

RECEIVE THE WANDERERS BACK.

Receive the wanderer back, love,
For life is in its wane,
Let us as in the days of yore,
Enjoy love's dream again.
For they indeed were pleasant times,
Those happy, happy hours,
When love lay pure in our young hearts
As dew in folded flowers.

Though wavering fancy caused my heart
On other scenes to dwell,
Yet have I kept thy image locked
In memory's deepest cell.
Like him who tossed upon the waves
Of a tempestuous sea,
My every thought is that I may
A refuge find in thee.

I looked upon the past, love,
With feelings of regret,
And pray that you my waywardness
From this time may forget.
For if devotion deep and wild
My misdeeds can erase,
Henceforth I'll be forever thine
Whist time proceeds apace.

For, dearest love, forgiveness is
A truly blessed thing,
It causes oft within the heart
A rushing fount to spring;
A fount whose waters are as pure
As those of heaven above,
And they who quaff forever sing
The glorious theme of love.

Then, O receive the wanderer back,
Give him thy love again,
For sweet it is when years have fled
To dream love's dream again.
Give me thy love, ere beauty is
Within life's lowest things,
And hours will fly like angel troops
With glory on their wings.

—Finley Johnson.

MISS PIPER'S PUPIL.

Miss Pandora Piper, teacher of music, who had hard work to keep soul and body together, but not unhappy, because she said, she was never left without a new bonnet for Easter Sunday, and one black silk somehow lasted until she got a new one, received a very singular note one morning—a note which had been handed in at the door, the landlady's "girl" said, by an elderly gentleman.

The epistle was enveloped in the costliest and most richly decorated envelope to be procured for love or money anywhere. The paper, nearly as thick as cardboard, was to match. A coat of arms was in the corner, and the words were as follows:

MISS PIPER:—A person of neglected education is wiseful to be undertaken. Will call at 3.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Miss Pandora; "he must have been neglected, that's certain. I never saw anything like that before in all my life! Fatally forgotten, I should say." Well, I wonder what he can be like. He must be rich, I suppose, poor people can't afford such stationery as this. And a coat of arms, too! Shoddy, I suppose, but so that he's respectful why should I care for that? He will probably pay well, and I've lost Anne Eliza Griggs by marriage just as she was beginning to take variations.

"Nora, I shall be in if a new pupil—a gentleman—calls at 3 o'clock."

Nora, who, like Miss Piper, who often gave her little presents, and who kept on an upper shelf of her closet some soothing balsam which she was always ready to apply to poor girl's fingers, which were always being cut or burnt or pinched in something, gave an amiable grin and offered to polish up the grate when she had a minute, "seeing a stranger was coming."

The morning wore away. Two little girls had gone through their exercises and a heavy lady who took lessons in vocal music had nearly burst a blood vessel in endeavoring to gain a certain high note which was the object of her ambition.

Miss Piper had been around the corner to give a lesson there and over the way to see to another pupil's practicing.

She came home in a hurry, arranged her hair, saw that the little parlor was neat and awaited her guest with feverish anxiety.

At last he came. Nora showed some one up stairs and there entered at the door an elderly gentleman of benign appearance, dressed in the latest fashion, but not without regard to his age, who bowed low, remarking:

"I hope I am not late, mum. I know your time must be very valuable."

"I am sure I only wish everybody was as punctual," said Miss Piper. "It is exactly three o'clock."

"You're very kind, mum," said the gentleman, seating himself, as Miss Piper motioned him to a chair. "I'm an oldish pupil, I suppose you think; but I'll explain, I think I've explained in my note, but I'll explain again. I've been neglected, not from any unkindness—for my poor mother did the best she could for me—but we were very poor. I don't wish to mention the humble position I've always occupied until a year ago, when somebody came from England and hunted me up. Mother was dead, poor dear! but this how it was: Father was very rich and up in the world; mother was a housemaid. He married her, and his mother was furious, and mother couldn't stand it. She ran away; she came here, and lived an honest, hard-working life. It was only when she died she told me my name was not Niggins, but Sliger, and that she had written to my father, or got some lawyer to write, and he was dead, too, and I came into the property and left the humble position I won't allude to, and—well, I'm rich, but I don't know anything, and before I go to England I want to be educated. You understand?"

