in general, threw himself back in his chair at the breakfast table, and looked with a frown of dislike on his swarthy face at the delicately beautiful girl who was pouring out his second cup of coffee.

A wealthy widower, with two plain daughters, he had married, in a moment of weakness, the beautiful widow of an acquaintance who had died deeply in debt. His wife retained her good looks, and was, after a fashion, dear to him.

But Ethel, with the face of her dead father, who had been his rival at school and in business alike—Ethel had been obnoxious to him from the first. And now that she daily and nightly attracted the attention in society which he felt that his own daughters ought rightly to receive, his mind was made up to be rid of her at the earliest possible date. Ethel Vere was proud as well as beautiful. She tried to hide from his notice the wound that his words inflicted.

But her lips trembled, her dark eyes moistened, and it was some moments before she could reply:

"I thanked Mr. Winslow for the honor he had done me," she said, at last. "But I told him of my engagement to Frank Hartwell. I think it ungentlemanly of him to renew his proposal, and I cannot accept it."

"Then you must find another home," frowned her stepfather. "I am in earnest, Ethel. Winslow is rich; he is a respectable merchant, and he is quite foolish in his fondness for you. I am acting for your own good in urging you to marry him. You will say so yourself in ten years hence if you take my advice. But if you persist in refusing him because you were once engaged to that unfortunate young sailor, who has gone down with his ship, you must take the consequences."

"Say no more!" exclaimed Ethel, brokenly. "I do refuse, I must refuse. Only let me remain here till my mother returns from Florida, and then I will find another home."

"Your mother is quite too ill to be disturbed by this nonsense, Ethel. I wrote to her last week. There is her answer. You must decide this very day. And she will not be here for three weeks to come."

With her mother's letter in her hand, Ethel hurried to her own room. Hot, blinding tears fell over the words which the weak and delicate wife had written by her stern husband's order.

"Since poor Frank is lost to you forever in this world, do, my dear child, be guided by Mr. Curliss." The last lines ran: "Marry Mr. Winslow, and in the home of wealth which he will give you, you and I may yet see some happy days."

"A home of wealth, and that man its master, and I the wife of another than Frank!" moaned the poor girl in her despair. "Oh, Frank, my darling! How lightly they all speak, and think, and write of your loss, when it has wrapped the whole earth in mourning for my eyes and heart."

She rose and began to make preparations for her departure. She knew that her mother had no power to protect her in a strife between Mr. Curliss and herself, and she would not subject her to the pain of witnessing the misery which she could not lighten or avert.

Within an hour her trunk was packed ready for removal. In a small handvalise she placed such articles as she would soonest require. She wore her plainest street dress and a thick veil. Counting the contents of her purse, she found that she had but fifteen dollars in the world.

"But I have my watch and chain, and a handsome wardrobe," she mentally pondered, reviewing the situation. "I will go at once to New York, and I can find some kind of work, no doubt, in a very few days. Anything will be better than to ask Mr. Curliss for money. If I should really need any, I can write to mamma."

Without bidding farewell to a person under that hostile roof, Ethel left the house.

Mr. Curliss, glancing over his paper by the window, saw her go, noted the little valise, and whistled softly to himself.

Presently came an expressman with an order for Ethel's trunk. Mr. Curliss saw the man himself, fed him liberally, made a brief explanation, and sent him way without the baggage.

"That will bring my lady back to ask my pardon," he chuckled, returning to his paper.

But the hours went on, till twilight deepened into nightfall, and no Ethel came. Friendless, alone and well-nigh penniless, she had made her desperate plunge into the great world.

* * * * *

It was nearly dusk when Ethel reached New York. The lamps were twinkling in long, unending lines throughout the streets when she timidly entered a hotel and asked for a room.

Young, lovely, unprotected, coming on foot and with no luggage, it was little wonder that the "gentlemanly clerk" found that the house was full.

But his wondering stare, and the audible comments of several well-dressed loungers near his desk, sent the hot blood surging to Ethel's cheeks, and hurried her from the place at a speed which soon outstripped several idlers on the pavement who were tantalized by the glimpse of her fair face as it flashed by.

"What am I to do? Where am I to go?" thought the poor girl, when she had reached a poorer and safer part of the city, where she could pass unmolested among the crowds who were too much absorbed in their own troubles to have leisure to think of hers.

What a waste, what a desert of houses the great city seemed to her, who there could claim no home!

It was the hour of reunion among the humbler classes, who depend upon the day's earnings for their daily bread. Fathers were hurrying home from work, and at the house-door the good wife met them with a smile, and the little ones drummed eagerly upon the window-panes, or ran a race down the passage to claim the first fond kiss.

Some pale widow passed along, with a little parcel in her hand—the toy or cake which should make amends to her darlings for the long day's absence, spent in work for them.

