... known as ... or camps are ... route from Car- ... ramento, and thou- ... and army stopped and ... fortunes there. In the ... the County of El Dorado ... a greater population than ... or Sacramento, nine- ... it being engaged at placer ...

... was no organized civil Govern- ... the American plan till the 13th ... ember, 1849, when Peter H. ... nett was elected Governor and John ... eDougall Lieutenant-Governor.

Among the Argonauts chivalrous respect for woman was carried to the utmost extremity, and often to the ludicrous; as a single instance will explain. In the spring and summer of 1850 some two hundred miners, nearly all Americans, were working on one of the many "dry creeks" in the foot-hills, forty-five to fifty miles to the eastward of the Sacramento valley. They were "doing well," that is, those who worked faithfully ten or eleven hours a day were making from $16 to $20, out of which they had to pay expenses—say three to four dollars a day—for wear and tear of tools, clothes, board, medicines, etc.; every miner in those times washing his own shirts and underclothing, which were of gray, blue or red flannel. They lived in cabins by groups of twos, threes, fours and fives. One day a cart, to which a single old cow was harnessed, drove up to the trading-post in the neighborhood. A slouchy-looking "Pike" was the driver. In the curious craft sat a very plain-looking and sadly-dejected woman, holding in her lap an infant child. In less than fifteen minutes a crowd of fifty or sixty young men collected about the cart. Most of them had not seen a woman for six months. Eager inquiries were showered upon the strangers. "What are you going to do?" "Where are you from?" "Will you not stop here? If you will we will build you a house, furnish it, set you up with a supply of grub, and all come and board at your house." The offer was gladly accepted, with such rude thanks as honest ignorance can master. In less than six months after this event "Pike," his wife and baby departed from that camp on a stage and six, and in fine style, with a purse of $6,000. They returned to the Western States, and were never again heard of by their benefactors. The slightest insult to a woman was resented on the spot without regard to her character, education or condition. The man who cheated a woman in his board or wash bill was treated as a thief and driven out of camp as a pariah. There are unrecorded deeds of mercy and charity done in those early days, the simple truth of which would shame all dramatic effort. Mr. and Mrs. —— were among the early arrivals by the Panama route. They had opportunities of doing well at San Francisco and Stockton; but the husband had started for "the mines," and, like thousands of others, he could not be satisfied short of seeing them. He possessed the instincts, education and manners of a gentleman. The wife, a delicate, warm-hearted, intelligent and very motherly little New England woman, was in all respects fit to be the friend and companion of such a man. They brought their only child—a girl of five or six years, as beautiful as a fawn, and the life of the family circle, which was soon enlarged by boarders. Mr. —— was physically unable to work in the mines. Mrs. —— cheerfully supported him in his illness (Panama fever), hoping for his ultimate recovery, which never came. Within a month or six weeks after his arrival he died, and the Argonauts kindly and tenderly laid him away in his eternal rest. The brave-hearted wife attended to her duties as usual, until one morning little Ella's flushed cheek and languid expression indicated that she, too, was wanted on the other side of the river. Night and day the mother hung over the fading form of her darling, alternately hoping, fearing, despairing. And night and day the Argonauts gathered about to cheer, comfort, assist and encourage. At last the supreme hour came, and the sweet little flower that had delighted and humanized the rough natures of so many homeless, childless and wifeless men closed its leaves and faded away into a memory. With little Ella's death the light of life perished from the eyes and heart of the mother. Her utter loneliness and melancholy was sadder than death itself. She was left in destitute circumstances. The miners divined as much, and in less than a fortnight after the burial of the child the widowed mother was started on her way back to her New England home with $1,000 and a through ticket in her purse. This is but one instance of thousands. The demands upon benevolence were frequent and always pressing, but the Argonauts, though their avarice must be conceded, albeit among the meanest of passions, brought hearts with them which on occasion could glow with all the warmth of a California summer sun.

It has gone abroad with the brand of popular indorsement that there is for literature in the annals and traditions of early life in this State nothing worth contributing but humor of the broadest and lowest type. This is a grave misjudgment of the case; and no man familiar with the inner life of those times will assent to it. There was, to be sure, a humorous and a ridiculous, mocking side to it; but by comparison with the serious, earnest, dramatic side, it is as the laughing rill to the mighty river. Every camp, bar, ravine, which has materially helped to swell the volume of gold produced here since January 19, 1848, has been the scene of a tragedy, and no considerable civilized State has ever, in so short a time, yielded as large a harvest of blighted hopes, broken hearts, crushed ambitions and family ties severed as this. Our humor, like that of the "Fool," in King Lear, in the main derives its inspiration from calamity, and has a touch of the grim mockery of a grinning skeleton. The "North American Pie-Biter," who is the hero of Mark Twain's inimitable "Jumping Frog" story, if the truth be told of him, had a history as sad as the cry of a wounded curlew.—*San Francisco Call.*

Bright Post-Office Clerks.

