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HEROES OF THE SHORE.

Alone the coast-guard moves upon his beat,
Where the mad ocean leaps against the land.
With steady, sleepless eye and weary feet,
Through the wild bitter night along the strand.
He pauses—ah! a light—a vessel's light
Is rising, falling with the angry waves;
O! must the awful tempest in its might
Hurl fellow creatures helpless to their graves?

Red gleams his reaching signal through the dark;
Beware! Beware the perils of the shore!
Too late! the helm is gone; the fated bark
Strikes on the shoals; the waters o'er her pour.
O sleepers, waken to the fearful cry
That now comes speeding landward through the gale!
Haste! noble coast guard, haste! For succor fly;
All, all are doomed to perish if you fail!

Swift come the men, roused by the breathless call;
Out o'er the wreck their saving line they send.
Ah! women, children! see, they rescue all!
Safe! safe on shore where kindly arms extend.
Honor the coast guard for true victories gained!
Raise the glad voice of joy, the song of praise!
Let gratitude and justice unrestrained
Give to these aging men some sunny days.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

AMICE'S WEDDING DAY.

I was always glad when my rounds happened to lead through Sandridge-by-the-Sea; there were many places where I met with kind friends enough, who were pleased to see the old peddler, who had served them for so many years, since they were children themselves some of them, but somehow I liked the tramp to Sandridge best of all my journeys.

One bright spring day I came to Sandridge in the afternoon, and as I neared the place I stopped to speak to an old comrade of mine, who was breaking stone by the roadside.

"Any news up yon?" I asked, when we had passed the time of day to each other.

"News!" he grunted, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand; "news, you say? Well, there's more news than I care for, anyhow;" and then resumed his work.

"Come, Sammy," I said, laying down my pack, "you're put out a bit. What's up?"

"What's up?" he repeated—he always had such a tiresome way of doing that, had Sam Penfold—"well, a billet's up."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Why, just this: they ain't got room for the soldiers that are quartered at Ley, so they've handed them on to us; and neither with your leave or by yer leave, in stalks a great six foot feller, right into yer house, with a piece of paper in his hand. 'That's his billet,' says he, and there stays as free as you please, whether you want him or not."

I laughed at Sammy's grievances, and reshouldering my pack, prepared to walk on.

"Going to Ben Ryder's" asked Sam, with a parting grunt.

"Aye."

"Then you won't get lodgings there," he said, with a grim satisfaction; "he's got a billet, too."

Somehow I did not like the idea of a rough soldier being quartered at Ryder's house, though it was no business of mine. It didn't seem just right of Ben toward his motherless girl, but p'r'aps it wasn't any fault of his. Anyhow, I would wait before I came to any hasty conclusion on the subject.

Up the cliff I toiled with my load, and as I neared the top, Amice came out to meet me as usual, but whether it was fancy or not I couldn't tell, her face seemed to look paler and graver than it used to be. She wore her usual fish-girl's dress of coarse home-spun; but stuck in front of it was a cream colored rose, a thing I never saw Amice wear before in my life. She wasn't given to frippery of any sort.

"Come in, Paul," she said, holding out her hand toward me. "You're as tired as you can be, I'm sure."

Just the same welcome as ever; but there was something in the ring of her voice that told me that I wasn't altogether wanted there that day, or at least I thought so. However, sitting down in the porch, I stopped on for some little time, making her tell me all the gossip of the village. Of course, the arrival of the soldiers came up among other things, and by the flush that overspread the girl's pale cheek, as she told me this bit of news, I felt sure that the mischief was done, and that Amice Ryder was heart-whole no longer.

"Did your soldier give you that rose, my lass?" I asked suddenly.

For the first time in my life I saw Amice angry. She did not vouchsafe any answer to my question but, rising from her seat, she turned abruptly away and busied herself in the house, getting some refreshment for me, which I hardly deserved after my impertinence.

As I smoked my pipe peacefully in the porch, I thought it all over, and made up my mind that it was nothing to me if Amice had a lover. Her father could look after her interests better than I could; only soldiers were such queer chaps; they so often pretended what they never meant, and I was too fond of Amice to see her treated that way.

Suddenly, as I sat in the quiet spring sunshine, I saw a man toiling up the ascent that led to Ryder's cottage. His red coat hanging on his arm showed him to be a soldier. His hat was off, and I could see his face distinctly.

"Amice," I called out loudly, "Amice, come here." Then as she neared me, I continued: "Is yon the man that is quartered here, at your father's house?"

For a moment she looked out a little anxiously; then said, quickly:

"Yes, that's him, Paul."

Without another word I left her and walked down the steep road within a short distance of the approaching figure; then I stopped dead and waited for the man to come toward me. He was looking down on the ground as he swung himself up the steep way. Suddenly he raised his eyes and they met mine full. Ah me, how his face changed as he did so.

