

CRADLE SONG OF THE LINE COSSACKS.

[Along the river Terek, on the northern side of the great Caucasus range, there is a line of Cossack settlements and forts, known as the "Army Line of the Terek." It was established in the reign of Catherine II, to defend Russia's southern frontier from the incursions of the Cossack families in those exposed military settlements was one of constant alarm. Bands of Langian raiders, under Khanst Bek or some other equally famous partisan leader, were continually crossing the Terek, attacking the Cossack posts and driving off herds of cattle. To prevent these raids the fords of the river were constantly watched.]

Sleep, my darling, sleep securely,
By-oooh-ka by-oo.
While the moonlight in thy cradle
Soothe thy slumber,
I will sing the songs and tell thee
Fairy stories now,
If thou'lt shut thine eyes and listen.
By-oooh-ka by-oo.

Do not thou hear the rushing Terek,
Hurrying to the sea?
For it is not; the noisy river
Guardian is to thee.
Langian robbers live beyond it,
In the mountain side,
But the river keeps them from us,
By-oooh-ka by-oo.

Do not thou hear the tramp of horses,
And the silent clank,
As the evening wind blows toward us
Up the northern bank?
For thou'rt not; the horses carry
Cossack lasses and true,
And the robbers will defend us,
By-oooh-ka by-oo.

Khanst Bek, with all his raiders,
Dare not try the fords;
For to-night they are defended
By a hundred swords;
And thy father watches near them
All the long night through,
So that thou mayest sleep in safety.
By-oooh-ka by-oo.

But a time is coming, Sasha,
Coming quickly, too,
When he shall sleep and thou shalt weep,
By-oooh-ka by-oo.
Thou shalt stand a troop of horsemen
By the Terek blue;
I shall be a lonely mother,
By-oooh-ka by-oo.

Many a day I'll spend in sadness,
Many a night in tears,
Thinking, waiting, hoping, praying,
Struggling with my fears,
I shall think of all the dangers
Thou art passing through;
And will thou remember mother?
By-oooh-ka by-oo.

Sleep, my darling! Sleep securely!
Thou'rt not at nothing fear;
Till and danger may await thee,
But there's safety here,
Sleep, while not an evil thunders,
With thy eyes as few;
Mother cannot always shield thee,
By-oooh-ka by-oo.

Independent.
The Russian lullaby. (Dimitriev's Alexander.)

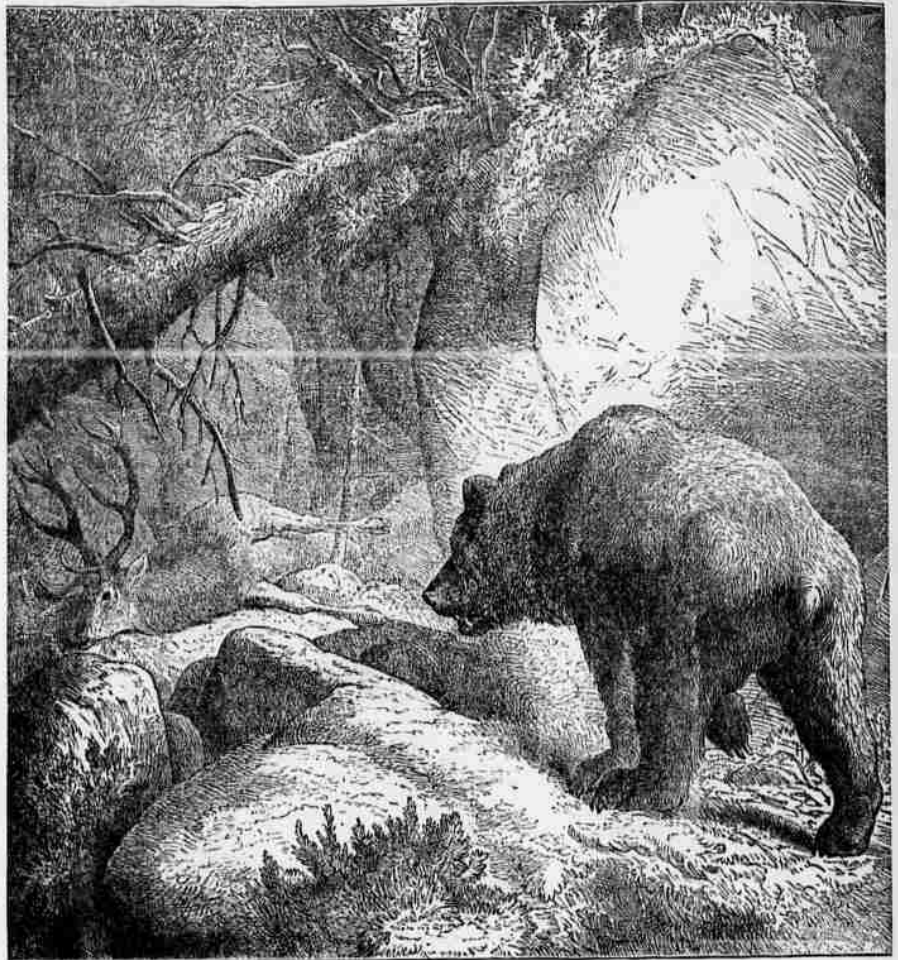
VULCANIZED RUBBER NOT POISONOUS.

