The Farmer Girl's Choice.

I am only a farmer's girl,
John is only a farmer's lad,
But somehow, when we chance to meet,
The very sound of his coming feet
Can make my heart so glad
That up to my cheeks the warm blush flies,
And he reads his welcome in my eyes.

I am only a farmer's girl,
Master Tom is the Squire's son,
But, strange to tell, his feet this way
Turn often toward the close of day,
After the chores are done,
When John (he passes the meadow gate)
Gives me a scowl, and—will not wait.

I am only a farmer's girl,
So what can the Squire want of me?
My heart is John's; John knows it well;
But it isn't for me the truth to tell—
So bashful a lad is he!—
So the Squire may come and the Squire may go,
But all the answer he'll get is "no!"

The Squire praises my hair and eyes;
The Squire says I'm a lady born.
What care I for his foolish speech?
'Tis John's voice only my heart can teach
To sing like birds at morn.
But John is jealous, the foolish boy,
And my days are shorn of half their joy.

Oh, I am only a farmer's girl,
And John is only a farmer's lad,
But I'd rather be his in his humble life
Than be a "lady" as Squire's wife,
With a restless heart and sad!
But John—so bashful a boy is he!—
Is a long while asking my heart of me.

JENISON'S BET.

When the widow Coe married Jason Carter she brought him no money at all; only a small, stony farm in Noppit, that had been her father's and two wild boys of ten and twelve years' growth. Jack and Dan were hard subjects for a step-father to rule, and Jason Carter found his hands full. Naturally he was a quiet, gentle, but persistent man; in his youth he had run away to sea, and for fifteen years had been a common sailor, which had pretty well knocked the quiet out of and the persistence into him. In this time he had learned to swear, as a matter of course, though he had been strictly brought up, and went to church and Sunday school always. His mother would have cried her eyes out to hear him talk in this fashion, but she never did; his father would have used the rod, but he also was spared the trouble, for both father and mother had died before Jason came back, and when he found they were gone he never went back to Tolland, but after he got tired of sea-going took to peddling notions about the country, and at last married the widow Coe and settled down in Noppit.

He had stopped swearing long ago; under dear old Father Taylor's preaching he had been converted between his last two voyages, and though profanity had become a habit with him, he had conquered it at last, after years of patient endeavor, and now was so gentle, and pleasant, and pious, that Phœbe Coe thought her last days would be her best days.

He had come to know the widow Coe from being an old shipmate of her brother, John Wires; who had also left seafaring because he had injured a knee, and because too lame to climb rigging; so he set up a small shop in Boston, where he sold tobacco, twine, and other odds and ends; but he had been married and had one son, called Jenison. This boy was about the age of widow Coe's youngest son, for her brother had married soon after she did, while he was still a sailor; and when Jason Carter began the peddling business, John Wires had told him to stop when he went through Scranton and see his sister. The children were small, and their father living, when Jason first saw them, and they learned to look for "Uncle Jase" every spring and fall with delight, for he always brought them marbles, tops, candy, string, and made them bows and kites, sure passports to a boy's heart. So when their poor drunken father died and the widow found herself left without a penny, she moved over to Noppit to live with her father, and when he died, too, leaving her all he had, the farm from which he had scratched a scanty living, and she found herself alone and helpless, she listened favorably to Jason Carter's proposal, for he was tired of his wandering life as she of her loneliness, and married him. The boys were glad, for they loved him, and they never had loved their own father, and Jason was as good to them as if they were his own, though a certain thrill of emotion shook him when his baby daughter came, that never had troubled that worn old heart in any emergency of Jack or Dan. But then Celia was a girl; of course that made it different! Jason, when compared with his predecessor, was as mild and pleasant about the house as a spring day after stormy winter. He became a useful and prominent member in the Noppit church, and never was heard to utter a profane or impatient word. Jack and Dan loved him as much as healthy boys love anything but mischief and meals, and Phœbe was entirely happy.

True, they were poor; Jason had a few hundred dollars laid by, but the Noppit farm was too sterile to produce crops enough to support the family, so he laid out his little capital, or part of it, in a good breed of sheep, which found abundant living among mullens, hardhack and huckleberry bushes, and proved in one time a profitable investment. For in those days dogs, the curse of New England, were by no means common in the country; there was no reason for keeping them, and farmers had money and mutton instead of hydrophobia and horrors. The wool sold well always and kept the family in socks, for Jason's wife could spin and knit with wonderful rapidity; the lambs he had not room to raise were sent to Hartford and sold to the butchers, and now and then a fat old wether went to the meatman's cart in the shape of juicy quarters. one day more of the week was available, and Jenison was put on his mettle, and laid plans accordingly. They had prayers always before breakfast, and the weather was so warm and the kitchen so hot that Jenison set the outer door open But the glory of the flock was a big black-faced ram, who terrified marauding boys and intruding vagabonds, and asked no better fun than to send somebody heels overhead whenever he had a chance. Jack and Dan had brought him up from lambhood, but he was no longer a lamb, and of his painstaking education only one trait staid by him, a distinct and angry recollection of the rod that had not been spared on his early and somewhat stupid youth. To the day of Billy's death a little stick, shaken before anything, would send him, "head-on," at that luckless object, and the boys often amused themselves by climbing the pine rail fence and dangling a small switch full in Billy's sight against a big post; the result was sudden and severe to Billy, and he might have seriously injured himself if daddy, as the boys called Jason, had not found them at this sport one day and strictly forbidden it. Cruelty to animals was one of the few things that roused his choler and made him imperative.