"What do you want now?" he gasped out.

"Only to let you know that I am here, and can guess the game you are playing," I returned. "As long as you remember that, you're safe from me. Forget it, and I shall keep silence no longer."

With a rough laugh he turned and left me standing alone; then I slowly remounted the rocky path with a heavy weight at my heart, and prepared myself for what I could say to the girl who was waiting for my return above. She stood watching me from the porch, where the roses were growing in their wild beauty, and I could see a wondering sort of look in her face as I came near her; but she never spoke a word or asked a single question. I was a bit out of breath after my tug up hill, and as what I had to say wanted all the calmness and quietness I could muster, I waited silent for a time; then took her hand in my withered one.

"Amice, my lass," I said, "I've known you since you were a wee thing toddling about here, and seen you grow up into the woman you are with near as much pride as your own father could do, and on the strength of that old friendship I want you to make me a promise."

No answer, only she held her head a bit higher, and looked me straight in the face unflinchingly.

"Will you grant an old whim, Amice?" I said again.

"I must wait until I hear what it is first, Paul?" she replied.

"Well, it's this. I've a strange fancy to be one of the guests at your wedding, Amice, and the promise I want from you is this: five days before your marriage send me word to come to it."

She laughed merrily, her old unconscious laugh, that somewhat hurt me to hear.

"O, you silly old Paul," she said, blushing slightly, "is that all you've been making such a mystery about? Well—yes, I promise.

I looked at her earnestly.

"Amice," I said, "you have given me your promise, and I trust you. Whatever persuasion you may get to the contrary, you give me your honest word that old Paul, the peddler, shall come to your wedding?"

"Yes," she said, "I do, Paul, really and truly."

Only a few months passed away before the summons I had been fearing came. Amice was going to be married and wrote to bid me come to the wedding.

There were few railways in those days, remember, so I had to start on foot and walk day and night in order to reach Sandridge in time, and a heavy jaunt it was, for I was not so young as I used to be.

Many greetings met my ears, and many a laugh was raised at my sorry appearance, for I looked travel-stained and weary enough I warrant.

At last I reached the little lych-gate leading into the old churchyard, and there my spirit almost failed me, for on the ground lay the pretty flowers that the children had thrown before the bride as she walked up the path. But, nerving myself for what was before me, I entered the open door almost unnoticed. Then I saw Amice as she stood in her soft gray gown with her beautiful head drooping on to her breast. I only looked at her, I say, and the sight gave me courage; no man living should harm her while I lived to prevent it, but my task was a hard one for all that. Stepping forward through the little crowd of villagers that looked on, open-mouthed, to see me, I made my way toward the group in the chancel:

"Stop!" I called out aloud, holding up my hand; "this must not go on."

"For what reason am I to stop?" said old Parson Leigh, who was a-marrying them, startled by my voice, and not knowing how to act.

"Because," I said, covering my eyes with my hand to shut out Amice's face from my sight "because that man is my son, and he's married already."

"Is this true?" says Parson Leigh, his voice shaking a little with the sorrow he felt.

"It's just a downright lie, sir," he said, simply enough, "and I am ready to prove it. My father's here to speak for himself, and heaven knows why any one should want to come between Amice and me like this."

I looked up bewildered as the man spoke, and then in an instant the awful mistake I had made flashed across my mind; this was not the man I had seen coming up to Ben Ryder's house at all; this was not my son, but a younger man, and different in every way from that poor wandering fellow. For a minute something seemed to come into my throat and prevent me from speaking. But presently the words came: "I withdraw what I said entirely, sir, and I humbly ask your pardon for the mistake I made, which I will explain later on."

Outside the cottage I stopped, and beckoned the two out into the golden sunlight.

"Amice," I said humbly enough, "I have to ask your pardon for my behavior toward you and yours this day. The man who lodged at your father's house was my son, and it never entered into my stupid head that it might be another soldier who was courting you. I only thought of him, and, knowing his ways, made up my mind to have you from him, though he were a dozen times my son. He has never caused me anything but trouble since he was a lad, and such trouble should never cross your path through one of mine. It is on his account that I have to tramp the country from year's end to year's end, and it is on his account I dare not settle in one place, knowing that he would only bring disgrace on me if I did so. It is from this man I tried to save you, and you must forgive a half-blind old man's mistake, when you remember how hard it was for a father to denounce his own son. Now good-bye, and heaven bless you both."

Then I had to make my way off as quick as possible, for fear an old man's salt tears should bring ill-luck on Amice's Wedding-Day.

French Marriages.