Over and over again did Ethel, footsore, weary and heartsick, see these little domestic revelations of happiness in which she had no share. Each time she witnessed them her heart sank lower and lower.

"In this great city there is a place, a home, a welcome, for everyone, save me," she thought, blinded by the tears she tried to force back. "And yet if my darling's life had been spared, oh, God! how happy I could have been, even in the humblest of these homes, with Frank!"

One by one the cheery welcomes died away, and the doors and windows were closed on the fireside groups within.

"Perhaps some of these people would be willing to shelter me till morning," thought Ethel, who was growing tired and faint from inanition, for she had eaten nothing all that day.

She searched for her purse, intending to ask the question of a meek faced woman in mourning who had just passed her. The purse was gone!

Throwing open her cloak in an agony of horror to search its inner pocket, she found that her watch and chain had been taken, too!

Where or when she had been robbed she knew not. It was useless to waste thought over that question. She had only to face the terrible fact that she was entirely without resources in a strange city, and to decide upon the course she was to pursue.

Hunger and fatigue were alike forgotten in the overwhelming shock of this discovery. Some words of prayer fell vaguely from her lips as she turned into a side street that looked darker and narrower than the others.

But she scarcely knew what she was saying; she only walked on, almost stunned by her appalling situation, till she heard the rippling of water near by, and knew by the cold breeze that blew toward her that she stood upon the river's brink.

By day this narrow street was a busy scene. At nightfall, being lined with warehouses and leading to no pier, it was deserted and quiet.

Ethel leaned against a railing and looked out upon the dark river with its forest of masts and its twinkling lights.

For one moment a terrible temptation possessed her.

"One plunge, and it will end the trouble," she sighed, leaning over the wharf. "And Frank will never come back. What have I to look forward to—what to hope for—if I live?"

She was young, strong, healthful, and the dark mood could not long endure. With a shudder she drew back, and looked up at the dark walls around her with anxious, questioning eyes.

The door of the nearest warehouse opened softly. Two men came out—a third remained at the door—and the flash of a dark-lantern was thrown across the girl's figure and face.

"All right. The cab is ready down below at the corner, and there is the girl. You know what to do," said the man in the doorway.

"All right," replied the other two.

Ethel, frightened, yet scarcely believing that they could be speaking of her, had turned to fly, when the foremost man seized her by the arm.

"Not that way, Miss. The gentleman is waiting for you down yonder," he said, trying to speak in a gracious and assuring tone.

"You are mistaken. I am not waiting for any one. Please to let me pass," replied Ethel, white with terror.

"Look alive, Ben!" said the men in the door, with an oath. "You'll have the cops here next, at this rate."

"That's so," said the second man in the street.

Snatching Ethel from his companions, grasp, he placed one hand over her mouth, and hurried with her to a hack that stood in the shadow at the end of the street.

"I've got her safe and sound," he said, through the window, as soon as they were safely within the carriage. "Run, Ben, and tell him; and stir yourself, my man, for if we are not out of this in five minutes, some of them blessed sailors will come loafing by, and then we may see trouble. Now, missy, do you just keep quiet," he added, in a surly tone, as the poor girl struggled in his arms. "No harm's going to happen to you, if you'll only be still. You may take Jack Chapman's word for that."

The noise of Ben's running feet could plainly be heard by Ethel, mingled with the creaking and swaying of the great ships at anchor along the piers.

The sound of sailors singing a rude chorus floated through the air. Then came a voice whose lightest sound would have had the power to waken her, she often thought, even from the sleep of death.

"No, thanks. You are very kind; but I must find my dear ones at home before I join in any merriment on shore," said the deep, grave tones. "I have been reported lost, you know, for some months past, and one heart, I am very sure, has mourned for me. I'm off to Baltimore at once. When I come back I will gladly accept your invitation—if all is well."

"I hope it may be. Good-night."

"Good night, captain."

The voice was near. The step—the dear familiar step was nearer yet.

"With one wild effort, Ethel shook off the rough hand that was laid over her mouth, and screamed:

"Frank! Frank! Save me! I am here!"

"Confound you! *Will* you hold your tongue!" cried her captor, savagely.

But still she held herself aloof from his grasp, and cried aloud upon her lover.

"The door of the carriage was wrenched open.

"Who is calling me? What is wrong? Ethel! Good heavens, Ethel, how came you here?" cried Frank Hartwell, in blank amazement, as Ethel, with a sob of joy and thankfulness fell into his outstretched arms, and fainted away.

The man, alarmed for his own safety, had opened the opposite door of the carriage and vanished. The messenger, Ben, held himself discreetly aloof in the distance. The horse, the only honest element in the mysterious business, for obvious reasons was unable to explain it. The door of the warehouse to which Ethel pointed after recovering her senses, was blankly closed, and no answer was made to the repeated summons of the angry sailor by any one within.

