The Pasha's Harem, Tangier.

We had brought an interpreter, and knowing that European ladies were sometimes allowed to visit the harem of his eminence, we commissioned our man of words to request this favor. The Pasha, a handsome man of apparently sixty years of age, stepped from an arched door-way, and, with many a flirt and flutter of his voluminous muslin draperies, seated himself on the rug-covered divan at the upper end of the apartment. We rose and made a *salam* respectfully, and Antonio, our courier, made known our petition, adorning it with many flowers of his imagination. The distinguished guests before him, he informed the Pasha, were of the highest nobility of America, intimate friends of Generals Grant and and Washington—the only two Americans, doubtless, with whose names the Pasha was familiar. Our request was granted, and the lady friend of Washington was led away by a diminutive Nubian in the direction of the seraglio. I entered a beautiful court, surrounded by porticoes supported by antique pillars dug from Roman ruins, and used in the construction of this palace just as the Cordovan Moors utilized the columns of the Cæsars in their mosque. * * * A fountain occupied the center of the tile-paved court, an old woman was praying devoutly upon a rug beside it, while, from an alcove across the court, issued the musical voices of the ladies of the Pasha. Elegantly dressed in Eastern fashion, in purple, green and gold vests, brocade caftans and variegated scarfs, with silk kerchiefs knotted about their black braids, they were seated upon a raised divan and engaged in sifting corn-meal, which lay piled in golden drifts upon a sheet stretched across the floor. They received me cordially, a slave bringing a European chair for me to sit upon. Our medium of conversation was a little broken Spanish and a copious use of the sign-language. A beautiful little boy of three came and regarded me wonderingly. His head was shaved, with the exception of a spot behind one ear, from which depended a single curl—the lock of youth of Egypt; to keep the equilibrium, two large noop ear-rings, adorned with a single turquoise, were inserted in the opposite ear. His name, they told me, was Selim. He received a coin with sublime indifference, and continued his inspection of the strange lady's costume. The Pasha's harem consisted of ladies of varying ages. Here were wrinkled crones—his matrimonial outfit at the beginning of his uxorious career—comfortable women in the prime of life, devoted to smoke and sweetmeats, and the *odalisque* of sixteen, already two years a wife. They pitied the lonely life in a "harem of one," and felt a strong sympathy for the poor American wives, with no sister favorites to share their solitude and aid them about their household affairs. In this princely house, where there was food and finery enough for all, the bevy of wives seemed to live together with a merry good-fellowship, but we heard of poorer families where the state of affairs was not so paradisaical. On the occasion of a new addition to the seraglio, the elder wives are stripped of their jewelry to bedeck the bride, and loud is the cry of lamentation—Badouro bewailing her bangles, and Zumroud weeping for her anklets. One of the favorites took me by the hand, and led me over the building—to the Pasha's own apartment, sumptuous with decorated ceiling and rich carpets, to their own plainer rooms, and to the neglected garden, where my guide filled my hands with flowers from the tangled bushes which had covered the walks, and where the bees found the honey with which they had filled the hollow capitals of some carved columns of the arcade. On biding adieu to the ladies, they exerted themselves with one accord to prevent my departure; the chair was brought forward, I was pushed toward it with gentle insistence, and had quite to tear myself away. As I crossed the pavement, their intention was explained by the appearance of a Nubian, who darted before me clashing together a pair of tiny coffee cups, decorated with red-and-golden arabesque ornamentation, which gave them a resemblance to Kaga ware. A delicious odor of coffee aided the explanation; they wished me to remain and partake of refreshments. Not wishing to keep the party in the Hall of Judgment longer waiting, and hardly knowing whether it would be etiquette, as it would certainly not be kindness, to eat and drink in their presence during their time of fasting, I declined their courtesy and took my leave.—*Miss Lizzie W. Champney, in Century Magazine.*

A Century's Change.

The orators and poets of the celebration at Yorktown overlooked one of the pleasantest as well as one of the most fitting thoughts on that occasion.

Looking over the annals of a hundred years ago, it is striking how the royal character of the assistance given by France to our struggling arms is kept in the foreground by our ancestry, then taking their first lessons in republicanism. Everywhere the foremost thanks and praises are for King Louis. It has been said that France demanded the treaty of alliance from "an indifferent King and a reluctant Ministry;" but none the less through our historic records of this period sound above all others the glorifications of "his most Christian Majesty."