They are so unlike anything in the same *couche sociale* in England. All the wrangling about settlements is over, and happy couples and their relatives and friends lay themselves out to spend the day as merrily as they can. A wedding is in France a union of two families as well as two persons. There have been many hitches and difficulties in the way of fusion; but now that it has taken place it is thorough. The fathers of the bride and bridegroom are *comperes*, the mothers *commeres*, all the connections are "allies," and the relationship in which they stand to each other is really expressed in this word. It is an understood thing that they are bound to render friendly services to each other. The whole of the fortune with which the bride has been endowed may go, if her husband survives her, to his family; and all his money may eventually enrich hers if she outlives him. It is also well understood that, should commercial or other disasters overtake the newly-wedded couple, both families are to assist them. The principle of each family group maintaining its unfortunate members, and not throwing them on the State, is even more distinctly recognized in French custom than in the Code. This is why marriages celebrated in England between young Frenchmen and English girls are frowned upon by the relations of the former, and every advantage is taken which the law gives to set them aside. Zola's pictures of *bourgeois* life are, in the main, false. They are more applicable to the aristocratic than to the middle class.—*London Truth.*

An Eclipse Story.

Apropos of the recent solar eclipse, a story worthy of Hacklaender has recently gone the round of the German papers. It appears that on the morning of the event alluded to Captain Von S——, of the ——Fusiliers, issued the following verbal order to his company, through his Sergeant-Major, to be communicated to the men after forenoon parade: This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place. At three o'clock the whole company will parade in the barracks yard. Fatigue jackets and caps. I shall explain the eclipse to the men. Should it rain, they will assemble in the drill-shed. The Sergeant-Major, having set down his commanding officers instructions in writing, as he had understood them, formed the company into hollow square at the conclusion of the morning drill, and read his version of the order to them thus: "This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place in the barrack-yard, by order of the Captain and will be attended by the whole company in fatigue jackets and caps. The Captain will conduct the solar eclipse in person. Should it rain the eclipse will take place in the drill-shed."—*London Telegraph.*

—Mr. Fox, whose family have for generations acted as Consuls for the United States at Falmouth, England, comes of a most consular family. The firm of which he is a member were a few years ago, and probably are to-day, Consuls for the United States, Chili and Turkey, and Vice-Consuls for Austria, Brazil, Bremen, Denmark, Greece, Guatemala, Hamburg, Lubeck, Oldenburg, Mexico, Peru, Bolivia and Tuscany.

Migration of Seals.

Of the different sorts of North-Atlantic seals, all but two are migratory—that is to say, the whole body of them move from north to south each autumn, and back from south to north each spring. Upon this important fact the great fleets of fisherman depend for their success. The annual southward journey of the restless harp-seal furnishes a vivid picture of these migrations which are so prominent a feature of polar history. Keeping just ahead of the "making" of ice, or final freezing up of the fiords and bays, at the approach of winter they leave Greenland and begin their passage southward along the coast of Labrador, freely entering all the gulfs and bays. They appear first in small detachments of half a dozen to a score or more of individuals; these are soon followed by larger companies, until in a few days they form one continuous procession, filling the sea as far as the eye can reach. Floating with the Arctic current, their progress is extremely rapid, and in but one short week the whole multitude has passed. Arriving at the Straits of Belleisle, some enter the gulf, but the great body move onward along the eastern coast of Newfoundland, and thence outward to the Grand Banks, where they arrive about Christmas. Here they rest for a month, and then they turn northward, slowly struggling against the strong current that aided them so much in their southward journey, until they reach the great ice-fields stretching from the Labrador shore far eastward—a broad continent of ice.

During the first half of March, on these great floating fields of ice, are born thousands of baby seals—only one in each family, to be sure, but with plenty of playfellows close by—all in soft wooly dress, white, or white with a beautiful golden luster. The Newfoundlanders call them "white-coats." In a few weeks, however, they lose this soft covering, and a gray, coarse fur takes its place. In this uniform they bear the name of "ragged-jackets"; and it is not until two or three years later that the full colors of the adult are gained, with the black cresentic or harp-like marks on the back which give them the name of "harps."

The squealing and barking at one of these immense nurseries can be heard for a very long distance. When the babies are very young, the mothers leave them on the ice and go off in search of food, coming back frequently to look after the little ones; and although there are thousands of the small, white, squealing creatures, which to you and me would seem to be precisely alike, and all are moving about more or less, the mother never makes a mistake nor feeds any bleating baby until she has found her own. If ice happens to pack around them, so that they cannot open holes, nor get into the water, the whole army will laboriously travel by floundering leaps to the edge of the field; and they show an astonishing sagacity in discerning the proper direction. It is supposed that they can smell the water at a long distance.

Sometimes great storms come, breaking the ice-floes in pieces and jamming the fragments against one another, or upon rocky headlands, with tremendous force. Besides the full-grown seals that perish in such gales, thousands of the weak babies are crushed to death or drowned, notwithstanding the dauntless courage of their mothers in trying to get their young out of danger and upon the firm ice. And it is touching to watch a mother-seal struggling to get her baby to a safe place, "either by trying to swim with it between her fore flippers, or by driving it before her and tossing it forward with her nose." The destruction caused by such gales is far less when they happen after the youngsters have learned to swim.

