Sun-Song.

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

What makes the birds so merry?
What makes so ripe the cherry?
It is the Sun that comes along
To mellow fruit and mellow song;
This makes the birds so merry,
This makes so ripe the cherry.

What warms the blood that rushes
To bring the tint that blushes?
It is the Sun imparting heat
To rosy lips to make them sweet.
This warms the blood that rushes
To bring the tint that blushes.

Why are the flowers growing,
With odors overflowing?
Because the Sun each blossom loves
More than the honey-bee that roves.
For this the flowers are growing,
With odors overflowing.

—*Scribner.*

Saved by a Flash of Lightning.

My name is Hunt. Yes, sir; Anthony Hunt. I am a settler on this Western prairie. Wilds! Yes, sir; it's little else than wilds now, but you should have seen it when I and my wife first moved up here. There was not a house within sight for miles. Even now we have not many neighbors; but those we have are downright good ones. To appreciate your neighbors as you ought, sir, you must live in these lonely places, so far removed from the haunts of man.

What I am about to tell of happened ten years ago. I was going to the distant town, or settlement, to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures, sir, as ever you saw. The journey was a more rare event with me than it is now; and my wife had always plenty of commissions to charge me with in the shape of dry goods and groceries, and such like things.

Our youngest child was a sweet little gentle thing, who had been named after her Aunt Dorothy. We called the child Dolly. This time my commission included one for her—a doll. She had never had a real doll; that is, a bought doll; only the rag bundles her mother made for her. For some days before my departure the child could talk of nothing else—or we, either, for the matter of that—for she was a great pet, the darling of us all. It was to be a big, big doll, with golden hair and blue eyes. I shall never forget the child's words the morning I was starting, as she ran after me to the gate, or the pretty picture she made. There are some children sweeter and prettier than others, sir, as you can't but have noticed, and Dolly was one.

"A very great big doll, please, daddy," she called out after me; "and please bring it very soon."

I turned to nod a "yes" to her as she stood in her clean whitey-brown pinafore against the gate, her nut-brown hair falling in curls about her neck and the light breeze stirring them.

"A brave doll," I answered, "for my little one—almost as big as Dolly."

Nobody would believe, I dare say, how full my thoughts were of that promised doll, as I rode along, or what a nice one I meant to buy. It was not often I spent money in what my good, thrifty wife would call waste; but Dolly was Dolly and meant to do it now.

The cattle sold, I went about my purchases, and soon had no end of parcels to be packed in the saddle-bags. Tea, sugar, rice, candles—but I need not weary you, sir, with telling of them, together with the calico for shirts and nightgowns and the delaine for the children's frocks. Last of all, I went about the doll, and found a beauty. It was not as big as Dolly, or half as big; but it had flaxen curls and sky-blue eyes; and by dint of pulling a wire you could open or shut the eyes at will.

"Do it up carefully," I said to the storekeeper. "My little daughter would cry sadly if any harm comes to it."

The day was pretty well ended before all my work was done; and, just for a moment or two, I hesitated whether I should not stay in the town and start for home in the morning. It would have been the more prudent course. But I thought of poor Dolly's anxiety to get her treasure, and of my own happiness in watching the rapture in her delighted eyes. So with my parcels packed in the best way they could be, I mounted my horse and started. It was as good and steady a horse as you ever rode, sir; but night began to set in before I was well a mile away from the town; it seemed as if it were going to be an ugly night, too. Again the thought struck me—should I turn back and wait till morning? I had the price of the cattle, you see, sir, in my breast pocket; and robberies, sir, ave, and murders, also, were not quite unknown things on the prairie. But I had my brace of sure pistols with me, and decided to press onward.

The night came on as dark as pitch, and part of the way my road would be pitch dark beside. But on that score I had no fear; I knew the road well, every inch of it, though I could not ride so fast as I should have done in the light. I was about six miles from home, I suppose, and I knew the time must be close upon midnight, when the storm which had been brewing broke. The thunder roared, the rain fell in torrents; the best I could do was to ride onward in it.

All at once, as I rode on, a cry startled me—a faint, wailing sound like the cry of a child. Reining up, I sat still and listened. Had I been mistaken? No, there it was again. But in what direction I could not tell. I couldn't see a thing. It was, as I have said, as dark as pitch. Getting off my horse, I felt about, but could find nothing. And while I was seeking, the cry came again—the faint moan of a child in pain. Then I began to wonder; I am not superstitious, but I asked myself how it was possible that a child could be out on the prairie at such an hour and in such a night. No; real child it could not be.

Upon that came another thought—one less welcome: Was it a trap to hinder me on my way and ensnare me? There might be midnight robbers who would easily hear of my almost-certain ride home that night, and of the money I should have about me.

I don't think, sir, I am more [illegible] than other people—not as much [illegible] perhaps, as some; but I confess the idea made me uneasy. My best plan was to ride on as fast as I could, and get out of the mystery into safe quarters. Just here was about the darkest bit of road in all the route. Mounting my horse, I was about to urge him on, when the cry came again. It did sound like a child's—the plaintive wail of a child nearly exhausted.