One summer Mrs. Carter received a letter from her brother asking her to take his boy for a few months; his wife was so feeble that she was going home to her father's with the baby and a young child, and Jenison could not go with her for want of room. Mr. Wires did not want him in the city with him, at a boarding-house, but was willing to pay his board in Noppit; so he came.

Jenison Wires was a sharp city-bred boy, with very little faith in anybody's goodness. His father was a pushing, money-making, profane man, and his mother a meek cipher; he himself, at the mature age of fourteen could smoke and swear and talk sailor slang glibly, for he had run about the wharves ever since he could run anywhere. Mrs. Carter was troubled and disgusted to find such a boy on her hands. Jason considered that Providence had sent the lad there for his good, and resolved to pray for him as for his own boys, to set him as good an example as he tried to set Jack and Dan, and to "deal with him," as he expressed it, "with a view to his eternal salvation." The boys thought Jenison was wonderful. He knew so much, he had seen so many things; he had such a pocket-knife, such marbles, such a swagger! But when his first round oath came out Jack and Dan were startled.

"Look-a-here!" said Jack; "don't you let daddy hear no such talk as that; he'll tune ye, ef he does, and no mistake."

"Whe-e-ew!" responded Jenison; "I ain't a baby; I guess I'll swear if I want to, for all him; he ain't so pious himself, I bet, but what he rips out sometimes!"

"He don't! he don't never!" the boys exclaimed in unison.

"H'm! I guess you don't hear him; the old fellow keeps shady before folks, but he used to swear like a Botany Bay pirate. I've heerd pa say so!"

The boys were shocked into momentary silence; but recovered themselves soon.

"I don't believe it!" said positive Dan.

"And if he ever did, he don't now," added reasonable Jack; "he's awful good; he's a professor; he prays in meetin' and to home too, and he don't never scold, nor swear, nor nothin'. Scarce ever he licks a feller; he did give Dan and me one whalin', but he'd oughter hev, that's a fact. Dan he told a thunderin' lie and I backed him up. I tell ye! we was sore for one spell, arter he found it out."

"Well, I know he used to swear aboard ship. I've heard pa tell more stories about him. They called him 'Still Jase,' to be sure, but when he got riled, the fur flew! I'll bet my jackknife I can make him swear inside of next week!"

"I'll bet my head you can't!" retorted Dan.

"I don't know as I want your head for anything, but I'll bet my knife against that cake o' maple sugar you've got in the closet, that I'll set Uncle Jase a swearin' before next week's over."

The boys were so sure that nothing could make daddy swear, and so pleased with their first bet of any importance, that they accepted the terms at once, and Jenison began to cudgel his brains for means of tripping up Jason Carter's tongue.

One day he slyly let down the bars into a field of clover, getting up before light to do it; the two cows, turned out of the barnyard to nip at the roadside until Dan or Jack could drive them to pasture, accepted the bait, entered the clover, and rioted in its fragrant crimson spheres, half killing themselves with greedy feeding. Jack found them half an hour after chores were done, in the condition that results to cows from eating green clover, and Uncle Jason worked over the poor creatures all day, without a word of impatience, though he said more than once: "I wish I knew who let down them bars; I'd kinder like to say a word in season to him."

The pins were taken out of the oxyoke and never found, egg-shells strewed the mow, while the family never could have any eggs for their own use, the nests being always empty; the great gray cat's tail was singed to bareness, and her ears snipped, but Uncle Jase never swore or lost his temper; his scythe-snath disappeared, but he borrowed another; the grindstone was soaped, the haycutter broken, hoes and rakes disappeared when wanted, and reappeared when useless; his razor was mislaid and hopelessly dulled when he found it, and a thousand petty annoyances heaped on him in vain; he only said to his wife, "It does beat all, Phœbe, what's got inter things this week; seems as if I never was so pestered. It ain't in human natur for things to happen so; somebody's doin' on't, I feel to believe; but I declare for't I can't see into it a mite."

Jack and Dan began to triumph; only wide this morning, and stepping out, just as his uncle laid down the Bible, under pretext of scaring an old hen away, the boy opened a little side gate into the lot where he had previously driven the old ram, and laying a train of salt to a big lump on the doorstep, retreated speedily to the kitchen and knelt down next to Mr. Carter, where he had left his chair. Billy had seen the tin pan in Jenison's hand, and knew it meant salt; he followed the train surely to the door, and having begun to nibble the lump heard an earnest and accustomed voice near by and looked up into the kitchen door. Jason was praying earnestly, and the rest had their eyes closed and heads bent—all but Jenison, who was watching Billy from under his arm. As he saw the ram look in, he picked up a short switch from under his chair, and held it threateningly over his uncle's back. Billy gave one great leap across the floor, charged Uncle Jase in the rear, and sent him sprawling.