"It's a very laudable ambition, I'm sure," said Miss Piper. "I usually teach music, but of course, I can undertake the English branches."

"Yes, mum," replied the gentleman, hastily. "I want to begin with music in this manner. I have known no one in high life who could not play upon the piano. Begin with that and go on to spelling, which I am conscious I sadly need."

It was not the true course, but there was a serious and dignified manner about this "neglected" person that made it impossible not to say so. He mentioned her terms and set the hours for the lessons, and so skillfully emphasized the name of the instrument that Mr. Sliger before his departure had begun to call it "the pearino" instead of the "piano."

At the door, however, he gave her a dreadful shock.

"I wish, mum," he remarked, "to begin with tunes."

Miss Piper was a conscientious little

teacher, but she felt that there were people in this world who must have their own way, and Mr. Sliger's first lesson consisted of the "White Cockade."

He had a very good ear; he was anxious to learn. From the "White Cockade" he went to "Life Let Us Cherish," and poor guilty Miss Piper, who felt that the notes had very little to do with his performance, beat time and counted.

Meanwhile she found that, leaving education out of the question, the man was very sensible—that he was very kindly and amiable. Once corrected in the pronunciation of a word he never became a backslider on that question. However, it was he who arranged everything, and not his teacher.

As other lessons were added the neglected person set the hours for them; finally he had six hours a day. The spelling lesson, the lesson on geography; the lesson in history, followed each other. All the week days were his.

Poor Miss Piper had no power to say him nay. He paid well, he treated her with actual reverence, but the last pupil when he elected to copy some very flat "flower pieces" which Miss Piper had executed in early youth and call this a lesson in painting. He had all her weekdays at last. He certainly had improved in pronunciation, but Miss Piper felt herself to be a humbug. What they really did was to spend the day together exactly as he chose. Playing with educational books, thumping the piano, daubing bristol board with impossible flowers, scrambling through the lessons in French, of which Miss Piper had had a quarter from a Swiss gentleman. For a long time she was alone on Sunday and usually went to the Methodist church to which she belonged; but Mr. Sliger soon altered that. He began asking her whether they had "these vespers of theirs at the Cathedral on Sunday morning?" And when she instructed him that "vespers" were in the latter part of the day, said he would call for her.

Accordingly she went to vespers at the cathedral in the afternoon and after that regularly three times a day to different churches.

It was then that the landlady thought it her duty to call.

She appeared in Miss Pandora Piper's apartment at the awful hour of ten, majestic in her crimping pins, and with a very serious countenance and was welcomed in with a smile by the little music teacher.

"Good evening, Mrs. Grimm," said she, "I haven't had a call from you for a long while."

"No, Miss Piper, you haven't," said Mrs. Grimm with emphasis. "You couldn't expect me to call after such carryings on."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Grimm?" ejaculated Miss Piper.

"Can you ask, Pandora Piper?" answered the landlady in her deepest chest note. "The whole neighborhood is talking about you."

"About me!" screamed Miss Piper.

"You and that man," said the landlady.

"My pupil, Mr. Sliger?" sobbed Miss Piper, now fairly in tears.

"Your pupil? Don't tell me," said Mrs. Grimm. "Miss Pandora Piper, I shall be obliged to put up a bill for my second floor. You've got to go."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Pandora, "Can you think any harm of me? Why, you could come in at any moment. Nora is in and out every now and then. Such a respectable elderly gentleman, and such a correct person as I am?"

"It isn't me, Pandora," said Mrs. Grimm, quite melted. "It's the neighborhood. The church going (if it is church) finished 'em. You're of age this long while, my dear; you ought to know how to behave; but I can't countenance this. I shall put up the bill. Oh, oh, oh, Pandora! that it should come to this!"

Poor Miss Pandora!

As her friend and landlady walked out of the door with her handkerchief to her eyes, she stood motionless as though turned to a pillar of salt.