"God guide me!" I said, undecided what to do. As I sat another moment, listening, I once more heard the cry, fainter and more faint. I threw myself off my horse, with an exclamation.

"Be it ghost or be it robber, Anthony Hunt is not one to abandon a child to die without trying to save it."

And how was I to save it?—how find it? The more I searched about the less could my hands light on anything, save the sloppy earth. The voice had quite ceased now, so I had no guide from that. While I stood trying to peer into the darkness, all my ears alert, a flood of sheet lightning suddenly illumined the plain. At a little distance, just beyond a kind of ridge or gentle hill, I caught a glimpse of something white. It was dark again in a moment, but I made my way with unerring instinct. Sure enough, there lay a poor little child. Whether boy or girl I could not tell. It seemed to be three parts insensible now, so I took it up, dripping with wet, from the sloppy earth.

"My poor little thing!" I said, as I hushed it to me. "We'll go and find mammy. You are safe now."

And in answer the child just put out its feeble hand, moaned once, and nestled close to me.

With the child hushed to my breast I rode on. Its perfect silence soon showed me that it slept. And, sir, I thanked God that he had let me save it, and I thought how grateful some poor mother would be. But I was full of wonder for all that, wondering what extraordinary fate had taken any young child to that solitary spot.

Getting in sight of home, I saw all the windows alight. Deborah had done it for me, I thought, to guide me home in safety through the darkness. But presently I knew that something must be the matter, for the very few neighbors we had were gathered there. My heart stood still with fear. I thought of some calamity to one or other of the children. I had saved a little one from perishing, but what might not have happened to my own.

Hardly daring to lift the latch, while my poor tired horse stood still and mute outside, I went slowly in, the child in my arms covered over with the flap of my long coat. My wife was weeping bitterly.

"What's amiss?" I asked in a faint voice. And it seemed that a whole chorus of voices answered me.

"Dolly's lost!"

"Dolly lost!" Just for a moment my heart turned sick. Then some instinct, like a ray of light and hope, seized upon me. Pulling the coat off the face of the child I held, I lifted the little sleeping thing to the light and saw Dolly!

Yes, sir. The child I had saved was no other than my own—my little Dolly. And I knew that God's good angels had guided me to save her, and that the first flash of the summer lightning had shone just at the right moment to show me where she lay. It was her white sunbonnet that had caught my eye. My darling it was, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road.

Dolly, anxious for her doll, had wandered out unseen to meet me in the afternoon. For some hours she was not missed. It chanced that my two elder girls had gone over to our nearest neighbor's, and my wife, missing the child just afterward, took it for granted she was with them. The little one had gone on and on, until night and the storm overtook her, when she fell down frightened and utterly exhausted. I thanked Heaven aloud before them all, sir, as I said that none but God and His holy angels had guided me to her. It's not much of a story to listen to, sir. I am aware of that. But I often think of it in the long nights, lying awake; and I ask myself how I could bear to live on now, had I run away from the poor little cry in the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp, and left my child to die.

Yes, sir, you are right; that's Dolly out yonder with her mother, picking fruit; the little trim light figure in pink—with just the same sort of white sunbonnet on her head that she wore that night ten years ago. She is a girl that was just worth saving, sir, though I say it; and God knows that as long as my life lasts I shall be thankful that I came on home that night instead of staying in the town.

Fashion Notes.

Many of the new dresses are made entirely without linings.

Checked cotton braids are used for trimming linen dresses.

The military jacket is one of the latest styles for young ladies.

Ladies in mourning wear black lace mitts with a cuff of crape.

Velvet overskirts, with polonaises of delicate fabrics, are largely worn.

Shetland wool is better than zephyr for shawls and hoods. It washes well and keeps its color perfectly.

Short belts, starting from the side seams, are worn with baby waists. The ends of the mantle are passed under these belts.

Beaded net is shown for mantles. When made up these garments are trimmed with lace, above which is placed fringe and chenille tassels.

Lisle thread stockings are growing in favor on account of the perfection of their fit. They come in all the desirable shades, and are very durable.

Gold Bands dotted with jet flowers are worn with the Roman coiffure. A long, narrow band is over the brow, and a broad one further back serves as a comb.

Small white handkerchiefs, with the edges scalloped and wrought with a color, are formed into pretty pleated bows for the throat, to wear with morning dresses.

Pretty neckerchiefs for the balcony are half squares of pale blue or rose-colored silk in basket open-work, yet brocaded and edged with fringe that is tied in the hem.

The coolest and most desirable tie for ladies is the sheer-lawn tie, which has the ends handsomely embroidered in colors. These ties wash to look as well as when new.

Bonnets grow smaller, and the capes on them grow larger. Some of the recent importations in the capote shape have large capes made of foundation covered with shirred silk or gathered lace ruffles.