THE ingenuity of Post-office clerks in reading illegible hieroglyphics, and correcting blunders of direction, deserves to rank among the wonderful feats of human skill. An English periodical gives an amusing instance of this ingenuity. The late Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce, carried on so extensive an official correspondence that he wrote many letters in the cars to save time. He was accustomed to date from the place of writing. One such letter, dated "Rail, near Reading," and signed as usual, S. Oxon (Samuel of Oxford) came into the hands of a man who was ignorant of the official rank of the writer, and of his habit of using the cars as a writing-desk. He, therefore, interpreted date and signature in the most literal way, and directed his reply to "S. Oxon, Esq., Rail, near Reading." The Post-office clerks were sharper-witted, and read in the direction more than he had put into it, for the letter, after a delay of only one or two mails, found its way to Bishop Wilberforce's London residence, 61 Eaton Place. There was no red-tape, as in our Post-office, compelling a long journey to Washington, in order to receive a new direction.—*Youth's Companion.*

QUIET is often strength; silence, wisdom. The swift stream is not always powerful, nor the noisy one deep.

... Grass standing ankle-high.
... Down; The days are always ...
No tinkling bells come sounding o'er the hill;
Upon the lonely plain the sun and stars
See nothing but the tall gray thin and brown;
And twilight is heard save that the whip-poor-will
Pates his and note above the broken bars.
—*A. K. Sutton, in Harper's Magazine.*

'49 AND '79.

The Remarkable Year of the Present Century—March of the Argonauts—Their Sufferings Crossing the Plains—Pioneer Justice—Rude But Tender Mercy—Chivalry.

WHILE the real Argonauts of 1848 were wandering among the hills and gulches that flank the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, armed with pan, spoon and butcher-knife, testing the scope and capabilities of the gold mines, the news of the discovery was speeding on its way to the Eastern States by two routes simultaneously. It reached the frontier of Missouri and Iowa by the Mormon scouts and roving trappers about the same time that vessels sailing round Cape Horn took it to New York and Boston; which was in the late autumn of 1848. The first reports, repeatedly confirmed and enlarged upon, threw the whole country into the wildest excitement. In the City of New York and the extreme Western States the fever was hottest. The year 1849 was in some other respects the most remarkable year of the present century. It found France a Republic, with a Bonaparte President by popular election. All Germany was in armed revolt against kingcraft. Hungary was in rebellion against the Austrian Emperor. There was revolt in Lombardy against the Austrian yoke; in Naples and Palermo against the King of the two Sicilies. The people forced the rulers of Tuscany, Modena and Parma to grant Constitutions. There was rank revolution in Ireland under the lead of Smith O'Brien, Mitchell and Meagher. The Chartists were seriously moving in England for universal suffrage. Fierce war raged in Northern Italy between the Italians and Austria; and the year opened with storm clouds, social and political, visible all over the Old World. Cholera, that frightful contribution of Asia to modern Europe, more terrible than the ancient plague, was raging on the continent and advancing toward America, where the terrors it inspired in 1832-3 were soon to be redoubled in a grand harvest of death and desolation throughout the cities and towns of the Mississippi Valley, and all along the thoroughfares (as yet hardly explored), to the shores of the Pacific. The extreme western limit of the white settlements in 1849 was the States of Missouri, Iowa and the Territory of Minnesota. Beyond that there lay a *terra incognita* known as "Missouri Territory" and the "Indian Territory" south of it. Between the lines of Iowa and Missouri and the Rocky Mountains there were not, all told, over five hundred whites. What few there were included missionaries among the Delawares and Shawnees, Wyandottes, Pottowattomies, Senecas, Osages, and Indian agents with their assistants and servants at the various agencies. The Pawnees were still a formidable tribe. The wigwams of the Sioux and the hunting camps of the Comanches lined the Platte, Arkansas, Missouri and their tributary streams for hundreds of miles in what is now the richest and most productive agricultural regions of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Dakota, with its population of more than two millions.