Nothing could be done, except to conduct Ethel to a respectable and pleasant shelter, under the roof of his widowed aunt, and leave her there until arrangements could be made for a wedding, which came off within a week. For Frank Hartwell, after the ill luck which had wrecked him with one ship, had found good fortune in another, which picked him up at sea, and conveyed him to China, where, in a short time, the foundation of a respectable fortune had been laid by him.

"And being a rich man's wife, my darling, you may go and bid your mother farewell before we sail for the Flowery Land," said Frank. "But never again shall you face the world alone."

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It was nearly a month after Ethel's marriage that her husband solved the mystery of her night-adventure near the pier.

He was summoned to a private conference one day by the head of the great shipping firm by whom he was employed, and offered the command of one of their finest vessels, then about to make an immediate voyage.

"I owe you this, or, rather, I owe it to your wife, in common gratitude," said the merchant in a low tone. "I know that neither of you have spoken of the events of a certain night, and you must continue to keep silence for my sake. I have a daughter, Hartwell—my only child—and very dear to me. But she is weak, fond of admiration, and with no mother to watch over her. Recently, while at school, but how, I know not, some rascally foreigner contrived to make her acquaintance. He persuaded her that he was a nobleman in disguise, and the poor foolish child agreed to meet him near my warehouses on that very night, and to marry him, after which my forgiveness was to be asked. By chance your wife happened to be on that very spot just as my daughter, with her maid, who was her *confidante*, neared it. What the two girls saw and heard thoroughly frightened them. My child hurried home, and confessed everything to me, and she is now safe at my country-seat, with her good aunt, who will watch ever her hereafter, and teach her better things. Through her confession I got at the whole plot, and punished every one concerned in it. It is now my happy task to reward you for the share you unconsciously had in saving my poor child from a fate that would have been worse than death. You will tell your good wife the story, of course. Then let it be forgotten. And now, Captain Hartwell, let us go see your ship."

Thus ended Ethel's troubles. In a foreign land, as in her own, she is happy, as a loving heart must be that is true through all.

Would that thus safely and sweetly might close the story of every sad and lonely wanderer upon the city streets.

From Love to Hate.

A few years ago, says a Rome letter, there was an eminent American painter, whose pictures are ranked high in this and other countries. He was noted in Rome for his indifference to the belles in vogue. One season a mysterious German widow appeared in the English and American set, of distinguished figure and stately manners. She was at once set down as a princess, at least. The American was straightway fascinated with the reserve of the stranger. He invited her to sit for a portrait. He paid court diligently and incessantly; but it seemed without effect. Presently the lady set off on a tour to Venice. She was no sooner settled there than the painter was at work on the mosaics of Saint Marco. Persistence like this won its reward. But the lady had to relinquish much to gratify her love. She was a countess, inheriting a fortune of $20,000 a year so long as she remained single. If she married she was to receive a mere pittance—something like $1,500. The announcement made a great stir in Rome. The painter and his wife returned, set up a luxurious home in a wing of one of the stateliest of the old palaces, and everybody chanted the praise of the couple. It was soon remarked, however, that the painter became more absorbed in his art than before, that he was never present at his wife's fine dinners; that he lived in his studio, and that as he seemed to grow colder and colder his wife seemed to grow more passionately fond of him. She became the wonder and admiration of Rome. In the studio her delicate hand saved the painter every detail of manual toil. She touched the colors, oiled the canvas, and what not, that only those can understand who have seen the painter in his inspired moments.

Suddenly there was a violent explosion. The husband left his wife's house, and Rome was for a moment breathless. The curious sought Miss Brewster, as the painter had been in a certain sort her protege; but the kind little woman refused to lay the miserable scandal bare for the buzzards of the Pincian Hill and the corso cafes. No romance that I know contains a chapter so complicated and exciting. The estrangement of the lovers began on the wedding day. On the bridal journey, as the two were leaving the sandy wastes of Berlin, the wife suddenly opened the door of the coupe and attempted to throw herself from the train rushing over a long trestle at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. The horrible suspicion that her husband's motives were mercenary was alleged as the cause of this act. Had the rash woman succeeded the unfortunate painter would have been hanged as his wife's murderer—the end she afterward owned she sought. The husband, brooding over this hideous opening of married life, grew to hate the woman he was tied to more and more, until to be beneath the same roof became insupportable. The two are now living in Rome separate—she adoring her lost lover, and he detesting Rome because she is in it. Those who know them often see the wife, as the painter saunters outside the walls, furtively following and watching him. She is firmly convinced that jealous women separated them, while he refuses to speak of the subject. The verdict of the world is, however, against the man. He selfishly deprived her of a princely income, and now doles out a pitiful allowance to eke out the $1,500 to which her $20,000 per annum was cut down when she married him.

Freaks of Lightning.

