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SUB LUNA.

Suppose that we could read as in a book
The moon's enchantments—all romantic lore
Learned by the heart in her bewitching look—
And every secret of her charm explore:

What legends of sweet dreams would sate our eyes,
And sumptuous pictures of untold desire!
What miracles of tenderness surprise,
And hopes ablaze with Pentecostal fire!

With pages writ in ecstasies and tears,
And yearnings that have never had a tongue!
What loves, ambitions, lamentations, fears,
What hymns of Beauty that are yet unsung!

Into what realms of wonder, what strange bowers,
What palaces of pleasure, would we go!
What music lull us, and what flowers
Of unknown incense would about us blow!

What seas of mystic splendor would we sail,
Enchanted isles and fairy shores along,
And muse in gardens where the nightingale
Interprets the o'erloaded heart in song!

Even now I hear youth's passionate appeal,
Pleadings of perched lips that thirst to meet,
Great sobs of joy that years of anguish heal,
And Love's first kiss that makes a life-time sweet.

And beauteous beings follow shapes that fade,
And white hands droop that sacred treasures bore,
And some in ghastly landscapes grow afraid,
And find the paths that once looked bright no more.

O wistful faces! rapt, uplifted eyes!
Poor feet bewildered with a tearless pain!
And still earth's long processions rise and rise,
And dream their moonlight dream of bliss again.

Tell me the charm, dear girl, this balmy eve,
That makes the luscious languor of thy trance:
How do the moonbeams with thy fancies weave,
And common things transfigure to romance?

No wonder infants, seeing things unseen,
Reach rosy hands to clasp thee, shining sphere:
That pure-eyed maidens at their casements lean,
And hear a voice that only virgins hear;

That something in thy luster overflows
From Heaven, like echoes of a low-breathed prayer,
And lovers' lips cling closer, till life's rose
With perfect sweetness blossoms everywhere!

White on the valley slopes the splendor lies,
Touching a holy mound where pansies blow;
And in my heart, from depths of viewless skies,
Burns one soft beam that lights the way I go.

—*Horatio Nelson Powers, in Harper's Magazine.*

BESSY'S FAIRY GODMOTHER.

Little Bessie believed in fairies, although her mother smiled and shook her head when she asked: "Did *you* ever see a fairy?"

At the time my story begins Bessy sat on the window-sill with a great book open on her knee, straining her eyes to catch the last words of the most delightful story she had ever read. It was all about fairy godmothers, shoes filled with gold and other wonderful things to be found in such books.

As the light died out of the sky, and a soft purple mist settled down upon the hill-tops, she sighed and closed her book, for the story was done.

Bessy's father and mother were away from home, and she was alone that evening. The sound of voices and the rattling of dishes came from the kitchen. The crickets had begun their evening song; the lanes were growing dark and mysterious. Bessy could imagine a fairy head peeping from every tall flower by the garden gate, and the Queen of them all seemed to bow to her from the tall white lily in the pansy bed.

Bessy thought if ever fairy appeared to mortal child, it would be on such a night as this. And now, to crown all, just at the end of the lane appeared a light, moving backward and forward. First it would bob down, and then up quite high, among the bushes.

At last Bessy could bear it no longer, and made up her mind to solve the mystery. So she stepped out of the window on the porch, and then softly over the grass, for she was afraid Ann would hear her and call her back. She said to herself: "If it *should* be a fairy glow-worm lighting the fairies to their dancing ground, Ann would frighten them away, she is so big and heavy."

So down the path she went on tiptoe. Hardly daring to breathe, she pushed open the gate, and looked down the lane.

Bessy thought the light had disappeared. But by-and-by it came again, moving in the same strange manner. Although she trembled a great deal, she went bravely on. It was only a short lane leading to the main road, and shut in on one side by a large clump of trees. It was at the foot of one of these trees that the light seemed to be standing now.

At first Bessy crept softly on, keeping it in sight. How dark it had grown! The light shone from the bushes like a fallen star. When Bessy was within a few feet of the light, she was astonished to see a face peering out of the darkness, its eyes fixed on her with anything but a pleasant expression. The light went out, and Bessy, wishing she was safe at home, turned to scamper back, when a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and the light flashed in her face.

She now saw it was a lantern carried by a very small and disagreeable old woman dressed in black, and her head covered with a red handkerchief. In one hand she held the lantern, and under her arm was a crooked stock.