She saw just how this repair of neglected education must appear to her small circle of discarded pupils, and felt a strong desire to drown herself, or jump out of the window, or turn on the gas, or take a box of matches in her tea, and she might actually, it seemed to her afterwards, have died of mortification, but that the gong at the front door, pulled violently at this moment, startled her, and Nora, running up, wrapped in a waterproof cloak, for she had been making preparations to go to bed, announced:

"Mr. Sliger!"

"He can't come up," said Pandora, "at this hour of the night."

"No, miss; he asks for you to come down," said Nora.

Pandora went down.

Mr. Sliger was at the door.

"There's a telescope at the corner," he said; "Something going on in some star or other, I believe. Get a bonnet and shawl and come and have a peep. It will be a lesson in astronomy for me. You can explain it, you know—same terms as the other lessons."

Pandora without a word obeyed.

The door closed after the two, leaving Mrs. Grimm staring at Nora.

"That's the capsheaf," said the lady.

"Shall I sit up for them?" asked Nora.

"No," said Mrs. Grimm. "I will."

Meanwhile Miss Pandora and Mr. Sliger peeped through the telescope and saw the rings of Saturn, which Mr. Sliger supposed to be phenomenal and temporary, and which were explained by Miss Pandora to be fixtures, and then adjourned to an ice cream saloon of much elegance.

This, indeed, was desperate dissipation. Miss Pandora said to herself, as she sat before the cut-glass goblets on the damask cloth, and saw the water splash from the little fountain in the center into the aquarium and over the glossy plants, all reflecting in the long mirrors. However, what did it matter? She was already "talked about," turned out of her lodgings as a person who had gone wrong. She would keep this merry moment to remember when she had put an end to all by saying to the neglected pupil that she could no longer impart instruction to him.

Partisan feeling is the chief of crime.

—George W. Curtis.

He was ordering every indigestible

luxury on the bill of fare, the diamond on his little finger flashing like a small sun, obsequious waiters bobbing about behind them. He looked kindly at her, and asked if she liked this or that. He was as simple as an old baby; as kind as an old lady, and he was a nice, pleasant-looking man.

"All over! All over!" she said to herself. "I might have known what a wicked world this is, and how ill it thinks of innocent things. Why might not I go on teaching him forever without harm?"

People were coming in from concerts, from the theaters; tables were filling; but theirs, between two columns beyond the fountain, was very quiet.

The waiters were gone to execute Mr. Sliger's behests. Suddenly he turned to her, and took a letter from his pocket.

"Miss Piper," he said, "read that."

Pandora opened the missive and perused it.

It was from a firm of lawyers, speaking in plain terms of Mr. St. Leger as a gentleman and a man of honor and fortune.

"I got 'em to give it to me," he said, "to show you."

"I do not need it indeed," said Pandora, sadly. "And this is the way your name is really spelt? St. Leger? It's a beautiful name."

"It sounds a little curious to me," he said. "Mother wrote it Sliger. I never knew, but you'll see I'm all right. They never took me without a character when I went for a place in the poor times, and I couldn't expect you to take me without a character, either—I don't know whether you despise me for my ignorance or not, but if you don't, why I want you to take me for your pupil for life—to marry me, Pandora. Will you?"

It was a dreadful thing to do in such a public place, but Pandora Piper felt that she was going to faint—the room grew black.

She held out her hand for the glass of water. Most of it was spilt upon the front breadth of her new black silk, but that which passed her lips revived her. Then a soft, sweet sense that there was no more trouble for her in this world crept into her heart and she smiled up at him.

"It was in my mind the first day I came," he said. "I had seen you often through the window when you gave lessons to that little girl at Bell's. I used to watch you with my opera glass. I felt sure that you were just the woman for me and every lesson you gave me proved it. I shall learn everything from you—goodness as well as spelling. Oh, say, 'Yes!' I want you! I want you!"

She said "Yes."