The people of the frontier States were in that happiest of all earthly conditions — without wealth, without poverty—a community of small farmers and traders. There were then no large towns. St. Louis was a place of 55,000. Chicago was of less importance than Sacramento or Omaha now, and Kansas City contained a few log huts and some 300 population. The National census, completed a year later, gave Iowa less than 200,000 and Minnesota but 6,000 white inhabitants. Twenty miles out from Council Bluffs and forty from Independence brought the hunter to the buffalo range. Beyond that toward the setting sun stretched a limitless prairie far on and on into what was then supposed to be a "desert," and so marked on the maps, but what is now proved to be a very fertile part of the continent, sloping gradually upward toward the Black Hills and the Rocky range, where it is watered by innumerable clear, cold streams from the heights of everlasting snow. Through this unexplored wilderness lay the routes (for there were several) of the grand army of California pioneers that assembled along the banks of the Missouri from early in March to late in May, 1849. They represented all classes, all States and Nations, all trades, callings and professions; but not all ages. Out of every hundred it would have been hard to pick one man over forty; and to every five hundred men there was hardly one woman. There were young fellows of twenty, fresh from college, young lawyers, young doctors, young preachers, young gamblers, young invalids. Some were in wagons by pairs, trios, quartets; some mounted on mules, ponies or horses, with an extra animal to pack the necessary provisions; and some few were bold and hardy enough to undertake the adventure afoot, trusting to rifle for their supplies. One of the latter, an Irishman, carrying a rifle heavy enough to have killed a mule in a fortnight, was picked up on the Platte, four hundred and fifty miles out from St. Jo, and brought through in a train as far as Thousand Springs Valley, where he was expelled for misconduct. He worked on foot to Sacramento, and, accumulating $5,000 in the mines, returned to a Western city, where he became an Alderman and a capitalist, with millions at his command. He was last seen on the road near the sink of the Humboldt, cutting the throat of a mired horse and feeding himself upon choice bits of the carcass. The passage from the Missouri to the Sacramento occupied from one hundred to one hundred and thirty days. Generally the provision was made for but thirty days, and this mistake caused a famine of supplies. The cholera followed the trail, as plague pursues the path to Mecca, and the graves of its victims were thicker than mile-stones along the highway. There was no time for a waste of sympathy on the dead or lingering long on the dying. They were buried in haste, without stone or epitaph to mark the spot, and hunger or fear of the pestilence hurried the surviving of the train with all possible speed. The aggregate of the grand exodus has been variously estimated at from 60,000 to 80,000. The latter number perhaps nearest the mark. The advance were as early as July. The rear came in from the 10th to the 15th August. They all headed for Sutter's fort (Sacramento). But during the winter and spring preceding the discoveries in El Dorado had extended from Colonel Weber's American Fork, Weber Creek, Mormon Creek and Hangtown Creek, northward as Weavertown (now the last place as Babylon or Nin-

The Honor of a Choctaw.

A VERY remarkable story is thus told by the Muscogee *Indian Journal:* The execution of Chester Dixon, convicted of murder at the last term of the Circuit Court of the Choctaw Nation, took place Friday at noon in the presence of but a small number of people. Chester Dixon, the murderer, was a young full-blooded Choctaw about seventeen years of age. He was subject to fits, during which he often lost control of himself. He was, aside from this malady, considered rather a bright boy.

Dixon lived with his mother and stepfather about five miles from Atoka. Their nearest neighbors were an Indian known as Washington, and Martha, his wife. One afternoon, about a year ago, Washington returned from Atoka and found that a horrible murder had been committed. The body of his wife lay on the floor of his cabin in ghastly fragments. The head was severed from the body, and several terrible gashes had been inflicted with an ax. The bloody instrument of butchery lay beside the bleeding victim. The alarm was given and it was discovered that Dixon had been seen issuing from the fated house covered with blood. He was arrested, but stoutly denied the killing.

He was tried according to the Choctaw law by a competent jury. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot September 10, at noon. He was allowed to go home from the Court-room, unrestrained except by parole of honor to be at the Court-House at Atoka at the hour appointed for his execution. Choctaw laws provide for no appeal, else his case would have been reconsidered, for after his conviction he was attacked with a fit, which proved conclusively that he was subject to temporary aberrations, during which, it is presumed, he was irresponsible for his actions. His attorney during his trial had not made any such plea, and, the sentence of death having been pronounced, it was unalterable.

On Thursday, Dixon came to Atoka with his step-father, for the purpose of ordering his coffin. He had his measure taken and gave the orders for the disposition of his body without the least appearance of concern. On Friday morning about one hundred persons, most of them whites, gathered about the Court-House to witness the execution. Up to within half an hour of the appointed time Dixon had not appeared. Our reporter asked his companion whether there was not some likelihood of the prisoner breaking his parole.

"If he is alive he will be here within ten minutes just as sure as the sun shines."

Hardly had the words been spoken when a murmur of "Here he comes" was heard on all sides, and there rode up a young fellow, slight of build, tall and straight, but rather awkward in his movements. Alighting from his pony, the boy approached a little knot of Indian women who were gathered around a blazing log. Without giving any attention to those around him he sat down by a stump, and, hanging down his head, he seemed lost in meditation. Presently a venerable old Indian approached the boy and spoke to him in the Choctaw tongue, bidding him, as the interpreter said, to meet his fate as became a Choctaw brave; to remember that nothing but his life would atone for the life he had taken, and not to make the expiation grudgingly, but to meet his death feeling that his people had done justice in condemning him.

While the old man was talking Dixon held his head down, but at the conclusion of the speech he looked up, held out his hand, and, in the hearty grasp he gave the old man's hand, seemed to imply that he would not falter, and he never did throughout it all. Several men and women then came up and shook hands with him. He looked up at each one with a glance of recognition, but never spoke a word. At about 11:45 o'clock the Sheriff, Wm. Nelson, brought the doomed boy an entire change of clothing, which he put on. While Dixon was dressing for the grave, eager eyes watched his every motion to discover, if possible, the least evidence of emotion, but he adjusted every button without a sign of tremor. He then sat down on a blanket while his mother combed his hair.