Does it surprise you that seals, which are constantly in the water, have to *learn* to swim? Well, it might stagger the seals to be told that men have to be taught to walk. The fact is, a baby seal is afraid of the water; and if some accident, or his mother's shoulder pushes him into the surf when he is ten or a dozen days old, he screams with fright and scrambles out as fast as he can. The next day he tries it again, but finds himself very awkward and soon tired; the third day he does better, and before long he can dive and leap, turn somersaults (if he is a bearded seal,) and vanish under the ice, literally "like a blue streak," the instant danger threatens. But he had to learn how to begin with like any other mammal.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in St. Nicholas.*

Superstition in English Society.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate than the death of the Princess of Wartemburg last Sunday, except the occurrence of that sad event four or five days earlier, which would have brought wreck and every other disaster upon the royal wedding. As it was, the main excitement was over when the news reached Windsor. The wedding had been celebrated, the royal banquet held, all the royalties and "Serene Transparencies" had dined with the Queen, and most of the men among them at the banquet of the Royal Academy before the terrible news arrived and broke up the fair meeting in most admired disorder. No sooner did I hear the news than the words uttered by my neighbor in St. George's Chapel on the wedding day flashed across my mind. This lady, who is a very *grand dame de par le monde*, no sooner saw the bridesmaids than she turned pale to a visible extent despite the artistic skill expended upon her charming countenance. "What could they have been thinking of?" she asked me. "Just think of their putting violets on the bridesmaids' frocks. They must be mad." I had seen that the gowns were looped up with primroses and violets and thought that, saving that the effect was rather "bunchy," the flowers looked well on the white skirts. It seemed quite otherwise to my neighbor, who went on to say: "Violets at a wedding! Absurd! That is, unless it were a Bonapartist wedding. The violet, by virtue of its hue and associations, is a flower of mourning. It is put on funeral wreaths. It is used to deck not a bride but a corpse. No good will come of it, I am sure. I wonder they did not put on a parure of opals while they were about it. But there is sure to be some misfortune."

On Monday I dined with my neighbor, who at once uttered that portentous phrase, "I told you so." I was not quite so astonished as I might have been, for I know how superstitious the British matron, even of the highest rank, very frequently is. The younger "damozels," who read Herbert Spencer, and Mallock, and Darwin, are in many cases free from superstition, or indeed, belief of any kind, but their mothers incline strongly to the fancies and prejudices which are still articles of absolute faith among the bourgeoisie. Women of the lower class always have a "dream-book" hidden away, and not spoken of before their husbands, and scores of them actually write every year to the Astronomer Royal to have their "stars put right." It is hoped that compulsory education in board schools will put an end to this miserable rubbish in time, but my personal experience is decidedly against the speedy eradication of superstition. I have seen a man of fair intelligence and great fortune turn back on his way to a horse-race because the first woman he met on going into the street had a squint-eye. This, in his opinion, was fatal. To meet a "squinty-eyed" woman the first thing in the morning signified bad luck all the day, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to continue with the party. Concerning weddings and wedding engagements, ladies have superstitions concerning other things than violets. Opals are so fearfully unlucky to give to bridegroom or bride that the price of those beautiful gems is kept down in consequence. It is of no use to argue with the British dowager that the opal superstition has broken down in a noteworthy case in our own time. When the Prince of Wales was married nineteen years ago the city of London gave the bride a superb parure of opals and diamonds, and the marriage cannot be said to have turned out badly. But the Dowager shakes her head or shrugs the over-plump shoulders she is over fond of displaying, and retorts with a question whether you would, if you became engaged, give your affianced a turquoise engagement ring either with or without diamonds and other gems. Now this is a searching and terrible query, for jewelers warn buyers of engagement rings against the turquoise in a clumsy kind of way by saying: "Don't 'ave a turquoise, sir; it's awful unlucky, as the sayin' is." The meaning of this awkward indication is that the turquoise is a curious instance of the "survival" of the ancient delusion that certain gems had certain properties, medicinal and magical. One stone would tell of poison in the cup, another of impending misfortune, and so forth. Now the opinion still held by the superstitious concerning the turquoise is that it represents the heart of the giver. So long as the lover remains true the stone retains its brilliant color, but when his heart turns from the wearer of the gift towards a rival it becomes pale and dull. This is the reputation of the turquoise, and it will be easily understood that it is quite sufficient to make that gem unpopular. It is an awful weapon to place on the hand of an affianced bride, much more on that of a wife. In the case of Shylock the conditions are reversed. When the Jew hears from Tubal that Jessica has sold one of her rings for a monkey, he exclaims "Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." Probably Leah's gift to Shylock had never changed color.