A small bow of inch-wide white ribbon is worn at the throat with dark morning dresses and linen collars. Narrow satin ribbons of dark Agrippina red are worn with black grenadine dresses. Those at the throat have long loops hanging, and the two ends are then carried down to the left hip and fastened on the back of the basque, from whence hang loops and ends.

Pins for the hair are ornamental balls. Some are of red gold, and others of the palest yellow Roman gold, and there are massive silver pins. The knobs are cube-shaped, or else round faceted balls. Squares with hollow centres have pendent chains to which balls are attached, or else there are thick hanging rings. Some are dotted with pearls or with turquoises, and others have cut steel faceted upon them and glittering like diamonds.

Large round collars are made of three rows of Valenciennes lace, each an inch wide, laid in knife-pleatings, and finished at the top by one standing row of the pleated lace and an inner pleating of crimped crepe lisse. A vine of embroidery heads the upper pleating, and some collars have loops of narrow satin ribbon down each side of the front and in the middle of the back. Cuffs to wear outside of tight sleeves are made to match the collar. Other new collars similarly made are sharply pointed in the back and front.

A favorite style of dress for young girls is the "blouse" polonaise. It is made loose to the figure, is held in by a belt and is sometimes fitted in front with two darts. Thin materials make up very well in this way. The fronts of this style of dress are sometimes left open all the way down and a puffed front inserted. They have small mantillas added for street wear. Many pretty effects are given to the simplest dresses by the present taste for embroidery. A princesse dress for a young girl, of dark blue linen, has a front or plastion of light blue zephyr, embroidered in dark shades. The flounce and ruffles are also embroidered.

Peculiar Indian Food.

We have received a specimen of the "camas," the food upon which the Indians of Idaho largely subsist, and which gives the name to Big Camas prairie in Idaho. It is a bulbous plant, throwing up a stalk not larger nor stronger than a wheat straw. This rises, in a wild state, to a height of two or three feet, and is thick set with small, thin, loose, bell-shaped flowers, which, as we have them, are dried, and contain the seed of the plant. The nutritious part is the bulb, out of which each straw grows. It varies in size from one to two inches in diameter, and in appearance closely resembles the onion, but is free from odor. It is a dry bulb, starchy in quality, and considered gelatinous. When dry it can be easily pulverized, and, with pulverized grasshoppers, is again dried, and the flour thus made worked into breisd a said to be highly nutritious. July is the digging season. The bulb grows about four or five inches below the surface of the earth. The digging of the bulb is the only cultivation the ground receives, and the flowers being dry and open when the bulb is dry, the seeds fall out, and the new crop is usually sown by the act of harvesting. Our readers will remember that the camas is the direct cause of the Indian war. The Camas prairie was the great harvest field of the Indians. Settlers plowed up the ground and turned in cattle and hogs—the latter being especially partial to camas. The destruction of this, their chief food, has aroused the Indians more than once.—*Sacramento Record.*

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Swallows.

Dear birds that greet us with the spring,
That fly along the sunny blue,
That hover round your last year's nest,
Or cut the shining heavens thro',
That skim along the meadow grass,
Among the flowers sweet and fair,
That crown upon the pointed roof,
Or, quiv'ring, balance in the air;
Ye heralds of the summer days,
As quick ye dart across the lea,
Tho' other birds be fairer, yet
The dearest of all birds are ye.

Dear as the messengers of spring
Before the buds have opened wide,
Dear when our other birds are here,
Dear in the burning summertide;
But when the lonely autumn wind
Abont the flying forest grieves,
In vain we look for you, and find—
Your empty nests beneath the eaves.

Paying off the Miller.

Sim Tyler and Bud Sampson sat whispering behind their raised desk-lids.

The school-room was so quiet and the whispering so lond, that the tired little woman on the platform heard it, and came softly up behind Sim to see what it was all about.

"Get out!" cried Sim, suddenly, feeling a smart pull at his hair. "Tell teacher 'f you don't stop that!"

(I don't know whether teachers do such things nowadays; but that was in the days of hair-pulling, when boxed ears and rapped knuckles were taken as a matter of course.)

"I'll have a word with you two, after school!" said Miss Anderson, shutting down the desk-lids.

Sim gave one scared, upward glance, saw who it was, and subsided into red-faced studiousness. He remembered that in these after-school interviews, "from words they often came to blows."

"Ehm! ehm!" coughed Bud, across the aisle, when Miss Anderson's back was turned.

Sim caught a dirty white note in the leaves of his "Colburn." This was the note:

"Git al the boys you can and all the tin pans and girls and things to mak a nois and then les al giv old dodge a reggler Serrynaidar surv him rite for orderen us out the mil wunt it."

Sim turned the note over and wrote "al rite" on the other side; then sent it back with that endorsement. Miss Anderson was prowling around distrustfully, and Bud crammed it into his pocket, with a hasty glance at Sim's answer. But pockets have other holds sometimes than those at the top, and notes have a way of slipping through to the floor. Bud's did.