"Damn that ram!" he roared, in a voice of thunder.

Jack and Dan sprang up at once, drove Billy out and shut the door, but before they could speak their father was on his knees again, pouring out such earnest, humble confession of the sin he had been betrayed into, such tearful petition for pardon, such heartfelt contrition for a lapse that seemed to him dreadful, after long years of prayer and struggle, that hard and bad as Jenison Wires was, he could not bear it; it was the turning point of the boy's life; he got up from his knees and confessed the whole thing to his uncle, and asked his forgiveness; and the other boys cried heartily.

Jason Carter never forgot that day; it was remembered with humility and thankfulness both; for years after Jenison told him, with deep feeling, that he had learned then and there to respect religion, and that is the first step toward desiring and obtaining it.

Jenison never claimed his bet, but when he went home gave Dan his knife for a remembrance; and years after Deacon Jason Corter was dead and gone, his step-son recalled with affection, reverence and amusement mingled, the only oath they ever heard him speak, and how it was brought about by Jenison's bet.—*Rose Terry Cooke, in Sunday Afternoon.*

Spider Thread.

The natural fierceness of spiders prevents their labors from being utilized for the benefit of mankind. They cannot be bred and kept together. Four or five thousand being distributed in cells, fifty in some, one or two hundred in others, the big ones soon killed and ate the smaller ones, so that in a short time there were scarcely above one or two left in each cell; and to this inclination of devouring their own species is attributed the scarcity of spiders, when compared with the vast number of eggs they lay. It is also affirmed that the web of the spider is inferior in strength and lustre to the silkworm, and produces less of the material fit for use. The thread of the spider's web can only bear a weight of two grains without breaking; and the bag sustains the weight of thirty-six grains. The thread of a silkworm will bear two grains and a half, so that five threads of the spider are necessary to form a cord equal to that of a silkworm; and as it would be impossible to apply these so closely together as to avoid leaving any empty space, from which the light would not be reflected, the lustre would consequently be considerably less. Spiders afford less silk than silkworms, the work of twelve only equaling that of one silk worm; a pound of silk will require at least twenty-seven thousand, six hundred and forty-eight spiders. But as the bags are solely the work of the females, who spin them to deposit their eggs in, there must be kept fifty-five thousand, two hundred and ninety-six spiders to yield one pound of silk; and this will apply to the good ones only, the spiders in gardens barely yielding a twelfth part of the silk of the domestic kinds; two hundred and eighty of them would not produce more than one silkworm, and six hundred and sixty-three thousand, five hundred and fifty-five such spiders would scarcely yield a pound of silk! From this it will be seen that the manufacture of spider silk is a difficult and most impossible undertaking.

There is a wonderful power in the imagination, but it gets weak in the knees when it undertakes to shoulder circus lemonade.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

A late invention combines an ironing-table, step-ladder and a chair.

The exact cost of the construction of the Paris Exposition buildings and grounds is now estimated at 45,300,000 francs, or $9,060,000.

Liebig's experiment of curing intemperance by a strictly farinaceous diet, has been tested in twenty-seven cases in this country with very good effect.

Professor Riley, the government entomologist, estimates that the annual loss to agriculture in the United States from destructive insects is not less than $150,000,000.

The great middle State streams, like the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio, are being stocked by Professor Baird's fish hatching establishment with millions of shad eggs and California salmon.

There was lately a meeting of leading silk merchants in China to protest against the introduction of the telegraph, as they apprehend that it will be injurious to their trade.

Mrs. Bell, of Oxford, Mich., has not eaten a particle of solid food for twenty years, a cancerous affection of the stomach having made it so painful to her that she has lived on liquids, and still she has done her housework most of the time.

It is only within the past six years that the Japanese have attempted to make use of the petroleum wells existing within their domains. Now several refining establishments are in operation, and the manufacture of kerosene oil has become an important industry.

Frederick Hasse graduatad at the head of his class in a German university, in 1870. He was heir to $80,000, and his prospect of a successful career could hardly have been brighter. A few days ago he died in St. Louis, where he had for a year been a porter in a medical college. An appetite for opium killed him.

On the recent arrival in Paris of the Shah of Persia, his suite comprised fifteen officials and ten servants. Included in the Shah's baggage were thirty-six boxes of gold coins, each containing $24,000. Eighteen men were detailed by the hotel proprietor to watch the baggage, and in addition the chief of police sent twelve men for the purpose.

One of Mr. Edison's chief characteristics is said to be a strong reliance upon himself. In other words, he never gets discouraged. When it was suggested to him to try a diamond-pointed needle for the phonograph, he said, "I intend to, but I cannot get the lapidaries in New York to make just what I want. So I am going to rig up the necessary mechanism and make a diamond-pointed needle myself."

