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earnestly
white wings fly.

the young can gaze,
and joy, and hope,
te sail, luffing a little, showed
of "Samson's Soap."

weet still light, another sail
ast and ever faster,
the motto, bright, that it bore aloft
as "Dodson's Porous Plaster."

And farther off, but hurrying on
(Fierce roars the surf and louder),
Came a sail with the sweet suggestion to
"Use Lightning Baking Powder."

"How sweet," said the maid, "it is to sit
At Nature's feet, and adore her,
Reading and learning the virtues of
'The Thunder Hair Restorer.'"

"Yes," said the youth, and he dropped a tear,
"Such joys one never forgets,
I love to be told, in this gracious way,
Of 'Tecumseh's cigarettes.'"

—*Scribner's Bric-a-Brac.*

THE FRENCH CROWN DIAMONDS.

A PRETTY piece of news comes to us from France. M. Turquet, the Minister who has charge of the Department of the Fine Arts, proposes to turn to account the jewels of the French crown for the increase of the public collections of paintings and sculptures.

His plan is to divide these jewels into three classes. The first class, which will include all the jewels having an historical interest, he wishes to deposit at the Museum of the Louvre, open to the inspection of the public. The second class will comprise the stones which have a value as mineralogical specimens, and these he desires to have deposited at the Museum of Mines. The third class, which is much the most numerous, consists of the jewels which have only a commercial value. These he proposes to sell at public auction, and invest the proceeds for the annual purchase of works of art. Every rational being in France approves this excellent scheme, and there is reason to believe that it will be adopted by the National Legislature.

The crown jewels of France were renowned for centuries, and it was thought to be a great concession to the people when, in 1784, the gallery in which they were kept was opened to visitors once a month. Before that time, it was a sort of distinction in France to have been allowed to inspect that wonderful collection, and even afterwards it was not an easy matter to be one of the crowd of monthly visitors.

From an inventory taken in 1791 (which employed twelve men three months), we learn that the collection comprised the following gems: 9,547 diamonds; 513 pearls; 230 rubies, of which 145 were not mounted; 68 topazes not mounted; 150 emeralds, of which 133 were not mounted; 134 sapphires not mounted; and a large number of other gems of various values and colors. The jewels were arranged in eleven cases of large size, in such a way as to exhibit their splendors to the greatest advantage.

Among the diamonds there were four which were celebrated throughout the world, each of which had a history. First, there was the Regent, brought from India early in the last century by Thomas Pitt, and sold in 1717 to the Regent of France, the Duke of Orleans, for $400,000. It weighs a little over 136 carats; and although not the largest, it is considered the finest diamond in existence. The Duke de St. Simon, who persuaded the Regent to buy it, describes it thus in his Memoirs:

"It is of the size of a Queen Claude plum, of a form almost round, of a thickness proportioned to its volume, perfectly white, free from every spot, shade and flaw, of an admirable water, and it weighs more than five hundred grains."

St. Simon adds:

"I applaud myself much for having induced the Regent to make so illustrious a purchase."

It is, indeed, a most beautful object. The reader may be amused with the arguments used by St. Simon to persuade the Regent to buy the diamond. When it was offered for sale, in 1717, the finances of the French Government were in great disorder. The Regent, though he coveted the possession of the jewel for the crown, was dismayed at the price, and refused to buy it; as the King of England had done for the same reason. No one could look at it without wishing to put it in his pocket and carry it home; but two millions of francs was a very large sum in those times, not less, I think, in purchasing power, than the same number of our gold dollars of to-day. The King of France then was Louis XV., a little boy seven years old, and not very robust. St. Simon, however, saw the child with the eyes of a Duke of the old *regime*, and he reasoned thus:

"I agreed with Law (who also advised the purchase) that it did not become the grandeur of the King of France to allow himself to be frustrated by the price of an object which was unique in the world, and inestimable; and that the greater the number of potentates who had not dared to think of it, the more we ought to beware of letting it escape us. The Regent feared to be blamed for making a purchase so considerable at a time when we could scarcely meet necessities the most pressing, and when we were obliged to leave so many people unpaid. I praised this sentiment; but I told him that he ought not to act for the greatest King in Europe as he would for a private individual. It was his duty to consider the honor of the crown, and not permit the chance to escape of procuring a diamond without price, which obliterated those of all Europe. I maintained that it would be a glory for his regency which would last forever."

He said, also, that the finances were in so bad a condition that two or three million francs more or less would make no difference. He prevailed at length, although the Regent was obliged to buy the gem on credit and give the merchant a pledge of two million francs' worth of smaller crown jewels until the price was paid. The prediction of the Duke de St. Simon, that the Regent would be remembered chiefly through the purchase of the jewel, appears to have come true. The fact that this splendid object is called the Regent does more to perpetuate his memory than any other act of his careless and bad administration. People in general would scarcely know that France had ever had a Regent but for the diamond, which to this day retains its rank as the finest jewel in the world.

Another of the great diamonds was called the Sancy. It resembled a pendulum in form, was very pure and brilliant, weighed thirty-three carats, and was valued at two hundred thousand dollars. Another was styled the Mirror of Portugal, oblong in shape, extremely white and clear, weighing twenty-one carats, and was valued at fifty thousand dollars. The fourth in value, called the Tithe of Mazarin, was square in form with rounded edges, splendidly brilliant, weighing sixteen carats, and worth ten thousand dollars. There were also some wonderful pearls and rubies. The most noted pearl weighed twenty-seven carats and was valued at forty thousand dollars; and there was a necklace of twenty-five pearls, valued at two hundred thousand dollars. A ruby of fifty-six carat and another of twenty-two were greatly admired; not to speak of a bewildering number of very fine gems of less importance.