"The little-good-for-nothings!" said Miss Anderson, picking it up at recess. "I hope Mr. Dodge will give them a good horse-whipping. I'll tell him so!"

Five minutes later a small boy was on his way to the mill, with a note from the teacher, informing the miller of the childish bit of revenge the boys were planning. The miller's blue eyes twinkled with fun as he read it!"

"Think they're going to drum me out of camp, do they?" he said, chuckling merrily. "I'll fix 'em!"

Two o'clock came, and with it an ominous sound of rattling pans, and drums, and things to make a noise. Rub-a-dub-dub! up the hill they came, rub-a-dub! They tramped into the mill. The dusty miller pushed his dusty hat off his forehead, and gave the little army the benefit of one long stare, then turned to his work without a single word.

"Goody!" cried Bud, spying an immense drum in a corner. "Guess he wouldn't have left this round, if he'd known we was coming!"

"Don't it make a splendid racket?" said round-faced Susy Piper, thumping away with both her dimpled fists on one of her mother's milk-cans, the only thing she had been able to appropriate without suspicion.

"Don't you b'leeve he hears what a noise we're making?" asked Sim, a little anxiously, when they had drummed vigorously for half an hour without detecting any signs of uneasiness on the part of the miller.

"Yes, course," answered Bud. "He's mad, and won't speak, that's all. Le's keep at it till he has to."

So they pounded away for another half-hour, with an energy worthy of a better cause.

"Awful hot!" sighed Jemmy Allen, one of the smaller boys, fanning his red face with a limp straw hat. "Don't you s'pose he's ever going to speak? It's such fun to hear him rave when he's mad—if he don't catch you!"

"O!" said Bud, reassuringly. "Don't give up yet. He's most crazy now. I saw the corners of his mouth twitch when he emptied that sack of meal."

"I'm going home!" whined two or three, as the half-hours slipped away, and the jolly miller went in to his five o'clock supper.

"O don't!" cried Bud and Sim, together. "Just wait and keep drumming. He'll come out pretty quick, and then you'll see fun. He can scold ever so much better'n Miss Anderson. Keep a-drummin'!"

Rub-a-dub-dub! how the old mill rang! Such a Babel of sounds was surely never heard before within its walls.

The miller came out at last. He looked cool and comfortable, and his eyes twinkled more than ever.

"Well, boys and girls;" he said, cheerily, "tired, be ye? 'Fraid ye've worked too hard for such a hot afternoon. I'm any quantity obliged to ye for coming up—been thinking of sending for a host on ye to come and drum my rats away. Plagued me most to death all the spring; but I guess this'll fix 'em. I see this 'ere big drum into Boston the other day, and thinks says I, that's the very thing to skeer 'em with.

"Well! s'pose you want to get some supper now. Can't pay ye much, 'cept in good will. Here's a cent apiece all 'round to buy some candy with. When ye don't want to play, come and help me again some time. Good-night!"

The children stood there for a moment or two—a blank-faced company; then turned and marched in a melancholy procession down the hill.

The jolly miller laughed as he heard Bud mutter sorrowfully, "*Sold for a cent!*"—*Anna F. Burnham, in Youth's Companion.*

Washington's Women Lawyers.

In F street, not far from the patent office, Washington City, over the high basement door of a nice-looking brick dwelling, is this sign: "Belva A. Lockwood, Attorney-at-Law." Entering, if during office hours, we find three ladies and two young men. The ladies are Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, Mrs. Mariella M. Ricker and Mrs. Lavania C. Dundore. The young men are studying law under Mrs. Lockwood's tuition. These ladies have good practice in the courts of Washington.

Mrs. Lockwood is of medium size, with a halo of gray hair around a fresh, rosy face; dark eyes that are calm and look as if they were listening.

Mrs. Ricker is young, handsome, talented, rich and independent-minded, yet circumspect and self-respecting. She intends to practice criminal law.

Mrs. Dundore is fine-looking, a good lawyer, and has at times a "snap way," but is said to be a pleasant lady.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

Hon. Hiram Hitchcock has been induced to take an interest in the Fifth Avenue Hotel on account of the impaired health of Mr. A. B. Darling, who is now in Europe. Mr. C. W. Griswold retains his active interest in the firm. On the 1st inst. the hotel commenced its twentieth year with a reduction of price from five to *four* dollars per day, and all extra accommodations in the same ratio. The incomparable situation of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and its superior accommodations throughout will continue to make it more than ever the favorite resort of travelers.

Intruding your aches and your pains upon those who are trying to get a glimpse of the cheerful side of life is like a mischievous boy holding up a newspaper or something else between your eyes and the object you wish to see.—*Dr. E. B. Foote's Health Monthly.*

HISTORIC HOAXES.

Incredibilities Exactly Swallowed—The Great Chester Cat Hoax—A Wonderful Jumper—History of the Bottle Trick Swindle—The Frenchman who Wanted to Serve Himself up in a Stew, and Others.