Now, when Bessy saw the stick, she was sure it was a fairy godmother, for the old woman was exactly like the description of the fairy in her new book. The ugly black stick was her wand. So she whispered, timidly:

"Are you a fairy godmother?"

"A what?" growled the old woman.

"A fairy godmother," repeated Bessy.

"Oh, yes, yes; to be sure I'm a fairy. If you tell any one you saw me, I'll bring bad luck on your house."

"Please, please don't," sobbed Bessy. "I'll never, never tell any one."

"Well, shut up, then," said the fairy, "and don't make such a noise."

Bessy was not frightened now, for she remembered that fairy godmothers were always cross, and said hateful things just before they granted three wishes. So she said, softly:

"Will you please give me three wishes, madam?"

"I'll give you three slaps if you don't get out right off," grumbled the old fairy.

"Please, please," prayed Bessy. "I'll do anything you tell me if you will give me three wishes."

"I don't believe you. You ain't got spunk enough."

"Oh yes, I have," said Bessy. "Try me."

"Where do you live?" asked the fairy.

"Just down the lane, close by."

"You do, do you? I didn't see no house," said the fairy, in a startled voice.

"That's because mother and father are out, and there's no light in the front room," replied Bessy.

"Are you all alone?" asked the fairy.

"No," replied Bessy; "Ann and Lucy are at home."

"Who's them?"

"Mamma's two servants."

"Any men at the house?"

"Not now," answered Bessy. "Mother took Peter to drive. They'll be back soon, I think."

The old fairy turned out the light and sat down on the ground; then she pulled Bessy down by her, and put her hand on the little girls shoulder. "Now remember," she began, "you promise never to tell nobody."

"I promise true and sure I never will, if you'll give me three wishes tonight."

But Bessy wondered if all fairies smelled so of tobacco.

"Will you do just what I tell you?" asked the fairy.

"Yes," said Bessy, nodding her head very hard. "I will."

"Let's hear your three wishes, then" growled the fairy.

"First, I want my shoes and papa's and mamma's filled with gold. Then I want an invisible cap for myself, and then—"

"Now stop," interrupted the old fairy; "you've had four a'ready."

"No," answered Bessy, "that's only two. Papa's and mamma's and my shoes filled with gold is one wish, you know."

"Well, go on."

"Let me see," pondered Bessy. "I guess you may give me happiness for the rest of my life, and that's all."

"All right," returned the fairy godmother, "you'll find them waiting for you at three in the morning, if you do what I tell you to."

"I'm ready," said Bessy.

"You just run home, and bring me the big key of the front door."

"But papa said I must not touch that. Besides, he would miss it, for he always locks the door himself, and hangs the key up by the hat stand."

"I shan't keep it," said the fairy. "I'll give it right back. You see, if I didn't know the size of the key-hole, I mightn't send a fairy small enough to get through."

"Oh!" said Bessy.

"Is the door fastened any other way?" asked the old fairy.

"Yes," said Bessy; "a big bolt at the bottom, but it's broken. Papa said he must send a man to fix it, but he didn't."

"All right. You run as fast as you can, and don't let any one see you, or the spell will be broken. Remember."

"I know," replied Bessy; and she sprang up and flew down the lane, through the gate, and up the steps. She could hear Ann and Lucy still talking and laughing in the kitchen, but no one seemed to be thinking of her; so she drew the key out softly, and ran back, thinking how delighted her father and mother would be in the morning. Bessy found the old fairy waiting in the same place.

She snatched the key, and said: "I'll be back in a moment," and vanished into the darkness. Bessy was almost wild with excitement, but she kept as quiet as she could, and presently the fairy re-appeared.

Her first words astonished Bessy:

"Have you a dog?"

"Yes," answered Bessy, "but he's the best dog that ever lived. He never bites any but bad people, and his name is Watch."

"What do you do with him at night?"

"Why, we let him run around the garden to keep away thieves."

"You do, do you? That's right," said the old fairy. "You just give him this fairy meat; it will keep him from barking at the fairy I send, and scaring her away."

"Yes, Madam Fairy," returned Bessy; "I'll remember, and I'll put my shoes and papa's and mamma's all in a row by the door, and please tell your fairy servant to fill them up to the brim with gold. Remember."

"Good-by," said the old fairy, and when Bessy looked around she was alone. So she scampered back, and, meeting Watch by the gate, whispered in his ear.

"Here is a piece of meat the fairy sent you. Now be a good dog, and don't bark when she comes to-night."

Watch took the meat, ate, and growled over it.