The Sheriff then announced that the time had come. Dixon arose and walked to the spot pointed out by the officer, and stood facing his coffin. His stepfather held his right hand, his cousin supporting him on the left. The same old man who had spoken to Dixon before now made a mark with charcoal upon the boy's breast just over the heart, and spoke a few words of encouragement. The Sheriff then bound a handkerchief over Dixon's eyes, commanded him to kneel, and immediately thereafter beckoned a man who had until then kept out of sight. This was Abner Woods, a cousin of the condemned. Dixon had chosen him to do the shooting. Abner advanced, and, taking his position about five paces from the boy, he leveled his Winchester rifle, took steady aim and fired.

The ball went to the mark. Almost simultaneously with the report of the rifle Dixon fell forward, uttered a groan and died without a struggle. The mother of the dead took charge of the remains, which were buried by a few friends. The entire proceeding passed without a semblance of excitement. Everything was conducted properly and decorously. As contrasted with the civilized mode of punishment the Choctaw method is more humane, more effective, and is more likely to deter others from capital offenses.

American Incomes.

THERE is no table of the average duration of fortunes; but the statistics of business failures in the country since 1866 show that the average *yearly* failures ranged from one in 163 in the year 1871 to one in 75 in 1876. How many business men in a thousand fail, once or more during their business lifetime, I cannot learn. The proportion used to be estimated for New England at 97 per cent. That is probably too high a figure for the business of to-day, conducted as it is upon much shorter credits than formerly. But the proportion of traders who fail is probably not lower than 75 per cent. of the whole number.

How many of our people live upon their invested means? In 1866 our income-tax returns showed 771,000 incomes of $500 per year and over, and 6,000,000 incomes of less than $500. But these were not incomes from capital; they were mostly earnings or wages. Probably not one in a hundred of these smaller incomes, and not over 10 per cent. of the incomes over $500, represented the interest upon investments. In France, ten years later, the census returned no less than 2,000,000 of people, *rentiers*, who live entirely upon their invested means. In 1877 seven and a half millions of the people—one-fifth of the population—were enrolled as rentes-holders or savings-banks depositors, but it must be added that the savings-banks do not often fail in France, and that sooner or later they are apt to fail with us. Most of these deposits are small ones. But no less than two millions of the French can say with Petrarch, *Parva sed opea mihi:* "It is little enough, but it will do for me."

Thus, in spite of the resources of the country, in spite of the almost universal search for wealth, and in spite of the fact that we have a great many rich men at any given time, we still do not have a large class of permanently rich men; we do not even have, like the French, a large class of persons who have a permanent, though small competence. The rich American's wealth is extremely volatile; in nine cases out of ten it is "fairy gold." The old land-owners form the chief exception to the rule; especially in our large cities, where the increase of values has been great.

But if our class of permanently wealthy people is small, so also is our class of destitute people. We are fortunate in having few of the very rich or the very poor, in having no such immense and harmful inequality of fortunes as we see in modern England. Our ill fortune is this, that our class of moderate competences is also small, that so few of us, in spite of our opportunities and our labors, have seized the good of even a small assured competence. The land is full of people who have not, on the other hand, and who are not likely to have, any assured competence, however moderate, but who have nothing to expect but labor to the end. That is, indeed, the appointed human lot for the majority in any community; but need it be, in a country of resources like this, so nearly the universal lot? Might not many of us avoid it by a greater care for a moderate competence, a lessened ambition for fortunes?—*T. M. Coan, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Ladies of Cyprus.

AN American lady recently returned from Cyprus gives some interesting facts concerning the Cypriote women. Two-thirds of them are Greek, and the remainder Turkish, with a sprinkling of Europeans. Beauty is not their strong point—in fact they are fearfully ugly. The Greek ladies are more intelligent than the men, and their handiwork in lace-making, in cotton-spinning, in the manufacture of silk, is often splendid, but they are opposed to the introduction of steam and the modern improvements. The Turkish ladies are inferior to the Greeks, indolent and uneducated, but a cross between the Arab and Turk is extremely intelligent and witty. The Greek women have a French eye for colors; "my Greek maid wore a blue cashmere skirt, a fine black velvet jacket opened in front, with loose sleeves gold embroidered, and under it a white silk chemise—a sort of gauze with a heavy stripe and trimmed with white lace, cut low in the neck, and set off with considerable jewelry," for a Greek woman dresses to be seen, while if a Turkish woman allows her veil to fall and shows herself, her husband is entitled to a divorce. The Turkish married women wear no jewelry; only young ladies wear it, and they marry often at fifteen years of age. Greek women walk out freely in the evening and often with masculine escorts, but Turkish women are never seen in public with a man, nor after sundown. Though the Greek women often talk very agreeably, and are extremely polished in manners, they cannot write their own names, and are unable to read a line. There are plenty of children in Cyprus, and they are treated as if they were dogs. Even when belonging to good families, their hair often is matted, their bodies are dirty, and beaten in a frightful manner by the parents. Yet every father thinks it his duty to provide a house and garden for each of his children—especially for a daughter, and parents frequently relinquish their own home to a daughter who is about to be married.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Peasant Homes in Germany.