In August, 1815, just before Napoleon I. started on his exile to St. Helena, a quantity of handbills were distributed through the city of Chester, England, at the direction of a very respectable-looking, Quaker-sort of a personage, informing the public that a great number of genteel families had embarked at Plymouth to proceed to St. Helena with the troops appointed to guard the ex-emperor. Now, St. Helena, the bills stated, was cursed with a plague of rats, and the British Ministry had pledged itself to clear the island of those noxious animals for the benefit of the resident citizens. Accordingly all good Britons were called upon to furnish their quantum of grown cats or thriving kittens for the carrying out of this purpose.

The government was willing to pay the piper, and in addition to free transportation in a vessel, to be specially chartered for the purpose, offered for each "athletic, full-grown tom-cat" sixteen shillings; for each "adult female puss" ten shillings; half that sum for every vigorous kitten that could "swill milk." The result can be imagined. Within three days over three thousand cats were collected in Chester. The city was a pandemonium, and one street in which the cat merchants had been directed by bill to assemble was the scene of positive and bloody riots. Meantime some mischievous boys let the cats out of their bags, and a colossal hunt had to be organized among the hoaxed spectators. In one day five hundred of the obnoxious felines were thrown into the river Dee, and Chester for months was afflicted with swarms of stray cats as a result of the freak.

Eleven years later more than twenty thousand people of all classes were drawn together at Norwich, England, by the following advertisement:

"*St. James' Hill, back of the Horse barracks.*

The people are respectfully informed that Signor Carlo Gromi Villecrop, the celebrated Swiss Mountain Fiyer, from Geneva and Mont Blanc, is just arrived in this city, and will exhibit with a Tyrolese pole, fifty feet long, his most astonishing gymnastic flights, never before witnessed in this country. Signor Villecrop begs to inform the ladies and gentlemen of this city that he has selected St. James' Hill and the adjoining hills for his performance, and will first display his remarkable strength in running up the hill with his Tyrolese pole between his teeth. He will next lay on his back and balance the same pole on his nose, chin, and different parts of his body. He will climb upon it with the astonishing swiftness of a cat, and stand on his head at the top; on a sudden he will leap three feet from the pole without falling, suspending himself by a sheneese cord only. He will also walk on his head up and down the hill, balancing the pole on one foot. Many other feats will be exhibited, in which Signor Villecrop will display to the audience the much admired art of topping, peculiar only to the peasantry of Switzerland. He will conclude his performance by repeated flights in the air, up and down the hill, with a velocity almost imperceptible, assisted only by his pole, with which he will frequently jump the astonishing distance of forty and fifty yards at a time."

Of course Signor Villecrop did not turn up, and after a furious row, which resulted in many arrests, what were left of the 20,000 fools went home to nurse their bruises and get ready to be hoaxed again.

This most glaring yet successful of old-time hoaxes was perpetrated in 1749. The Duke of Montague wagered that let a man advertise the most impossible thing in the world he would find fools enough in London to fill a play-house to see it and pay handsomely for the privilege. "Surely," said Lord Chesterfield, "if a man should say he would jump into a quart bottle, nobody would believe that." A wager was made on this basis, and the following advertisement inserted in the papers:

"At the new theater, in the Haymarket, on Monday next, the 12th inst., is to be seen a person who performs the several most surprising things following, viz: First, he takes a common walking cane from any of the spectators, and thereupon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection. Second, he presents you with a common wine bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine; this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it, in the sight of all the spectators, and sings in it; during his stay in the bottle any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle. Those on the stage or in the boxes, may come in masked habits (if agreeable to them); and the performer, if desired, will inform them who they are. Stage 7s. 6d."

Another section of the advertisement cannot fail to interest the believers in Spiritualism. It says:

"NOTE.—If any gentleman or ladies (after the above performances) either single or in company, in or out of mask, are desirous of seeing a representation of any deceased person, such as husband or wife, sister or brother, or any intimate friend of either sex, upon making a gratuity to the performer, shall be gratified by seeing and conversing with them for some minutes, as if alive; likewise, if desired he will tell you your most secret thoughts in your past life, and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive. For these gentlemen and ladies who are desirous of seeing this last part, there is a private room provided.

At the designated time the theater was crammed from pit to dome. When the appointed hour passed and the conjurer did not appear, a horrible uproar rose. One person in the audience proposed, if the lookers-on would pay double price, to crawl into a pint bottle. Finally some one threw a lighted candle on the stage. Within ten minutes more the theater was gutted, the benches converted into a large bonfire in the front of the building, and the drop curtain hoisted on a pole, presumably as a banner, to the triumph of public gullibility. A number of people were blamed for this hoax, notably Foote, the actor, who was one of the lessees of the theater, but the real author was the Duke of Montague.