In some parts of China crickets are regularly trained for combat, by being kept in small, earthenware pots, with a little mould and a tiny cup of water, and fed on fish, insects, boiled chestnuts and boiled rice. If they catch cold their health is restored by rations of mosquitoes. At the cricket pit they are matched according to size, weight and color, and a cricket that wins many victories is highly honored, and buried in a small silver coffin when it dies.

The Smithsonian Institution, which has been engaged for more than a quarter of a century in researches into the antiquities of America, and has during that time published many important memoirs on the subject, is about to issue an exhaustive work on American archæology with numerous illustrations and maps. The institution, therefore, is anxious to collect from every available source whatever is known or can be ascertained by special investigation, of the antiquities of North America, and it invites the co-operation of all interested in the work.

Upon the appearance of rolling-chairs at the Paris Exposition nobody could be induced to ride in them. At last an old gentleman, being much entreated and being promised that the trip should cost him nothing, took his seat and was wheeled about. Everybody he met smiled, then laughed, then laughed louder, and presently he had a large surrounding. In disgust he left the chair, and then found that a placard upon it said that it was "especially useful for elderly and weak persons, particularly for men suffering from the results of overdrinking."

Some years ago the experiment of bridging Broadway, New York, for the convenience of foot passengers was tried, and afterwards the bridge was abandoned. Now Paris intends to adopt the bridge plan, and arched gangways will be erected over the boulevards, leading from pavement to pavement. These "passerelles" will form double arches at the meeting of four streets, two bridges crossing one another diagonally in the very middle of the street, and being so connected that the passengers on arriving at the central point may take any one of the three directions; that is to say, may either go straight on or turn at straight angles to the right or left.

The question whether postal officials have a right, under any circumstances, except by due process of law, to open letters or sealed packages in the mails, has again been answered in the negative by the Supreme Court of the United States. "Sealed mailed matter," says the decision, "is as fully guarded from examination and inspection, except as to their outward form and weight, as if they were retained by the parties forwarding them in their own domiciles. The Constitutional guarantee of the right of the people to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures extends to their papers, thus closed against inspection, wherever they may be. No law of Congress can place in the hands of officials connected with the postal service any authority to invade the secrecy of the sealed packages in the mail."

France reckons two braves more. A fireman at Tarbes rushed among the burning ruins of a house to save his captain and a clergyman, who were buried beneath the floor in endeavoring to rescue the inmates. The fireman remained trying to extricate the captain, but without avail, till the flesh peeled off his hands and face. He has died from his wounds, has been buried at the nation's expense, and for a month his name will be read out first on the roll-call of every regiment in the army. Jean Plantier is a pointsman, and a few months ago, in endeavoring to close the gates of a crossing, he was struck down by a goods train, and his arm amputated. Not a soul was within reach, and aware that an express train was due, he tied up the bleeding stump, and remained at his post till a station-master, informed by the engine-driver that some accident had occurred, picked up the arm from the rail and succored the hero.

William Cullen Bryant's summer residence was at the home of his boyhood, in Cummington, among the hills of western Massachusetts. The farm is rough, and the house stands on what is called Zion's Hill. Some of the land has been made fertile by drainage and enriching. Mr. Bryant bought the place about twelve years ago, and partly rebuilt the old house, which is two stories in height, painted brown, and has a dormered roof. He spent several months of every fall and summer there, and his daughters lived with him or in the neighborhood. He usually walked several miles to church every Sunday, and almost invariably slept through the sermon. A writer in the Springfield *Republican* says: "He almost lived out of doors, caring little for the weather, and ready with the axe or pruning knife, or anything that gave hearty exercise. At seventy-five he could leap into the air, catch at a bough, and swing himself along by it like a very boy, and we presume he could even later than that. Any one driving or walking in that vicinity was liable to spy the poet in woods or field under a broad-brimmed straw, his great snowy beard and slender figure attracting the eye among any number of other men; and his tense, wiry way of walking, as if it were no effort at all, but something purely mechanical, was very peculiar."

Steinberg's Goose.

A New York paper says: Gustave Schmidt, who is noted for the interest he takes in rifle shooting, entered the saloon of John Lutz, and drew from his pocket a fine revolver which he had recently purchased, and which he exhibited with pride to Lutz and to those of his friends who were in the saloon at the time. Schmidt spoke boastingly of his own powers as a marksman, and offered to make a bet of ten dollars that he could hit a mark at the other end of the room.

"Do you see that goose," said Lutz, contemptuously, pointing to a fowl that could be seen through the open door waddling about the back yard. "You give me a dollar and I'll let you fire three shots at her, and if you hit her once you can have her."