When, on the memorable 14th of October, 1781, at Yorktown, the regiments of Gatinois and Deux Ponts, winning over the German sentries, stormed the main advanced British redoubt, leaping the parapet, and carrying it against a deadly fire, Count Guillaume de Deux Ponts raised the cry of "Vive le roi!" and it was with this shout through the French column that the victory was won. Louis XVI., as a mark of honor for the regiment Gatinois, named it the "Royal Auvergne." When Washington issued, on the day after the surrender, his general order announcing the result, he began it as follows:

"The General congratulates the army upon the glorious events of yesterday. The generous proofs which his most Christian Majesty has given of his attachment to the cause of America must force conviction on the minds of the most deceived among the enemy relative to the good consequences of the alliance, and inspire every citizen of these States with sentiments of the most unalterable gratitude. His fleets, the most numerous and powerful that ever appeared in these seas, etc."

Congress, on receiving news of the great victory, resolved to set up a monument on the battle field—neglecting it, however, for generations, so that we are now to build it—on which should be inscribed our obligations to his most Christian Majesty; and accordingly among the inscriptions prepared will be one following the admonition of Congress to do justice to King Louis.

Of course a part of this ascription of praise to the French King was formal and representative—a convenient form of phrase. At all events, even that typical and formal method of speech has vanished now. No photographs of Louis XVI. were hawked about by the Yorktown darkies last week. No odes praised his puissant sword. France was the one word that told all, in the ascriptions of honor, and it was to France that the expressions of National gratitude were uttered.

Surely the central congratulation for our brethren across the sea is that republican France has celebrated the centenary of Yorktown with republican America. Our generous ally of an elder day has, in the fullness of time, herself reaped her share from the seed she sowed with our ancestors. The happy reflection for Americans is that it was the two greatest republics of the world that exchanged, on last week's field, the memories of an alliance whose far-reaching results the French throne, in making it, little dreamed of.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Close Shave.

Mr. Jones was shaving; he had twisted his face into that expression of blank idiocy which men's countenances assume at such times, and was scraping off the hirsute growth with considerable energy, when he suddenly stopped proceedings and turned to Mrs. Jones, who was fitting on her new bonnet with a hand-glass and vainly trying to get a glimpse of the congregation side.

"Mawria," said he, with his mouth full of soapsuds, "whath have you been doing with my rayther?"

"Nothing!" said Mrs. J. faintly, turning her back to get the full effect of the plume.

"Yeth, you haf; ith ath dull ath a hoe!"

At that moment the razor cut for the first time; it took a slice out of Mr. Jones' cheek; he caught the lace top off the toilet cushion and staunched the blood, then he turned a scrutinizing gaze on Mrs. J., who felt impelled to speak.

"You see the razor is too sharp now, Jeptha; I never used it for a single thing, except to cut some hooks and eyes off an old waist I had."

"Hooks and eyes!" gasped Jones, with fire in his eye and blood on his chin. "Hooks and eyes! h-oo-ks and ey-e-s! and with my razor that I paid——"

"There's the second bell," urged Mrs. Jones, putting her bonnet on, "we'll be late; I wish you would not shave on Sunday, Mr. Jones, it's a dreadful example to the children. I heard of a man once who dropped dead while shaving on Sunday."

"Perhaps his wife had used his razor for a lawn mower; mine is beautifully arranged for a saw; you can sell it for old iron, Maria, and buy me a Christmas present;" and Mr. Jones went to church with the air of a martyr, while Mrs. J. said to herself:

"What curious things men are, any way; I could have cut my head off with that razor, it was so sharp;" then she dismissed the subject from her thoughts and gave her undivided attention to her new bonnet.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinious ponderosity. Let your conversation possess a clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent. In other words talk plainly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. And don't use big words.

—"I'm a very sick man," observed the tramp languidly, as he anchored himself at a restaurant table; "the doctor says I must have strengthening food. Give me something with plenty of iron in it." The waiter shaded the corners of his mouth with his hands and then bellowed in stentorian tones: "One keg of nails!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cut-Worms; Natural History, Remedies etc.