Mrs. Grimm was sitting up for her, pale with wrath, when she returned; but Pandora took her by both hands and said:

"You won't turn me out until after my wedding day, will you, dear? You'll let me be married here. It's next week. Mr. St. Leger won't wait. You see, we will have to go to England to live on the estate. And after all a poor teacher needs no great preparation."

"Servants and diamonds and a country house and a city house, and everything heart can wish," Mrs. Grimm says in telling the story. "A real grand lady now. It's like a romance."

And Pandora, happy with her good, simple husband in her new surroundings, often thinks so herself.

Ayer's Newspaper Annual.

N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual for 1884 is now before the public, and to say that it is the most extensive as well as the most complete publication of the kind ever issued is but stating what all must acknowledge who give the work thorough and critical examination. It contains a carefully prepared list of all newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by states in geographical sections, and by towns in alphabetical order. In this list also is given the name of the paper, the issue, general characteristics, year of establishment, size, circulation, and advertising rates for ten lines one month.

In short a vast fund of information concerning newspapers of interest and importance to the journalistic craft, to advertisers and to nearly every body else is found within its pages, and the whole is so arranged that the information sought can be readily turned to. For fullness, correctness, compactness of statement, variety and value of contents, and freedom from favoritism or prejudice, it perhaps has no equal, and considering the size of the book and the character of its contents is cheap at the price asked, \$3, carriage paid.

Gettysburg Battle-Field.

Philadelphia Record.

Department Commander Dyer, of the G. A. R., has issued a general order in which he urges upon every Post and comrade to subscribe for stock in the Gettysburg Battle-Field Association and become a part owner in the great place. The organization already holds in fee simple that portion of the grove near Katalysine Spring in which General Reynolds fell; "Little Round Top," the north slopes of Round Top, the park opposite and east of the National Cemetery, McKnight's Hill, Culp's Hill and the "wheat field," with the woods south, which have been styled the "whirlpool" of the great battle.

"All these grounds," the order states, "remain as they were at the time of the battle, except so far as the marks have been effaced by the operation of natural causes; and to a large extent the lunettes and infantry defenses have been renewed and preserved as originally constructed on these portions of the field." The association desires if possible to secure all the land comprised in the battle-field, and convert the place into a sort of national park. As funds are raised portions are secured.

An agricultural paper asserts that well-selected grade cows are more profitable in the dairy than those of pure breeding, at the same price. This may be so, but it is no argument against thorough breeding. You can't have grades without thoroughbreds.

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

The Association of German Engineers numbers 5,100 members.

Citric acid has been ascertained by Dr. Schultz to possess powerful antiseptic properties.

According to the last annual report the American Association for the Advancement of Science had 2,011 members.

An English firm has begun the manufacture of casks and barrels of steel. They are lighter than wood and more durable.

Oil is now extracted from the seeds of grapes in Italy. Young grapes yield most, and black kinds more than the white.

A statistician has calculated that there are manufactured 80,000,000 pins every day, or about 29,200,000 every year.

A tricycle postal delivery system is to be tried by the postmaster general of Victoria at Portland, Sale and Ararat, with the view of extending it, if it proves successful, to other districts of the colony.

To detect cotton oil in olive oil, mix the oil in question with a solution of basic lead acetate, and let it stand for twelve or twenty-four hours. If cotton oil is present it takes a red color like fresh-prepared tincture of myrrh.

Mons. Balland has found that the average moisture of the fumes of commerce is 14 per cent. It varies with the hygrometric state of the air, and is generally from 1 to 2 per cent. greater in winter than in summer.

The making of large lenses is a matter of many difficulties, as may be inferred from the fact that there have been nineteen failures to cast the thirty-six-inch glass for the great Lick telescope to be mounted in California.

A German paper trade journal says that a waterproof paper which will shine in the dark can be made of 40 parts paper stock, 10 parts phosphorescent powder, 10 parts water, 1 part gelatine and 1 part bichromate of potash.

Bronze is a mixture of copper and tin, and sometimes lead, the proportions of which vary somewhat, but are usually nine to one. It is often adulterated with zinc, but when this is the case its surface honeycombs on exposure.