On Monday afternoon I was at Claremont when the Queen arrived with the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Princess Beatrice and the beautiful Princess Victoria of Hesse. All were in deep mourning, of course; and the Queen's postillions and outriders in black. The Queen who was greatly shocked and grieved at the untoward occurrence, did not make a very long stay at Claremont, but drove down through Esher back to Windsor.

There are weeping and wailing in the city of London also over the Princess of Wurtemburg, whom the City Fathers have never seen. But their grief is deep and sincere, nevertheless, and goes nigh to be inconsolable. For the King of the Netherlands was to have been received and dined and wined in the city on Tuesday and had this been done the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs would have been respectively baroneted and knighted, as is the custom when a crowned head goes into the city of London. In no place will the poor dead princess be more sincerely mourned than in the Mansion House and Guildhall.—*London (Cor.) N. Y. Tribune.*

Smoke Dispersing Frost.

Among the dispatches which have recently come from the interior of California respecting the condition of fruits and vines are several stating that Jack Frost swept over the bay counties one night last week, and brought the usual devastation to fruit and wine plantations. In Santa Cruz, noted for its fine, though not early, fruits and grapes, and in Napa and Sonoma, where the vine flourishes principally, the damage seems to have been very extensive. California is destined to be the greatest fruit and grape region in the world, and it is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation for late, early and erratic frosts, which worry the farmer and make his life miserable. As nearly everything in this State is peculiar, it is perhaps meet that the frosts should be governed by no law; but it is somewhat difficult for a person engaged in fruit or vine growing to have his crop destroyed in this way and keep his temper. It is estimated that many thousand dollars' worth of grapes have been withered by the frost in Napa and Sonoma during the past week, which is a most extraordinary thing at this season of the year. Science has done something already to obviate this trouble, and it may be that Time will perfect a system of thwarting the ravages of Jack Frost. It is not well-known to the general public that a layer of frost upon a tender plant does not materially injure it—that is, the bare frost, produced by dew being frozen by low temperature. It is the rays of the sun in the early morning thawing out the plant which withers and destroys it. This fact was first noticed when a heavy fog kept the morning sun off a Napa vineyard, and prevented the destruction of a crop of grapes. It was then suggested that smoke would answer the same purpose, and it was tried with considerable success. During the last few years the vineyards of Napa and Senoma have been experimenting, until at present they have a regular system of "smoking vineyards." Krug, Groezinger and a few others, who have extensive vineyards in Napa Valley, two years ago warded off the frost successfully. Between the 1st and 15th of April, if the season is not unusually unpropitious, the blossoms appear upon the grape vines. If a frost occurs between those dates, followed by a warm sun, the first, and sometimes the second crop of Zintandel is killed, while all the other varieties, Malvoise, Rose of Peru, Emperor, Reisling, etc., suffer almost total destruction. To smoke the vineyard at the proper time, a watchman, a howitzer and a thermometer are put on guard. From the 1st to the 15th of April the sentinel keeps his eye on the thermometer, from three o'clock in the morning until daylight, and if it goes down to the freezing point he discharges his howitzer. At once a small army of vineyardists waiting for the sound turn out of warm beds and repair to their fields, around and through which have previously been placed small iron vessels filled with tar, or piles of dry wood. A flambeau quickly does the work, and Old Sol rises over the hills to see the valley covered with an impenetrable cloud of smoke, and revelling in a smell that would offend his olfactors, if he were less than 95,000,000 miles away. The atmosphere is gradually warmed, the frost melts slowly off the fruit crystals, and the grapes are saved.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Choice of Terms.

"I see the Armstrongs have gone to light housekeeping," said Mr. Jones, laying down the paper he was reading, "it will be quite a change for them."

"I wonder if they will use gas or kerosene?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Perhaps they will have the electric light," mused Mr. J., "it ought to be just the thing for that purpose."

"Why, you can't cook by the electric light," retorted Mrs. J.

"I don't see what cooking has to do with it," growled Mr. Jones in a disgusted tone. "They can cook as other people do I suppose."

"But you said that they had gone to light housekeeping.

"Yes, I know I did," answered Mr. J., sarcastically; but I should have explained it more fully and said explicitly that Mr. Armstrong was light-house keeper on Shad Island, and that the American Government had sent him and his family there. Understand Maria?"

But Maria was sulking, and wouldn't answer.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—Fortune is said to knock once at every man's door. Not only that, but fortune seems to climb into the window of some folks and stay with them.

A Yakoot in New York.

