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BY HUGH WILSON AND H. T. WARDLAW. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1880. NO. 10. VOLUME XXVI.

### Lost and Found.

I lost the brook as it wound its way
Like a thread of silver hue;
Through greenwood and valley, thro' meadows gay
'Twas hidden away from view;
But I found it again, a noble river,
Sparkling, and broad and free,
Wider and fairer growing ever,
Till it reaches the boundless sea.

I lost the tiny seed that I sowed
With many a sigh and tear,
And vainly waited thro' sunshine and cold
For the young green to appear.
But surely after many long days
The blossom and fruit will come
And the reapers on high the sheaves will raise
For a joyful harvest home.

I lost the life that grew by my own
For a short sweet summer day,
And then it left me to wander alone
And silently passed away;
But I know I shall find it further on,
Though not as it left me here,
For the shadows and mists will have passed and gone
I shall see it fair and clear.

lost the notes of the heavenly chime
That once came floating by,
I have listened and waited many a time
For the echo, though distantly;
But I know in the halls of glory it thrills
Ever by day and night,
I shall hear it complete when the harmony fills
My soul with great delight.

I lost the love that made my life,
A love that was all for me;
Oh, vainly I sought it amid the strife
Of the stormy, raging sea.
But deeper and purer I know it waits
Beyond my wistful eyes,
I shall find it again within the gates
Of the garden of paradise.

I shall lose this life, it will disappear
With its wonderful mystery;
Some day it will move no longer here
But will vanish silently;
But I know I shall find it again once more
In a beauty no song hath told;
It will meet me at the golden door
And around me forever fold.

## AN ONLY OFFER.

"Aunt Phœbe, were you ever pretty?"

"When I was sixteen I was considered so. I was very like you then, Julia. I am forty-three now, remember."

'Did you ever have an offer—an offer of marriage, I mean, aunt?"

"No. Well, that is not true; I did have one offer."

"And you refused it?"

"No."

"Then he died, or went away?"

"No."

"Or deserted you?"

"No."

"Then you deceived him, I suppose?"

"I did not."

"What ever happened, then? Was he poor, or crippled, or something dreadful?"

"He was rich and handsome."

"Suppose you tell me about him."

"I never talk about him to any one."

"Did it happen at the old place?"

"Yes, Julia. I never left Ryelands until I was thirty. This happened when I was sixteen."

"Was he a farmer's son in the neighborhood?"

"He was a fine city gentleman."

"Oh, aunt, how interesting! Put down your embroidery and tell me about it; you cannot see to work longer."

Perhaps after so many years of silence a sudden longing for sympathy and confidence seized the elder lady, for she let her work fall from her hands, and smiling sadly, said:

"Twenty-seven years ago I was standing one afternoon by the gate at Ryelands. All the work had been finished early, and my mother and two elder sisters had gone to the village to see a friend. I had watched them a little way down the hillside, and was turning to go into the house when I saw a stranger on horseback coming up the road He stopped and spoke to mother, and this roused my curiosity; so I lingered at the gate. He stopped when he reached it, fastened his horse, and asked, Is Mr. Wakefield in?'

"I said 'father was in the barn, and I could fetch him,' which I immediately did.

"He was a dark, unpleasant-looking man, and had a masterful way with him, even to father, that I disliked; but after a short, business-like talk, apparently satisfactory to both, he went away without entering the house. Father put his hands in his pockets and watched him out of sight; then, looking at me, he said: 'Put the spare rooms in order, Phœbe.'

"'They are in order, father; but is that man to occupy them?"

"'Yes, he and his patient, a young gentleman of fine family, who is in bad health.'

"'Do you know the young gentleman, father?'

"'I know it is young Alfred Compton—that is enough forme.'

"'And the dark man who has just left? I don't like his looks, father.'

"'Nobody wants thee to like his looks. He is Mr. Alfred's physician—a Dr. Orman, of Boston. Neither of them are any of thy business, so ask no more questions;' and with that he went back to the barn.

"Mother was not at all astonished. She said there had been letters on the subject already, and that she had been rather expecting the company. 'But,' she added, 'they will pay well, and as Melissa is to be married at Christmas, ready money will be very needful.'

"About dark a carriage arrived. It contained two gentlemen and several large trunks. I had been watching for it behind the lilac-trees, and I saw that our afternoon visitor was now accompanied by a slight, very fair man, dressed with extreme care in the very highest fashion. I saw also that he was handsome, and I was quite sure he must be rich, or no doctor would wait upon him so subserviently.

"This doctor I had disliked at first sight, and I soon began to imagine that I had good cause to hate him. His conduct to his patient I believed to be tyrannical and unkind. Some days he insisted that Mr. Compton was too ill to go out, though the poor gentleman begged for a walk; and again, mother said, he would take from him all his books, though he pleaded urgently for them.

"One afternoon the postman brought Dr. Orman a letter, which seemed to be important, for he asked father to drive him to the next town, and requested mother to see that Mr. Compton did not leave the house. I suppose it was not a right thing to do, but this handsome sick stranger, so hardly used, and so surrounded with mystery, had roused in me a sincere sympathy for his loneliness and suffering, and I walked through that part of the garden into which his windows looked. We had been politely requested to avoid it, 'because the sight of strangers increased Mr. Compton's nervous condition.' I did not believe this, and I determined to try the experiment.

"He was leaning out of the window, and a sadder face I never saw. I smiled and courtesied, and he immediately leaped the low sill, and came toward me. I stooped and began to tie up some fallen carnations; he stooped and helped me, saying all the while I know not what, only that it seemed to me the most beautiful language I ever heard. Then we walked up and down the long peach walk until I heard the rattle of father's wagon.

"After this we became quietly, almost secretly as far as Dr. Orman was concerned very great friends. Mother so thoroughly pitied Alfred that she not only pretended oblivion of our friendship, but even promoted it in many ways; and in the course of time Dr. Orman began to recognize its value. I was requested to walk past Mr. Compton's windows and say 'Good-morning,' or offer him a flower or some ripe peaches, and finally to accompany the gentlemen in their short rambles in the neighborhood.

"I need not tell you how all this restricted intercourse ended. We were soon deeply in love with each other, and love ever finds out the way to make himself be understood. We had many a five minutes' meeting no one knew of, and when this was impossible a rose-bush near his window hid for me the tenderest little love-letters. In fact, Julia, I found him irresistible; he was so handsome and gentle, and though he must have been thirty-five years old, yet, to my thinking, he looked handsomer than any young man could have done.