Schmidt accepted the offer, and fired from where he was standing, bringing down the goose. A roar of laughter greeted his achievement. He walked proudly into the yard and took the goose, supposing that the merriment was at Lutz's expense. As he entered the saloon with the fowl in his hand, the side door of the saloon was thrown violently open and an angry man ran into the saloon. This was Henry Steinberg, the owner of the goose. His first act was to knock Schmidt down, and his second was to explain his reasons for doing. When Schmidt understood how he had been taken in, he knocked Lutz down and demanded the return of his money, Steinberg in the meantime busying himself in asking both of them to pay for the goose. The noise attracted the attention of Officer Wheeler, who entered the saloon. After some discussion he arrested Lutz on the complaint of Schmidt, who charged him with obtaining one dollar by false pretenses; Schmidt, on the complaint of Lutz, on a charge of assault and battery, and Steinberg on a similar charge, also made by Schmidt.

When the prisoners were taken to the station-house, and the sergeant heard with wondering eyes the various complaints, he turned to Wheeler and asked if that were all. "Why, no," was the answer; "Lutz was selling liquor without a license. Schmidt hasn't a permit to carry that pistol, and that the other man, Steinberg, hasn't got any permit from the Board of Health to keep his goose."

When the prisoners were taken before Justice Flammer, in the Essex Market Police Court, recently, a long investigation was held, and the court room was crowded by the friends of the three prisoners. Lutz said it was all a joke, and gave back the dollar, withdrawing his charge against Schmidt. The latter, touched by this spirit of conciliation, withdrew his charges against Lutz and Steinberg, and the owner of the goose forgave the marksman, when the latter and the saloon keeper each promised to pay half the value of the goose. Their misunderstandings being over, they expected to be allowed to go. But just then Officer Wheeler and his charges loomed up like grim fate. Justice Flammer required Lutz to give $100 bail on a charge of violating the excise law, held Steinberg in the same amount for keeping geese without a permit and fined Schmidt $5 for carrying a pistol without a permit.

The Tides and the Earth.

Tides are caused mainly by the moon, as it were, catching hold of the waters as the earth revolves round on its axis. This must cause friction on the earth, as it revolves, and friction, as every one knows, causes loss of power. Suppose a wheel with hair round its rim, like a circular brush such as is used for hair-brushing by machinery; if this brush be revolving rapidly, and we hold our hand ever so lightly on the hair, so that it is slightly rubbed backward as the wheel revolves, we can understand that the speed of the wheel will be gradually diminished, until at last it will be brought to a standstill, provided that there is no additional power communicated to the wheel by machinery or hand beyond what was given to set it spinning round. Now this is somewhat analogous to what is happening to the earth in its rotation. There is reason to suppose that the action of the tides is slowly but surely lessening the speed of the earth's rotation, and consequently increasing the length of the day, and this action will continue until the earth revolves on its own axis in the same time that the moon takes to revolve round the earth. Then the earth, instead of being twenty-four hours as now, will be about twenty-eight days, and the earth will be exposed to the full blaze of the sun for about fourteen days at a time. The change this will bring about on the face of the earth can hardly be exaggerated. All life, both animal and vegitable, will be destroyed; all water will be evaporated; the solid rocks will be scorched and cracked, and the whole world reduced to a dreary and barren wilderness. It is supposed by some that the moon has already passed through all this, hence its shattered and bare-looking surface. That the earth being so much larger, has more quickly acted upon the oceans which once were upon the moon's surface and stopped almost entirely its revolution round its own axis, thus causing it to have a day equal to twenty-eight of our days, and the heat of the sun has already done to it what in future ages it will do to the earth.—"*Science for All.*"

Combative Utah Ants.

Among the many curiosities of Utah, the red and black ant is excelled by none. One of those ants, weighing only one-fourth of a grain, troy, can draw four grains, or sixteen times its own weight, with apparent ease. As a warrior, its courage is wonderful. The other day I witnessed an attack of four ants, one after another, on a green worm, and each retired from the conflict badly wounded, the worm resisting the attack vigorously. The wounded ants meeting companions, reported their troubles, and soon seven ants were seen advancing in a line of battle on his wormship, when a hard battle took place. The worm made frantic efforts to relieve himself, but all in vain. In one minute from the time of the attack, the worm was lifeless, the ants still holding to him. I placed them in water, when to all appearances they became lifeless, but still held their grip on the worm. I then placed them in the warm rays of the sun for ten minutes, when they were all right again, and hauled their victim off to their hill.—*Correspondent Salt Lake Tribune.*

The Siamese Twins Outdone.

There is on exhibition in New York a natural curiosity that far surpasses in wonder the celebrated Siamese twins. It is a pair of twins, with two heads and two pairs of arms, but only a single pair of legs. The trunks are joined at the thighs, the two backbones forming a V, and every part of the children, with the exception of this one freak of nature, is perfect. Their sex is female, and they are both pretty little babies, not the dwarfed and puny creatures that are usually exhibited. They are known as the St. Benoit twins, having been born in the Canadian town of that name. The parents are both with the children, and take pride in exhibiting them to the public. They have one other child, a girl of two years, entirely free from blemish. The parents are twenty-six years old, their names are Drouni, and they can speak no English. The children are about six months old, and give every promise of growing to womanhood.