BUT, even when remembering all the faults of the Fatherland, an American can scarce help pitying the emigrants when he sees the pretty, home-like houses they give up for the miserable shanties that await them in the West. In middle and southern Germany the isolated farm-house is the exception. Here the traveler is seldom, if ever, oppressed with the utter desolation, the grinding lowliness of peasant farm-life. The owners of adjoining farms build their houses in a group, and then go off to cultivate their out-lying land. Some work-days may thus be lost, but many a social evening is gained. Then the home in itself is far pleasanter than our ordinary farm-house. The buildings, with their tiled or thatched roofs, are picturesque, and they always have an appearance of cleanliness and thrift. Every window—this is characteristic of all German homes, high and low—is neatly curtained and decorated with plants and flowers. The little door-yards are nicely, if not tastefully, laid out and planted. A German front yard is a miracle. It is exquisitely neat, and is fresh and cosy; but to the extreme—Dutchy, as we would say. Be it but ten feet square, it is laid out in many precise little plots, and filled to overflowing with well-trimmed and various gaudy flowers, has a quaint ornament or two, and then a silver ball usually beams its effulgence upon the whole from its lofty pedestal. The striking contrast that the unkempt Western farm-house and garden forms with all this none but those who have seen both can realize. But, though the emigrants may miss their pretty homes, they will find the new world far ahead of the old in many particulars.—*Independent.*

The Terrors of a London Fog.

THE London *Telegraph* thus discourses about London fog: "We are only just beginning to estimate the terrible effects of the great fog which lasted, with few and brief intermissions, from November, 1879, to the first week in February, 1880, and which enormously increased the death rate of that period, besides laying a formidable train of consequences not even yet fairly disposed of. None of the other large towns of Great Britain suffered to any extent comparable with the visitation that lingered so long and so calamitously in London. Asthma is the disease which appeared to be most directly influenced in its mortality by the continuous fog. In the first three weeks of the present year, when the dense curtain lifted for a time, the deaths from this malady dropped at once to about thirty per cent. below the average, having previously risen, in the middle of December, when the fog was severe, to forty-three per cent. above the average. Then, again, on its return at the end of January, and its continuance with increased density through the first week of the following month, the deaths from asthma rose at once to the alarming height of two hundred and twenty per cent. over the average, falling again, when the fog finally disappeared, to as low a point as they had stood at for a considerable time. Of course, all lung diseases followed the fluctuations of this extraordinary atmospheric condition, but none of them equaled asthma in close obedience to the varying density, or, unhappily, in prompt yielding to the beneficial change.

THE northern magnetic pole of the earth is at present near the Arctic circle on the meridian of Omaha. Hence the needle does not everywhere point to the astronomical north, and is constantly variable within certain limits. At San Francisco it points about seventeen degrees to the east of north, and at Calais, Me., as much to the west.

EMPRESS Elizabeth of Austria, styled "the first Amazon of the world," is about to receive, it is said, the title of honorary Colonel of a regiment of Russians Uhlans.

EMMA ABBOTT told a Chicago reporter—so he says—that she is one of the strongest and healthiest women ever born, and never has any pain from her head to her toes.

THE population of what is known as the Gunnison country is now as large as the entire white population of Colorado when the Denver-Pacific was built.

ALL SORTS.

A BROOKLYN infant was baptized as Garfield Hancock.

TWO OF the best steel engravers in this country are women, one living in New York and one at Columbus, O.

THE British Columbians are petitioning the Dominion Government to forbid importations from the United States in American vessels of less dimensions than thirty tons measurement.

A METHOD of removing the bark from trees, when the sap is not flowing, by treating the wood with superheated steam, has secured for its inventor a prize offered by the French Agricultural Society.

IN 1867 a Syracuse man died and left a diamond to one of his daughters. She has had several chances to sell it for one thousand dollars, but took it to New York the other day to find that it was only paste, and not worth five dollars.

ONE of the prominent New York milliners excluded all from her fall opening except those who presented cards of admission. Many firms are following her example, as each season they lose a heavy sum by having their styles copied and imitated by lesser lights in millinery and dress-making.

WILLIAM LUDWIG's conduct was so despicable that his fellow operatives in a mill at East Dedham, Mass., treated him to a coat of tar and feathers. He returned to his work next day, but he was met with jeers and taunts. After enduring this a few hours he went out and committed suicide.

AN English paper says that "there are at present working at Victoria (Pimlico) Railway station between thirty and forty porters who receive no wages, the company allowing them to depend on a generous public for a living, whilst at the same time they are amenable to the by-laws forbidding the receiving of gratuities under pain of dismissal."