A reporter for the *Sun* yesterday found a Yakoot, probably the first man of that race ever in the United States. The Yakoots are a Siberian tribe of Asiatic origin; they live on the shores of the Lena, where Captain De Long and his party found snowy graves. The name of this Yakoot is Mr. Brakhim. He is of middle stature, with hardly any hair on his chin and lip, though he is twenty-five years old. His prominent cheek bones and the square contour of his face show his Asiatic origin, yet his eyes are rather those of a white man. His legs are somewhat bowed, owing to an apparatus which the Yakoots use in training their babies. Mr. Brakhim speaks his own Yakoot language and also Russian, though with a peculiar accent.

"What induced you, Mr. Brakhim, to leave Yakootsk and come to this country?" asked the reporter in Russian.

"In 1876," he replied, "there was a Congress of Orientalists in St. Petersburg, and the Russian Government brought to that Congress a number of Yahoots, Buriats, Ostiaks, Kirkhizes, and members of other Siberian tribes as samples of Russianization. I was one of the Yakoot samples. Once in St. Petersburg I decided to see more of the civilized world. I have been in France and in England, and now I want to see America. I would like to study this country, its people and its institutions."

"Are the Yakoots a numerous race?"

"There are about 250,000 of them. They lead a semi-nomadic life along the Lena and its tributaries. Twice a year they change their abode. In summer they settle on the numerous islands of Lena and on the shores of the other rivers, where they mow hay and cultivate a little barley and still less rye. In winter they move to their winter quarters, where they stay for seven long, cold months."

"What is the chief occupation of your race?"

"We keep cows and mares. We use the mare's milk to make koumiss. The rich men among us own from 100 to 500 cows and half that number of mares. The poor own about a dozen cows. A man who is worth a thousand roubles (about $700) is looked upon as very wealthy. We supply the gold miners with butter and meat. We keep a few deer, and with them make excursions to the Ice Ocean.

"Our villages consist of a number of tents, built regardless of any order, so that we have no streets. The tents are square at the base and pyramidal in shape; they are built generally of rough posts, put side by side. The rich men, however, use cut wood, or even make houses. There are small windows about a foot square, with ice panes during the winter, and with sheets of mica or small pieces of broken glass set in birch bark frames during the summer. Glass panes four inches square are the largest I ever saw in the houses of our rich people. The ice windows last through the winter, although fire is kept on the hearths night and day, and when they melt we know that the time has come for us to move to our summer quarters. We do not move our tents, which are left standing permanently in both the summer and winter quarters. The stables in winter adjoin the tents, so that our cattle have the benefit of the fires. Ample yards, with high fences, complete the picture of our village."

"What about your people?"

"The Yakoots are of middle stature, and have straight black hair, broad noses, prominent cheek bones, and eyes that resemble somewhat those of the Chinese. The men cut their hair short and leave a long loose lock on the back of the head something like a Chinese queue. The women have rich black hair, which they always cover with a handkerchief. The Yakoots are not prolific. A family usually has about three children. They are friendly and peaceable, and the women are regarded as equal to the men in every respect. Monogamy is strictly observed.

"In the morning we drink tea—brick tea. We scrape it with a knife, boil it in a clay pot, and drink it with milk. The rich families use also a little sugar, which they bite off in small pieces. We have no bread at all, for we cannot bake it on our hearths. Bread is a great luxury, and when one of us brings a loaf of it from the city of Yakootsk it is divided into small pieces and distributed around. We have, however, barley flour, of which we sometimes prepare a kind of bun or custard. About noon we eat *butuhas*—that is sour milk mixed with fresh milk and water and a powder made of soft pine bark. Sour milk we keep for months in large pits dug in the earth. Of course it is frozen hard, and we cut it with axes. About three o'clock we again eat *butuhas*. Before going to sleep the well-to-do people eat meat, while the poor eat more *butuhas*. Sometimes we have barley gruel and other preparations of milk. In winter we occasionally have fish."—*N. Y. Sun.*

* * *

Revolutionary Peers.

The upper chamber of the Legislature has of late displayed a curious disposition for violating the sanctity of entails and setting at naught the inconvenient wisdom of its ancestors. The Peers were aghast at rabbits being pronounced vermin and at the right being granted to farmers to shoot them with as much freedom and impunity as if they were Irish process-servers. But to tie up an estate in order that it may go to a son who has been rioting in *post-obits*, or to a far-away cousin whose name is an abomination, is quite another matter. Lord Cairns' bill paves the way for all this, and when the owners of the Woodstock Library and the Hamilton Palace art treasures are permitted to put them up to auction the Peers must be verging on the revolutionary. "Vathek, England's wealthiest son," sold Fonthill for much the same reason that his great-grandson sells for a second time so many of its choicest contents. Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill toy shop, the curiosities in which he strived vainly to keep out of Beckford's rival collection, went because his heirs like guineas better than gimcracks. Stowe—and many a vast bookstore since—shared the same fate. But this is really the first time that a great historic house has been dismantled simply and solely to raise money, and this, too, with the acquiesence of the three estates of the realm. And there are evidences around us that it will not be the last. We are coming on iron times. Scrimp rents, or none at all, will not admit of the luxury of huge mansions full of treasures costly to keep, and yielding to those, who rarely inhabit them, barely the interest of a pleased glance, but which hundreds of wealthy parvenus are eager to buy for a lordly price. Every acre of land which is in the market is eagerly snapped up—bargain or no bargain—so long as it confers some social prestige on the new men; and to-morrow, were all the old domains to be freed from the dead hands' grasp, they would find purchasers, despite the fact of their being the poorest of investments, and not the most perfect of securities.—*London World.*