Such were the crown jewels of France

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party were already
ng to think of utilizing those

glittering treasures, and were quite determined that the King and his Austrian wife should not carry them off. The royal jewels were much in people's minds in those terrible days, and there were rumors afloat of the arrest of fugitives with trunks full of gems, and of boats floating down the Seine loaded with the most magnificent diamonds.

It was, indeed, time to look after these treasures. During the day of riot and confusion following the tenth of August, 1782, when all authority was suspended, the whole crowd of pickpockets, burglars and tramps of Paris surrounded the Repository where they were kept, and stole nearly every jewel of any value. When order was restored, this wonderful collection had nearly disappeared; the few smaller stones left being worth about forty thousand dollars. Proclamation was made, and proceedings were instituted. In the course of that year, about a million francs' worth were recovered by the police; and, four years after, the superb Regent was found, as it is said, buried in the beam of the attic of an old house in Paris. At least it was recovered by a noted detective, who was aftarward promoted to be Chief of Police. Such a diamond would have been of no value whatever to a thief, as it was a familiar object to every person in the world able to buy it.

During the reign of Napoleon, the Regent was inserted in the end of the hilt of his sword of State. Upon his return from Elba, Louis XVIII. carried off the crown jewels, but brought them back again after Waterloo. The value of the collection at the present moment, according to the estimate of M. Turquet, is about four millions of dollars; of which he proposes to sell six hundred thousand dollars' worth. This large sum well invested will yield about twenty thousand dollars a year for the purchase of works of art.

A curious circumstance is that most of the fifty-nine sapphires which decorated the crown worn by Louis XVIII. and Charles X. have been discovered to be false. One of the ancient crowns, which is to be preserved for its historic interest, is composed of five thousand five hundred gems, and there is a sword which is decorated with 1,569 gems.—*James Parton, in N. Y. Ledger.*

Mince-Pie and Destiny.

WITH the appearance of the oyster the mince-pie evolves itself out of the vasty deep, and its old familiar name again decorates the menus of our restaurants. Justice never has been done to this dish, and this is probably why it wreaks itself upon the human race. It is a triumph of eclecticism, a cosmopolitan dainty which has chosen its substances from the four quarters of the globe, and which is graved with a respectable richness, an oily, sleek fatness redolent of high living, dyspepsia and gout. Everybody makes fun of the mince-pie, even those who eat it most readily, and it is currently believed that all possible jokes about its make-up were exhausted before the war, but nearly everybody eats it. Some apparently happy in the possession of copper-bottomed stomachs thrive upon the pie; others are simply pale and sicklied slaves of a habit as hard to break off as the use of opium. When a man or boy gets the custom fastened upon him he is gone. No one knows the amount of mince-meat daily assimilated into the St. Louis system, but an idea of the quantity can be gained from the fact that it is invariably the first article exhausted on the bill of fare in every restaurant where it is sold. The waiter will inform you sadly that the mince-pie is all out in nine cases out of ten when you are late for dinner. Nobody ever heard of the apple-pie being exhausted, or the sago pudding. This fatal mania for mince-pie has a queer history, and is working out a singular destiny. In two or three centuries it will have utterly changed the American character and person; it will alter our civilization, weaken our morals and diminish the calves of our legs. It is even now our National dish, as poker is our National game and politics our National business. And it need surprise no one if our harmonic equivalent for the roast beef of Old England fifty years from now will be the mince-meat of Old America. We are gradually coming to this, and there is no use in dodging the issue.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A Sharp Boy.

AT a late hour Friday night the police found a boy about ten years old sitting on the steps of the City Hall, and when he had been stirred up he explained:

"My name's Johnny Stewart, and I live near Grass Lake. The folks went home last night and left me on the Fair Grounds without a cent. That's just the sort of man dad is. If we don't keep tight to his heels all the time he'll leave us in a strange town dead broke."

"And now what will you do?"

"I'll make the old man sick."

"How?"

"Never you mind. I've got a plan laid to fix him for going back on me."

He walked down to the Central Station and slept in an arm-chair the rest of the night. At an early hour in the morning he walked into the American Express Office and asked:

"Do you run to Grass Lake?"

"Yes."

"Then ship me there C. O. D."

After a few inquiries he was accepted and duly tagged, and when the wagons went down he was among the parcels to be carefully handled. To an inquirer at the depot he answered:

"Dad is counted the sharpest man in our county on a horse trade, but I guess he isn't a great ways ahead of me on this transaction."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Novel Theory Regarding Insanity.

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 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 Andre Centennial—The Capture of the Distinguished Spy.

DIFFERENT accounts of Major Andre's capture appear to vary in details, but the importance of the event has never been over-estimated. Arnold, who probably began his treasonable plots in Connecticut, in the spring and summer of 1780, declined the charge of the left wing of the Continental Army, and on August 3 was assigned to the command of West Point, fixing his headquarters at Beverly, the county seat of Colonel Beverly Johnson, a firm loyalist. He began his treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, and the plot for the surrender of West Point advanced so far that a personal interview was necessary. Andre, embarking on the British sloop Vulture, was brought in a boat to a point about six miles below Stony Point, where he met Arnold, and, the interview being prolonged until daylight, Andre was induced to go to the house of Joshua Hill Smith, a loyalist. Then the Vulture, alarmed at the guns of Colonel Livingston's shore battery, dropped down the river, and Andre, abandoned, hid in the Smith house until sunset of the 22d.