Finley McCoy, of Knox county, Fla., while hoeing corn during a thunderstorm, was instantly killed by lightning.

While driving cows from pasture, Frank Evans, of Bloomington, Ill., was killed by lightning and his body terribly mutilated.

A negro of Camden county, N. C., stooped to kiss his baby that lay sleeping in its cradle, when a lightning stroke killed them both.

Lightning struck a barn near Cleveland in which two boys, John Burns, aged seventeen, and John F. Lyons, aged fourteen, had taken shelter, instantly killing them, but doing no damage to the building.

Lightning instantly killed Mrs. Jacob Reichert, of Monticello, Fla., as she was in the act of closing the window blinds of her home, shocked to insensibility her son, and threw down her husband, who was in the yard.

A gun having both barrels heavily loaded stood in the chamber of Wallace Brock's house, Fairview, N. Y., where it was struck by lightning. The gun was not discharged, although the stock was torn to splinters.

A curious freak of lightning occurred at the house of Alexander Avery, Centreville, Ala. None of the inmates were killed, but the shoes of each were destroyed. The stroke fell on Miss Josie Avery's neck, and passing down the body threw the shoe from one foot with terrific force a great distance. The shoes on the feet of her mother were cut to pieces, while Mr. Logan, a guest, had his shoestrings torn completely out, the sole of one shoe wrenched off, and a hole torn in the other.

There is a Chinaman in San Francisco with red hair. His countrymen treat him with superstitious respect. At the table he has the best of everything, and at all ceremonials he takes precedence.

CONFEDERATE WAR STORY.

An Incident of the Period When Stonewall Jackson Was Unknown to Fame.

In one of the Philadelphia *Times'* interesting reminiscences of the war occurs the following: On the 19th of April, 1861, a portion of the battalion of the Virginia Military institute stood in line to receive marching orders, issued by Governor Letcher. This detachment, consisting of 165 picked cadets, was to serve as the nucleus of the army in Richmond and was to drill the volunteers as they reported for duty at Camp Lee, now known as the Richmond Agricultural fair grounds. In fact, Camp Lee was used for that purpose prior to the war. Well does the writer (who was one of the cadets) recall the varied emotions which filled the souls and hearts of those gallant soldier boys, many of whom, amid the din of war in many a hard fought field, found soldier's graves, while shot and shell fell thick and fast. Boys in years composed the little band, yet for brave and daring deeds many of them gained fame, rank and reputation that gray-haired soldiers well might wish. The cadets as a whole begged and petitioned their command ant and the governor to allow all to enter and to enroll the entire battalion as a part of the regular army of the confederacy. This was refused, very properly, by the authorities, as this body was the only thoroughly trained and drilled organization, taught and practiced in the science of war and military studies, in Virginia, and as drillmasters and officers they proved more valuable to the South than they could have done in the ranks. With faces tinged with genuine sadness that portion ordered to remain at barracks stood at "rest," while the joyful faces of those to go showed the feelings of the boys as to war. The professors one by one were called for by the "detail," ordered off, and each addressed the command with words calculated to stimulate military ardor and counsels as to a soldier's duty.

Approaching from the town of Lexington with long and rapid strides the well-known form of "Old Jack," as the boys dubbed Major Jackson, then one of the faculty of the institute, was recognized. "Three cheers for Major Jackson," shouted some one. "Three cheers and a tiger for 'Old Jack,'" yelled out many other youthful voices, and with a "Hip! hip! hurrah!" heartily given by nearly three hundred boys, the hills and valleys around Lexington rang. Our eccentric professor being called on for a speech, quietly stepped in front of the command, raised his faded blue cap from his head with his right hand, clasping closely under his left arm his trusty sword, which had flashed on many a field in the Mexican war. Casting his flashing eye up and down the line, he replaced his cap on his head, and, suiting his action to his words, said in his clear, sharp voice: "Cadets, when you draw your swords throw away your scabbard." Leaving the scabbard on the ground where he had cast it, and placing the bare blade under his left arm, he wheeled and with his usual rapid stride returned to Lexington, where he was actively engaged with the Rev. Dr. Pendleton in organizing an artilery company. An order from Governor Letcher, received later, caused "Stonewall Jackson" to change his proposed plan, and he assumed charge of the cadet detachment, conducting the detachment safely to Richmond, from which place he was ordered to Harper's Ferry, where his military genius began first to attract the attention of the Confederate army.

The Wolf as a Reformer.

One day a Wolf who had been pondering deeply for a whole week started out on a walk through the forest. Meeting a Jackal, he said:

"My friend, pause for a little time while I give you a few words of advice. You are a cross, snarling creature, hated by men and despised by all the creatures of the forest. Let me hope that you will mend your ways and reform."

"Ho! ho! ho! but you are a pretty specimen to give me advice!" sneered the Jackal. "Why, it isn't a month since you devoured an old woman and chased a Professor of Elocution into the river!"