One would think that this lesson had been enough; nevertheless, within a month idiots enough were found to make the following prospectus profitable—at least to the proprietor of the ale-house, who caused its publication:

Lately Arrived from Italy,

SIGNOR CAPITELLO JUMPEDO.

A surprising dwarf, no taller than a common tavern tobacco pipe, who can perform many wonderful equilibres on the slack or tight rope; likewise he will transform his body in above ten thousand different shapes and postures, and after he has diverted the spectators two hours and a half, he will open his mouth wide and jump down his own throat! He being the most wonderfullest wonder of wonders as ever the world wondered at, would be willing to join in the performance with that surprising musician on Monday next, in the Haymarket. He is to be spoke with at the Black Raven, in Golden Lane, every day from seven to twelve, and from two to all day long."

Busy as the French were with their national troubles, they found time during the darkest days of the revolution to go booby-hunting. In March, 1792, an "entertainment" was advertised in the Place de Grene. A certain Professor Bussy declared his intention to walk from one side of the square to the other in mid-air, naked, and without artificial aid. All Paris turned out and spent an unsheltered afternoon in a terrific rainstorm, to be disappointed. Next year another swindler hired a court-yard in the Rue du Temple, and got five francs a head from 1,700 people, who wanted to see him burned alive in a charcoal furnace, and afterward reappear, phœnix-like, in the smoke from the chimney. This personage found a rival a month later in a man who promised to publicly convert himself into a stew, acting as his own butcher and cook, and then serving himself, done to a turn, around to his audience in the guise of a waiter. When the rage for mesmerism was at its height a so-called Professor Missmer (note the imitation) called for 10,000 people to assemble in the Champs de Mars and be mesmerized by him in three simple motions, after which they would be able to go about exercising the new force by themselves. Three times the number called for paid half a franc apiece for the pleasure of learning that they had been swindled out of the gate-money. This hoax led to a horrible catastrophe, for the people who were victimized began, as usual, to fight among themselves, and in the disturbance twenty-one women and nearly fifty children were maimed or suffocated.

Where They Go.

American hardware goes to Denmark, Germany, Belgium, the United Kingdom, France, Danish West Indies, Porto Rico, Gibraltar, British North America, British West Indies, British possessions in Africa, Cuba, British Guiana, Hayti, Africa, China, Japan, Cisplatine Republic, U. S. of Colomb a, Venzuela, Brazil, British Australia, Mexico, Argentine Republic, New Zealand, Sandwich Islands, and many other countries.

American agricultural implements go to every country where they are enlightened enough to use such things.

American nails go to Germany, the United Kingdom, France, Danish West Indies, Porto Rico, British West Indies, Africa, Cuba, British Guiana, Hayti, U. S. of Colombia, Venzuela, Brazil, British Australia, Mexico, and various other countries.

American glassware goes to Germany, the United Kingdom, France, Danish West Indies, Porto Rico, British West Indies, Africa, Cuba, British Guiana, Hayti, Cisplatine Republic, U. S. of Colombia, Venzuela, Brazil, British Australia, Mexico, Sandwich Islands, and other countries.

American cutlery goes to the United Kingdom, France, Honduras, Cuba, British Guiana, Hayti, U. S. of Colombia, Venzuela, Brazil, British Australia, Mexico, etc.

American pumps go to Germany, the United Kingdom, France, Cuba, U. S. of Colombia, Venzuela, Brazil, British Australia, Mexico, New Zealand, Sandwich Islands, and other countries.

American belting goes to Germany, the United Kingdom, Cuba, U. S. of Colombia, Vepzuela, British Australia, New Zealand, and other countries.

American machinery goes to Germany, the United Kingdom, France, Cuba, Hayti, Africa, Cisplatine Republic, U. S. of Colombia, Venzuela, Brazil, British Australia, Mexico, New Zealand, Sandwich Islands and other countries.

American coal goes to Danish West Indies, British North America, Cuba, Hayti, Sandwich Islands and elsewhere, and will soon be burned in Europe.

American paint goes to the United Kingdom, the Danish West Indies, Porto Rico, British North America, British West Indies, Cuba, Hayti, U. S. of Colombia, Venzuela, Brazil, British Australia, Mexico, Sandwich Islands and other countries.

American car-wheels and cars go to Europe, Asia and South America.

American fire-arms go to every quarter of the globe, and in the hands of American riflemen American rifles have hit the "bull's-eye" oftener than any other rifles made. Turkey has bought $27,000,000 worth of American arms and cartridges.

American clock and watch manufacturers are causing consternation in all the cities of the Old World where time-pieces are made, and their products are found everywhere on land and sea. English railroad officials carry American watches.

Hundreds of other kinds of American manufactures are exported.

American petroleum lights the world.

A Hindoo Hospital for Animals.