Bessy put the key back softly. Then feeling very lonely and excited, she crept softly around to the kitchen door for light and companionship. There stood Lucy kneading bread for breakfast, while Ann sat by the door knitting a long, cotton stocking.

Bessy came close up to her and stood still, looking into the kitchen. With everything shining and clean, so cozy and comfortable, it was quite delightful after the mysterious lane, and the old fairy who smelled of tobacco.

"Why, you darling," said Ann, "I was just coming to look for you. Where have you been? You look as scared as a cat, and as wild as a witch. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Bessy. "I wish mother would come. What time is it?"

"Half-past eight," said Lucy, looking at the clock. "She'll be along soon now. Don't fret, and I'll give you a big piece of cake."

Bessy was as fond of cake as other little girls; so she sat down on the doorstep to eat the cake, and listened for the wheels of the carriage.

At last they came, and Bessy flew down to meet her parents with delight, for she felt lonesome and queer.

Mamma called Ann to light the big lamp on the round table; then she looked at her little girl, sat down, and took her on her lap, saying:

"Well, what have you been doing, little one? You look tired and cold. Have you had your tea?"

How Bessy longed to tell them of the wonderful good luck in store for them! But she remembered her promise, and only answered:

"Yes, mamma. I am sleepy."

So mamma took a candle from the mantel-piece, and led Bessy to bed, undressed her, and listened to her little prayer, and tucked in the quilt; then she said:

"I'll be back for the light after I have had my supper. Shut your eyes, like a good girl, and go to sleep."

As soon as her mother left the room Bessy slid off of the bed and into the next room, which was her mother's, to hunt for two pairs of shoes. After some fumbling, she found a pair of slippers of her mother's and a large pair of boots of her father's. She put them in a row by the door, and then jumped into bed again.

It was not until after what seemed to Bessy a long, long time that she heard her father and mother come out of the dining-room. Then she heard papa say:

"Why, what's the matter with the key? I can't turn it." She heard the key taken out, and papa say again: "What is this in the key? It looks like wax."

After a little, she heard her father turn the key and hang it up on the hook. Pretty soon mamma came into Bessy's room. Bessy closed her eyes and pretended to be asleep. She felt mamma kiss her, and heard her close the door.

How long she slept she never knew; but suddenly she started up wide awake, to find the stars shining down on her through the window. Everything was as still as it could be. Bessy wondered if the fairies had come yet.

She stepped out of bed and across the room, and put her hand into the big boots. They were empty; so were her own little shoes and mamma's slippers.

"Well, they haven't come yet," she whispered

She was about to return, when her attention was attracted by a flash of light in the hall. Bessy peeped out, thinking it might be the fairy; but what was her surprise at seeing two large men, in stocking feet, coming up the lower stairs on tiptoe. The one behind carried a lantern, and was making it flash backward and forward, up and down, as the old fairy did in the lane.

What could they want? she wondered.

The first man carried a sack over his shoulder, and pointed toward the closet where Bessy knew all the silver-ware was kept. Then the man with the lantern began pushing what looked like an enormous nail between the lock and the door, stopping every now and then to listen.

In a few moments the door flew open, and both went in together. Then Bessy saw them take down the beautiful silver pitchers, tea-pots, trays and forks and spoons, and put them into the bag. They did it so softly that there was not even the least little chink from them.

Though Bessy was a very little girl, and believed in fairies, she knew these men had no right to take papa's silver. So she thought she must tell him. She ran to the door between their rooms, and pushed it open a little way.

"Papa! papa!" she cried, "two big men are in the house. They have taken everything in the silver closet. Take a stick and drive them away."

Up jumped papa, seizing a pair of great pistols, and made a rush for the stairs, with Bessy behind him.

They had not reached the first step when the two men darted out of the room below.

But on seeing papa with a pistol in each hand, they dropped the bag and ran toward the open hall door, and were out of sight in a moment.

Mamma, awakened by the noise, came hurrying out to see what was the matter, and found Bessy crying in the corner, and papa rushing through the house with a pair of pistols. Bessy's mother clasped her very closely in her arms.

In a little while papa came back, looking very serious. The men had disappeared, and Watch lay dead on the mat outside of the door.

By the time they had emptied the bag, and put everything in its place, it was quite daylight, and Bessy knew the fairy had been frightened away. So she climbed up in her mother's lap and began sobbing softly. Then, when her mother coaxed her to tell what ailed her, she pointed to the shoes, and told her about the old fairy in the lane and the key.