In order to make plaster set quickly, mix it with water into which a little sulphate of potash has been dissolved; to make it set slowly, mix it with fine slaked lime. The time of setting may be regulated by changing the relative quantities.

An establishment in the Hebrides which treats seaweed for iodine, according to Mr. Edward Stanford, F. C. S., obtains an illuminating gas as a by-product. The process also yields a very light and porous charcoal, ammonia and tar.

Why They Ran Slow.

Council Bluffs Herald.

"We made a singular discovery the other day," remarked an official of a road running into Council Bluffs.

"About three miles beyond a certain station on our line there is a farm house by the side of the track. Just beyond the farm house is a little creek, over which there is a small bridge. About four years ago some repairs were being made to that little bridge, and of course the bridge gang put up a sign board 'Run Slow,' on either side, during the day or so the bridge was weakened.

When they had finished their work they went off and forgot the signs. The fact is the boards had disappeared, and they didn't take the trouble to hunt them up. Some weeks afterward, no one knew just when, the signs reappeared in their former places. Nobody knew who put them there, or what for. Nobody cared. If the section men noticed them at all they thought the bridge men had done it. It was none of the engineer's business why they were there—it was their duty to observe the regulations, which required them to slow down at all such signs. Observe regulations they did.

For about four years not a train has passed over the little bridge without slowing almost to a standstill. The culvert, for that's all it is, has been safe as any part of the road bed, and yet stopping and starting trains there has cost the company thousands of dollars. You know it costs money to start and stop trains. You are wondering how it all comes about of course. Well, that farmer stole those boards and put them up again at leisure.

For four years he has been going into town or coming from it on our trains, getting on or off right at his own door. It was a slick scheme, and how he must have laughed at us and enjoyed it all the while. But his game is up now, and the engineers are having their revenge by keeping up an infernal screeching of their whistles at all hours of the day and night whenever they pass the farm house."

Tea-Growing in the United States.

Victor M. Hollingsworth, late divisional manager of the Assam Dooms tea company, has written to the Industrial Review a letter upon the cultivation of tea in the southern states. Wherever the tea-plant has been planted in suitable situations, even as far north as New Jersey, it has flourished. In Georgia it grows wild from plants sent out by the department of agriculture in 1850-55. Mr. Hollingsworth states that even if tea were worth no more per pound than cotton it would still pay better than the latter, since cotton must be cleared for, fenced, planted, cultivated, picked and grubbed out every year, while tea is perennial and needs only pruning and the manufacturing of the leaf after it has come into bearing. As for temperature, the state of Mississippi stands midway between Assam and the districts of India. The rainfall in Mississippi is less than that of either of the Indian districts, but our authority assures us that a rainfall well diffused over the year, and most ample in the growing months, in fact, little and often, is preferable to a deluge in any one month. The objection of the want of cheap labor is met by the proof that labor in Assam

is dearer than in the southern states. The Bengalee coolie may be cheap in Bengal, but he has to be imported into Assam to gather the tea crop, and costs about \$50 per head before he does a day's work. The writer makes the assertion that one southern negro is worth three Hindu coolies. The naturalization of the tea plant is an object worthy the expenditure of some little time and capital, and Mr. Hollingsworth's arguments seem to prove that a good return may be looked for.

Keeping the Boys on the Farm.

In an extended argument as to the desirability of farmers' sons sticking to the farm, the Cincinnati Commercial observes that there is a feature in this matter of sons following the calling of their fathers that is not sufficiently regarded.

"The calling of the father may rise to a higher dignity when the sons adopt the business, thoroughly learn it, and proudly pursue it. The accumulated reputation, capital, and business of the parent can be inherited and preserved by the sons.

"Again, it is a law of nature that holds good in all the animal kingdom, that aptness for any business may be inherited, or may be bred, as we say of stock. The great desideratum in developing a race of trotters is to insure an aptness to trot. And this comes not from stock that has habitually been used for the draught or chase or race course. If the dam trots and the sire trots we do not expect the offspring to be a running horse.

"The old Spartans understood this law of developing an aptness for a given calling in the children. The Germans of olden times developed a race of warriors on the same principle.