AMERICAN ORGANS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—Every American visiting our Section will conceive a legitimate pride at the well-merited praise which he will hear from the great European musical critics who constantly swarm around Messrs, Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs, and openly acknowledge that nothing in Europe can be compared with the Exhaust Bellows and Separate Vibrators peculiar to American Organs, as especially perfected in the Mason & Hamlin instruments.—*Paris (France) Register*, June 1, 1878.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Little Impatience.

It takes so many hours to make a day!
It takes so many days to make a year!
My seventh birthday seems so far away,
And yet my eighth, they say, is nowhere near!

The robins' nest out in the cherry-tree
Held four young birds,—naked, and weak and small,
A month ago!—so fast they grew, you see,
There's not a robin in the nest at all!

They flew, full grown!—and I'm no bigger now
Than when the nest was built that one can see.
How robins grow so fast, and girls so slow,
Is very strange indeed, it seems to me.

I wonder how 'twould seem to be seventeen,
And wear long dresses like my Cousin Sue,
She has a watch,—the prettiest ever seen,
And winds it all herself,—as I should do.

I s'pose I shall be married too, some day,
As mamma was. I've seen her veil and dress;
They're in the bureau draw, laid away,
She's saving them for me to wear, I guess.

I wonder who I'll have! Not Cousin
Nor teasing Clare! Maybe my Uncle Tim.
My papa is the nicest man I know;
But mamma's very sure she can't spare him!
—*Joy Allison.*

Treasures from the Deep.

"The sea," says a writer who has deeply studied the subject, "contains in its bosom an exuberance of life, of which no other region of the globe affords any idea. Our forests do not afford an asylum to nearly so many animals as do those of the ocean. For the sea has its forests, long marine herbs, or the floating banks of sea-weed which the waves have detached. If we could plunge our glances into the liquid crystal of the Indian ocean, we should see realized therein the fairy tales of our infancy. Fantastic shrubs decked with living flowers, the richest colors glowing everywhere; greens and browns, the liveliest reds, and the most intense blues. The sand is sprinkled with sea-hedgehogs and sea-stars, of fantastic forms and varied colors. The sea-anemones, like great cactus flowers, adorn the rocks with their crowns, or spread over the ocean like a flower-bed of brilliant flowers. The humming-birds of ocean, small, gleaming fishes, some bright, with a metallic splendor of blue or vermilion, some with a gilded green or dazzling silver luster, play around the coral bushes. Light as spirits of the abyss, the white or blue bells of the medusa float through this enchanted world."

But if our coasts do not present us such a fairy land as this, they yet provide us with many wonderful and beautiful things. See, here is an oyster. "Not much beauty here," you say. No, but much to wonder at. He does not seem well placed for happiness, though without a doubt he has his joys. His life is spent between two heavy, stony plates, with which he can secure himself. Those lovely things called pearls are, however, his special treasure. They are caused by wounds made by worms boring the shells and hurting their bodies. Pearly matter is thrown out freely on the injured spot, which soon becomes a pearl of greater or less size. Or sometimes a grain of sand gets into the oyster's house and irritates him, upon which he coats it over with pearly matter.

Here is a little crab. It lives, you see, in a hard shell. The shell does not grow, but the crab does, and therefore he wants a new shell now and then. When he feels that he must cast off his old shell he first of all gets into some hole, where he can lie safely while he is weak and helpless. Then he goes without food until he is very thin, and his clothes hang about him, as we say. In this state a new shell, soft and elastic, forms about his body. Then the crab struggles and splits his old shell, and pulls his long legs out of his boots. When he has got safely over this strange process the crab increases rapidly in size, and his new suit becomes in a few days as hard as his former one.

Here is a star-fish, or asteria, often called the five-finger. Its mouth, you see, is in the middle of the under side, and it is a great devourer of small shell-fish. It is considered so destructive to oysters, that by old laws, every man was liable to be punished who did not kill the five-finger when he saw it.

And what is this mass of jelly? It is a creature called the medusa, or sea-nettle. It has received its latter name because it makes your skin smart when you touch it. While the medusa is floating, many tentacles or nets may be seen hanging from its underside. With these it catches food. If you take a medusa alive, you will find it impossible to hold it in your fingers. It will divide into parts and fall a shapeless mass. Sometimes these strange animals may be seen below a ship's keel, glowing like white-hot cannon balls.

Perhaps the most wonderful creatures of all, if we consider their works, are the Polypi. These animals are of a soft, jelly-like substance, sometimes shaped like a bell or a pill-box. The sea-anemones, as they are called, belong to this class. Round an opening or mouth in the upper side are arranged a number of arms, like the petals of a daisy, by means of which the creature seizes his prey. The prey is sometimes quite as large as the polypi itself, but it is sucked into the interior and there destroyed; the shell, if there is one, being vomited forth afterwards. This animal-flower is fixed on a rock, along which it can slowly crawl.