Bessy had to tell that story over so many times that day. And for a long time her mamma did not leave her alone in the evenings; so that Bessy never saw the fairy godmother again.—*Julia K. Hildreth, in Harper's Young People.*

Curtains.

As the shortening days warn us that summer is over and delightful winter is at hand, those prosperous, fortunate ones among us who have pleasant homes begin to think of putting our cosy rooms into trim to meet the cold weather. Awnings are taken down and mattings are taken up; the Japanese fans that are fast replacing our old friend the palm-leaf are carefully laid away. With them go all the airy devices that helped to make the heat tolerable, and soften the glare of the July sun, and are succeeded by clever contrivances for keeping out searching winds and drifting snow. Instead of cool, pale, greens, faint blues, and delicate grays, and scarlet, and clear yellow, brilliant bits of color to catch, and make the most of, every ray of wintry sunshine.

As every one knows who has had the smallest experience in that charming yet perplexing business of furnishing a house, one of the most important points in the adornment of a room is the curtains. The carpet requires deep consideration, and an ugly one is trying to the soul of any woman gifted with a sense of the fitness of things, but it can be partially concealed by a large rug, or its most objectionable features modified by the judicious use of small ones. The curtains, on the contrary, stand out in bold relief. There is no concealing or modifying or toning them down; a mistake there is irrevocable; and so the prudent woman thinks not once nor twice, but many times, before she proceeds to purchase them, and studies well their future surroundings before she takes the final step.

It is at this moment, while she is still pondering, and before she has quite committed herself to damask, or rep, or whatever thick and heavy material most charms her fancy, that I want to appeal to her. Windows are made primarily to let in light. Air can gain admittance in other ways, but light that is prevented from entering by the windows is practically totally excluded from the room. In this northern climate, where the winter sun rises late and retires early, we should give him a warm welcome while he is above the horizon, and offer the least possible obstruction to his entrance into our houses.

A long-suffering husband once remarked to his wife, who had just had their drawing-room arranged in gorgeous crimson satin draperies, elaborately lined and trimmed: "My dear, what is the use of having windows, and then covering them up with blankets?"

It is almost impossible to drape heavy curtains gracefully without hiding the entire window, except a narrow strip in the middle of the lower sash, if double curtains are used, or at least two-thirds of it if a single one, while the sunshine that ought to be warming and brightening the whole apartment struggles almost in vain for admission, and, when it gets in, must be content to enliven a small patch of the carpet. Yet tasteful, well-chosen curtains add so much to the appearance of a room, and are so beautiful in themselves, with their soft outlines and graceful curves, that it seems barbarous to hint that they might be dispensed with entirely.

In this dilemma I would suggest that the long-prevailing fashion of using only thick fabrics for winter curtains should be disregarded, and thin ones substituted for the stifling folds which nothing but the habit of a life-time would induce us to tolerate.

Handsome lace curtains with their tracery of fairy-like frost-work, or their rich masses of hand-wrought leaves, are too costly for most persons of moderate means, but nothing is prettier for those who can afford them. Though flimsy imitations may detract from their merit in the opinion of those who are not judges of needle-work, no educated eye can be deceived for a moment as to their real value.

So many materials once never seen outside of the kitchen have been utilized and turned to good account by the passion for decorative art, that the most modest purse can compass something at once artistic and inexpensive.

Very pretty curtains are made of cheese-cloth trimmed with Russian lace. Each width is cut in two lengthwise, the edges rolled and joined again, with a band of insertion sewed overhand between them, and the whole bordered with lace. The material is a yard wide, and costs but six cents a yard, so the most carping critic cannot object to it on the score of expense. If two curtains are used for the same window one breadth is enough for each, with a band of insertion, and let hang in straight folds over the window.

Fine osnaburgh, such as is used for kitchen roller towels, is very effective with a border worked in outline stitch in black or crimson; either quaint designs and grotesque figures, or a more regular pattern, like the Grecian border.

No cornices are required for these curtains. A broad facing should be run on the curtain on the inside, about an inch and a half from the top, and a stick passed through it. This is supported on iron hooks driven into the wall, fitting into slits or notches cut in the stick.—*E. R. Scovil, in Christian Union.*

—A New York man arraigned for bigamy excused himself on the ground that his first wife had agreed to support herself, and failing to do so he considered himself absolved from the marriage vows and fully authorized to marry again. The excuse lodged him in jail.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mocha and Mocha Coffee.