Every farmer and gardener knows from sad experience something about cut-worms. Many of the farm crops suffer very materially, and not infrequently whole fields of Indian corn are destroyed by the countless thousands of these dreaded pests. No farmer who has followed the business long enough to be entitled to the name, but has had woeful experiences with cut-worms, and has been fortunate, indeed, if at times he has not been compelled to abandon a field of corn, giving over the whole to the greedy worms.

And then in the garden, who has not found, morning after morning, that some miserable pest was cutting off his young cabbages, tomatoes, lettuce, and other plants, which were unfortunate enough to suit the taste of this in nowise dainty worm. In the flower garden, petunias, pansies, verbenas, and balsams go down to death before this destroyer. It is no respecter of rank: the partrician of the flower-border falls, as well as the plebeian of the vegetable garden.

By a little foresight we may very greatly reduce, if not entirely prevent, the destruction by cut-worms. This work of destruction can be better understood after studying the natural history of cut-worms. Although I have thus far spoken of cut-worms as if they were all one species, the fact is, there are many species having widely different habits. Some live in the ground and barely come to the surface to cut off the young plant, others come out of the ground, attack the plants at the height of an inch or so, while still others climb trees and eat the tender buds. However, all are sufficiently alike in general appearance, and transformations, to be spoken of as a whole in this article. In general the worms may be described as smooth, greasy-looking, black or blackish worms more or less mottled with white. When disturbed they have the habit of curling up to one side for a moment, but they soon try to burrow into the ground again. They possess powerful jaws, which they use in cutting off the plants, afterward dragging them partly into their hole, where they feast unmolested. After reaching maturity the worms burrow deeply into the ground, where they undergo their transformations, finally appearing as a perfect winged insect. This perfect insect is a night-flying moth or "miller," of an ashen or brownish-gray color. They are given to visiting lighted rooms in the summer, much to the disgust of the occupants. In the latter part of the summer the "millers" lay eggs on or about the plants which they infest, and then die. The eggs soon hatch into very small worms, which immediately begin feeding upon the plants about them. During the fall months the young worms eat and grow, and by winter are about half grown: they then go deeper into the ground, or get under rubbish, and there pass the winter. Upon the return of warm weather in the spring, such of the worms as survived the winter come to the surface, and now, having their appetites sharpened by their long fast, they attack whatever comes in their way. If they happen to appear in the clover fields, or the meadows, we seldom notice any bad results, but if they come to the surface where the ground has been cleared of all plants except the few purposely set there, we are immediately made aware of the presence of the enemy through the destruction of our choice plants. Early in the summer the worms attain their full growth, and then burrow deeper into the ground to appear later as a new brood of "millers," and thus the round of life goes on, generation after generation.

A number of insects are parasitic upon cut-worms, while still others attack and devour them. A large black ground-beetle, marked with rows of small copper-colored spots, is very useful, as its larva, or young, follows the worms into their burrows and kills them. Ants, also, when sufficiently numerous, kill many of them. Hand-picking—that is, digging out and killing them, is perhaps the most successful direct method of warring against them, but this is a long, slow process, and besides, we know where to seek them only after the damage has been done.

The method which I have found to be the cheapest and most successful, is the following: As the young worms feed during the autumn upon fall-growing plants of various kinds, it follows that by clearing entirely any piece of ground of weeds and other plants during this time, the worms must starve. In the garden, then, no part must be allowed to become weedy after the crops are removed, for every weed may be nourishing several cut-worms. As rapidly as crops mature, they should be removed, and the stems and rubbish carted to the compost heap. It may be well to so arrange the rotation of crops that the crop preceding the planting, which is subject to cut-worm depredations, is one which can be removed early from the ground. After removal of the crop the whole ground should be thoroughly plowed, and if plowed again just before frosts set in, so much the better. When it is not possible to remove the crops before the close of the season, much good can still be done by clearing off the ground and plowing, for although the young cut-worms are present in the ground, the late plowing will disarrange their plans for hibernation, and the greater part of them will be killed by the frosts and other hardships of the winter. On the farm the same methods can be successfully applied. If a clover-field is to be broken up and planted with corn, the plowing must be done in the fall if young cut-worms are abundant. Summer fallowing is a most excellent preparation for crops liable to be troubled with cut-worms, provided that the ground be actually fallow; a fallow field full of weeds is of no avail whatever. In a single sentence, I may say that *clean culture and fall plowing* are the secrets of success in dealing with cut-worms.—*Prof. C. E. Bessey, Iowa Agricultural College, in American Agriculturist.*

Brain Development.