"As the weeks passed on, the doctor seem to have more confidence in us, or else his patient was completely under control. They had much fewer quarrels, and Alfred and I walked in the garden, and even a little way up the hill, without opposition or remark. I do not know how I received the idea, but I certainly did believe that Dr. Orman was keeping Alfred sick for some purpose of his own, and I determined to take the first opportunity of arousing Alfred's suspicions. So one evening, when we were walking alone, I asked him if he did not wish to see his relatives.

"He trembled violently, and seemed in the greatest distress, and only by the tenderest words could I soothe him, as half sobbing, he declared that they were his bitterest enemies, and that Dr. Orman was the only friend he had in the world. Any further efforts I made to get at the secret of his life were fruitless, and only threw him into paroxosms of distress. During the month of August he was very ill, or at least Dr. Orman said so. I scarely saw him, there were no letters in the rose-bush, and frequently the dispute between the two men rose to a pitch which father seriously disliked.

"One hot day in September every one was in the fields or orchard; only the doctor and Alfred and I were in the house. Early in the afternoon a boy came from the village with a letter to Dr. Orman, and he seemed very much perplexed and at a loss how to act. At length he said: 'Miss Phœbe, I must go to the village for a couple of hours; I think Mr. Alfred will sleep until my return, but if not, will you try and amuse him?'

"I promised gladly, and Dr. Orman went back to the village with the messenger. No sooner was he out of sight than Alfred appeared, and we rambled about the garden as happy as two lovers could be. But the day was extremely hot, and as the afternoon advanced the heat increased. I proposed then that we should walk up the hill, where there was generally a breeze, and Alfred was delighted at the larger freedom it promised us.

"But in another hour the sky grew dark and lurid, and I noticed that Alfred grew strangely restless. His cheeks flushed, his eyes had a wild look of terror in them, he trembled and started, and in spite of all my efforts to soothe him grew irritable and gloomy. Yet he had just asked me to marry him, and I had promised I would. He had called me 'his wife,' and I had told him again my suspicions about Dr. Orman, and vowed to nurse him myself back to perfect health. We had talked, too, of going to Europe, and in the eagerness and delight of our new plans, had wandered quite up to the little pine forest at the top of the hill.

"Then I noticed Alfred's excited condition, and saw also that we were going to have a thunder-storm. There was an empty log-hut not far away, and I urged Alfred to try and reach it before the storm broke. But he became suddenly like a child in his terror, and it was only with the greatest difficulty I got him within its shelter.

"As peal after peal of thunder crashed above us, Alfred seemed to lose all control of himself, and, seriously offended, I left him, nearly sobbing, in a corner, and went and stood by myself in the open door. In the very height of the storm I saw my father, Dr. Orman and three of our workmen coming through the wood. They evidently suspected our sheltering place, for they came directly toward it.

"'Alfred!' shouted Dr. Orman, in the tone of an angry master, 'where are you sir? Come here instantly.'

"My pettedness instantly vanished, and I said: 'Doctor, you have no right to speak to Alfred in that way. He is going to be my husband, and I shall not permit it any more.'

"'Miss Wakefield,' he answered, 'this is sheer folly. Look there!'

"I turned and saw Alfred crouching in a corner, completely paralyzed with terror; and yet, when Dr. Orman spoke to him, he rose mechanically, as a dog might follow his master's call.

"'I am sorry, Miss Wakefield, to destroy your fine romance. Mr. Alfred Compton is, as you perceive, not fit to marry any lady. In fact, I am his—keeper.'

"Oh, Aunt Phœbe! Surely he was not a lunatic!"

"So they said, Julia. His frantic terror was the only sign I saw of it; but Dr. Orman told my father that he was at all times really dangerous, and that he was annually paid a large sum to take charge of him, as he became uncontrollable in an asylum."

"Did you see him again?"

"No. I found a little note in the rose-bush, saying that he was not mad; that he remembered my promise to be his wife, and would surely come some day and claim me. But they left in three days, and Melissa, whose wedding outfit was curtailed in consequence, twitted me very unkindly about my fine crazy lover. It was a little hard on me, for he was the only lover I ever had. Melissa and Jane both married, and went West with their husbands; I lived on at Ryelands, a faded little old maid, until my Uncle Joshua sent for me to come to New York and keep his fine house for him. You know that he left me all he had when he died, nearly two years ago. Then I sent for you. I remembered my own lonely youth, and thought I would give you a fairer chance dear."

"Did you ever hear of him again, aunt?"

"Of him, never. His eldest brother died more than a year ago. I suppose Alfred died many years since; he was very frail and delicate. I thought it was refinement and beauty then; I know now it was ill health."

"Poor aunt!"

"Nay, child," I was very happy while my dreamed lasted; and I never will believe but that Alfred in his love for me was quite sane, and perhaps more sincere than many wiser men."

After this confidence Miss Phœbe seemed to take a great pleasure in speaking of the little romance of her youth. Often the old and the young maidens sat in the twilight discussing the probabilities of poor Alfred Compton's life and death, and every discussion left them more and more positive that he had been the victim of some cruel plot. The subject never tired Miss Phœbe, and Julia, in the absence of a lover of her own, found in it a charm quite in keeping with her own youthful dreams.

One cold night in the middle of January they had talked over the old subject until both felt it to be exhausted—at least for that night. Julia drew aside the heavy satin curtains, and looking out, said: "It is snowing heavily, aunt; to-morrow we can have a sleigh ride. Why, there is a sleigh at our door! Who can it be? A gentleman, aunt, and he is coming here."

"Close the curtains, child. It is my lawyer, Mr. Howard. He promised to call to-night."

"Oh, dear! I was hoping it was some nice strange person."

Miss Phœbe did not answer; her thoughts were far away. In fact, she had talked about her old lover until there had sprung up anew in her heart a very strong sentimental affection for his memory; and when the servant announced a visitor on business, she rose with a sigh from her reflections, and went into the reception-room.

In a few minutes Julia heard her voice in rapid, excited tones, and ere she could decide to go to her or not, Aunt Phœbe entered the room, holding by the hand a gentleman whom she announced as Mr. Alfred Compton. Julia was disappointed, to say the least, but she met him with enthusiasm. Perhaps Aunt Phœbe had quite unconsciously magnified the beauty of the youthful Alfred; certainly this one was not handsome. He was sixty at least, his fair, curling locks had vanished, and his fine figure was slightly bent. But the clear, sensitive face remained, and he was dressed with scrupulous care.

The two women made much of him. In half an hour Delmonico had furnished a delicious little banquet, and Alfred drank "to his promised wife Miss Phœbe Wakefield, best and loveliest of women."