No Arabian town has so fragrant an odor around its name as Mocha, which for so many years was known as the port from which most of the coffee of Yemen was shipped. That Mocha itself does not lie in a coffee region is probably known to few of those who honor the noble beverage. Indeed, it has long been known that these beans, which enjoy a world-wide reputation, reach the Western markets in increasingly small quantities, for the productive region of Yemen is comparatively limited in area, and the crop scarcely suffices to supply the demand in the East itself. Certain it is that a considerable part of the crop finds its way by land over the Hedjaz, and only a fraction reaches the export harbors. The most important of these, according to the Austrian *Monats-hrift fur den Orient*, at the present time is undoubtedly Aden. In former times it was quite otherwise. After the introduction of coffee-culture and the taste for coffee into Arabia, an event by no means of ancient date, Mocha was certainly the only port from which it was shipped. At the beginning of the sixteenth century only one hut stood on the site of Mocha, that of the Sheik Shadeli, who on account of his honest dealings was much sought after by the skippers. He was an honorable and hospitable man, who regaled his guests with a cup of the beverage which he himself greatly loved and commended. This drink was no other than coffee, a knowledge of the virtues of which soon spread through the whole of Yemen. The Sheik had many visitors, and out of his hospitality a profitable business was developed; the settler's hut soon expanded into a village, and the village into a town, which in a short time was crowded with speculators and rich merchants.

Such is the legend of the founding and growth of Mocha. In what year the event took place there is no means of ascertaining, for the Turkish and Arabic chroniclers are shy of figures and dates, and leave to their successors the filling in of the blanks. But no doubt the story is essentially authentic, for after Mocha became a flourishing town Sheik Shadeli was honored with a sepulchral mosque, which is to-day pointed out with pride, and the principal wells of the existing town and also the land-gate bear the name of its worthy benefactor. "By Sheik Shadeli" the people of Mocha swear more than by the Prophet himself, who receives scarcely more honor than is paid to the patron of the town and of all the coffee farmers of Yemen. Coffee could not be grown at all, as we have said, in the region around Mocha, itself, which is known as the "Tehama," a low, flat, sandy district, with sparse vegetation. The climate is necessarily hot, fever is endemic, and water scarce. No coffee could be grown in such a region, although it contains the chief warehouses and export harbors for the product of Yemen. For a whole century Mocha was the leading coffee port. But about the middle of the seventeenth century Hodeida, to the north of Mocha, took its place. Latterly, however, for various reasons connected with Turco-Egyptian politics, Hodeida has declined. So long as it was the chief export harbor, the inland town of Beit-el-Fakhi was the chief transit center, the leading port of which was and is still Ghalefka, which sent out almost as much coffee as Hodeida itself. After the Turco-Egyptian domestic politics had ruined these ports the coffee trade sought another outlet, by Aden, which now is the leading center and place of export for the coffee of Yemen.

The coffee tree is no wild plant in Yemen, its successful growth depending on a great variety of natural and artificial conditions. In terraces among the mountain ravines, carefully protected from the chilly mountain breezes, on a soil composed of clay, porphyry and trap, is the cultivation of the best sorts carried on. Thus it is only certain favored spoils that are suited for the growth of coffee in Yemen, and the culture is essentially that of comparatively small gardens. The best coffee garden of Yemen is that of Uddein, in the northeast of Mocha; it yields the Uddein bean, the finest coffee bean the world produces. This estate lies in the Valley of the Zebid, and in area is by no means extensive. The second most important district is that of Beit-el-Fakhi, in which are Buljos, Hadie and Kusmai, estates on the mountain terraces, which stretch from the Tehama to the mountains of Central Yemen; many of the hamlets which used to nestle in the midst of the coffee plantations looking out from the hill-sides on the sterile plain below are now in ruins. In the direction of Hodeida lies the third of the great coffee gardens, that of Mofhak, and Harraz, on the flanks of the Yemen Mountains, which inclose the Wadi Seichan. Smaller and less productive gardens are found at Jenaad, on the north foot of the Saber Mountain to the east of Mocha. Others of less importance are scattered about in various parts of the region, as far as the eastern plateau of Yemen, the heights varying from 1,200 to 4,000 feet above the sea. The entire productive region is, after all, only a comparatively small section of Yemen, and even in this section itself there are many unproductive gaps—gaps which are much more extensive than are the coffee gardens themselves.—*London Times.*

The March of Malaria.