With Arnold's pass, in the name of John Anderson, and with the papers describing the works and troops at West Point hidden in his stocking, Andre started out with Smith about sunset. Stopped by an American patriot, they spent the night at Andreas Miller's cottage. The next morning Smith left Andre near Pine Bridge, assuring him that he was safe from scouting parties, but advising him to take the White Plains road. Andre, however, had been informed that there were British partisans on the lower road, and he therefore went by the old Sleepy Hollow Church, across the bridge, and then up a little to a small brook that crossed the road. It was down this stream that the three "Skinners," Paulding, Van Wart and Williams, came on the morning of September 23, 1780, leaving their companions on the top of the hill now called Mount Andre. Hiding in the bushes in order to watch the road—now Broadway—for "Cow-boys," the three rustics lounged comfortably, chatting in low tones and playing cards, while Williams leisurely hung his stockings, wet with dew, upon a bush to dry.

Suddenly the tramp of a horse was heard, and a figure appeared at the turn of the road. "Hush!" and everything was still as death within the bushes, as the unconscious horseman rode slowly down to the brook and paused, where it widened into a pool on crossing the road, to allow his horse to drink. But the quiet of the scene was suddenly interrupted. Paulding sprang from the bushes and seized the horse by the bridle. Paulding, lately imprisoned in British jails and robbed of his clothing, had been given a Hessian yager's coat, and when Andre's eyes fell upon it he smiled.

"Ha, you belong to our party."

"What party is that?" was Paulding's exclamation.

"The party below."

"Yes."

"Don't detain me, then, I'm on important business," and the unfortunate young officer betrayed himself so fatally that he was unable to recover himself when Paulding announced that he belonged to the Continentals. Then, after a little parley, Andre was led from the spot where the monument now stands to a large rock which occupied the site of Mr. Wheeler's house, and the base of which is now visible in the cellar. The search that followed, the discovery of Arnold's treasonable correspondence in Andre's boot, and Andre's futile attempts at bribery, are all familiar. He was met with Paulding's stern answer: "No, we won't let you go if you offer us ten thousand guineas." And the handsome young officer bitterly exclaimed: "I had better have blown out my brains than fallen into your hands." Refusing to mount his horse, Andre was led through the bushes to the summit of the hill, not far from the spot where the pavillions now stand.

Mrs. See, an old woman living on the Bedford road, about two miles from the Tarrytown depot, tells a picturesque tale of succeeding events as it was told her by the participants. Mrs. See (familiarly called "Aunt Betsy") says that a party of "Skinners," with their prisoner, went directly to "Mug Tavern," near White Plains—a hostelry presided over by Aunt Polly Reed. Strange to say—considering her sex—Aunt Polly was notorious for her curiosity and inability to keep a secret. While ham and eggs were sizzling in the pan for the hungry "Skinners," Aunt Polly was struggling to ascertain the identity of the melancholy stranger who was so handsomely clothed in a blue overcoat, claret-colored coat and nankeen waistcoat and breeches. Finally Paulding seized her by the wrist and drew her close to him.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," stammered the old woman, with hardly suppressed eagerness.

"We've got a British spy."

In three minutes the old woman had intrusted household cares to her girl, saddled her white horse and was galloping off to the next house, in a place then called "Twitchings." But the fences and brush proved an obstacle, and Aunt Polly was forced to make a long detour by the road. The "Skinners" finished their meal and departed, making a straight cut across the country toward "Twitchings." As they approached the house they caught sight of Aunt Polly flying up the road on her white horse, daylight showing between herself and the saddle at every leap. Her hair streamed out behind. In one hand she swung her huge poke bonnet by the strings, while she shrieked in a shrill, quavering voice: "They've got the spy! They've got the spy!"

There are several persons in Tarrytown who knew Andre's captors. On Broadway is a quaint, whitewashed stone house, half hidden amid vines and trees. It is the old Van Tassel mansion, where trim and coquettish Katrina flirted with Brom Bones and Ichabod Crane. Mr. Mott, the owner, when a boy, heard Van Wart tell the story of Andre's capture substantially as given above, except that Van Wart declared that the captors were not playing cards when Andre appeared. "'Squire Capron, who in his youth sang in the choir of the old Greenburg Church with Van Wart, never heard him mention the capture. Both describe him as a strongly-built, highly respectable farmer, living upon the land presented to him by the Government, and enjoying the esteem of his neighbors. W. C. Williams, a grandson of David Williams, one of Andre's captors, arrived at the Cliff House in Tarrytown yesterday, bringing the elaborately-engraved medal presented to his grandfather by Washington, and a cane presented by an army officer, made from wood sunk in the river by the British to obstruct navigation. Mr. Williams has often heard his grandfather speak of Andre's capture, and while he as well as the others, acknowledges that the party had little idea of the importance of the papers discovered in Andre's stocking, he is positive that British gold never caused one of them to waver for an instant in his loyalty.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Boy Dies of Hydrophobia.