MISS CHESSAR, who died recently in London of apoplexy, brought on by overwork, had written the leading articles in the London *Queen* for eighteen years. She had been a member of the London School Board, and represented the female teachers in the Council of the College of Preceptors and in four other colleges.

THE Burns Monument Trustees, of Ayr, Scotland, have completed the purchase of the cottage in which Robert Burns was born. The building has hitherto been used as a public house. It is to be converted into a museum, in which relics of the poet will be gathered together. The price of the house and ground was $20,000.

A DUEL has just been fought at Moulins, France, between Messrs. Hadre and Beaudoux, and at the first pass the latter ran on to his adversary's sword and fell dead at the feet of the Prefect of the town, who was quietly looking on at the sport, but, according to the reporter, was unable to prevent the suicide being accomplished.

SNAKES are plentiful and very poisonous in Zululand. The bite of the "inhlonhlo" is fatal, and the only antidote known to the natives is to catch the snake that inflicted the bite, extract its heart and "give it to the person bitten." As the Zulus believe that departed warriors take the forms of snakes they will not kill the reptiles even when they invade their kraals.

The Wild Hog of India.

THOSE who have formed their conception of pig exclusively upon the tame pig of the civilized sty have no adequate idea of the free wild pig of the Indian jungle. Like the North American Indian, the pig is debased by contact with civilization. He becomes cowardly, weak, dirty, and a prey to an inordinate thirst for swill. The distance between the tame Indian of Saratoga, who steals chickens and wallows drunken in the gutter, and the fierce warrior of the Western plains is not greater than that which separates the despised pig of civilization from the wild and fearless quarry of the East Indian pig-sticker. The latter pig, whose spirit has never been broken with pig yokes, and whose moral nature has never been poisoned with swill, is one of the bravest inhabitants of the jungle, and has been known to attack and put to rout the majestic elephant and the ferocious tiger.

The full name of the East Indian pig is *Sus indicus*, though no one except a punctilious scientific person ever calls him by it. Among beginners in the art of pig-sticking he is sometimes magniloquently described as a wild boar—though he is very often a wild sow; but pig-stickers of reputation uniformly call him a pig or a hog. *Sus indicus* often grows to the length of four feet and eight or ten inches, and reaches the height of three feet, or even forty inches, at the shoulder. When full grown his strength is enormous, and in speed he will sometimes rival the fastest Arabian horse. He enters upon existence in a striped state; subsequently he becomes brown; when in the prime of life, he affects a dingy black color; and when old, he is gray and grizzled. At no period can he be honestly called a handsome or a graceful animal, but his courage and tenacity of life demand our respect.

In point of teeth the tame pig has sadly deteriorated. The wild boar of India, which is the type of the barbaric pig of all ages, is armed with long semi-circular tusks. Those in the lower jaw sometimes attain the length of eight or nine inches. They curve outward and upward, and the edges are kept sharp by the pig's constant habit of scouring them against the tusks of the upper jaw. The swiftness and power with which he uses those tusks to carve an enemy are almost incredible. A hunting-dog is frequently cut nearly in two by a single stroke of a boar's tusks, and horses and men are occasionally killed by boars which have become tired of being hunted, and which try to infuse a little variety into the affair by hunting their enemies. When wounded he is an exceedingly dangerous beast to face on foot, unless the hunter is a lawless ruffian who is capable of killing him with a rifle. One can scarcely imagine an Englishman so lost to all sense of decency as to shoot a fox, and next to that crime ranks, in Anglo-Indian estimation, the loathsome outrage of killing a pig by any process except that of pig-sticking.—*W. L. Alden, in Harper's Magazine.*

Dressing the Head.

IN dressing the head, more errors are made by men than by women, although men are very fond of indulging the idea that when fashion is talked about women only are referred to. Close caps, mufflers, tippets are often the causes of colds. Beside, the hair is rendered unhealthy and the hearing often interfered with. It is one of the virtues of the silk hat that it stands up a little from the head. If, as should be, there are a few holes made through it, there is opportunity for air without draught. The more open bonnets of women do not expose them so much to evils of overheat, and inure them to exposure when not too severe. The hair is the natural covering of the head. It is somewhat doubtful whether any other is really needed. So we do not criticise women for treating the hat as a mere head ornament and not a protection. Where changes of climate or exposure require it, they only need to have at hand some other protector. It was an improvement when hat strings were made to come behind the ears instead of over them. Fashion rejoices in change, and we are not disposed to find fault with her so long as she does not interfere with health.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

MISS BRADDON's new novel is entitled "Just as I Am."

RHODA BROUGHTON has been making studies in Oxford, England, for a novel of university life.

THE number of volumes in the National Library of Paris is 2,078,000, and in the British Museum only 1,000,000.

GEORGE MACDONALD's next novel is to be called "Mary Marston," and it will illustrate certain interesting phases of modern English life.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL, the American playwright, called on Mr. Carlyle in Scotland, and is said to have found the latter distinguished gentleman engaged in killing a rat with a poker.