Miss Phœbe laughed, but she dearly liked it; and hand in hand the two old lovers sat, while Alfred told his sad little story of life-long wrong and suffering; of an intensely nervous, self-conscious nature driven to extremity by cruel usage and many wrongs. At the mention of Dr. Orman Miss Phœbe expressed herself a little bitterly.

"Nay, Phœbe," said Alfred; "whatever he was when my brother put me in his care, he became my true friend. To his skill and patience I owe my restoration to perfect health; and to his firm advocacy of my right and ability to manage my own estate I owe the position I now hold, and my ability to come and ask Phœbe to redeem her never-forgotten promise."

Perhaps Julia got a little tired of these old-fashioned lovers, but they never tired of each other. Miss Phœbe was not the least abashed by any contrast between her ideal and her real Alfred, and Alfred was never weary of assuring her that he found her infinitely more delightful and womanly than in the days of their first courtship.

She cannot even call them a silly or foolish couple, or use any other relieving phrase of that order, for Miss Phœbe—or rather Mrs. Compton—resents any word as applied to Mr. Alfred Compton that would imply less than supernatural wisdom and intelligence. "No one but those who have known him as long as I have," she continually avers, "can possibly estimate the superior information and infallible judgment of my husband."
—*Harper's Weekly*.

### A Battle With Buffaloes.

An army officer tells this story of an exciting onslaught made by a tribe of Crow Indians upon a large herd of buffaloes: After riding over mountains for two days the Crows came upon a fine herd of buffaloes in a narow valley near the Yellowstone. There were four hundred Indians and four thousand buffaloes. The Crows had been forced by fear of starvation to take to the chase, and the keen hunger they were suffering only sharpened their eagerness for a tilt with their old fellow-nomads, the noble bison. The game stampeded down the valley in the direction of the Yellowstone. The chase was hotly followed, half a hundred buffaloes biting the dust before the river was reached. One of the most vehement of the pursuers, who had distinguished himself for bravery in two or three fights with the Sioux, fell from his pony in the midst of the flying herd and was trampled to death by the frantic beasts. The Yellowstone, a roaring, rushing river even at the lowest tide, was booming with the regular summer freshet, the outpour of the melting snows in the high mountains. When the river was reached the game made a bold stand, and for a time it seemed doubtful which held the mastery, but the incessant fusilade from four hundred rifles, together with the desperate proximity of the formidable battalion, drove the herd in dismay into the roaring torrent. Beside themselves with the excitement of the moment. the Indians urged their ponies into the stream, unwilling that even a flood should spoil their frenzied sport or cut them off from their game. The terrific current, made tumultuous from the high piles of rock here and there in the channel, whirled buffaloes, ponies and Indians along at a bewildering velocity until the thousands of beasts were rolling and writhing in inextricable confusion. In the dizzy evolutions of horses and riders the latter were left to struggle for themselves in the water, and to be jammed to death between the surging masses of drowning beasts Some who foresaw the danger in time, and turned shoreward, found safety on terra firma, but those who ventured far enough to be embraced by the sweeping, resistless tide, and to become involved in the tangle of struggling animals, were all drowned. The story brought to the post was that thirty Indians and fifty ponies were drowned, beside five hundred to a thousand buffaloes.

### Story of a Mermaid.

The mermaid which served to help Barnum on to fame and fortune as a showman, about forty years ago, caused a great deal of talk at the time. Barnum now tells the story, according to the correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal:* Moses Kimball came from Boston with what he declared was a genuine mermaid. The lower part was the tail of a shark or some large fish, but the upper part was not of woman's form by any manner of means. It was a hideous head and shoulders—apparently of some sort of ape. Pretty soon a letter was written from Mobile to the *Herald* with the announcement that a man had landed there from the Sandwich islands, bringing a genuine mermaid. It had not been seen and would not be exhibited, for it was on its way to the London zoological gardens. This was copied all over the country. In another week a letter from Charleston announced that the wonder had arrived there on its way to New York, whence it would sail to London. A more detailed account of the wonderful creature was given. This served to swell the curiosity. From Baltimore came still other letters; and then I sent my man to Philadelphia, carrying the mermaid in a close box. He put up at the best hotel, and cultivated the landlord. To him, just as he was paying his bill and leaving, he confided the secret that he was the Englishman who had caught the mermaid. "Now, see here," said the landlord, "you must let me see it." After much persuasion the mermaid hunter yielded. Then he said: "See here, you must let me show it to one or two reporters." After much importunity the weak Britisher yielded, and a limited exhibition was permitted. The Philadelphia papers blazed with it next morning. The next day it was brought to New York, and the same performance was gone through with at the Astor house. The papers were full of it and the city was all agog. Thousands flocked to see it, but no exhibition was allowed, except to reporters. I was not known in connection with it until the proper time.

### Hints for Hot Weather.

The following directions have been issued by the New York board of health, but may prove useful in any locality:

NURSING OF INFANTS.

Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours.

Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more.

If an infant is thirsty give it pure water, or barley water; no sugar.

On the hottest days a few drops of whisky may be added to either water or food; the whisky not to exceed a teaspoonful in twenty-four hours.

FEEDING OF INFANTS.

Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in a coffee grinder) and a gill of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes; strain. Then mix it with half as much boiled milk; add a lump of white sugar the size of a walnut, and give it lukewarm from a nursing bottle. Keep the bottle and mouthpiece in a bowl of water when not in use. A little soda may be added.

For infants five or six months old give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt, and a lump of sugar.

For older infants give more milk than barley water.

For infants very costive give oatmeal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before.

When your breast milk is only half enough change off between breast milk and this prepared food.

In hot weather, if blue litmus paper applied to the food turns red the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess or add a small pinch of baking soda.

Infants of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day, by itself or mixed with other food; and, when ten or twelve months old, a crust of bread or a piece of rare beef to suck.

No child under two years ought to eat at your table.

Give no candies; in fact, give nothing that is not contained in these rules without a doctor's orders.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.

It comes from over feeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open.

Wash your well children with cold water twice a day, and oftener in the hot season.

Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant; consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, privies, garbage boxes or gutters about the house where you live. See that your own apartments are right, and complain to the board of health if the neighborhood is offensive. When an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good (ferryboat or steamboat), and may prevent cholera infantum.