The recent reports of commissions and scientific bodies, like the Board of Health, giving the results of careful and extended investigations, notably the papers of Dr. Chamberlain, of Hartford, and Dr. Adams, of Pittsfield, though marked by the habitual caution in generalization and inference which characterizes the scientific mind, make it plain to common sense that the fever, in its several special types, whether dumb or shaking, whatever may be its pathology, or nature, or origin, is due as an existing evil here to decomposition or exhalations and all the morbific and malefic influences engendered about marshy or wet regions and impure water beds. The best authorities are not sure or agreed on the question whether the disease is indigenous or imported, or on the question why it is brought into activity at one time rather than another. They generally concur in the opinion, on both sides of the Atlantic, that it germinates or sprouts in the human body from very minute spores, measuring, perhaps three thousand to an inch. But how these seeds are transported about, or what the conditions of receptivity and susceptibility are under which they are developed, nobody can yet tell. There is evidence that sporadic cases occur in dry upland regions, but the disorder loves marshes, clings to artificial lakes or ponds, riots by the banks of sunken streams and works its burning and shivering damage most malignantly where the normal mutual relations between soil, vegetable matter and stagnant or moving water have been unsettled. Mention is made of some compact rural populations near foul mill ponds, where half the inhabitants have been down at once. Speculation as to causes, as might be expected, has been busy. What causes of malaria exist now which were non-existent, or in abeyance, so long prior to this late day? Not only is science shy of hasty conclusions, but property, too, has its self-preserving instincts, and the mill owners and manufacturers are not unwilling to have a part, at least, of the curse rest on other shoulders than their own. What then are the new conditions?

Railroads and tobacco culture are two. The railroads are apt to open the surface on low ground, and if there were enough of them it might happen that an unwholesome gas escaping would affect the workmen, as it is said the upturning of acres of old sod on building lots affects the health of the people in the upper part of the island of New York. But there are altogether too many railways where there are no chills and too many chills where there are no railways, to allow much plausibility to this theory. It fails twice over. Much of the same may be said of the tobacco fields. The idea that the sickness comes of fertilizers used for tobacco raising has even less support, for that nuisance is of but a very brief annual continuance, and is far from being conterminous with the malady. So far as the great forces of nature are concerned, not much can be done in the way of remedy. If, as there is some reason to think, there is a constant shrinkage going on in rivers, fountains, brooks and lakes, with a diminished rainfall throughout this part of the country, all we can do about that is to employ every personal effort to remove or deodorize the stench-breeding and fever-breeding matter along the banks and to increase our forests by planting or protection, as many thoughtful land-owners are now doing and as the late forestry convention in Montreal leads us to hope may be done more and more. There are thousands of citizens who, with only a moderate outlay, can stanch, on their own premises at least, the offensive sources of pain and death—for, though not regarded as ordinarily fatal, fever and ague sometimes takes a congestive form or otherwise overmasters the vital power, in spite of the best treatment, and the patient dies. Dwellers in bad climates study the laws of sanitary safety and heed them. Out of door night air can, to a great extent, be avoided. Fires can be built evening and morning. The human system can be kept free, vigorous and protected by right living, temperance and flannels. Some physiologists think a fine wire gauze at open windows may keep out the spores. A line of thick trees with underbrush has been supposed to arrest them. There is plenty of proof that good drainage counteracts this as it does other kinds of sickness.—*Boston Herald.*

Pearls.

Pearls are perhaps the most valuable of all the offerings of animate nature, and are the results of the efforts of the bivalve to protect itself from injury. A parasite bores into the shell of the pearl bearer, and when felt by the animal it immediately fortifies itself by covering up the spot with its pearly secretion; the parasite pushes on, the oyster piling up until an imperfect pearl attached to the shell is the result. The clear oval pearls are formed in a similar way, only in this case a bit of sand has become lodged in the folds of the creature, and in its efforts to protect itself from the sharp edges, the bit becomes covered, layer by layer, and assumes naturally an oval shape. This growth of the pearl, as it is incorrectly termed, can be seen by breaking open a $500 gem, when the macre will be seen in layers resembling the section of an onion. The Romans were particularly fond of pearls, and, according to Pliny, the wife of Caius Caligula possessed a collection valued at over $3,000,000 of our money. Julius Cæsar presented a jewel to the mother of Brutus valued at $250,000, while the pearl drunk by Cleopatra was estimated at $400,000. Tavernier, the famous traveler, sold a pearl to the Shah of Persia for $550,000. A $20,000 pearl was taken from American waters in the time of Philip II. It was pear-shaped, and as large as a pigeon's egg. Another, taken from the same locality, is now owned by a lady in Madrid who values it at $30,000.