While in India a recent traveler saw much of the Hindoos, where they are numerically stronger than the Christians in the United States. He says their religious ideas manifest themselves in many ways which challenge our respect for their consistency. In their eyes all life is sacred, because it emanates from deity, the life of beast and bird, nay of reptile and insect, as well as that of man. To carry out this idea, they have established a Hospital for Animals, which is one of the institutions of Bombay. It is on a very extensive scale, and presents a spectacle such as perhaps cannot be seen anywhere else in the world. In an enclosure covering many acres, and furnished with sheds and stables, are gathered the lame, the halt and the blind, not of the human species, but of the animal world—cattle and horses, sheep and goats, dogs and cats, rabbits and monkeys, beasts and birds of every description. Among them are to be found even sick little monkeys, whose ailments have made them forget their usual pranks. Long rows of stables where filled with broken down horses, spavined and ringboned, spending the remnant of their lives in comparative ease and comfort. In one pen there was a number of emaciated kittens supplied with plenty of milk to restore them to health. The Hindoos send out carts at night through the streets of Bombay to collect all abandoned animals and bring them in [illegible] to the hospitals. Rabbits, whom no one would own, are furnished with comfortable warrens. In a large enclosure were a hundred dogs, more wretched-looking, if possible, than the "whelps and curs of low degree" to be found in Constantinople. These poor creatures, so long the companions of men who starved and kicked them alternately, still apparently longed for human society, and when visitors entered gave feeble signs of recognition and welcome. Then there are birds undergoing reconstruction — dilapidated chickens, sick crows, cranes with broken legs, and even sea-gulls with wounded wings to be nursed until they can once more weep over the boundless sea.

A Vivid Temperance Lecture.

A paper published in Stockton, Cal., says: A story of a most horrible death from thirst comes to us from near Grayson. A young man who had been employed as a hand in the harvest field, got on a spree at a saloon about ten miles from Grayson. The saloon is kept by quite an extensive rancher, during the busy season only, and is liberally patronized. The young man got pretty drunk and wandered down the road about a mile from the saloon, and lay down and went to sleep. He was seen lying there the next day by persons who passed with teams, but no attention was paid to him, on the supposition that he was only drunk and not worthy of attention. During the day, he frequently asked the passers-by for a drink, but his appeals were unnoticed, being considered the requests of a drunk for more drink. Before the day was out he seemed to be delirious, but no notice was taken of him. The second day, his tongue protruded from his mouth and was much swollen, and the piteous appeals were still made. Finally, a tender-hearted butcher passed that way, and he saw that the man was suffering horrible agony. He lifted him to his wagon and took him to Grayson, where he soon died. It was ascertained that he died from thirst. He lay nearly two days in the hot, scalding rays of the sun, helpless and doomed. The inhabitants of that vicinity are said to feel terribly over the occurrence. It seems quite natural that they should.

The Magic Carpet.

You have often heard mentioned, no doubt, the story of a wonderful carpet, which it was said would carry people where they wished to go. It is a curious story, and comes from the Arabs, who tell so many large stories. According to the legend, a wise king of old had woven strong silken carpets, large enough to hold many people. When he wished to take a journey, he had one spread out, his attendants and baggage arranged upon it, and then—when ready to start—he ordered the eight winds to take it up and carry it wherever he pleased, which, as the story says, they very obediently did.

Wide belts embroidered in gay colors, like those worn a generation ago, are now fashionably used with black silk or grenadine dresses.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States

The Delaware Democrats met in convention at Dover and nominated John W. Hall for governor and Edward L. Martin for Congress. The platform adopted declares that "in accordance with the time-honored and constitutional faith of the Democratic party, we hold that the only honest and lawful money of the people of the United States is gold and silver coin, or a paper currency convertible into such coin at the will of the holder;" charges that the Republican party is responsible for the depressed condition of business; denounces "the conspiracy which, through corruption and fraud, gave the electoral votes of South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida to Rutherford B. Hayes for President and William A. Wheeler for Vice-President, against the clearly expressed will of the voters of those States;" asserts a firm conviction "that the refusal of the Republican members of the Electoral Commission to investigate the charges of fraud, whereby the certificates of election were given to the Hayes electors in the said States, was a violation of public duty and a betrayal of the trust reposed in them;" and indorses and approves the investigation instituted by the House of Representatives "for the purpose of exposing to the whole country the means by which said frauds were perpetrated and the will of the American people defeated in the election of their Chief Executive."

During a storm at Phœnixville, Pa., Robert Townsend and Edwin Roberts took refuge under a tree, which was struck by lightning. Townsend was instantly killed and Roberts fatally injured.

A slight wash-out occurred on the New London Northern railroad near Northfield Farms, Mass., and a train was stopped until the track had been relaid. The train had gone forward again but a short distance when the track suddenly caved in, throwing the engine and tender down a gorge about forty feet deep. M. J. Patee, engineer; George Arnold, fireman, and Ralph Root were killed.

Knous & Ives, dry goods dealers of Hartford, Conn., have failed for over $100,000.

John D. Candee, editor of the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard*, was shot while scuffling with a burglar who had entered the rooms where he was stopping with his family at Saratoga, N. Y. Mr. Candee was not dangerously hurt.