### Panama Hats.

The Jipijapa, or Panama hats, say the *Journal of Botany*, are principally manufactured in Veraquas and Western Panama. Not all, however, known in commerce by that name are plaited in the Isthmus; by far a greater proportion being made in Manta, Monte Christi, and other parts of Ecuador. The hats are worn almost in the whole American continent and the West Indies, and would probably be equally used in Europe did not their high price (varying from $2 to $150) prevent their importation. They are distinguished from all others by consisting only of a single piece, and by their lightness and flexibility. They may be rolled up and put into the pocket without injury. In the rainy season they are apt to get black; but by washing with soap and water, besmearing them with lime juice, or any other acid, and exposing them to the sun, their whiteness is easily restored. So little is known about these hats, that it may not be out of place to give an account of their manufacture.

The "straw" (paja), previous to plaiting, has to undergo several processes. The leaves are gathered before they unfold; all the ribs and coarser veins removed, and the rest, without being separated from the base of the leaf is reduced to shreds. After having been exposed to the sun for a day, and tied into a knot, the straw is immersed into boiling water until it becomes white. It is then hung up in a shady place, and subsequently bleached for two or three days. The straw is now ready for use, and in this state, sent to different places, especially to Peru, where the Indians manufacture from it those beautiful cigar cases, which sometimes bring as high as $30 each. The plaiting of the hats is very troublesome. It commences at the crown and finishes at the brim. The hats are made on a block, which is placed upon the knees, and requires to be constantly pressed with the breast. According to their quality, more or less time is occupied in their completion — the coarser ones may be finished in two or three days, while the finest may take as many months. The best times for plaiting are the morning hours and the rainy season, when the air is moist. In the middle of the day and in dry clear weather, the straw is apt to break, and this, when the hat is finished, is betrayed by knots, and much diminishes the value.

### "Cleopatra's Needle."

The Alexandrian obelisk, presented by the Khedive of Egypt to New York, is about 3,500 years old, having been set up in Heliopolis by Thothmes III., at least 1,600 years before Christ. It is an entire shaft of granite, covered with hieroglyphics descriptive of the power of Thothmes. The inscriptions on the side which has for nineteen centuries faced the Mediterranean sea have been partly destroyed, but the other sides are considered to be perfect, and have been deciphered by many scholars, including Champollion and Kircher. The pyramidion on the first side contains a carving of Thothmes represented as a sphinx seated on a pilon or pedestal. In both hands he holds a jar of wine, and the inscription on the pedestal calls him "the powerful bull, crowned on the city of Western Thebes, the Son of the Sun, Tahutimes" (Thotmesh). The monarch is represented as making a gift of wine. Before him is the god Ra Helios, or the Sun, hawk-headed, wearing a disk, seated on his throne, and holding a dog-headed scepter in his right hand and an emblem of life in his left. Above their heads are the words: "Haremakhu [Harmachis, a form of Horus, or the sun on the horizon], the great God. Lord of the heaven," which is followed by the words "the Harmachis gives all life to the good god, the Lord of the two centuries, Menkhepera [Thothmes III.] Each side of the obelisk is also decorated with three perpendicular lines of hieroglyphs, the central one on each side being that of Thothmes III., who first set up the obelisk. The side lines to the right and left were added by Ramases II., of the nineteenth dynasty. (Thothmes was of the eighteenth.) The remaining lines, and the lines on the other sides, are full of lofty references to the "powerful bull," the "golden hawk," "Ra," "Remessu," and Thothmes III., which may be very interesting and important to the student, but are very monotonous to the general readers. On the metal crabs found on the base of the obelisk when excavating in June, 1877, are inscriptions in Greek and Latin, setting forth that the monument was erected in the reign of Augustus Cæsar by the architect Pontius. This is taken as proof that the obelisk was set up in the time of Augustus, and not of Tiberius.

## FOR THE FAIR SEX.

### A Wedding in Samoa.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, writing from the island of Samoa, says: We have had a social sensation in the way of a great Samoan wedding. For months past a leading chief of Falefa, in the Atua district, has been courting the village maid of Apia, Moe, daughter of Seumanutafa, high chief of Apia, and the new governor of the Tuamasaga district. As the chief is an old man and Moe is abont nineteen, it has required the most strenuous efforts of both families to bring about the match. The Falefa family have brought to Apia more than three hundred pigs, killed and cooked, and distributed them among the young lady's relations. In return for these, the family of the expected bride must give fine mats, siapas, etc., and they have been busily engaged collecting them from all over the islands till the governor's house is half full. These mats are the most valuable property of the Samoans, and are given at weddings as more substantial presents are at home. They are the heirlooms of families for generations, and are justly prized, as it requires years to make one of them. Some of them are valued as high as $1,000 apiece. Many of them are fringed with red feathers, and are almost as soft as silk.

A vast deal of ceremony is connected with these weddings. Yesterday all the maidens from Faleth went in a procession to the governor's house, each one carrying a stick with a bunch of red feathers suspended from the end. These feathers are very rare nowadays, and are much prized for mat trimmings, etc. All the town fales (native houses) are filled with visitors. At the wedding some member of the government read a chapter from the Bible and then reads a ceremony. The happy couple are seated all the time and join hands toward the close of the ceremony, as in more civilized countries.

In this instance the young lady is well and widely known, and is a favorite with the officers of the war ships of all nations. She is amiable and interesting. But as a rule, Samoan girls have very little to do with the choice of a husband. That is generally arranged by the heads of the families, and from interested motives. When the governor was asked why he did not marry Moe to a young chief, he replied that if she did not like her old husband she could run away from him, and it would be no disgrace, while a young husband might take a fancy for another wife, and it would be a shame to the family to have him leave her. A young chief generally has wives all over the islands. Through them he becomes allied to numerous leading families, and acquires extended influence, and when he falls out with one family he goes to another and finds a wife awaiting him. Native dances are taking place nightly and are a part of the wedding festivities. All the young dandies appear on the stage at such a time, and display their fine, manly figures. Also, the leading maidens of different villages assemble on the scene. Their costume is the primitive garb of Eve, and their figures such as might have been seen in Sparta.

### Fashion Notes.

Gathered flounces gain favor.

Short skirts are worn for dancing.

Handkerchief dresses of silk are the latest.

Red parasols have already lost favor in Paris.

Hoods are worn abroad on dresses as well as wraps.

Open-worked white embroidery is to be used on silks next winter.

For ball and festival dresses the rule is decoration to profusion with artificial flowers.

Bodices are pointed in front, rounded on the hips, and have postilion basques in the back.

The gold thread seen in fine white embroideries and in lace does not tarnish when washed.

Dancing dresses are made of thin goods, and for young ladies white ones are the most popular.

Bridal dresses are made of white satin with round dots, and trimmed with tulle and orange blossoms.