"The law of heredity is so broad and so powerful in its influence that it extends not only to color and form of our race, but it extends to the temperament and even to the tastes. The taste, though like the muscle and reasoning faculties, may be improved by education. Still the taste and aptness for any calling may be increased from generation to generation.

"Then, if we are to reach the highest development as a race of farmers, we must expect it through the line of descent. The sun must inherit the fitness of the father, and take up the calling and business where he left off, and his son after him, and so on. When this shall become the custom in our farming families, then shall we see greater stability in society and a higher type of civilization. Every parent has the chief power to bring this work about. The very independence of the farmer's life is to be the germ which develops a race that cannot be other than an independent people. Our nation is to achieve its greatness in the development of agriculture. Its power at home and abroad is to be established and held through the arts of husbandry, practiced by a skillful and virtuous race of farmers. All, then, that can be done by the State or family to ennoble and to dignify the calling, and to entail its blessings and influence from father to son, will add to the stability and grandeur of the nation."

The Wrong Roll in the Right Place.

A gentleman at Darien who had been on a collecting tour returned home the other night with about \$1,200 in his pocket. He locked every door, and was so nervous that he didn't know whether he was a foot or a horseback. After he and his wife had undressed and got into bed, he got up and put the roll of money into his wife's stocking. In the morning when he got up he found his money in his pantaloons pocket, and asked his wife if she wasn't astonished when she found that roll of money in her stocking. She said she didn't find any roll in her stocking. He told her that he put it in her stocking the night before. She insisted that if he did he must have got up in his sleep and taken it out. He insisted on examining her stockings, to see if any of the roll had remained there. She thought she felt something kind of binding around her toes. Finally she took off her shoe and stocking, and found a half-pound roll of fine-cut chewing tobacco nicely jammed in about her toes. He said that he beat the deuce, and she said it had taken the skin off her toes. That day the man was very free with his tobacco, giving anybody a chew who wanted it. When the people of Darien, who accepted his hospitalities, read this, and know that they helped chew that tobacco that the lady had worn in her shoe for a couple of hours, they will say words that they ought to be ashamed of.—Milwaukee Sun.

Steel Making in China.

In the manufacture and use of steel the Chinese appear to have attained a very early and remarkable proficiency. Chinese records do not enlighten us as to the precise period at which the art of reducing metals from their ores became known in that country; but it is evident that it must have been some centuries before the Christian era. Mention is made of steel in the most ancient of the Chinese writings, and Leib-tze, an author who flourished about 400 B. C., described the process by which it was made. In the Yu King section of the Shoo King, Book I, it is stated that among the articles forming the tribute of Yu were nautical gem stones, iron, silver, steel, stones for arrow heads, etc. Legge points out that, in the time of the Han dynasty, iron masters were appointed in several districts of the old Liu Choo to superintend the iron works. With the exception of this passage, however, it is considered probable that there is no distinct allusion to iron in Chinese writings older than 1000 B. C. Steel continues to be manufactured in China up to the present day. Mr. James Henderson, a commissioner of Lihun-Chang, the Governor General of Chihli, states that the "steel which comes to Tien-tsin from the Upper Yang-tze is highly prized, and bears much higher prices than the Swedish steel imported into China."

Joseph Harris says one may feed fattening cattle or sheep all the cottonseed cake they will eat without harm, but it will not do to so feed linseed oil cake or cornmeal. Cottonseed cake makes the richest of manure.

Where the Beef Comes From.