* * *

—A distant relative of the father of his country, a Mrs. Washington, residing at Charlestown, W. Va., visited the Capitol in company with her son, a delicate boy, for whom she desired to obtain employment. She called upon a number of Congressmen and said: "Gentlemen, I did not come here to grind an ax, I simply brought a little hatchet;" a witticism that was much more effective than a long speech or a numerously signed petition, and which at once secured for the boy a suitable position.—*N. Y. Herald.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Dartmouth's income paid its expenditures the past year—the first time in twenty-two years.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Every school boy and school girl who has arrived at the age of reflection ought to know something about the history of the art of printing.—*American History.*

—A marble church to seat 600 people is to be built as a memorial to his son by Mr. B. F. Bennett, a wealthy citizen of Baltimore. He will present it free of debt to the Cross Street congregation of Methodists.

—A rare experience for a minister is that of Rev. W. F. Parker, of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, Indianapolis. In thirty years' active service in the pulpit he has been called on to bury but three members of the congregations for which he was laboring.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The *Independent* has kept up its examination of Methodist church statistics, and from a study of the spring conference figures finds that there are now 97,236 probationers and 695,136 members, an increase in probationers since last year of 9,816 and a loss in members of 1,214. The official tablets of the church contained unfortunate blunders which made out a loss of 10,675 members and 19,053 probationers.

—A curious petition has just been presented to the General Assembly of the Established Church in Scotland. It seems that the Rev. John Campbell, Minister at Iona, uses his church for strange and unusual purposes. At one time pigs were kept in it, at another cattle were housed in the sacred precincts; while every winter, for some time past, it has been converted into a stock yard. On one occasion the church was so full of corn and straw that service had to be held outside. During the past six months the church has been closed altogether.

—One of the college jokers in Connecticut climbed a telegraph pole and tied a fine copper wire around thirteen of the telegraph wires, and ran it to the ground, and connection with Boston and New York was broken for two days. The college student had been studying chemistry or something, and the first thing he learned was that the connection could be thus broken on a telegraph wire, and he hastened to turn his knowledge to some practical use. The telegraph folks have learned that a heavy club applied to a head causes great pain, and they are anxious to test it on the aforesaid student.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Mr. Moody, the evangelist, met about one hundred gentlemen in London recently, to confer as to future plans. There were present representatives from many towns in the kingdom, as well as from London. Mr. Moody said that he had in hand sufficient invitations to keep him hard at work in Great Britain for the remainder of his life, and he was urged to return to Chicago at once. He proposed, however, moving about Scotland for a short time, and then visiting Paris for a fortnight. After that he hoped to preach in a number of towns in the south and southwest of England. Liverpool might probably be reached next spring, and London last of all, where a long stay was necessary. It was ultimately decided that all future arrangements should be left in the hands of the London committee.—*N. Y. Post.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—We are pained to learn from Paris that Bernhardt has "lost the irresistible grace of her smile;" but, then, why doesn't she advertise for it?—*Elmira Free Press.*

—"Yes, judge," said the prisoner, "I admit that the back of my trousers was tangled in the dog's teeth, and that I dragged the animal away, but if you call that stealing a dog no man on earth is safe from committing crime."—*Boston Post.*

—A young lady who had been married a little over a year wrote to her father in this city saying: "We have the dearest little cottage in the world, ornamented with the most charming little creepers you ever saw. The old man read the letter and exclaimed, "Twins, by thunder."

—"How supremely beautiful Nature is, this morning," said the city guest as she looked out upon the sunrise. "Nature is trying to rival you, Miss," said Farmer Robinson, gallantly. "But she has to get up mighty early in the morning to do it." Perhaps the morning coffee didn't taste better after a compliment like that.—*New Haven Register.*

—A debtor who was sued by his creditor acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plaintiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan," repeated the Court, with a puzzled look. "That's it, Judge, one of the 'it may be for years and it may be forever' sort."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A fashion item says skirts of satin duchesse are very handsome in the "Soldat Belge" tints. We should think they would be. Why the Soldat Belge tints were not brought out in dress goods years ago is a mystery to us. What are they "Soldat" anyhow?—*Norristown Herald.*

—What steadied the train: A commercial traveler thus relates his experience: He and his companion were the sole occupants of the smoking car. They tried to converse, but the road was so rough they were pitched from side to side like ship's passengers. At last they were able to make each other understood. One said: "Dan, the old thing is running smoother." To which Dan replied: "Yes; I guess she has got off the track."