It is not surprising to find the unlearned in things medical unable to understand that brain development, which of course is generally a matter of heredity, determines character. Such, however, is, and must needs be, the fact. Whether the mind is something outside matter which acts through or by the brain, as a musician may use a musical instrument, or whether, as some think, what we call mind is simply brain function, it should be manifested on consideration that upon the quality and conformation of a man's brain must depend his mental capacity; and consequently, also, his characteristics both intellectual and moral. We are not disposed to urge specialties of development as excuses for conduct because, given an average degree of intelligence and fairly strong will power, the individual is clearly responsible for his action: but it must not be forgotten that his instincts of right or wrong, and the faculty of judgment with which he distinguishes between good and evil, will be acute or dull in proportion as his brain is developed.

The mind is in a large sense the character of the man, and as directly dependent on the physical growth of the brain as the speed of a race horse is dependent on its muscular development. This is not sufficiently recognized, and because it is not we every now and then find silly remarks in print such as the following: "The convolutions of the brain may have something to do with the difference between mediocrity and genius, but at present they are not recognized in the law courts, and it is difficult to see how they can be;" with such weak and wide moral reflections as that "it would be scarcely satisfactory to a pickpocket to have his brain examined, in order to prove to those he left behind that he really could not help being a thief?" And yet the facts are sufficiently plain and simple, so plain and simple that any one should be able to understand them.—*London Lancet.*

Advice to a Young Man.

We don't know much about it, of course, but we should think, after a man had been Secretary of the Treasury for three or four years, and had occasionally "dumped fifty millions of dollars" into Wall street to relieve the money market, and had called in twenty million sixes at one time, and bought two millions of bonds every week, and disbursed eleven millions one week and eighteen millions the next, we should think it would gravel him awfully to go back into his law office when the Administration changed, and make out an abstract of a farm away out in Buckshaw County and sell it for an old woman down in Kickapoo Township to an old fellow out in Waukindaw settlement, and only get a fee of thirty-two dollars, and have to wait four months for that, and then have to take a sorrel colt for it. Perhaps the ex-Secretaries of the Treasury don't mind it; but we just say we don't believe we should like to get used to it. And what's more, we don't believe we would like to be President of the United States four years and then, about three days after the other President was inaugurated, have a citizen point at me on the street and say to his neighbor: "That's old ——," and hear the second citizen say: "Who in thunder is old ——?" These things, my boy, do Desdemonia seriously incline to keep out of politics. And do you keep out of 'em, also, my son. Don't be the fool who is imbecile enough, and has little enough self-respect and pride of country, to boast that he hasn't cast a vote for twenty years. Vote every time there is an election; always think about and have something to say about the important political questions of the day. But if you want to be happy, don't run for President. Just gather an arm full of bricks and make it lively for the fellow who does run. Then you will do your duty by your country, and a loving and grateful people will forget you when you are gone.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Velvet Pudding.—Take five eggs and beat them separately then add one cup of sugar to the yelks. Take four tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in a little cold milk, and add this to the yelks and sugar; boil three pints of milk and add the other ingredients while boiling; remove from the fire when it becomes quite thick; flavor with vanilla, and pour into a baking-dish; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add half a cup of fine white sugar, turn this over the pudding and place in the oven and let brown slightly. To be eaten with sauce made of the yelks of two eggs, one cup of sugar, tablespoonful of butter; beat well, add one cup of boiling milk, set on the stove until it comes to a boiling heat; flavor with vanilla.

—The "Punch Bowl," of Hamden Plains, Conn., in the center of which grew a large tree, and which has been a thing of geological interest to tourists, has been filled up by the change in the layout of the track of the canal road. The punch-bowl measured 150 feet across, and was 100 feet deep.

—Man born of woman is of few days and full of schemes to get his name in print.—*Morrilton State.*