ANOTHER distressing case of hydrophobia, the third that has occurred in this city during the past seven weeks, terminated to-day in the death of the victim, little David Ziegler, the six-year-old son of Frank Ziegler, a laboring man, residing on Manor Street. About the 1st of last August the little boy was severely bitten in the hip by dog belonging to his father, which was lying upon the porch in front of the house, and which the lad playfully struck in the face as he was passing. The dog had exhibited no signs of the rabbies. Although the wound was an ugly one, the hip being so badly lacerated that it was necessary for the attending physician to sew it up, no serious consequences were anticipated, and the injury healed satisfactorily. On Wednesday the boy complained of feeling unwell and was alternately affected by severe chills and high fever. He was unable to eat, his eyes became greatly dilated and he strenuously resisted taking the liquid medicine which the physician prescribed and which it required some force to administer, the little sufferer shuddering visibly and and frequently screaming. Yesterday afternoon Dr. Foreman, who was the attending physician, pronounced the case to be one of hydrophobia, and his diagnosis was confirmed by Dr. Atlee, who had been called in consultation. A South American vegetable poison called "curare," claimed to be a specific remedy for the disease, was administered by means of injection under the skin of the arm and appeared to produce a beneficial effect, but the relief was only temporary, for during the night the spasms increased in force and number, and from midnight on till five o'clock this morning, when death relieved him, he was in continuous agony. The sufferer imagined the room to be full of horrid forms, and the most trifling objects assumed shapes that were menacing himself and his mother, for whom he appeared to manifest the utmost solicitude, imploring her to flee from the danger to which she was placed and shrieking with terror. At one time he jumped as high as the headboard of the bed, and toward the end it required the united strength of two men to hold the suffering child on his couch.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Special to Philadelphia Times.*

A Poetic Story.

There is a quite singular fact in connection with Stiles' Hill, in the town of Southbury, known to the country residents living within sight of that eminence. For six decades two tall elm trees stood side by side, a little distance apart, upon the topmost point of the elevation; these trees were visible for many miles around, and from this fact they became noted landmarks. More than sixty years ago two little girls were wont to pass over the summit of this hill daily, during the summer season, to drive their father's cows to pasture. They were impressed by the sightly attributes of the elevation, and often tarried to gaze at the wide-spread landscape. One day they conceived the idea of planting each a tree upon the hill summit, which should be to them a reminder of their childhood days in the years to come. They put their idea into effect, and two slender elm shoots soon waved their green branches as solitary sentinels in the open space round about. Years passed by and the shoots grew into tall, stalwart trees. The girls grew to womanhood and passed out of the parental home into the great, wide world. Occasionally they would meet one another and allude to the living reminders of youthful days, and often they would visit the familiar haunts of their girlhood and would sit beneath the wide-spreading branches of the mammoth elms. About five years ago one of the girls died, an aged lady of almost eighty. Scarcely had the intelligence of her death reached the neighborhood of her youth than the residents observed that one of the old elms was dying. Its leaves wilted and withered as though scorched by flame, and although midsummer, yet the foliage fell to the ground, leaving the naked, lifeless branches and stock looking desolate enough. Decay quickly followed in the great tree trunk, and during a high wind one night the following winter it fell to the earth. The other girl, though an octogenarian, still lives, and the old elm which she planted in her fresh young girlhood still lives. But the people to whom the above circumstances are known watch it with interest, feeling that a subtle relationship exists between the two lives, and that the one will cease with the other.—*Waterbury (Conn.) American.*

A Remarkable Expedition.

THE Berlin papers state that early in October in the present year an ordinary sailing-boat, well known on the River Spree, will start from the Jannowitz bridge for New York. The route will lie along the Spree, the Havel and the Elbe to Hamburg, thence to Liverpool, and from Liverpool across the Atlantic, while the boat will return through the West Indian archipelago to Lisbon, and thence direct to Hamburg, the Elbe, Havel and Spree. Four months have been determined upon by the sanguine adventures as a sufficient period for the daring voyage, which is for the first time to connect as sister ports the great cities of Berlin and New York. The first thought of the undertaking was due to a conversation at dinner of the Berlin Sailing Club, on the successful ocean voyage of two Englishmen or Americans in a boat of sixteen feet in length. A Berlin banker, a leading member of the club, ventured the opinion that no German would dare to undertake such a voyage. The manager of a great place of entertainment in Berlin, who was formerly the captain of a German transatlantic steamer, propounded a wager that he would find German sailors and sportsmen who would not shrink from the attempt to journey all the way from Berlin to America in a little Spree sailing boat. The wager was accepted by the banker, and the sum fixed at 6,000 marks, which is to be paid on the day on which the boat lands its passengers after the completion of their voyage at the Jannowitz bridge. There seems to be no lack of volunteers for the extraordinary adventure, and the *National Zeitung* states that a naval lieutenant and a Berlin journalist are accepted as two of the companions of this Prussian Odyssey.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Remarkable Presence of Mind.

A LAMPLIGHTER in Leeds, England, while making his rounds, at half-past four in the morning, noticed flames bursting from a bookseller's house. He gave the alarm, but the firemen arrived too late to save the house, two stories of which were already blazing. The bookseller and his wife, who slept on the third floor, appeared at the windows in their night-dresses and called upon the firemen to rescue them. The husband ran down the stairs leading from the bed-room to the second floor to ascertain if it were possible to escape through the shop into the street, but he found that the stairs leading from the second floor were on fire, and he was severely burned. Hastening back to his wife, and closing the bed-room door to prevent the dense volume of smoke which now began to roll up stairs from suffocating them, he tied a number of sheets and blankets together, and fastening one end round his wife, lowered her from the window into the street beneath. When she was still some distance from the ground he was compelled to let her drop, but she was caught by the firemen and escaped uninjured. He then leaped on the coping of the shop, and thence into a blanket held out to receive him by those below. All this time the fire was raging fiercely in the small shop and the room above, and a few minutes after the inmates had been saved the flames burst through the shutters. Few men in so great an emergency would have shown such presence of mind.