—Little John Fizzletop was a page in the Legislature when it was in session in Austin, Tex., and his conversation has had a political flavor ever since. Yesterday, for instance, he asked his mother: "Am I to get a second piece of pie after I get through with this?" "Indeed you are not." "Then, Mrs. Speaker, in this case, the sooner there is a change in the administration the better for the material interests of the country.

—She kept a boarding-house, was the mother of five romping boys, and had a nervous old bachelor lodger who was too civil ever to complain of the annoyance their pranks caused him. One day, when they had been particularly frisky, and were galloping along the corridor on which his room was situated, she encountered him at the doorway and observed, with a feeling of maternal pride: "Splendid little fellows, aren't they, Mr. Martin? What would you do if you had them?" For a moment he looked like a man in whom the soul of a Herod was struggling for utterance, but resuming his natural reserve replied, with deadly calmness: "Turn them into an apple-orchard, madam, while the fruit was green."—*Chicago Times.*

A Horse at the Pump.

Our Dumb Animals, of Boston, the organ of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is responsible for the following story: One day last month a lady whose home is at Portsmouth, N. H., was enjoying a ride through a village near that city, when her attention was drawn to a horse at the roadside, near a respectable looking house, trying to pump water into a trough to drink by seizing the handle of the pump with his teeth. Owing to lack of skill or some defect in the pump the horse was unable to get the water. The lady gave the reins to her sister, alighted, and drew a bountiful supply to quench his thirst. The horse evinced his sense of obligation to his benefactor as intelligibly and politely as a gentleman could express his thanks for a like courtesy, and the lady returned to her carriage and resumed her drive.

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THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED; AS IT IS CERTAIN IN ITS EFFECTS, AND DOES NOT BLISTER.

ALSO EXCELLENT FOR HUMAN *FLESH!* ☞ READ PROOF BELOW ☜

From COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 10th, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt which I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons who failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago *Express*, I determined at once to try it, and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles, I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial, I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame, and the lumps had disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colts' limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the State. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now using it.

Very respectfully, L. T. FOSTER.

FROM THE ONEONTA PRESS, N. Y.

Oneonta, New York, Jan. 6th, 1881.

Early last summer Messrs. B. J. Kendall & Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., made a contract with the publishers of the *Press* for a half column advertisement for one year setting forth the merits of Kendall's Spavin Cure. At the same time we secured from the firm a quantity of books entitled Dr. Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which we are giving to advance paying subscribers to the *Press* as a premium.

About the time the advertisement first appeared in this paper Mr. P. G. Schermerhorn, who resides near Colliers, had a spavined horse. He read the advertisement and concluded to test the efficacy of the remedy, although his friends laughed at his credulity. He bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and commenced using it on the horse in accordance with the directions, and he informed us this week that it effected such a complete cure that an expert horseman, who examined the animal recently could find no trace of the spavin or the place where it had been located. Mr. Schermerhorn has since secured a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which he prizes very highly and would be loth to part with at any price, provided he could not obtain another copy. So much for advertising reliable articles.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Columbiana, Ohio, Dec. 17th, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—You will find below a recommendation from our expressman. We sell Kendall's Spavin Cure and find all who use it are pleased with it. You may send us more advertising matter, and a few nice cards with our names on them. CONLEY & KING.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I am using your Spavin Cure for a bone spavin, (bought of Conley & King, Druggists, Columbiana, Ohio.) I find it just the thing to cure a spavin; the lameness has all left my mare, and by further use of the cure I look for the lump to leave. The one bottle was worth to me ten times the cost.

Yours truly, FRANK BELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Rochester, Ind., Nov. 30th, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—Please send us a supply of advertising matter for Kendall's Spavin Cure. It has a good sale here & gives the best of satisfaction. Of all we have sold we have yet to learn the first unfavorable report. Very respectfully,

J. DAWSON & SON.

Winthrop, Iowa, Nov. 23d, 1880.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—Enclosed please find 25 cents for your treatise on the Horse and his Diseases. I have been using your Spavin Cure on one of my horses for bone spavin. One bottle entirely cured the lameness and removed most all the bunch. Yours respectfully, LEEROY M. GRAHAM.

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 8th, 1881.

B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I have the highest opinion of Kendall's Spavin Cure. I find it equally good for many other troubles named by you, and particularly for removing enlargements.

Yours very truly, C. F. BRADLEY.

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Kendall's Spavin Cure is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach any deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or any other enlargement if used for several days, such as spavins, splints, callous, sprains, swelling, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild yet certain in its effects. It is used in full strength with perfect safety at all seasons of the year.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

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