The Wolf passed on until he met a Hyena. By that time he had recovered his cheek, and he worked up a sad, sweet smile and observed:

"My dear Mr. Hyena, you would be an ornament to society if you would cut your nails and clean your teeth. Let me hope that you will cease your depredations and become an honest, conscientious animal."

"That's nice talk from an old wretch who lies in ambush for children!" replied the Hyena. "Why, if I was half as mean as you are I'd want some dying Jack-Rabbit to kick me to death!"

The Wolf next met a Fox, and after the usual salutations regarding the backward condition of the crops the reformer began:

"My friend, I feel it my duty to advise you to quit stealing spring chickens and get your living in an honest manner. Show the world that you want to be good and respectable and you will soon be beloved and honored."

"Taffy!" grinned Reynard—"taffy on a chip! You old villian, you'd better own up to some of the dozen murders you have committed!"

The Wolf next met an Owl, and when they had compared notes the reformer said:

"My dear friend, why is it that neither the Jackal, the Hyena nor the Fox will receive my advice to reform?"

"My venerable fellow traveler," slowly replied the Owl, "reform should begin at home. Wash up—clean out your den—quit stealing and murdering—drill some decency into your own family, and then come and see us."

MORAL:

It is the men in the State prison who most lament the wickedness of outsiders.—[Detroit Free Press.

Old and New Egypt.

The old and new capitals of Egypt form a not inapt symbol of the change which has passed over the country. Cairo, the old metropolis, though its suburbs have been startlingly Parisianized by the taste of the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha, still retains the high archway and tall, windowless houses the narrow, tortuous, filthy lanes, the squalid crowds, and open, stall-like shops of a genuine Eastern city. High above it on a steep, rocky bluff, only accessible by one winding path, tower the strong walls of the citadel, behind which grim old Mahemet Ali used to sit like a spider in its web, ready to let loose the thunder of eighty heavy guns upon the city below at the first whisper of disaffection. Ismailia, founded and named by Ismail Pasha, at the junction of the Suez and Sweetwater canals, is one of those dainty little toy towns which seem to have come bodily out of a French play. Wide streets, gaily painted houses, trim boulevards stud the shore of the Bitter Lake, and the palace of Ismailia is no frowning fortress, but an ornamental white mansion, very much like an Italian hotel. Two gun-boats anchored in the lake could crush with ease any riot in Ismailia, but an outbreak in Cairo would be serious indeed.

Professor C. V. Riley has deposited in the national museum at Washington his collection of insects, comprising 150,000 specimens and 30,000 species.

Some Queer Dishes.

What about worms, for instance? I do not mean the common earthworm, of whose agricultural efforts Mr. Darwin descants in so learned and interesting a way. The earthworm, so far as I am aware, is not used as a staple article of food in any part of the world, but merely as a resource among certain tribes of Indians in time of famine, and is no more to be classed as an ordinary article of diet with them than leather or canvas soaked in grease is with us; although both these, as well as other curious things, have often been had recourse to by cast-away sailors in the attempt to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The annelid I refer to is a marine species and is looked upon as a great luxury by all the natives of the South Sea Islands. It lives in the coral reefs, and from the middle of October to the end of November comes to the surface at sunrise in immense numbers; and great is the commotion and excitement among the people on the first appearance of the little stranger. Its arrival is always heralded by feasts; and during the Balolo or worm-month, all the natives wax fat and lusty on this their favorite article of food. The worm is curiously punctual in its appearance, almost to a day; and the months in which it appears are respectively called the little and big Balolo months. From early dawn on the expected day, scouts are placed on the hills and rocks commanding a view of the reefs; and no sooner does the long-expected shoal appear than all the wooden drums in the neighboring villages are sounded, and the entire population, big and little, young and old, sound and lame, rush to the beach; and while the able-bodied ones help to launch the canoes, the remainder set to work to dig and heat the ovens, or to discuss the chances of a good or bad worm season.

Fleets of canoes swarming with people, all armed with nets, at once put off and scoop up the worms in huge quantities; they are then taken ashore and handed over to the cooks, who, after adding a certain quantity of cocoa-nut milk specially prepared for the purpose, tie them up in young banana leaves, which have been previously passed over the fire to toughen them; and then bake them for sometime in an oven, when they are ready for consumption, and are often sent round as presents to friends, just as game is among ourselves.

Dr. Stradling mentions white ants, but does not appear to have tasted them; allow me to tell him that they are "dear little things" when properly fried in their own fat; plump, sweet and satisfying; but curiously unlike ants in appearance. They are generally much esteemed as food by the natives of most of the countries in which they are found.