Black silk gauze, trimmed with black lace and jet, the bodice lined with old gold satin and a balayeuse to match the lining, is a favorite artistic dress. All these light costumes require foulard petticoats, muslin ones being too bulky for the scanty skirts now affected.

Sheer linen is being made into large collarettes, almost as broad as a fichu, and edged with lace or embroidery. They are round at the back and are pointed low in front, being quite open at the throat. Square linen cuffs, or else those made of two folds of the linen, are trimmed to match with the embroidery, and are then worn outside the sleeves.

Fashionable toilets for outdoor fetes in England are of white India muslin dresses made short and trimmed lavishly with lace; the bodices are lined with ponceau silk, and there is a ponceau kilting round the edge of the skirt. The quality of the muslin is exceedingly fine. The tablier is gathered or drawn, and the quilles at the side are alternate bands of muslin and lace.

Fans intended for day use, and differing widely from evening fans, are quite a show. They are this season neither too large nor too small, but that desirable size, the happy medium. Oriental taste is conspicuous in the feather fans—peacocks' feathers, ostrich feathers, cocks' feathers are all pressed into the service, and the mounts are more or less elegant according as they are of ivory, pearl or shell.

At an American wedding which recently took place in Paris, the rich dress of the bride was modeled after that worn by the Queen of Spain, with an elaborate double train, and a high wired Medicis collar, of historic shape, made o pearls. The material was creamy white satin—plain, not brocaded—and instead of lace the trimming was made of egg-shaped pearls that covered the front of the dress as though it was incrusted with them. The train was rounded at the end, lined throughout with satin striped gauze, and edged with three plaited frills of silk tulle, on each of which was a band of satin. Orange blossoms and white lilacs were the flowers used. The sleeves were of lace and pearls.

### After Fifty Years.

The Erie (Pa.) *Dispatch* tells this very large story: In the year 1820, when the great Napoleon was languishing in St. Helena and George IV. mounted the British throne, little Jennie Miller, aged four, poked a kernel of coffee into her right ear. The king and emperor have passed away, but that little kernel, preserved in the clear head of Miss Miller for over a half century, is as fresh, fragrant and useful to-day as it was when she first shoved it into her auricular appendage.

It was brought to light yesterday morning as Miss Miller was sitting at breakfast with the family of her brother in-law, Mr. John Ralph, of West Eighth street. The lady complained of an uneasy sensation in her ear and requested her niece, Mr. Ralph's daughter, to see if any foreign substance had got in. A brown speck was observed and picked at with a needle. It came away and the kernel fell into the old lady's lap. Then Miss Miller's memory carried her back half a hundred years and she remembered the morning when she alarmed her mother and father by thrusting it into her ear.

**A yacht, two miles at sea, was thrown out of the water and capsized by the explosion of a mine near Ancona, Italy.**

## "A GENTLEMAN OF LA PORTE."

### The First Appearance of One Who Became a Justice of the Peace--A Good Story by Bret Harte.

He was also a pioneer. A party who broke through the snows of the winter of '51 and came upon the triangular little valley afterward known as La Porte found him the sole inhabitant. He had subsisted for three months on two biscuits a day and a few inches of bacon, in a hut made of bark and brushwood. Yet when the explorers found him he was quite alert, hopeful and gentlemanly. But I cheerfully make way here for the terser narrative of Captain Henry Symes, commanding the prospecting party: "We kem upon him, gentlemen, sudden-like, jest abreast of a rock like this"—demonstrating the distance—"ez near ez you be. He sees us and he dives into his cabin and comes out agin with a tall hat—a stovepipe, gentlemen—and, blank me, gloves! He was a tall thin fellow, holler in the cheek—ez might be—and off color in his face, ez was nat'ral takin' in account his starvation grub. But he lifts his hat to us so, and sez he: 'Happy to make your acquaintance, gentlemen! I'm afraid you ex-per-ienced some difficulty in getting here. Take a cigyar.' And he pulls out a fancy cigar case with two real Havanas in it. 'I wish there was more,' sez he.

"'Ye don't smoke yourself?' sez I.

"'Seldom,' sez he, which war a lie, for that very artenoon I seed him hangin' ontu a short pipe like a suckin' baby ontu a bottle. 'I kept these cigyars for any gentlemen that might drop in.'

"'I reckon ye see a great deal o' the best society yer,' sez Bill Barker, starin' at the hat and gloves and winkin' at the boys.

"'A few Ind-i-ans occasionally,' sez he.

"'Injins!' sez we.

"'Yes. Very quiet good fellows in their way. They have once or twice brought me game, which I refused, as the poor fellows have had a pretty hard time of it themselves.'

"Now, gentlemen, we was, ez you know, rather quiet men—rather peaceable men; but—hevin' been shot at three times by these yar' good' Injins, and Parker hisself havin' a matter o' three inches of his own skelp lying loose in their hands and he walkin' round wearin' green leaves on his head like a Roman statoo—it did kinder seem ez if this yer stranger was playin' it rather low down on the boys. Bill Parker gets up and takes a survey o' him and sez he, peaceful-like:

"'Ye say these yer Injins—these yer quiet Injins—offered yer game?'

"'They did!' sez he.

"'And you refoosed?'

"'I did,' sez he

"'Must hev made 'em feel kinder bad—sorter tortered their sensitiv' naters?' sez Bill.

"'They really seemed quite disappointed.'

"'In course,' sez Bill. 'And now mout I ask who you be?'

"'Excuse me,' says the stranger; and blame my skin! if he doesn't hist out a keerd-case, and handin' it over to Bill, sez: 'Here's my kyard.'

"Bill took it and read aloud, 'J. Trott, Kentucky.'

"'It's a pooty keerd,' sez Bill.

"'I'm glad you like it,' says the stranger.

"'I reckon the other fifty-one of the deck ez as pooty—all of 'em jacks and left bowers," sez Bill.

"The stranger sez nothin', but kinder draws back from Bill, but Bill ups and sez:

"'Wot is your little game, Mister J. Trott, of Kentucky?'

"'I don't think I quite understand you,' sez the stranger, a holler fire comin' intu his cheeks like ez if they was the bowl of a pipe.

"'Wot's this yer kid glove business? —this yer tall hat paradin'?—this yer circus foolin'? Wot's it all about? Who are ye, anyway?'

"The stranger stands up, and sez he: 'Ez I don't quarrel with guests on my own land,' sez he, 'I think you'll allow I'm—a gentleman,' sez he.