PROF. TYNDALL is announced to deliver an address before the Glasgow Sunday Society, whose object is to secure the opening of museums, art-galleries, libraries and gardens on the first day of the week. Prof. Tyndall is the President of the institution.

ELISHA BLISS, JR., who lately died at Hartford, Conn., made a fortune by discovering the fun of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" while the work was in manuscript. Twain had tried in vain to secure a publisher, and was about to throw the matter aside in despair when a journalist friend sent him to Bliss, who was the President of a subscription book company.

LUCY LARCOM writes to the Marblehead (Mass.) *Messenger* that her poem, "Hannah Binding shoes," had no real foundation in fact; that she knew many Hannahs in Beverly but none in Marblehead, and that the poem was suggested by the glimpse of a woman sitting at a window binding shoes, which she had on a drive through Swampscott, Marblehead and Salem.

AN autobiography of Lady Bulwer has lately appeared in London, which, if it be not suppressed, is likely to make a sensation. It is a long story of alleged abuses on the part of the late and the present Lord Lytton, and abounds in the most violent language. It is said to contain a very gross and unladylike attack on the Queen, and to be variously improper and not to be endured. But all this, of course, will make everybody want to read it.

JACQUES OFFENBACH, the opera-bouffe composer who died recently at Paris, was born of Jewish parents at Cologne, Germany, on the 21st of June, 1819, and was therefore sixty-one years old. The bright and sparkling music of his operas is familiar to lovers of amusements in every city of this country and Europe, his best known works perhaps being, "La Grande Duchess," "La Belle Helene" and "Barbe Bleu." His latest and last work, "La Fille du Tambour Major," met with great success in London and Paris, and is now being played in New York at two theaters in French and in English.

HUMOROUS.

THE man who will convince a tinsmith that two joints of stove-pipe of exactly the same size won't go together as easy as grease has a medal awaiting him in this locality.—*Exchange.*

ANOTHER poet comes forward and says: "And I hear the hiss of a scorching kiss." Beats all what a man can hear if he is only mean enough to listen.—*New Haven Register.*

AND right in the middle of an important campaign, women are unpatriotic enough to insist that the country shall remain unsaved while a stove is put up in the sitting room.—*Lockport Union.*

BJORNSON BJAERNSON, the Swedish novelist, is in the country. His name is pronounced B-yernstyairneh B-yernsohn, so it will be seen that it is as easily pronounced as spelled.—*Boston Post.*

NOW THAT the coming frosts will soon ripen the nut crop every newspaper should warn its readers against eating chestnuts in the dark. It is not only unwise, but it is cruelty to insects.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

ONE of our landlords writes his own bills of fare, in order to save a printer's bill. The last one announces: "Coffey, supe, roste befe, fride hamm, boyled and bakt pertaters, fride could pudden, mins pyes, mutting chops, veele culverts, hasch and crusified chickens."—*Tyrone (Pa.) Times.*

THEY can instantaneously photograph an express train going at sixty miles an hour, so that it looks, smoke and all, as if it were taken at a stand-still. And yet they can't, or won't, photograph a man sitting in a chair without screwing his head round in a vise like a movable doll, and keeping him looking at a smudge on the wall till his lip drops and his eyes water, and the pleasant little speech he meant to think about, just to hold the expression, goes maundering through his head like the ghost of a homeless echo. Every "photographer's studio" must be at least twenty years behind time. Why is it?—*Boston Post.*

Woolly Elephants in New York.

TWO "woolly" elephants of diminutive size arrived in this city on the steamer Oxfordshire from Singapore. They were the property of Captain Jones, of that vessel, who has sold them to Charles Reiche, an importer of animals. A *Tribune* reporter saw the animals at No. 55 Chatham street yesterday. They are the first of their species ever brought to this country. The larger of the two is less than thirty-six inches high, while the smaller scarcely measures six inches in height. They are thought to be about six years old. The chief peculiarity of these elephants is the fact that they are covered with a thick black wool or hair, especially about the crown of the head, the back and the legs. The wool is two or three inches long. "Prince" and "Sidney"—for thus they were named by the crew of the Oxfordshire—are natives of the Malay Peninsula. Although other elephants have been caught, they have invariably succumbed when taken from the bleak mountain ranges to the warmer plains. Hence the fact that this species is generally unknown, and mentioned by but few naturalists.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Stork as a Mouser.