Porpoise and whale are also edible. I have tried both, and found porpoise liver excellent, and not to be distinguished from that of pig. Of the flesh, however, I can hardly speak so highly, as it requires both good cooking and a long abstinence from fresh meat to make it at all palatable. Our ancestors, however, were of a different opinion, as in olden times it was highly esteemed, and we generally find the "porpuss" figuring as a distinguished dish in most of the great banquets of middle ages. But if the flesh of the porpoise is coarse and indifferent, that of his big cousin the whale is still more so; and the only time I tasted it, I found the meat exceedingly coarse and tough, and impregnated with a nauseous taste and smell of train oil. The tongue, however, is said to be much better, but it never has come under my observation. Whale's milk is by no means to be despised.

Shark, the full-grown fish, is detestable—tough, and of a terribly rank smell. It is rarely eaten by white men except under pressure of extreme necessity; but the natives of the South Seas view it in a different light, and look upon the monster as a special luxury. Moreover, a New Zealand Maori knows no greater treat than a shark that has been kept until high enough to be unapproachable within twenty yards of any one but a native. But with a young shark of the brown variety the case is different, and I well remember, during a five months' residence at Opara, having many a good meal of fried cutlets cut from young sharks about four feet long; and at last we came to look upon it as the best fish there. In taste and appearance it reminded one more of sturgeon than anything else. It likewise resembled the latter fish in having gristle instead of bones; and was much superior both in firmness and flavor to the British dog-fish, which I afterwards tried.—[Chambers's Journal.

The Magnificent Cisterns of Ancient Carthage.

Stumbling over broken blocks of masonary, among which the lizards, sole inhabitants of the city, were running swiftly, I walked a short distance past the site of Dido's palace, and came thus to the place where the only extensive remains of the greatness of Carthage are to be found. These are the cisterns which once furnished a portion of the water supply of the city. Just as Prof. Owen can reconstruct an extinct animal if only a single bone of its skeleton has been preserved, so it is an easy matter for those who have seen these wonderful cisterns form an approximate idea of the grandeur of the city to which they belonged. They are vast subterranean structures, with heavy vaulted roofs, intended to shut out from the cool water in the mighty tanks the heat of the African sun. But time has made many a breach in the great arches, and the light of day in consequence streams in upon corridors and chambers, which 1,800 years ago were jealously shrouded in midnight gloom. Some of the cisterns are circular in shape and look like nothing so much as enormous wells; the majority, however, are of oblong form. In every case the masonary is of the most substantial description, showing how well the Phœnicians did their work. Even more remarkable, however, than the quality of the masonary is that of the lining of cement upon the walls of the cisterns. It is as perfect to-day as on the day, probably more than 2,000 years distant, when it was spread upon these walls. The very mark of the trowels used in spreading it are quite distinct, and here and there may be seen the coarse imprint of some workman's thumb—a sight to ponder over at one's leisure. I had a strange "eerie" feeling upon me as I trod the long covered corridor that runs the length of the whole series of cisterns, and thought of the time when above where I now walked the tumultuous life of a great city had rolled in its majestic fullness of power. Most of the cisterns were half filled with rubbish that had fallen when the arches of the roof gave way; but presently I came to some which seemed to be comparatively little injured, and at last to one that—so far as I could tell—was as perfect as on the day when the Phœnician left it, and the cool waters were first allowed to flow into it. It was a beautiful, dimly-lighted chamber, with walls and roof and floor white and clean; and it contained pure crystal water to the depth of five or six feet. So bright and refreshing was that water, so great the contrast which this cool, shady apartment presented to the burning heat and glare outside, that I looked about to see if there were any means by which I could descend and bathe in this vast tank. None, however, were visible, and after a while I had to leave the arched corridor, and to return to the blaze of the sunshine.—[T. W. Reid.

DIAMOND DIGGING.

A Talk with One Who has Visited Central Africa—Something About the Largest Diamond in the World.

A gentleman, who has been to the diamond mines of Africa, gave a St. Louis reporter some interesting information about what he had seen. He said:

"The process, as usually applied, is to excavate solely. The diamonds are found in small spaces—that is, the fields do not cover any great area. It was estimated that at the close of the fiscal year when I was in Africa the value of the stones produced aggregated $175,000,000.

"Diamonds are found at random—in no particular place in the mine—but imbedded here and there in the sand and gravel. Neither is there any regular rule by which they may be picked up; but they are found in the same manner as the miners discover gold dust in the mines and placial deposits. As regards the value of the stones found, it varies according to the mine. One mine I visited was working 5,000 men, and at the lowest computation by an experienced dealer the average yield per day was £3,000 in value. I saw a great number and variety of stones there, ranging in value from $30 to $500 per carat. Diamonds increase in value at the rate of 100 per cent. to the same per cent in weight.