"With that he takes off his tall hat and makes a low bow—so—and turns away—like this; but Bill lites out of a suddent with his right foot and drives his number ten boot clean through the crown of that tall hat like one o' them circus hoops.

"That's about ez fur ez I remember. Gentlemen! thar warn't but one man o' that hull crowd ez could actooally swear what happened next, and that man never told. For a kind o' whirlwind jest then took place in that valley. I disremember anythin' but dust and bustlin'. Thar wasn't no yelling, thar wasn't no shootin'. It was one o' them suddent things that left even a six-shooter out in the cold. When I kept to in the chapparel—being oncomfortable like from hevin' only half a shirt only I found nigh on three pounds o' gravel and stones in my pockets and a stiffness in my ha'r. I looks up and sees Bill hangin' in the forks of a hickory saplin' twenty feet above me.

"'Cap,' sez he, in an enquirin' way, 'hez the tornado passsed?'

"'Which?' sez I.

"'This yer elemental disturbance—is it over?'

"'I reckon,' sez I.

"'Because,' sez he, 'afore this yer electrical phenomenon took place I hed a slight misunderstanding with a stranger, and I'd like to apologize!'

"And with that he climbs down, peaceful like, and goes into the shanty, and comes out hand-in-hand with that stranger, smilin' like an infant. And that's the first time, I reckon, we know'd anythin' about the gentleman of La Porte."—*Bret Harte, in Belgravia*.

### Smothered in Their Beds.

A Geneva correspondent of the London *Times* writes as follows: A strange occurrence happened a few days ago at St. Cierge, a village in the Jura. The principal room of an auberge, there known as the Cerf, was lighted by a hanging petroleum lamp, above which had been placed, for the protection of the ceiling, a metal plate. In course of time the woodwork above the plate became dessicated, and one evening recently it took fire, and when the innkeeper and his family retired to rest, was all aglow—a fact, however, which they do not seem to have noticed. From the ceiling the fire was communicated to the room above, and was first discovered by a neighbor, who, early next morning, observing smoke issuing from the auberge door, gave an alarm, when, as none of the inmates could be roused, the door was broken open. The fire, having gone on smoldering without bursting into flames, had done little material damage, and was easily extinguished; but all the people in the house—the aubergiste, his wife and sister—were dead. After the manner of people who have often a horror of fresh air, they had firmly closed their windows before going to bed, and the smoke having no exit, had asphyxiated every ne of them.

A sea-captain, who was asked by his wife to look at some pianos while he was in the city, with a view of buying her one, wrote home to her: I saw one that I thought would suit you, black walnut hull, strong bulkheads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, sealed with white wood and maple Rigging, steel wire—double on the ratlines, and whipped wires on the lower, and heavier cordage. Belaying pins of steel and well driven home Length of taffrail, over all, six feet, one inch. Breadth of beam, thirty-eight inches; depth of hold fourteen inches. Hatches can be battered down proof against ten-year-old boys and commercial drummers, or can be clewed up, on occasion, and sheeted home for a first-class instrumental cyclone.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

The highest percentage of municipal growth shown by the census is that of Denver, Col., which has increased during the last ten years, at the rate of 650 per cent. Minneapolis ranks second with a rate of 400 per cent., and Oakland, Cal. third with a rate of 233 per cent. St. Paul and Camden, N. J., share the fourth place with a rate of 107 per cent. Grand Rapids, Mich., is credited with 93 per cent.; St. Joseph, Mo., with 87 per cent.; Fall River, Mass., with 80 per cent.; Omaha, Neb., with 79 per cent., and Atlanta, Ga., with 78 per cent.

An inspection has been made of all the factories in Chicago where men, women and girls are employed, to report their condition, and bring suit in case they were found unhealthy. The work is now about completed. The inspectors found over 55,000 persons, eighty per cent. of them men employed in the Chicago factories; most of these were found to be badly lighted, filled with vitiated air through defective or non-ventilation, and sadly lacking in sewerage and closets. By pointing out the fault in some cases, and threatening suits in some others, a reform, radical in extent, has been effected.

The correspondent of the London *Guardian*, referring to the enjoyment of summer life in Paris among the working classes, says: The best and most distinctive characteristic of all the popular assemblages in France is still, one is glad to say, the absence of coarseness, and, above all, of drunkenness. Thousands and tens of thousands of people poured out of Paris yesterday to Versailles, whither Grandes Eaux by day and illuminations of the fountains by night attracted them. But rudeness and riot are unknown, and mainly because sobriety is still the rule. Aere, on the other hand, scarcely a week passes without the record of some brutal row on an excursion boat.

At the last sitting of the international, congress of the societies for the protection of animals the following resolutions with regard to vivisection were adopted: That it is desirable to have the employment of vivisection regulated by law; that the rights of science should be respected, while abuses should be prevented; that vivisection be allowed only for purposes for which dead animals cannot be used; that anæsthesia be obligatory in all cases where it is possible; that the animal, after having served for the experiments, be killed immediately; and that it be forbidden to repeat experiments, of which the result is definitely acquired, for the purposes of science.

A letter from Shanghai narrates an incident of Chinese fatalism. A man fell overboard from a boat and was carried away by the current and drowned, but neither his three companions nor the occupants of numerous other boats in the vicinity made the least effort to save him. His comrades screamed and tore their hair, as if in great distress, and when asked why they made no exertions to rescue their companion replied that a man who saved another from drowning was responsible for his debts! Also that the drowned man could not have been saved by any possibility, as he must have offended Typhoon Joss (the god of water), and, as a natural consequence, when Joss says a man must drown that is the end of it.

The *Electrician* says that the life of a submarine telegraph cable is from ten to twelve years. If a cable breaks in deep water after it is ten years old, it cannot be lifted for repairs, as it will break of its own weight, and cable companies are compelled to put aside a large reserve fund in order that they may be prepared to replace their cables every ten years. The action of the sea eats the iron away completely, and it crumbles to dust, while the core of the cable may be perfect. The breakages of cables are very costly, and it is a very difficult matter to repair them in comparison with a land line. A ship has to be chartered at $500 a day for two or three weeks in fixing the locality and in avoiding rough weather, as cables can only be repaired in calm weather. One break in the direct cable cost $100,000.

A Chicago man, who claims to be a diamond expert, gives to the *Tribune* of that city the following information, which owners of gems may be interested in: There are a great many so-called solitaires sold as single stones which, when put under the blow-pipe, will come apart in single pieces, put together for the American market. There is not one diamond in ten sold in our market but is the refuse of the London market. They are sold at a fictitious value, so that not half the selling price can be got when put on the market. Nearly all are off-color, speckled or feathered. Very few "old mine diamonds" are on the market. Those are the real valuable stones that are marketable all over the world. People that are investing in these jewels will be surprised, I expect, at these statements and yet they are true.