Fresh-water pearls are often of great value. The streams of St. Clair County, Ill., and Rutherford County, Tenn., produce large quantities, but the largest one was found near Salem, N. J. It was about an inch across, and brought $2,000 in Paris. The pearls from the Tay, Doon and Isla rivers, in Scotland, are preferred by many to the Oriental, and in one summer $50,000 worth of pearls were taken from these localities by men and children. Mother-of-pearl used in the arts is sold by the ton, from $50 to $700 being an average price. The last year's pearl fisheries in Ceylon alone realized $80,000, to obtain which more than 7,000,000 pearl oysters were brought up.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Newer Arithmetic.

A merchant finds himself with $300 in bad debts on hand, and he divides the amount to make fifty of his best customers foot the bill. How much did each one have to pay?

A political candidate promises the position of market clerk to 320 different friends, and after his election gives the place to his uncle. Find words in which to express the feelings of the 320.

If it takes eight dollars worth of coal to keep one fifteen-cent house-plant through the winter, how much coal will it take to carry ten of the plants through the season?

In a city of 100,000 people there are 2,000 men who carry umbrellas and canes on their shoulders without reference to pedestrians. If a man kicks sixteen of these chaps per day, how long would it take to get round to the last batch?

A lady pays seven dollars for a pair of fashionable shoes and endures fourteen dollars worth of agony for every mile she walks. How much agony would she endure in walking three weeks?

A young man engaged to three different girls is obliged to tell twenty-two lies per week to prevent discovery. How many lies would he tell in six months?

If a man finds seventeen inches of tarred rope in one plug of tobacco, how many inches will he find in twenty-two plugs?

If it takes a fall of twenty-eight feet from a chestnut tree to break a boy's arm, how far must he fall to break his neck?

On a certain political ticket are fourteen candidates; each candidate is the victim of 526 lies. What is the total number of lies?—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Bond of Acquaintance.

A jolly crowd of commercial travelers sat in the reading-room of a Chicago hotel, cracking jokes and telling "ghost" stories, when in came a slab-sided, gawky Hoosier, who, thinking himself unobserved, quietly sat down and took in all the fun. One of the boys, without calling anybody's attention to the countryman, casually remarked, as he pointed to a chum who was reading a paper:

"I shouldn't think Jim Bennett would sit there and pore over that old sheet. Why, if I was as rich as he I'd raise the roof right off this house."

The countryman's eyes fairly bulged out with wonder when he heard this allusion to the editor of such a big paper, and he slowly gathered himself up and shuffled toward the chair occupied by the alleged Bennett. Gazing at him curiously for a moment, he said, in a faltering voice: "Are you Mr. Bennett, the editor of the New York *Herald?*"

The drummer looked up in amazement; but, catching the wink from the rest of the boys, he quietly replied:

"That's what people say."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the Hoosier.

"Well, my lad," benignantly said the pseudo editor, "what can I do for you?"

"Why, sir," murmured the almost paralyzed youth, "why, sir, my—my brother takes the *Herald*. Do you know him?"

The supposed Bennett fainted, and the rest of the crowd went into hysterics, while the Hoosier didn't stop walking until he struck the State line.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—There are at present no fewer than ten establishments in France devoted to the propagation of bait for the use of anglers, and one of these breeders sells from thirty to forty millions of worms per annum, deriving a handsome income from the business.

—Contrary to the common opinion, the census returns show that the number of Irish persons in this country, considered relatively to the total population of the country, or to the foreign population alone, has steadily decreased during the past thirty years.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—The Crown Princess of Germany, wearing a little hussar cap and long plume, rode at the head of the black hussars, of which she is the Colonel, at the recent great parade before the Emperor, and then, holding her small riding-whip swordwise, took her place with the other commanding officers at the right of the Emperor as the regiment filed by.

—The other day while two ten-years-old boys were playing on the top of the mountain, on the west side of what is known as the Notch, about a mile south of West Bolton, Vt., one of the lads, a son of Riley Giles, of West Bolton, made a misstep and fell down an almost perpendicular precipice 250 feet into the valley below, being, of course, instantly killed.

—A man who wantonly wounded a bird with his rifle is reported by the *Rural Canadian* as having made this frank confession: "It fluttered across the field, where I followed it, and found the panting sufferer at its nest and the blood dripping upon its young. My cruelty flashed upon me in all its nakedness, and I cringed under my reflections like a guilty butcher as I was."