"While abroad I was fortunate enough to see the largest and most valuable diamond in the world. It was my good fortune to learn of a very rich one in the hands of a slave who had made his escape from the coast, and had been away from the mines about a year, but it was not then known that he had gotten away with anything very valuable in the shape of a stone. He roamed around for a period of eighteen months, through every vicissitude. He had many difficulties before him in trying to gain passage. Finally he got on board a boat which chanced in the Gambeza river. Twice he was confined in servitude, until by two escapes he finally made a safe arrival in London. There he inadvertently became acquainted with an African woman who had been brought from slavery to London and was then free. She was a servant in the family whose guest I was. This woman could speak his tongue, and, after becoming better acquainted with her, he divulged his secret, telling her that he had been a slave in servitude for years in the diamond fields of Africa; that by providential escape he had made his way to London. He told her that he wanted to obtain information in reference to getting his wife and children to London. The black woman in her ignorance was not able to tell him what to do, and she applied to me.

After hearing the story, I advised them to apply to the British Consul in the Provincial Building. I went with them, and upon explaining to the Consul, the question arose, among other questions, what recompense he could make the English government for going to such expense as he had asked. After demurring a good while, on account of the great fear he felt about letting the officials know he had such a treasure, he finally admitted that he had a rich stone. Upon further inquiry and delay he requested the gentleman to come and make an examination. He exercised great caution for one of such ignorance, but finally he brought down a large, stale loaf of bread and laid it carefully on the table. Then he cut the loaf was cut open he negotiated for the safe arrival of his family and protection against his former master, provided the value of the diamond was such as represented. I having tendered him advice, was given an invitation to be present in the Provincial Building when the examination was made. I was not prepared however, to believe that I would have the satisfaction of seeing what is considered as the largest and most valuable diamond in the world. When the loaf was cut open few believed that a diamond would be revealed. Hatton Garden experts were called, and they were loath to believe that the stone was as large and valuable as the owner had represented. It was the size of an ordinary orange when revealed; and thereupon it was at once claimed by some present that it was of a very low grade and of inferior quality. On a more thorough examination and partial cutting it was found to represent a weight of over 600 carats. It was subsequently shown to a number of the largest diamond dealers in London. Its history was traced as accurately as possible; the slave was believed, money was put up and his wife and children were at once sent for. The slave was treated like a lord of the manor, and the last time I saw him he was riding in a fine carriage and enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of London.

"The diamond was purchased by a syndicate of capitalists, and the best experts pronounced it a very fine specimen. Its owners hold it at £3,500,000; and have refused an offer of £3,000,000 for the stone. Shortly after it passed from the hands of the black man to its present owners, it was examined and admired by the Queen of England and the Prince of Wales.

"The diamond district proper is about eighty-five miles long three miles wide. Some very fine stones are found sixty miles from the present openings, but the richest are found within a radius of from two to six miles. The excavations in the deepest places are about 600 feet. The strictest surveillance is placed upon the men and women who work in the mines. Guards are kept there all the time, and a workman does not have much of a show in getting away with a stone of any great value. In Africa there are not many slaves worked, but in the Brazilian mines they work slaves altogether. The mine owners of Africa use some slaves sent them by the conquerors of the various tribes. There are many English, Scotch, and Irish workmen employed. Some of the latter have obtained stones by swallowing them, but they cannot swallow any very valuable ones. When they do make an escape they write back to friends, telling them the modus operandi, but of late the owners have been intercepting the letters. A woman secreted a large stone about her person and got away, but others tried that and were caught.

In South Africa a great many precious stones are found in the vicinity of Cape Town, but there are no real diamonds there of as great value as those found in the central part of the country, but they are perhaps as fine as those taken from the old Brazilian mines. There are many diamond dealers who cannot distinguish these stones from the richer ones. The most ready method of distinguishing them is to unset and apply a microscope to the wrong side, as the stone is only finished brilliantly on the face side. A coronet was sold to a London dealer while I was there for $100 without any trouble. It was thought genuine, and was placed in a splendid setting, while the workmanship was of the best character. When his old senior came in he tried his method. He placed the back of the stone in water, applied the microscope to the front, and the view discerned correctly how far the diamond, or rather imitation, had received its finish. A great many sham diamonds are palmed off on the public.

A Florida paper says that within a radius of eight miles of Sanford, that State, there are 2 992 orange groves, containing 165,235 trees, and, although only five per cent. of the trees are now bearing, they produce 2 500,000 oranges annually. The entire State is said to produce 50,000,000 oranges.

Canine Sagacity.