Those of our readers who have shuddered lest they were pressing poison to their lips in the red rubber plate in which their "laughed" teeth were set, may reassure themselves. The subject has been taken up and thoroughly investigated by scientific men, and in the *Chemical News* we read the review of the case and the verdict of acquittal.

An impression has long prevailed that it was possible for the salts of mercury, used to color red vulcanite, to exert a poisonous influence where red rubber plates were worn in the mouth, and the situation of the Otolithological Society having been strongly drawn to the subject by Dr. Lathurist Woodman's papers, relating cases of supposed mercurial poisoning from this cause, a committee was appointed to collect evidence and report upon the subject. Their inquiries have, however, utterly failed to establish the existence of a single case of questionable, or even probable, mercurial poisoning due to the use of red vulcanite plates. The committee requested Prof. Atfield to make "an investigation of the influence, if any, of saliva and the other fluids of the human body on the pink and red varieties of vulcanite used by dentists in making artificial teeth, plates, gums and palates." These tinted varieties of vulcanite are made by heating pink or red "dental rubber," under pressure, to a temperature of 310° to 315° F. (154° to 157° C.); the "dental rubber" being prepared by incorporating sulphur and vermilion with pure indiarubber. The following are the results of Dr. Atfield's investigation: 1. So far as any action on man is concerned, vermilion is a harmless substance. 2. So far as any effect or influence of the vermilion is concerned, the mixture of vermilion, sulphur and indiarubber, commonly termed "dental rubber," is also a perfectly innocuous substance. 3. Pink or red dental vulcanite, even when placed under the severest conditions of experiment, does not yield any trace of mercury to saliva, or, indeed, to other far more powerful solvents. 4. The metallic pins and traces in dental vulcanite do not displace mercury, or induce the formation of any compound of mercury soluble in saliva or in more powerful solvents. Dr. Atfield is therefore of the opinion that vermilion vulcanite teeth-plates are practically unaffected by saliva, or by any substance which ever gains access to the mouth; and, in short, that the pink and red vulcanite artificial gums and palates now so generally worn are absolutely harmless.

YOUTH.—Youth, like everything else, must be cherished, not squandered; and if we waste it in frivolous dissipations, age will come before years. The faster we travel the sooner will we get to the end of our journey. Enjoy youth in every reasonable way, whilst we have it, but always remember that every time you overdraw on it you are contracting a debt that must be repaid, with heavy interest, in the future. Retain youth as long as you can, neglecting nothing which will assist you in doing so, but scorning everything which is false or deceitful.