The polypi form the substances called coral and madrepore. By their means immense reefs of solid rock, which stem the mighty waves and form large islands, are raised in mid ocean.

One of the most useful treasures of the sea is the Sponge. It is believed to be an animal, but the lowest of all animals. No feelings have ever yet been discovered in the sponge, though it has been pinched and tortured with red-hot irons. It is pierced in all directions by canals, out of which opening streams of water are being constantly discharged. It is supposed the creature sucks the water into its body by small pores, and gets rid of it when it has drained it of all its nourishing matter.

Fabulous Yield of the Bonanzas.

A San Francisco paper says: Credible authority estimates the total yield of precious metals in Peru from 1630 to 1803 as $1,232,000,000, of which three mines—the Cerro de Pasco, Hualgayoc, and Huantazaya—yielded in round figures $850,000,000. Nearly two-fifths of this enormous sum was the product of the Cerro de Pasco mine. But the $340,000,000 yield by this historical mine was the aggregate for a period of 173 years. Between 1545 and 1789 the total yield of Potosi was $1,000,000,000. The present yield of the 1,000 or more mines in the district is less than $2,500,000 annually. Compared with the product of the bonanzas, these mines, which placed Spain in the front rank of the nations of the earth, and through which only her great military and naval achievements were possible—these tales of almost fabulous wealth pale into insignificance. Of the $275,000,000 which the Comstock lode has yielded since its discovery twenty years ago, $100,000,000 has been taken alone from the Consolidated Virginia and California mines. Nearly every dollar of this vast amount has been taken out since 1873.

Lumps of Lightning.

The Indiana *State Journal* tells this curious farm field incident: Recently a man while ploughing near Battle Creek, Mich., was startled by a flash of blinding light. It was mid-day, and the sky was clear. There were no clouds in sight, and no report was heard, so that it could not be attributed to lightning. The cause of the flash remained a mystery until a day or two ago, when a close inspection of the neighborhood disclosed the presence on the ground of a number of fragments believed to be of meteoric origin. They are black on the inside, and of light weight and but little density, resembling cinders from a body which had been subjected to intense heat. The outside is covered with a thin, glossy coating, probably formed by the melting of the outer surface in consequence of friction while passing through the atmosphere.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

Thirteen buildings were destroyed by a fire in Buffalo, N. Y., entailing a loss of about $1C0,000.

While several of the boys of the New York Juvenile Asylum were playing base ball, James Crawley, aged fourteen, was accidentally struck on the head by a bat in the hands of William Hamilton, aged twelve, and instantly killed.

There was some impediment in the working of the blast furnace of Stephen Robbins & Sons, Philadelphia, and an effort was made to cool it off, when an arch of fire was formed in the furnace, which fell into the water beneath. The great steam pressure thus formed fatally scalded the superintendent, John McChesney, and badly injured six other men.

William E. Gray, who swindled New York bankers and others out of large sums by altering the face value of bonds, and then fled to Europe, where he continued his nefarious operations, evading justice for a long time, arrived in New York the other day in charge of a detective.

Tom Ballard, a noted counterfeiter who was serving a term of thirty years in the Albany (N. Y.) penitentiary for making counterfeit United States notes, stabbed himself in various parts of the body with a shoemaker's knife, inflicting fatal wounds.

At a conference with New York bankers Secretary Sherman said that he would begin to make specie payments on August 1st, and that he had in the treasury $121,000,000 in gold exclusively for the purposes of resumption.

The most important changes made recently are the removals of General Arthur from the position of collector of the port of New York and A. B. Cornell from the position of naval officer of the same city. General Arthur is succeeded by General E. A. Merritt and Mr. Cornell by Colonel S. W. Burt. While Congress was in session the President nominated Mr. Roosevelt for collector but the nomination was rejected by the Senate.

The following persons have been killed by lightning recently: Charles P. Oakes, aged nine, near Babylon, N. Y.; Annie Finch, at Millville, N. J., and Hezekiah Shaler, at Haddam, Conn.

The receiver of the suspended Teutonia savings bank, of New York, has made a discovery which implicates the whole board of trustees as well as officers of the bank in operations of the most nefarious character. The secretary of the institution has confessed that he was in the habit of buying bonds, charging upon the books a higher price than what he actually paid, and dividing the difference among the trustees. He also confessed that the salaries of the president, treasurer and secretary at one time were divided into two parts; one part was paid to those officers while the other was shared among the trustees. Altogether $29,344 were thus fraudulently divided. Civil action to recover this amount has been begun, and the trustees have been put under bail in $10,000 each. One trustee has made affidavit that he received money at various times from the secretary, but supposed it was commissions to which he was partly entitled. The great majority of the bank's depositers are people in humble circumstances.