On the North road, about four miles from the city, says the Elmira, (N. Y.,) Advertiser of recent date, lives a highly respected family named Stetson, consisting of a young man and his wife and the aged and infirm sire of the lady. The old gentleman is crippled with the rheumatism to such an extent that he cannot leave his chair but is wheeled about the room by his daughter. The Stetsons are the owners of a large powerful dog, half mastiff and half Newfoundland, noted for his intelligence and sagacity throughout the whole neighborhood, while a near neighbor possesses a little shaggy Scotch terrier. Between this ill-assorted pair the strongest friendship has grown up, the dogs being almost inseparable. Mr. Stetson has been digging a well, and had reached a depth of 20 feet, but had not yet walled it up, when about a week ago he and his wife found it necessary to visit Elmira on business. The wife drew her father's chair up to the window in the sunshine, and otherwise rendered him comfortable, and left him watching the gambols of the frisky, strangely matched friends.

Mr. Stetson had not more than driven out of sight when the little terrier fell into the well, which contained about two feet of water at the time. The old dog was almost frantic and lost his canine presence of mind in a wonderfully undignified manner. He would look down into the well at the yelping, paddling terrier, and then howl and run to the window, scratching on the casement and otherwise exhibiting all the evidences of almost frantic grief to attract the old man's attention. Suddenly he paused a moment and looked grave, as if collecting his scattered senses. Mrs. Stetson, before leaving for town, had taken in the washing hanging on the clothes-line, coiling up the lime and laying it on a bench. The mastiff had seen the workmen draw up pails of water by means of the rope, and an idea seemed to strike him. Seizing one end of the rope in his teeth he ran to the well with it and commenced slowly drawing it up to him and lowering it into the well. The helpless old man at the window, who was watching the proceedings with breathless interest, then saw the old dog commence pulling up the rope by walking slowly away from the well. Slowly and carefully the sagacious old mastiff drew up the cord, when up over the side of the crumbling walls came the muddy, dripping form of the almost exhausted terrier clinging to the rope with his teeth. When Mr. Stetson and his wife came home the old man attempted to tell his story, but it was so incredible that they could hardly believe it, but upon Mr. Stetson's going out to the well he found the muddaubed rope lying where the old dog had left it, and the prints where it had cut into the soft earth sides of the well were plainly discernible.

An odd toilet, made for a lady in Newport, is a black and gold brocaded foulard silk, with plaited flounces edged with buttercup yellow lace, headed by a band of black velvet, put on bias of the goods. The short tunic, with full Buckingham puffs over the hips, is trimmed to correspond, and the Camargo bodice has a deep collar and wide turnover cuffs of black velvet, edged with yellow lace. A Tuscan straw bonnet in the Langtry shape, trimmed over the crown with flats of wide black [illegible] with a tiny wreath of roses, and a black and gold foulard parasol, trimmed with yellow lace, are en suite.

Origin of Well-Known Phrases.

"A little bird told me." This saying, some times used by those who do not wish to disclose the source from which certain information is obtained, comes from Ecclesiastes x., 20: "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which has wings shall tell the matter."

"Dead lock." Just how this expression arose, as applying to legislative bodies, is difficult to trace, since organizations of this character have been at times equally and stubbornly divided on certain questions since "time immemorial;" and there seems to be no fitter expression for this particular state of things. The origin of the term is undoubtedly derived from the fact that in forests hunters have often come across the skeletons of deer with horn firmly interlaced, showing that the animals must have engaged in combat, and, getting entangled in such a manner that they were unable to extricate themselves, had died of starvation. Hence the dead-lock.

"Half seas over." This phrase, as applied to a state of drunkenness, originated from *op zee*, which in Dutch means *over sea*, a name given to a stupefying beer introduced in England from the Low Countries. An inebriating draught was also called an *up see freese*, from the strong Friesland beer.

"Carouse." This word, which is nearly synonymous with reveling, is derived from the name of a large glass, called by the Danes *rouse*, or from the German words, *gar*, all, and *aus*—hence drink *all out*.

"Under the rose." This expression took its origin from the wars between the British Houses of York and Lancaster. The parties respectively swore by the red or the white rose, and these opposite emblems were displayed as the signs of the two taverns, one of which was by the side of, and the other opposite to, the Parliament House in Old Palace Yard, Westminister. Here the retainers and servants of the noblemen attached to the Duke of York and Henry VI. used to meet. Here, also, as disturbances were frequent measures, either of defense or annoyance, were taken, and every transaction was said to be done "under the rose," by which expression the most profound secrecy was implied. According to others this term originated in the fable of Cupid giving the rose to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a bribe to prevent him betraying the amours of Venus, and was hence adopted as the emblem of silence. The rose was, for this reason, frequently sculptured on the ceilings of drinking and feasting-rooms as a warning to the guests that what was said in moments of conviviality should not be repeated; from which what was intended to be kept secret was said to be held "under the rose." Roses were consecrated as presents from the Pope. In 1526 they were placed over confessionals as symbols of secrecy. Hence, according to some, the origin of the phrase.

The Piano Sacrifice Game.

A New York letter tells of a swindle peculiar to the great city as follows: In one house on West —— street, there has been for five years advertised "A fine piano for sale at a sacrifice for $