It was during the last days of the war that the Texan cattle trade first assumed large proportions. At that time North-western Texas was swarming with cattle, which possessed little or no value on their native ranches. They were not a choice breed. Large, raw-boned, with wild eyes and long, outspread horns, fierce in temper and forbidding of aspect, they were about as low a grade of the bovine race as could be found. The cows were never milked and the oxen never yoked. Still, their flesh was meat, though rather dark in color and coarse in flavor and texture, and meat was at that time in active demand at the North. Some large Government contractors tried the experiment of importing them. They found that they could buy 2 and 3-year-old steers in Texas at \$6 to \$8 per head, and sell them in Missouri at \$30 to \$35 per head. This paid very well. At first only small droves—or "bunches," as they are called in the West—of from 300 to 500 head each were bought, and so careless were the Texan stock-raisers, and so high was Northern credit, that the bunch was usually paid for by note at twelve months. The cattle were driven north through "the Territory" (Indian Reservation) to the Neosho valley, and thence along the boundary line between Missouri and Kansas. Coffeyville was one of the favorite markets of the day. Old cowboys still speak of it with oaths. It seems that it produces the largest and most blood-thirsty herds of mosquitoes in the West, and on hot nights the cattle, driven to frenzy by their insect-tormentors, would stampede and scatter over the country.

In the course of a year or two the profits of the business became an open secret, and capital was embarked in it by several dealers in St. Louis and Chicago. From a few hundred head the bunches swelled to 1,000 or more, and the price of 3-year-olds rose in Texas to \$10 and \$15. Simultaneously, settlements began to thicken on the Kansas border, and the settlers naturally objecting to periodical invasions of wild cattle, the Northern rendezvous was moved to the vicinity of Topeka. It did not stay long there, for many reasons, and, after a general consultation among dealers, Abilene, a new town on the Kansas Pacific, some twenty-five miles farther west, was selected as the future cattle market of the Western country. It was surrounded by rolling prairies still covered with buffalo-grass, well supplied with water, easily reached from the South and connected with the East by a line of railway.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Empress Eugenie.

Eugenie de Montijo, Countess of Teba, was a beautiful woman of 27, who had had a youth of vicissitudes, and was well known in many capitals for her beauty, grace and rank, which, having no fortune to support them, gained her and her mother only the undeserved title of adventuresses. The malice of party has raged fiercely against this lady's name, but there is not a particle of proof to sustain it. Her ability, her affectionate devotion to the interests of her family, and her religious fervor are, so far as the world knows, as unquestionable as her beauty and her personal charm. No Queen in history has better fulfilled a Queen's duty as leader of the fashions; while she reigned, the dress of women was at once beautiful, decent, and convenient. Here was the prettiest face, the most graceful bearing, the most winning smile, in all that dazzling court of the Tuileries. But she had a Spaniard's love of political intrigue, and an Andalusian's bigotry, and she contributed powerfully to engage her husband in the evil way that led his policy to Rome and his army to Sedan. There is a story told by Arsene Houssaye—certainly no unfriendly chronicler—that at the Cabinet Council called to decide the question of peace and war after the final interview of Benedetti with King William at Ems, the peace party carried the day, and the Emperor went to bed. But the Empress, being left behind with the council, won over to her warlike views the gallant De Grammont and the absurd Lebeuf, and reversed the decision, and then went in triumph to the Emperor's chamber, where he was sleeping the sleep of the just, and gained his assent to the fatal declaration which was made next day by the janny De Grammont, with his hands in his pockets, and by Oliver, with his *cour leger*.—Harper's Magazine.

American Art at Home.

An English traveler in this country, who carefully observed the progress of American art, was surprised that Americans appeared to have no standard of merit of their own. He observed that the American artist, neither socially nor financially, came near his brother in London, and that he must leave his own country and make a name in London, Paris or Rome before his own people will believe in him. The truth of this is known to all men. Our collectors go abroad, expend great sums on foreign artists, on works that undoubtedly are worth the money given, but native artists are left to languish. The advance made in wood engraving in this country, to the encouragement of several progressive publishing houses, shows what American art is capable of. This is the only field in which our artists have been given any chance. On the other hand, when forced to go abroad, the American artist suffers under many disadvantages. He is poor, and in the struggle for position, his trials are many. When, after years of hard work, he wins a place, even then the American patron of art is rather coy.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

King Louis of Bavaria has contracted a mania of fondness for Bismarck, his former animosity having passed away; but the other German sovereigns hate the iron Chancellor as much as ever for having wiped out their petty courts.

The White House is going to have a tile floor, imported from Stoke-on-Trent, England.

Cool rain-water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.