MUSICAL MACHINERY.—The average annual value of musical instruments made in Paris during the last six years has been 23,000,000 francs, divided among 360 makers, employing no fewer than 5,000 workmen. Paris turns out every year 1,320,000 francs worth of accordions. Pianos figure for 11,400,000 francs; organs for nearly 3,500,000 francs; wind, wood, and metal instruments for nearly 4,000,000 francs; but bowed instruments for less than 500,000 francs.



THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

THE SMITH SISTERS OF CONNECTICUT.

Loretta J. Post, writing to *Woman's World*, thus describes the home of Abby and Julia Smith: Looking east from my window I can see the Connecticut river, winding like a blue ribbon among the trees; and beyond, the hills of East Hartford and Glastonbury. The latter place is the home of the Smith sisters, who have made the place historic and famous by their persistent resistance to "taxation without representation." Julia and Abby Smith, and their cows, are living monuments to the woman suffrage cause. These two grand, cultured ladies are about 80 years of age. They live alone, and are inseparable, both writing for the press and laboring for equal rights for all—full of gentleness, strength, and human kindness.

Miss Julia has finished a translation of the whole Bible from the original Hebrew, an achievement which no other woman ever attained, and which few men ever accomplished. The vigor and vital power exhibited at their advanced age is wonderful; neither body nor intellect seems impaired, and their resistance to tax laws and endurance of consequent prosecution, added to their vast literary and social work, are truly astonishing.

Their home stands on the main road from East Hartford to Middletown, is surrounded by grand old elms and maples, and about half a mile from the banks of the Connecticut. The house is a white frame, and 130 years old. In connection with it is a large yard, and a garden with a wealth of flowers. Something of historic interest clings to the place, for here it was that the most important anti-slavery meetings were held in the days of the struggle for the blacks. Would not this be a fit place for the women who are now trying to obtain for themselves a political freedom, to hold a glorious old mass meeting? We should be very of a hearty welcome and of co-operation from these royal women, whose wonderful inspiration has been so widely felt. And through these wide-reaching trees would ring enthusiastic and earnest voices, as earnest and enthusiastic as in the days when Gerritt Smith and other noble souls convened here.

The house is full of quaint old furniture and pictures, and crockery that is 200 years old, and silver that is yet older. A picnic party from Middletown held a feast under its spreading trees recently, and drank from these old treasure cups, reconnoitered at will about the grand old place, patronized the butter and cheese of the now famous Alderney cows, that have been so often seized by the tax-gatherer, and as often brought home again by their loving mistresses. Personally these sisters are much respected and beloved; politically they are like nettles to unjust law-makers. May they live to enjoy their rights in peace.

PENNSYLVANIA preachers are vigorous on comparisons: "A hypocritical Christian can no more get into heaven than a raccoon can climb a stove-pipe with a tea-kettle tied on to his tail."

"In the sentence, 'John strikes William,'" remarked a school teacher yesterday, "What is the object of strikes?" "Higher wages and shorter runs," promptly replied the intelligent pupil.

VENUS' SLIPPERS.

Mr. F. Buckland, in *Land and Water*, says: "These slippers are far more beautiful than anything ever yet turned out in the workshop of a London or Parisian ladies' bootmaker. They are found floating far out at sea in the Mediterranean, on the French coast. Each slipper is about an inch and a half in length, and half an inch in the widest part. They are of a lovely glass-like consistence, and in a certain light resplendent like jelly-fish. They are the slippers of a handsome shoe; the edge of the shoe projects in a very ornamental dentated margin, and the toe part is highly ornamental, as if with embroidery insertion. Mr. M. Latham says: 'It is a kind of jelly-fish; I have had considerable difficulty in finding out its real nature. At last I ascertained that it is one of the *pterozoa*, or wing-footed mollusca.' The Rev. J. Wood writes: 'These are so-called from the fin-like lobes that project from the sides, and are evidently analogous to the similar organs in some of the sea snails. These appendages are used almost like wings, the creature flapping its way vigorously through the water, just as a butterfly urges its devious course through the air. They are found in the hotter seas, swimming boldly in vast multitudes amid the wide waters, and one species (*Chlo borealis*) has long been celebrated as furnishing the huge Greenland whale with the greater part of its subsistence. The scientific name of it is *ymbalia*, so called on account of its being so like a boat.' We read: 'Cuvier describes the *ymbalia* as having a cartilaginous or gelatinous envelope in the form of a boat or slipper, beset with points in longitudinal rows; and the animal as possessing two great wings, which are at once branchial and fins, and between them on the open side, a third smaller lobe, which is three-pointed. The mouth, provided with two small tentacles, is placed between the wings towards the shut side of the cell, and above are two small eyes. The transparency of the texture permits the internal organs to be distinguished with great facility. The shell is cartilaginous, translucent, oblong in the form of a slipper, and entirely covered with a delicate and scarcely visible membrane.'