At Westfield, Mass., H. H. Kimpton, late financial agent of South Carolina, was arrested upon the charge of having been engaged in swindling operations while in office, by which the State lost thousands of dollars.

Vernon Brothers' paper mill near Northampton, Mass., was burned to the ground. The fire threw 150 men out of employment and entailed a loss of $112,000; partially insured.

Dennis Kearney made an address at an open-air meeting on Boston Common.

Portions of New England and the Middle States have been visited by a terrific tornado, which resulted in a large loss of life and immense destruction of property. At Wallingford, Conn., the storm had all the appearance of a tropical whirlwind, the track which it crossed being about 200 rods wide. Everything in its path was swept away as by a broom, and a scene of desolation and death was the result of its fury. Trees of the largest size were torn up by the roots; monuments and tombstones in the burying grounds were overturned; the Catholic church, built of wood, was scattered like chaff; houses were demolished, and two stories of the High School—a brick building—were torn off and whirled about as though they were pasteboard. Houses were carried from their foundations all the way from a few feet to an eighth of a mile, and many of them took fire, but the flames were extinguished by the torrents of rain. When the storm had spent its force it was found that about thirty-six houses had been swept away and as many more partially demolished. Diligent search revealed the horrifying fact that a large number of persons had been killed and many more injured. Up to midnight twenty-one dead bodies had been recovered and laid out in the district school house, presenting a ghastly sight, some of them being terribly mutilated. Over fifty persons were injured, many dangerously. One woman had a child in her arms when struck by the tornado, and when their lifeless bodies were recovered it was found that they were both almost scalped. The whirlwind came upon the people just as they were preparing for supper. The pecuniary damage to buildings alone exceeds $100,000. At other points the storm was also very disastrous, although not attended with the lamentable loss of life at Wallingford. At Woburn, Mass., Joseph Leathe, the station master, was instantly killed by lightning, and at Walden, Conn., Mrs. Maud Chapman suffered a like fate through the same agency. Bridges were swept away in several instances, trains delayed and travel generally impeded. Many buildings in Northern New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire were struck by lightning, while the loss of crops can hardly be estimated.

By an explosion of the boilers of a sawmill near Sunbury, Pa., the engineer and two other persons were instantly killed, while two more men were fatally injured. The explosion could be heard a long distance, and pieces of iron, bricks, and the forms of human beings went flying through the air as though shot out of a cannon.

Six firemen and a workman were severely injured by an explosion of a barrel filled with benzine at a fire in New York.

The annual convention of American bankers was held at Saratoga, N. Y. During its sessions various papers were read and resolutions in favor of hard money and speedy specie resumption were passed. Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, was elected president for the ensuing year.

Four members of the Columbia College boat crew that won the recent match at Henley were received with great enthusiasm on their arrival in New York. Each member of the crew was carried aloft on the shoulders of sturdy college students from the ocean steamer to a vessel that had been chartered for the occasion and that was covered with bunting and the colors of Columbia College. Salutes were fired and the students cheered themselves hoarse. At the pier a committee of the board of aldermen presented an address of welcome that had been passed and in which the visitors were invited to hold a public reception in the city hall, to receive the congratulations of the citizens. The horses were taken from the carriage in which the four oarsmen were seated, and the students pulled the vehicle through the streets, the unique procession attracting great attention. Arrived at Delmonico's restaurant, speeches of welcome were made by a college professor, in the absence of President Barnard, and Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, and the proceedings terminated with a collation.

Twenty-four victims of the terrible tornado at Wallingford, Conn., were buried on the Sunday following the disastrous event, and about 10,000 persons from all parts of the State attended the services. Subscriptions for the destitute families are being taken up throughout the State.

Exc sive rains in Northern New York, Western and Southern Vermont and Western Massachusetts have caused great injury to the crops in those sections. Oats and potatoes have suffered severely from rot, and the damage done is estimated at $1,000,000. Another fact that attracts considerable notice is the finding of dead and bloated bodies of millions of fishes in the lakes and rivers, supposed to be from the effects of Paris green which has been used to destroy potato bugs, but has been washed off by the rainfall and has permeated the water. Many of the fish have been opened and found to be bloated most about the stomach, especially when they were found to have swallowed and partially digested the potato bugs that were carried off the vines and into the water-courses by the volume of rain.

Pennsylvania will have a new county, to be known as Lackawanna county, and the county seat to be at Scranton. The majority in favor of the division from Luzerne county is over 6,000.

Western and Southern States.

A dispute at a picnic near Frankfort, Ky., led to a desperate shooting and stabbing affray between two parties of men, three on a side. About thirty shots were fired and three men were seriously wounded before a stop was put to the row.

The Louisiana Democrats held their convention at Baton Rouge, nominated candidates and adopted a platform which favors a greenback currency, demands the repeal of the resumption act, approves the House presidential election investigation