—Of the land composing Great Britain Dr. Carpenter said in a lecture in Boston recently that it was part of the European continent, and that no geologist can question the fact that that corner of Europe has been up and down no end of times. All the northern part of Europe, he said, is a low plain which would be entirely submerged, with a few exceptions, by a sinking of a hundred fathoms.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—In the old hall of the House of Representatives in Washington, each State is allowed space for two statues or busts of its prominent sons. Hitherto Ohio has not used either of these niches. This defect is now to be remedied, as, at the last session of the Ohio Legislature, a bill was passed appropriating $10,000 for a statue of General Garfield, to be placed in one of the spaces allotted to Ohio.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The fate of Master Putnam, of the burned Arctic steamer Rodgers, is definitely ascertained. It will be remembered that, hearing of the loss of the ship, he left the supply station at Cape Serge, of which he had charge, became separated from his escort, and was carried out to sea on an ice floe. A schooner which arrived at San Francisco last week from Point Barrow reports that the body of Master Putnam was seen by the natives the latter part of June, still on an ice floe. It was black and swollen, and could not be recovered, owing to a change of wind, which caused the ice to drift away from the shore.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Much-Protested Note.

It is doubtful if there could be a stronger protest made against a note than was once made by Judge Charles B. Cummings. When Cummings was a younger man, and practically before the courts of Western Maine—chiefly in Oxford County—he was waited upon by a young man named Hobbs, against whom a suit at law had been instituted, for the payment of a certain note of hand, said to have been found among the papers of an old money-lender, then lately deceased.

Hobbs—then not quite five-and-twenty years of age—explained the matter to Cummings thus, and the truth of his statement was avouched for by several men of undoubted standing, who were personally cognizant of the facts.

While in his eighteenth year—during the winter before his eighteenth birthday anniversary—Hobbs borrowed of old Solomon Hough the sum of fifty dollars, which amount he agreed to pay back in work. During the spring following the borrowing of the money, he worked for the old man over a month in plowing and planting; then he worked again in haying; and, again, through the harvest time, when he concluded he had worked enough. All told, he had worked sixty-five full days, eating his dinners, on those days, at Hough's table—if table it could be called. And, further—six disinterested men, to whom the matter was referred, decided that Hobbs had fully paid the sum borrowed.

But old Solomon was indignant. The boy wasn't worth more than fifty cents a day, anyhow; and he managed to cram down very nearly that money's worth of food each and every day he worked. On the other side, any number of reliable witnesses would swear that Hough never had fifty cents worth of food on his table at any one time in his life. The old money-lender was wroth, and declared he would sue, but he never did. But Hobbs would swear to what the old man did do. He sat down and made a regular promissory note for the full sum borrowed—fifty dollars—made it payable in one year from date, with interest annually, value received, etc., and signed Wallace P. Hobbs' name, doubtless intending at some future time to come down upon the man with that bit of paper. Or he may have thought that Hobbs might die, and leave property behind him, in which case the note would be a handy thing to show to the executor.

But old Solomon Hough died first; and his heirs, or his administrator, found this note, with many other notes, amongst his effects; and straightway the note was presented to young Hobbs for payment, which, of course, he refused. And then the administrator sued; and this was the suit which Cummings was to look after.

Judge Holden was on the bench. The trial came off in the Crooked River District. When the case was called Cummings arose and demanded an indefinite postponement of the whole matter.

"Why," ejaculated the Judge, "I never heard of such a thing!"

"Your honor!" roared the plaintiff's attorney, "the thing is impossible. It can't be did!"

"It will have to be *did* in this case," said Cummings, with a suggestive nod to the Court.

"But, Brother Cummings," the Judge went on, anxiously, "what do you mean? What are your reasons for making such a motion?"

Cummings called for the note; and having taken it in his hand looked it over, he said:

"Your honor; in the first place the defendant in this case was a child, under age, when this note was made! In the second place, he never made the note. It is a forgery, as we can prove! In the third place, as you can see by glancing at the face of the thing, it is outlawed! And, may it please your Honor, in the fourth place—and lastly—the full amount of that note has been duly and truly paid! All of which I stand ready to prove!"

There was a fluttering in the court. Several men pressed forward and whispered to the plaintiff's attorney; and, pretty soon he stood up in his place and coughed, and give a pull at his cravat, and then said he would withdraw the case if the Court was willing.

Yes—the Court was willing; and the Judge facetiously remarked, as he wiped the case from his docket:

"Really, gentlemen, that is what might be called—a much protested note!"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

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