"These slippers of the Marine Venus are so beautiful in form and structure that I propose, if possible, to have a model of them cut in crystal. In the form of ear-rings they would make very pretty ornaments, as showing *chance* of Cuvierella of the ocean."

HONORS TO AN AGRICULTURAL WRITER.—A high honor has been conferred on America through George E. Waring, Jr., an engineer and farmer of Rhode Island, by the Koninklijk Instituut Van Ingenieurs of the Netherlands. Colonel Waring has been made an honorary member on account of his eminent services as a Centennial juror and his work entitled "A Farmer's Vocation."

A Scotch witness somewhat given to prevarication was severely handled by a cross examining counsel: "How far is it between the two farms?" said the counsel. "By the road it's two miles." "Yes; but, on your oath, how far is it as the crow flies?" "I dinna ken; I never was a crow."

BERRIES are reported plenty in the Black Hills. So are burying grounds.

GRIZZLY BEAR.

We herewith present our readers with an engraving of the grizzly bear (*Ursus horribilis*) in his favorite haunt. By most writers in natural history he is pronounced the most ferocious beast of America, and classed with the tiger of India.

Undoubtedly, when accompanied by cubs, when wounded, or when cornered, the grizzly is the most ferocious, savage and menacing beast on the face of the earth. But as a rule among hunters, the Chinaman bear is more to be feared, as being more generally inclined to show fight without provocation.

We have yet to learn of a man ever being actually eaten by a bear. They content themselves with hugging, and biting and leaving their victims motionless. We have seen four different individuals who have been in their clutches, and none of them were injured to such an extent as to unfit them for active life. One of them laid for three days under the bear, which he had killed with his knife, before help came to him. Therefore our young men out in the country rusticated need have no fears of being eaten entirely up; and should they see a bear, our advice is by all means shoot if they can kill him; if not, raise your voice and howl, and see how fast he can run.

RAY'S L-E-G.—An Elizabeth, New Jersey, paper has the following: Weston, the famous, or once famous pedestrian, has by this time probably found a rival in the person of a Presbyterian clergyman of this city, who is spending the season at Ocean Grove, returning to the city each Sunday to occupy his pulpit. The reverend gentleman alluded to is young in years, and is excessively fond of feats of pedestrianism as he is of preaching excellent discourses without having recourse to notes. He has recently returned from a journey on foot of about 40 miles, and last evening started from the Grove on a trip to Toms river, the county seat of Ocean, the distance being, as computed by him, about 31 miles. He went in light marching order, as the soldiers express it, had a traveling companion in the person of a young man who is understood to be pursuing his studies for the ministry with him, and the couple, if no unforeseen accident has befallen them, have by this time reported at Toms river. Before starting, they made inquiries, from those who had been there, in regard to the village and its inhabitants. From our knowledge of the sandy roads in that section of the State, we certainly have no disposition to envy our friends their walk.

THERE is nothing dispels the dreams of youth and shatters the ambitious hopes of the noble boy, like having a young lady remark in his hearing that he would make, with study, a good hat rack.

THOMPSON is not going to do anything more in contumacious. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hoghead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

At last a fair pretext has been found for killing a colored preacher in Georgia. It was John Thomas, and he was stealing melons. He was killed to prevent the spread of immorality to other melon patches.