Timely Help.

There are few parents who are not willing to give their sons a start in life, if they can—to set them up in business, to brood and foster their pecuniary interests until they can manage for themselves. But most parents seem to feel that when daughters have finished their education and become of age there is little more to be done for them. They must marry or become domestic drudges, or mere stay-at homes, looking for no wage for services rendered, and not expected to render any stated services or to receive any fixed or regular income. If they prefer to set up for themselves they must enter upon some occupation which is likely to afford them a present support, without any outlook for the future other than a lifelong hand-to-hand struggle for daily bread.

Now, there are a great many girls who are eagerly looking toward the professions open and opening to women, and longing to enter upon fields of activity and enterprise for which they seem to themselves peculiarly fitted. A young woman who aspires to a place as a lawyer, a physician or a writer, and expects to attain it by her own unaided efforts, has a long and weary way to make before she can reach her goal. If she will only teach, or learn telegraphy or some other trade which requires comparatively short preparation, or is supposed to do so, and easily yields a living, it is all well enough. What is the use of bestowing elaborate training upon a young woman in art and science or literature or medicine or the law, when in a few years, more or less, she will in all probability marry and go to housekeeping? To reply immediately. If she marries, her training in art will enable her to make her home beautiful, her training in science to make her home healthful, her training in literature to keep her from sinking into the mere domestic drudge, her training in medicine to rear her children with hygienic wisdom, her training in law to manage her affairs with discretion, and to be her own lawyer in case of her husband's death. Does not the success of a man depend as much on his wife as on himself? A man married but not mated cannot achieve the full, rounded, perfect success that is possible to him whose wife is his companion and equal. Every talent, accomplishment, capability she possesses is so much capital for her in the marriage partnership, and many a woman is compelled to draw on this capital for resources during her husband's life and to depend upon it entirely in the event of his death.

If girls were trained to depend upon themselves for support, and were not socially compelled into ineligible marriages, the number of unhappy miscalled homes would be greatly diminished. If girls were permitted to choose their professions and occupations as boys are, and aided in doing so as many boys are, the title of "old maids" would soon cease to be any more of a stigma than that of "old bachelor" is. And the number of purposeless, morbid, sickly, sour, selfish women would be vastly diminished. No human being can remain normally healthful and yet live a purposeless, idle, unoccupied life. Our girls should be encouraged and aided to be and to do whatever their native instincts and talents qualify them to do. The young woman who aspires to a position in the art world should have every facility given her for attaining it. She who espouses literature should be encouraged to devote herself to literature. And women who have courage and perseverance and faith in themselves are well worth helping because they will not rest till the goal of their ambition is won, no matter what difficulties or discouragements stand in the way.

As cases directly in point we give two or three right out of the Home Interests family, showing in turn the right way and the wrong way of treating upgrown girls. Some time since a Western mother wrote us that her daughter had a passion for modeling, and that she and her husband were disposed, subject to our advice, to aid their daughter's high ambition. The case as stated was clearly promising and orders were sent to this city for models and primary instructions. The next year the daughter was ready for New York, and entered a studio here where she has done such good work that her master, a sculptor of reputation, writes us, "She has a great deal of talent, and if she progresses as she did last season will make her mark."

Another daughter of Western parents, and of the same age, has for years cherished honorable aspirations toward the profession of literature, but her parents, amply well-to-do, insist that she shall enter immediately on the life of a teacher, and make good at once the investments they have made in her imperfect education. It matters not that the peculiar strains of the schoolroom make her an invalid for months after leaving it, or that the whole bent of her mind is in another direction. They will neither give her time nor sympathy in her chosen vocation. Is this wise, just, reasonable? But even they are wiser than another parent who wouldn't let his daughters after they left school do anything toward making themselves an occupation, toward choosing a life work, even toward perfecting the education they had received, but has left them purposeless, objectless and loveless. If a girl is poor she needs of all things to be aided to do what she can do best, and at the same time be happiest in doing. If she is rich she must have an object to devote herself to and bestow herself upon, or she becomes morbid, spiritless, selfish and inane.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Something About Poultry Breeding.

Poultry has its place upon the farm, in the village yard, and in the hands of the fancier; but the fowl for the breeder or fancier are not generally the kinds for the farmer, and those for the small quarters of the village lot are not the varieties for the wider range of the farm. And from the great interest in poultry-breeding during the past dozen years have come many advantages which the farmer and villager may claim and turn to useful account. For instance: patient, careful breeding of many years' trial has been necessary to produce in so great excellence the many different breeds of poultry which we now have, adapted to different purposes; and these results could not have been reached otherwise than through a careful love for the business, as manifested by those whom we term "fanciers," or lovers of a particular variety; and no breed, however undesirable for general purposes, like the Houdans, but has its "fanciers;" and these fanciers, producing with care different breeds, having distinctive characteristics, have been of great service, because farmers, villagers, and all who keep hens, or love fresh eggs, or roast chickens in August, are reaping the benefits and advantages of their patient labors. The "best breed for all purposes has been obtained through this careful breeding and selecting the best mothers; the best layers—those yielding the greatest number of eggs in a given time, or the best table fowls; and how could these have been produced had no one shown more interest in hens than the common farmer, who is not particular about the number of serrations in the comb, or the pencilings of the neck hackle? There has, undoubtedly, been much folly exhibited by many breeders devoted to a class, but generally it may be said that positive benefit has come to our poultry interests through their efforts.—*New England Farmer.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

An American, Miss Harkness, has won the long-sawed-for prize for excellence on the violin, at the Paris Conservatory.