Dr. W. F. Carver, the phenomenal markeman from the Pacific Slope, has performed the most wonderful feat of endurance in rifle shooting on record. At the Brooklyn Driving Park he broke 5,500 glass balls with a rifle inside of 600 minutes. The feat required great strength and skill, as the marksman was required to lift a gun weighing over ten pounds to his shoulder more than 6,000 times in the specified time. Dr. Carver nearly failed in his task, owing to an inflammation in his eyes which caused intense suffering, but he persisted in his undertaking, and at the close had forty-one minutes to spare.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* publishes crop reports from a large number of places in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, which indicate that there is not only a greater acreage of wheat than in any former year, but that the average product per acre is larger than ever before.

Western and Southern States.

The number of hostile Indians on the warpath in Idaho and Oregon is estimated at about 2,500.

Democratic State conventions have been held in Michigan and Missouri. In the former the ticket nominated is headed by Orlando M. Barnes for governor, and the platform adopted arraigns the Republican party, endorses the Presidential election investigation, declares that "gold and silver coin are the money of the Constitution, and that all paper currency should be converted into such coin at the will of the holder," and is "opposed to the further forcible reduction of the volume of currency." In Missouri the platform adopted opposes large standing armies, declares that while the question who should be President is settled "that decision ought not to preclude a full investigation and exposure of all frauds connected with that election and the accountability of all who were guiltily concerned," denounces the national banking system, says greenbacks should be made a legal tender, demands the repeal of the resumption act, urges Mississippi river improvements, sympathizes with and promises relief to the working classes, and advocates a reduction in expenditures of national, State and municipal governments.

A battle has taken place in Northwestern Oregon between the Indians and General Howard's troops, in which the latter were successful, driving the hostiles from one fortified position to another and pushing them so hard that they abandoned many of their horses. The troops had five men wounded and about twenty horses killed. The loss of the Indians could not be ascertained.

At Galesburg, Ill., Mrs. Spaulding, divorced wife of Martin O'Conor, killed him with a revolver shot and then wounded herself fatally.

Mike Shaw, wife murderer, was hanged at Milledgeville, Ga., in presence of five thousand people, and at Princess Anne, Md., Hiram Fooke (colored) was hanged for the murder of a colored youth.

A gang of about 250 tramps captured a railroad train in Wisconsin, when the militia and citizens of Madison came to the rescue, caught forty-seven of the tramps and dispersed the rest.

From Washington.

During the twelve months ended June 30, 1878, the issues of ordinary postage stamps by the post office department amounted to $19,468,618, as against $18,181,696 for the preceding year. The issues of newspaper stamps increased from $1,000,605 to $1,093,845, and the issues of stamped envelopes and wrappers decreased from $4,616,932 to $4,605,774. The issues of postal cards increased from about 170,000,000 in number to 200,063,000. The total amount of increase in the issues for sale to the public was $1,975,169 or 7¾ per cent., as compared with the previous year.

General Sherman has called the attention of all officers of the army to the clause of the army appropriation bill which declares it shall not be lawful for any part of the army to be employed as a *posse comitatus*, or otherwise, for the purpose of executing laws. General Sherman concludes his orders by directing officers not to permit the use of troops under their command to aid the civil authorities in the execution of laws, except as provided by the constitution and Congress.

The acting secretary of the treasury has issued the sixty-first call for the redemption of 5-20 bonds of 1865, consols of 1865. The call is for $5,000,000, of which $2,500,000 are coupon and $2,500,000 registered bonds. The principal and interest will be paid at the treasury on and after the 11th day of October next, and the interest will cease on that day.

The national bureau of education has obtained five spacious apartments for the display of a large collection of educational articles which were presented to the United States at the close of the Centennial Exposition by various foreign governments. The collection contains nearly 4,000 distinct classes of articles, representing the entire educational apparatus and methods of nearly every European country, and several of the South American States.

Alleged stupendous frauds have been discovered by a Washington commissioner among the Indian agencies in the vicinity of Yankton, Dakota Territory. A recent investigation has led to the discovery of a conspiracy between agents and traders in which vouchers and pay-rolls were forged and government material used for private gain to a startling extent.

While the customs returns have fallen off somewhat of late, the internal revenue receipts have increased largely.

Mr. Dodge, statistician of the department of agriculture, has resigned.

Foreign News.

Prince Milan has issued a proclamation declaring the independence of Servia, which was secured by the treaty of San Stefano and ratified by the European congress.

Hoedel, who attempted to assassinate the Emperor of Germany, has been sentenced to death.

A telegram from Sydney, New South Wales, states that two tribes of natives have risen against the government on the island of New Caledonia and massacred 125 whites, including women and children. They have also captured two military stations.

An official statement announcing the conclusion of the Anglo-Turkish alliance is published in Constantinople. The statement says that England has engaged to pay the Porte $750,000 yearly, whereas the present revenue of the island of Cyprus is only $600,000 per annum.

Nearly all the class juries of the Paris Exposition have finished their work and submitted reports to the group juries; the latter have passed upon the reports thus far presented, making very few changes. Nothing is officially known of the result, but it is unofficially stated that the Americans have obtained more prizes than the citizens of any other country in proportion to the number of exhibitors