A LARGE and handsome whooping stork, says the Council Bluffs *Nonpariel*, can be seen daily strutting around the yard at the residence of Prof. Paige in this city. The elongated bird was purchased by the professor during a visit to Mexico some months since and has become quite tame. Among other food that the stork relishes is a nice fat mouse. Mrs. Paige has a small wire trap in the house, and whenever a mouse happens to wander therein he becomes a sweet morsel for his storkship. The other day Mrs. Paige noticed the bird standing near the barn watching intently at a small hole leading beneath the building. The stork remained in an attitude of watchfulness for nearly half an hour, and Mrs. Paige, becoming curious, concluded to watch and see what followed. Finally she saw a mouse creep into sight from under the barn, and the same instant the intelligent stork pounced down on the mouse and "took him in," killing it first and then eating it. After performing this intelligent feat, the stork resumed his vigilance at the mouse hole, and after watching sharply for over an hour seemed to grow weary of his work or get out of patience, and marching to the house entered the kitchen, and picking up the mouse-trap, from which he had so often been fed, he returned to the barn and set the trap down near the hole, evidently appreciating the use of the trap, and believing that it would catch a mouse for him. If anyone has got a brighter bird than that we would like to hear from it.

Our Young Readers.

IN SLUMBER-TOWN.

[MAMMA AND BABY AT BED-TIME.]

"Come!" she said; "it is sleepy time;
I will sing you such a sweet [illegible]
Something that you can understand
About what they do in Slumber-Land."

"No," he said, "I will wait a bit;
I'm a robber—I live in a great big world;
It is full of [illegible] and [illegible]
You can go to Slumber-Land, if you please."

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Town
Everybody is lying down,
And all the creatures, from moo to fish,
Have something better than they can wish!"

"Then they don't know how to wish," he said,
"I think it is stupid to lie in bed;
I am going to burn the world all down,
And I don't want to go to your Slumber-Town."

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Street
You often hear music low and sweet,
And sometimes, there, you meet face to face
People you'll meet in no other place!"

"Oh, that," he said, "will not make me go;
I like a hand-organ [illegible] know,
With a monkey; and I [illegible]
To meet strange people anywhere."

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-House
The cat forgets how to catch the mouse;
The naughty boys are never there
Stood in a corner or set on a chair."

"Well, that is a little better," said he,
"But I am going, at once, to sea;
I'm a Captain, I'm not a little boy,
And this is my trusty ship ahoy!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Room
Such beautiful flowers you see in bloom!
The best of them all, the very best,
You may pick if you choose—its name is Rest."

"Why, that's a queer name for a flower," he said;
"But you needn't think I am going to bed!
I'm a robber again—a great big, brave,
Splendid robber—and this is my cave!"

How quiet the cave grew, presently!
She smiled, and stooped low down to see,
And what she saw was her little brigand
Traveling far into Slumber-Land.

Two curtains white, with their fringes brown,
Had shut him fast into Slumber-Town,
And she knew that the restless little feet
Were walking softly in Slumber-Street.
—*Margaret Vandegrift, in St. Nicholas.*

HOW BENNIE SENT A NOTE TO HIS MAMMA.

OUT in a part of the country where it is very hilly, there stands a red house at the foot of a steep hill whose side is covered with birch and pine trees, and a thick undergrowth of brush. In that house live two little children, and what do you think they did one day?

Their mamma was busy baking, and they went to play by the little brook in the yard. They were making a bridge of stones there, and that morning they finished it. Then Susie's white kitten tried it, and stepped across without once wetting her dainty feet.

"Now that's done, and what'll we do next?" asked restless little Susie.

"I know," said Bennie; "let's go up the hill and find where the brook begins. It's hard climbing, and mother thinks I ain't big enough; but I'm bigger now than I was the last time I asked her."

"Well, let's go then," said Susie, eagerly, and off they started, hand in hand at first, but they soon found they each needed two hands to catch hold of the bushes and projecting rocks, as they climbed up the hill close by the little bed of the brook. Up and up they went; it was pretty tiresome, but there was fun in it, for the white kitten ran nimbly ahead and kept stopping for them, and the brook seemed to laugh out loud as it danced merrily to meet them.

"Haven't we gone much as a mile?" asked Susie at last, winding her arm around a young birch tree, while she stopped to take breath.

"No, not more than three-quarters, I guess," said Bennie. "See, there's our chimney down there, and smoke going out. Mother's making pies."

"Oh, then let's hurry!" Susie exclaimed, starting again, and as she pushed her way around a thick briery bush, there was the white kitten waiting for them just ahead, and there at last was the bubbling spring, gushing from among the rocks, the birth-place of their dear brook.

"Oh, Susie, make a cup of your hand and drink some water!" said Bennie, bending down to do it himself.

"I can't! I can't! I am caught in the briers!" cried Susie, struggling as she spoke to disentangle herself, but it seemed as if every thorn on the bush reached out to catch at her, and she could not get away.

Bennie ran to help her, but only got his hands scratched, and when Susie turned her head, the briers caught her curls so that she could not move any more without her hair being pulled. This was *too* discouraging, and she began to cry.

"Oh, dear! I wish mamma was here," said Bennie, looking wistfully down at the top of the home chimney below.

"Mamma! mamma!" he shouted then as loud as he could; but the wind blew the wrong way and took the shout up hill instead of down. Then he said he would go home and tell her to come.

"Oh, no, no!" begged Susie. "I don't dare be left alone; there might be b