Probably the oldest copy of the Bible in this country is owned by William F. Clay, of Camden, N. J. It was published in London in 1558.

Eugene Schuyler's "Life of Peter the Great," will be simultaneously published in five different countries immediately after its completion in magazine form.

Jules Verne, the novelist, has made $250,000 from his writings. He is fifty-one years old, enjoys good health, and works as hard as if he hadn't a cent laid up.

John Bright, the great English statesman, has so great an admiration for Milton's writings that he carries with him wherever he goes a copy of "Paradise Lost."

The City of Caen is enjoying an exhibition of rare books printed in Normandy, arranged in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of the art into the city.

Joseph Parry, of the University College of Wales, has composed a Welsh opera called "Blodwen, or the White Flower," which is to be produced in Cleveland and Cincinnati this month.

Mr. Larkin J. Mead, in Florence, is engaged upon a colossal figure which will symbolize the Mississippi River, and which, it is said, is being done on Mr. Elliott F. Shepard's order for Central Park.

James Russell Lowell, says the London *Vanity Fair*, "is a learned, kindly, strong, pleasant, honest man. He writes with great quickness and facility, and always with great correctness, that English language of which he is so proud and so fond; and he is personally altogether one of the most delightful of men."

Herbert Spencer, the distinguished philosophical writer, is described as being of medium statue, slimly built, long-legged and a great walker. He is a bachelor, living in a quiet boarding-house in the West End of London. He talks with the same force and perspicuity as he writes.

The Bradford (Yorkshire) *Observer* says that Adelaide Neilson, while nursery maid at Mrs. Padgett's, Hawkhill, Guiseley, in that county, was most attentive to her duties, and very active, never requiring prompting in anything. In her spare time she learned accurately passages from Shakespeare. So determined was she to go on the stage—an intention she often announced to the family she served—that one evening after leaving her employment at the usual hour she started for London. She slept the first night under the trees in Hyde Park, and subsequently got work, in answer to an advertisement, as a seamstress.

HUMOROUS.

Prairie chickens are game to the last.

A wag says of a toper: His nose has passed the rubicund.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Paradoxical: The person who wishes to stay in this world will avoid the deadly corset.—*Boston Courier.*

Almost time for husking bees.—*Ithaca Journal.* We'd just like to see you husk a bee once.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

"You can't play that on me!" said the piano to the amateur who broke down on a difficult piece of music.—*N. Y. News.*

He who has ridden in a country stage-coach knows how cream feels when it is being churned into butter.—*Boston Transcript.*

There are hundreds of entertaining writers who would be good historians if they did not know so many things that have never happened.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A California woman seven feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds broke her heart for love of a little runt of a man, wearing number four boots and leading a poodle by a chain.

"What is meant by the power behind the throne?" asked the teacher. "The ace," replied the smart, bad boy, "which is greater than the king." P. S.—The s. b. b. stayed in after school.—*Hawkeye.*

Even a deacon won't say grace when he steps into a railway eating house. He knows that it would be asking too much to request that he be made thankful for anything he will get there.—*Boston Post.*

That Spanish baby over which such a great fuss was raised is pug-nosed and almond-eyed, and we can't help but feel glad on't. One baby ought to be as good as another the world over.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Inquirer" asks: "Is the Great Eastern the largest vessel ever built?" An impression has got abroad that she is, but such is not the case. The Mayflower, in which the Pilgrim fathers came to this country, was the largest ship that ever plowed the waters. The old furniture scattered over this country brought over by the Mayflower would fill the Great Eastern a dozen times or more.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Hyena and the Jackal---A Fable.

One afternoon a hyena met a jackal in a lonely path in the woods and thus began at him:

"Dear me! but how your breath smells! You must have been eating some old bones picked clean by a lion."

"A grave robber shouldn't be the first to cry 'stop thief,'" saucily replied the jackal.

"You have to feed on the crumbs which fall from another man's table!" sneered the hyena.

"But I am not detested hy man and hated by my own kind."

They thus continued their insults until both were ready for battle, when along came a hare. Under other circumstances he would have been pounced upon and eaten, but in this case he was appealed to by both to decide which was the most worthy. The frightened hare well knew that he would be the sufferer, no matter which way he decided, but he did not lose his wits.

"While I must admit that both of you have points of advantage," he replied, "I am forced to say that I am too low and humble to be made judge between two such superior animals. Back here is a wood-chopper, and I have no doubt he will speedily settle the dispute."

The disputants agreed to leave it to the ax man, and at once set out. When they came before him, the hyena stated the case and asked for a decision.

"When two men go to law," said the chopper, as he laid both beasts out with his ax, "it is not the business of a lawyer to inquire which is right, but to profit by the loss of either."

Moral—Don't pick a fuss with a hornet because he wasn't born for a horsefly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Perpetual Skating Pond.

There is a lake on the Saw Tooth Mountains that has probably no equal in the United States. It is about sixty or sixty-five miles from Bonanza, and at an altitude of nearly twelve thousand feet. The lake lies in a basin among the sharp crags of the snowy Saw Tooth, and is a sheet of perpetual ice. It was discovered in August of last year by a party of prospectors, and named the Ice Lake. The sun seemed to have no effect upon it except in places adjoining the shore. It is simply a great bowl in the hard mountain rock brimful of solid ice, upon which the rays of the sun descend with no power to penetrate.—*Yankee Fork (Cal.) Herald.*

Our Young Readers.