The Hannibal (Mo.) *Herald* has an elaborate article on the losses by the break in the levee on the Illinois tide of the Mississippi river. After stating that the levee is fifty-two miles song, extending from a point nine miles south of Quincy to Hamburg bay, nine miles south of Charlesville, and that it redeems 101,289 acres of land, it makes an estimate of losses by multiplying the number of acres in wheat and corn, which were overflowed, by the average yield per acre, which, at present prices, would show a loss of wheat of $200,000, and about the same amount on corn. Other losses, as to fences, barns, dwellings, farming utensils, etc., will reach fully $100,000, making the total loss half a million dollars. Not more than one-third of either the wheat or corn crop is lost. The overflow from the break was nearly seventy hours traveling twenty-four miles, which gave many farmers time to save much of their property outside the growing crops.

Several correspondents have asked the New York *Graphic* to state what is the law governing promotions in the United States army, and whether, in case of General Hancock resigning, the vacancy would be filled by seniority or selection. The *Graphic* replies that "there is no law nor custom governing promotions to the higher grades of the army. It is a matter of selection on the part of the President or through a special act of Congress. General Crook, for instance, was made a brigadier-general by Executive selection from the rank of lieutenant-colonel, being promoted over all the colonels in the army. General Sheridan was promoted so rapidly over senior officers that in a few months from a captain to a major-general. Officers, especially in times of peace, are inclined to look for promotion as a rule according to seniority, but they have no assurance that they will get it, and in fact usually do not, it appears, among the two or three highest grades. If General Hancock should resign, President Hayes might appoint any one he chose to the position, taking perhaps none of the brigadiers."

Great consternation was manifested through Teesdale, England, on the fact becoming generally known that a tourist had been swept over High Force, the well known waterfall at the head of the dale. It appears that the two gentlemen, who had ascended the summit of the Force on a recent occasion, were seated on the rocks in the center, which, when the river is low, are usually dry. A roll of water, consequent on the recent heavy rains suddenly and without warning made its appearance, and with a deafening roar the now swollen waters of the Tees rushed over the fall, a depth of seventy-two feet. The tourists, becoming aware of their dangerous position, made frantic signals for assistance, and at length they were observed by a man who was staying near the falls. He speedily procured assistance, and a party of men proceeded with ropes to the top of the Force. A rope was thrown to one of the tourists, who was dragged through the seething waters for a distance of about ten yards with great difficulty, and landed in a gasping condition. Afterward the rope was flung to the remaining man, but unfortunately it was broke as he was being dragged through the water, and his companion who had been already saved, together with those who had been instrumental in the rescue, saw the body carried over the rapids by the strong current of water which was at the time rushing over the rocks.

A German physician has started a pleasing theory with regard to insanity. It is, he thinks, a mistake to look upon it as an unmitigated evil. It is in many cases a boon rather than the reverse to the person immediately affected. The loss of reason lands the sufferer from a sea of trouble into one of comparative calm—often into one of decided happiness; and attempts to restore such a person to sanity would be cruel rather than kind. Moreover, he insists that without a certain amount of insanity success in life, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is quite impossible. All eminent men, he contends, are decidedly more or less mad. Many of of them are dangerous monomaniacs whom it would be desirable on public grounds to shut up, but who nevertheless achieve grand careers and are credited with doing a vast amount of good. This false notion he attributes to the fact that the greater mass of mankind are also insane, and quite unable to distinguish between good and evil. Whole nations are, he says, occasionally seized, like individual persons, with attacks of madness, and led by eminent madmen either destroy themselves or their neighbors. These paroxysms are, he admits, undoubtedly dangerous, but when madness is blended with just sufficient self-control to keep it within bounds, and prevent it from betraying itself, it displays itself in nervous energy and enables the lunatic to exercise immense influence over his fellow creatures.

### The Lightning Flash.

The same stroke of lightning that killed Mrs. George Williams, of Williamstown, Va., burned up two barns with a large flock of turkeys and a lot of swine.

In King George county, Va., William Scott, aged twenty-one years, and Daniel Scott, aged fifteen years, both colored, were recently instantly killed by lightning.

Just after leaving the harvest field near Dayton, Ohio, two boys named Hovey and Smith were struck by lightning and killed. They had taken shelter under a tree.

While tying his horse to a telegraph pole, in Carpe, Ontario, to seek shelter from the rain, a boy named Sproule, fourteen years of age, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

Albert Robley, of Carrollton, Ill., was almost home, but concluded to stop under a tree near by until the shower was over. A flash of lightning ended his career a moment afterward.

When lightning visited Independence, Iowa, it struck a cow belonging to Charles Leslie, which was standing near a wire fence, killed her, then straddled the wire, and followed it for half a mile, splintering every post.

After a storm at Louisville, Ky., the bodies of William Prinz, Alfred Jones and John Ball, all colored farm hands of E. G. Miners, were found in a field near a tree under which they had sought shelter, killed by lightning.

In Hartford county, Md., lightning struck a large tree on the farm of Mrs. McCormick and split it into kindling wood. It knocked the child of Peter G. Hermann, a near neighbor, out of a chair, and gave the mother a shock as if from a giant galvanic battery, but no one was killed.

### Gold in Newspapers.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Call* writes of the discovery of small flakes of gold on the surface of the paper upon which it is printed. He says: "I had observed, previous to last February, that the *Call* often contained golden nuggets, but from the sixth of that month to the end it was rare to have a number without its golden show. From the paper of the sixth I took fifty-six pieces of gold, the thickness of the *Call*, and varying in size from that of a small pin-head to nearly the size of a three-cent piece. I think I have more than a hundred pieces of gold taken from the paper that month. All left a hole when removed, as the thin film of paper on the inside was rendered brittle by the hard pressure when the calender rolls gave as they flattened out the golden deposits. In addition to the gold I got platinum, silver, iron, tin and some lead." The explanation of the discovery is, says the *Call*, that in the manufacture of the paper pulp water is used that has been passed through a flume in which miners have washed dirt containing all kinds of precious metals. The gold is what is known as "float gold," and escapes the miners who still follow the primitive methods of washing. Some of the water used is taken from artesian wells. The manufacturers say that they have often noticed a substance that glistened in the water, but that they supposed it to be mica, as the wells were bored through mica deposits.