SUMMER'S GONE.

There's a purple tint on the woodland leaves,
  And the winds are up all day;
There's a rustling heard in the yellow sheaves,
  And it seems to sadly say:
  "Sweet summer's gone away!"

In the wrinkled brook no roses peep;
  And the bees no longer stray;
And the butterflies have gone to sleep;
  And the locust trills all day:
  Sweet summer's gone away!

On the browning fields the spider spins
  Where the lambs no longer play;
And the cricket now his chirp begins;
  And the quail is whistling gay.
  Sweet summer's gone away!

There are loving arms for baby dear,
  Though the skies are chill and gray,
And a cozy home-nest all the year,
  And sweet kisses every day,
  Though summer's gone away.
—George Cooper, in *Nursery*.

MAY'S LETTER TO HER MOTHER.

My Darling Mamma:

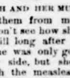
PAPA says I may write and tell you that we are all well and you must enjoy yourself and not worry about us for we are getting along splendidly.

That's just what he told me to write, and he has directed an envelope all ready for me to put the letter in. But I don't see what he means by saying we are all well, for there's a lot of things the matter with us. There's measles, and mumps, and malaria, and if there were any more sicknesses that began with M. I guess we would have them, too.

Grandma—she's got the malaria; that's the prettiest name, and I think it's the prettiest-looking sickness. It makes her face yellow, but it don't puff her out like mumps. Edith and me think it makes her cross. Do grown folks get cross when they are sick just like children? She takes Queeneen to break up chills, she says, but I am afraid she will break up herself, for she shakes as if she would fly to pieces some days. I think she's got all the malaria there is in the house for none of the rest of us have had any; but there was measles enough to go round, and we've all had 'em except me. I suppose I should have had some of them, too, but grandma says I had 'em nine years ago when I was only a year old.

Billy, the boy that carries newspapers, brought us the mumps, and we aint much obliged to him. I asked him what he wore his face in worsted comferable for, an' he said 'caused he'd got a corn behind his ears, and then he asked me if I saw anything green, but of course I couldn't through his big comferable. Anyhow, I don't believe it was green corn in the middle of winter. Hannah said, the next tomorrow, when she saw him, that 'twas mumps, an' he 'had no business to come here, and she said, "You'll catch it, Miss, for talking to that naughty boy in the hall when you was told not to!" I did catch it, too, and I wish I hadn't talked to him, for my mumps was awful, but they are most better now. Once I sneezed while I had them, and I thought I had torn off both ears and turned my nose wrong side out, it hurt so; but I hadn't.

This is a picture of Edith, with both her mumps.

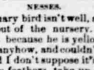


EDITH AND HER MUMPS.

She took them from me, grandma says, but I don't see how she could, for I kept 'em till long after hers began. They said she was only going to have 'em on one side, but she was most through with the measles so she had room enough to have 'em on both sides just like me.

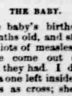
You know I can't draw as well as papa, because he is a celebrated artist, but I thought it would be a comfort to you to see how she looks.

Jimmy and Josey have each got a mump apiece, and they are dreadfully measled too. Their faces are as red as red can be, and the little spots on them are redder still, and their mumps are all red and speckled too. Isn't it funny? Perhaps it's because they are twins. I've drawed a portrait of them, and if I had time I'd paint it, too, so you could see how bright their measles is.



JOSEY AND JIMMY AND THEIR TWO SICKNESSES.

Your canary bird isn't well, and we've took him out of the nursery. It can't be malaria because he is yellower than grandma, anyhow, and couldn't get any worse; and I don't suppose it's measles, because the feathers take up too much room; and if it's mumps, it will have to be a very small kind or else they will be bigger than he is.



THE BABY.

This is the baby's birthday. She is eighteen months old, and she's got two mumps and lots of measles. Grandma says they've come out splendid. I should think they had. I don't believe there's half a one left inside of her, and she's as cross as cross; she goes *yaou, yaou, yaou, waou, waou, waou*, and she keeps knocking her mumps axidentically, all the time, and then she just hollers—my, how she hollers!

The picture a little way back is a picture of her. The dot is her nose, she is so swelled up that it looks like a little red button.

I've made up some poetry for you to put in your Ortograff album. It begins:

We are all in the dumps
Because of the mumps,
That swells up in bumps,
And gives us big humps,
And will not bear any thumps,
. . . . . trumps
. . . . . gumps
. . . . . flumps
. . . . . crumps

That's far as I could make up the lines, but I know lots more words that rhyme, so I've written them down for you to make up some lines to yourself.

Grandma sends love and says I am not to write anything that will worry you, so I guess I had better stop now for fear I shall. I hope your cough is better, and you don't have to take Drover's powders to make you sleep.

Your very affectionately daughter,
MAIE HUNGERFORD.

P. S.—Hannah says the canary is going to moult. I don't know as that is any better than to mump, but I dare say we shall all moult if he does, because it begins with M like our other complaints and I suppose it's catching—everything seems to be.

2. P. S.—I forgot to say that the spots on the twins' legs isn't meant for measles—it's buttons on their boots.

3. P. S.—If I didn't spell all the words right it is because you wasn't here to tell me how, and grandma's bizzy, and Hannah don't know. Have you learned how to speak Marseilles yet? The people must be very stupid not to use the American language when it's so much easier than any other. Give my love to Uncle Joe. Does he live in a nice house in Marseilles, and do his little girls dress like [illegible] wear high caps and white [illegible] like the children in papa's picture of the market?—*Wide Awake.*

Help Yourselves.

I COULD not help stopping in the midst of my writing just now, to watch some little sparrows on the porch roof just outside my window. It is a regular feeding place for them, for we scatter crumbs there every day, just for the pleasure of their company. Even the baby has caught the spirit. He is something like

"That bad little girl of Dundee
Who never would finish her crust."

So he saves his for the sparrows. It is raining and Louie's last crust is beautifully soaked, just on the edge of the roof. Down came an old mother sparrow and four great baby-sparrows. I never should have known they were her babies only for their actions, for they were as big as she was and a great deal fatter. They never offered to touch the bread, but all sat in a row screaming at their mother to wait upon them, with their mouths wide open.

There was no reason in the world why they should not help themselves, only that they always had been fed by her. They were not patient children, but each seemed to be crying out "Me first, mother, me first!" in such a distracting way, that the poor mother seemed quite confused in her efforts to satisfy them. They would hop before one another, and catch the crumbs from each other's mouths in a very greedy way; and if the mother tried to eat a bite, most likely they snatched that up, too. No wonder she was very thin and looked tired, at least I thought so. She flew off with a bite of bread to a tamarack tree near by, to eat it in peace, but three greedy children pursued her. The fourth stayed by the bread, and it was funny to see his attempts at helping himself. He would dive his bill into the bread and then jump back as if it had burned him.

I have seen some great children about as helpless and exacting, and their poor mothers usually looked thin and weary and troubled. From morning till night you will hear such questions as "Mother, where is my history?" "Mother, won't you sew on my shoe-buttons?" "Mother, won't you sew a button on my jacket?" "Can't you put up my luncheon, I am in such a hurry?" Every one of these things the boys and girls could have done quite as well for themselves if they had only thought so. There is no reason why a boy should not learn to sew on a jacket-button as well as his sister. It is not half so hard as learning to skate or whittle. Boys and girls, if you wish your beloved mother to live long and happily with you, join at once the "Help Yourself Society."—*Baptist Weekly.*

Locusts in California.

THE locust scourge of Eastern California continues unabated. The wholesale destruction of crops so painfully exhibited in Sierra Valley for three years past is repeated in part this season, and also extended over a large area of country north or south. Nearly all the valleys flanking the Sierra on the east, and extending from Modoc County to Mono, are more or less affected, and contiguous regions are frightfully menaced.

The importance of the subject impelled the writer to visit the locality and make a careful examination. Arrived at Reno, the wildest stories were told of the insect plague, and various conflicting theories were advanced as to the laws governing its present appearance and its future destiny. Citizens kindly aided in getting about the country and in prosecuting research.

We drove over the famous alfalfa fields of Truckee Meadows, at once the principal agricultural wealth of Nevada and the prophecy of its future, to find many of the wide-stretching fields shorn of every green leaf, not by the usual noisy mowing machine, but by millions of imported, silent, devouring insects. The extent of the destruction can be appreciated when we consider that the annual yield of alfalfa for this one valley is 20,000 to 23,000 tons. This year, though a fine one, owing to abundant snow last winter, the crop will not exceed 15,000 tons. At $7 per ton for standing crops, the loss exceeds $50,000. In Sierra Valley last year the loss was $150,000, and for the three years of the scourge it was over $272,000. The present year's loss is not yet estimated, but it will be much less than formerly, owing to the marked diminution of locusts in the north end of the valley—the part first attacked—and, happily, where the insect first disappears.

Tidings from trustworthy persons show that the locusts are abundant on the bottom lands of Pit River, and are busily depositing eggs there again. In certain localities reported all along the region mentioned egg-depositing is going on at a rate that is sufficient to menace with heavy loss the whole Pacific coast, provided it is found that the present scourge is composed of species of locusts that are migratory in their habits—and such is the painful fact. This is no idle statement criminally uttered to create alarm, but sadly true, as the specimens collected clearly prove.

Upon careful examination with powerful microscopes, and critical comparison with authenticated specimens from the interior, the scourge this year is not alone caused by the *œdipoda atrox*, or "astrocious locust" a comparatively innocent species, but he is now reinforced by at least two species of the notorious and terrible migratory locusts of the interior, but, happily, found too short-winged for extended flight.

These species belong to one family and are the "red-legged locusts" (*Caloptenus femurrubrum*), so called from the usual color of its hind shanks, and the "lesser locust" (*Caloptenus atlanis*), so named from its small size—about three-fourths of an inch long. These two species, with the "hated locust" (*Caloptenus spretus*), called also the "Rocky Mountain locust," from its place of origin, constitute the great scourge of the interior. The last mentioned is the most numerous and is principally responsible for the appalling visitations during the years 1873 to 1877, when the damage is calculated at the enormous sum of $200,000,000, nearly equal to the total obliteration of San Francisco, with its amassed wealth of $217,000,000.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

* * *

IN the earlier part of the last century there lived in Scotland a Colonel Townshend, who could apparently die whenever he chose and come to life at will. His frame would become rigid and cold, his eyes dull and ghastly, and his features shrunk and waxy as in death. In this state he would remain for several hours, and then would slowly revive. He once performed this strange experiment in the presence of three physicians, who, perceiving no pulsations of the heart and no respiration, convinced themselves that he was really dead. But soon after they left him he revived. It has been asserted that he died actually while repeating the ghastly performance.

* * *

A GEORGIA widow, while driving a load of hay, was insulted by a tramp concerning her bonnet. She jumped from the load and gave the fellow a sound thrashing, and in less than a week had three offers of marriage.