### The Sultan of Turkey.

A friend of mine who has just returned from Turkey, and who had occasion to be brought in contact with the sultan and many of his ministers, tells me, says the editor of London *Truth*, that the commander of the faithful is, without exception, the most utterly faithless scamp in his dominions. Whenever he appoints a minister he says to him: "You must find means to resist all demands for reform, and your tenure of office will depend upon the length of time that you can do this without compromising me. Eventually the ambassadors will complain of you, when I shall pretend to be most indignant at your not having carried out my policy, and shall sacrifice you for having deceived me." The sultan is the son of an Armenian mother, and it is generally supposed that his real father was an Armenian. He is neither a drunkard nor a voluptuary, and although by no means an able man he has a considerable amount of low cunning He is believed to be accumulating a considerable fund, for although the finances of his country are in a desperate condition taxes do come in, and yet neither the army nor the civil employees are paid.

### Cooking by the Sun's Rays.

In regard to the much talked of us, of solar heat for industrial purposese Mouchot gives an account of his additional experiments in this direction, in which he asserts that his smaller pieces of cooking apparatus have never failed to work during sunny weather. Some mirrors of less than half a square meter, constructed with all desirable perfection have sufficed to roast half a kilogram—or about one pound—of beef in twenty-two minutes, and to cook, in an hour and a half, stews which required four hours of an ordinary fire of wood; and in half an hour to bring three-fourths of a liter of cold water to the boiling point, which latter corresponds to the utilization of 9.5 colories per minute per square meter, which may be considered a remarkable result in the latitude of Paris.

### As One Whom His Mother Comforteth.

BY THE LATE E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

As one his mother comforteth
In sadness and unrest,
As one who lays his weary head
Upon his mother's breast,
And findeth there a tenderness,
The truest and the best,
So God, our God! we look to Thee,
When earthly cark and care,
And all the petty ills of life
Seem more than we can bear,
Laying our hand upon Thy breast
We find our comfort there.

As one his mother comforteth
When darkness fills the skies,
And shadows overbrood the way
Before his doubting eyes,
Looks forth, and sees a better land
In which his future lies;
So God, our God! we look to Thee
When storms of life assail,
And mercy hides her heavenly face
Behind a shrouding veil,
Through all the storms and darkness
We see Thy love prevail.

As one his mother comforteth,
Oh, tender words of grace!
In which a hidden soul of love
The weary heart may trace,
And find a sweetness in the words
For all our fallen race.
So God, our God! we turn to Thee
In darkness and unrest,
And find the One who comforteth
Upon His loving breast
Above our earthly comforters,
The truest and the best.
—*Christian at Work.*

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Nothing is more easy than irreproachable conduct.

Despairing old maids look languishing even on rain-bows.

A recent discovery is a telephone talked to death by a barber.

The battles of the union—Fighting between husband and wife.

During the last half year Italy imported 250,000 tons of cereals.

In Philadelphia a boy who ties a tin pail to a dog's tail is fined $10.

Olive oil is adulterated with the oil of cotton seed in Southern Europe.

A tramp called his shoes "corporations," because they had no soles.

The way to make a large hole in your pocket is to incur a large rent.

Ducks are fond of flies. There is just where they differ from bald-headed old men.

There is a great deal of luck in a horseshoe when thrown, if it doesn't hit you.

An English scientist attributes our cold waves to Venus and our hot waves to Jupiter.

George Morris, of Old Freedom, Mo. was killed by lightning while at work in a wheat field.

In Florence the royal lottery and the supreme court occupy rooms on the same floor.

That there should be one man die ignorant, who had a capacity for knowledge; this I call tragedy.

Authors are spoken of as dwelling in attics, because so few of them are able to live on their first story.

The man who fell out of his bunk on the steamboat explained that his blackened eye was a berth mark.

A boy will dig over a square rod of garden ground for fish bait, and yet he could not be hired to work on a six-foot onion bed.

Fire, flood, mistake or accident may rob us of our material possessions, but they cannot get at the treasure of the immortal mind.

A little girl in church, after the contribution plate had been passed, complacently and audibly said: "I paid for four, ma—was that right?"

A bad little Philadelphia boy made his mother's hair rise the other day. He stole her switch for kite bobs.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

The annual potatoe crop of the United States is estimated at nearly 200,000,000 bushels, of which New York State alone furnishes 25,000,000 bushels.

Raphael is to have a splendid monument erected to his memory by the people of Urbino, his native place, on the fourth centenary of his birth, April 6, 1883.

The reason more umbrellas than watermelons are stolen is thought to be because the thief doesn't have to plug the umbrella. It is always ripe for the harvest.

The man who grasped an opportunity tried the same scheme with a bumblebee. He abandoned his last enterprise quicker'n he did the first one.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I will take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

It is estimated that there are 500 florists establishments within a radius of ten miles of the New York city hall, and that the capital invested in land, structures and stock is not less than 0,000,000.

The manufacture of sporting implements has assumed large proportions in this country. It is estimated that from 50,000 to 60,000 sets of croquet, 200,000 baseball bats, and 250,000 baseballs will be made for this season's trade by a single firm in Chicago.

A short time ago two boys in San Diego, Cal., built for themselves a small boat, and after, taking on board three months' provisions, sailed down the coast to Todos Santos Islands, where they have established a camp and are now actively engaged in seal hunting, shell gathering, etc., with a profitable return for their hardy undertaking.

The Sioux held their annual sun dance in Dakota recently and the usual scenes of cruelty were enacted. One young warrior held out for fifty-six hours and then fainted. He was hanging all that time by a stick run through the flesh of the back. He fainted before the flesh gave way. He was so grieved over his failure that he tried to kill himself.

A remarkable resonance has been observed in connection with the great staircase of stone in the Walhalla at Regensburg, Germany. From one of the landings, where two other staircases rise in opposite directions, a metallic ringing is produced by every footstep, while a stamp of the foot is answered by a tone so clear, resounding and musical, that the visitor can hardly believe that the stairs are not made wholly of bell-metal. As the visitor passes up the stairs the ringing gradually becomes weaker, and soon ceases.

TO THE FLY

Oh thou insinuous thing, whom I have seen
Disporting in the butter-dish and soup-tureen
Or gaily gamboling on the bald head
From whence the once thick hair is gathered,
To thee I sing a song—yet not in praise,
Thou bird that lengthenest my days.

For oft would I in morning take repose
But for thy peregrinations on my nose;
At night, when you should be hushed and still,
Thy wing-wrought buzzing my repose doth kill.
Thus at both ends my days are longer spun,
While you, you 'tarnal varmint, think it's fun
—*Marathon Independent*