

country semi-civilized. They are still as barbarous as their ancestors who blew up Petan. He suggested another course. Jean might report to the Propaganda—might attend the council if he could gain leave; and that august body would send a mission of devout priests, with just guard enough to meet the dangers to be encountered on the way. He would prepare the King's mind to receive them.

Next day Jean started in a hammock, reached his home near Petan in due course, and sent back word. Thence he proceeded to the capital and drew up his report to the Propaganda. The Archbishop relieved him from duty pending a reply, which did not arrive. I should think it probable the dispatch lies unopened now.

As for the truth of the tale I must say only this: The tradition of a civilized Bravo kingdom in Guatemala runs without a break from the seventeenth century to our time. Hundreds of matter-of-fact people dwelling in Chiapas, Vera Paz and neighboring districts have noted incidents that support the legend. No man can authoritatively deny it. When Mazariegos discovered Petan, now called Flores, he did not doubt that this city was the Itzimaya. His official report is published. It did not strike him as wonderful when every inhabitant disappeared, not from the town only, but from the cultivated lands about. Mazariegos supposed they had fled into the neighboring woods, and he did not remain long enough to perceive that this was certainly not the explanation. They were never seen again, and we know now they must have retired much further. They went beyond any districts of which we have even report in detail. It is to the last degree improbable that a race so advanced could have fallen back into barbarism within the space of one generation. The popular notion is that somewhere in the remoter wilds betwixt Petan and Mexico, the Indians whom Mazariegos conquered rebuilt their city and re-established their civilization. No man can contradict the wildest story whereof the scene is laid in those parts. Lequeu's report of the traditions lingering among those tribes the Indians must have passed through from Petan, makes it at least consistent with probability that he has rediscovered the inhabitants of the famous inland city.

Next day after telling Barbachella this story Lequeu rode into Mosquito, and no more have I heard of him. But a prudent man is safe enough along the frontier, and he did not intend to venture far. JAMES BOYLE.

A most beautiful and fragrant growth for a window may be obtained by soaking a sea sponge in warm water and sowing in its cells the seeds of umbrageous grass and wild flowers, with here and there a delicate fern and creeping wild berry, known as mock strawberry. The hanging may be done by a gilded rod or ornamental cords. The sponge may be kept moist and distended by daily sprinkling with blood-warm water. The sponge thus treated is much lighter, prettier and more surely verdant than any other spring basket.

BUSINESS HABITS.

THERE is probably not one farmer in ten thousand, says an exchange, who keeps a set of accounts from which he can at any moment learn the cost of anything he may have produced, or even the cost of his real property. A very few farmers who have been brought up to business habits keep such accounts and are able to tell how their affairs progress, what each crop, each kind of stock or each animal has cost, and what each produces. Knowing these points a farmer can, to a very great extent, properly decide what crops he will grow and what kind of stock he will keep. He will thus be able to apply his labor and money where it will do the most good. He can weed out his stock and retain only such animals as may be kept with profit. For the want of such knowledge farmers continue, year after year, to feed cows that are unprofitable, and frequently sell for less than her value one that is the best of the herd, because she is not known to be any better than the rest. Feed is also wasted upon ill-bred stock, the keep of which costs three or four times that of well-bred animals, which, as have been proved by figures that cannot be mistaken, pay a large profit on their keeping. For want of knowing what they cost, poor crops are raised year by year at an actual loss, provided the farmer's labor, at the rates current for common labor, were charged against them. To learn that he has been working for fifty cents a day during a number of years, while he has been paying his help twice as much, would open the eyes of many a farmer who has actually been doing this, and it would convince him that there is some value in figures and book accounts. It is not generally understood that a man who raises twenty bushels of corn per acre pays twice as much for his plowing and harrowing, twice as much for labor, and twice as great interest upon the cost of his farm, as a neighbor who raises forty bushels per acre. Nor is it understood that when he raises a pig that makes 150 pounds of pork in a year that his pork costs him twice as much, or the corn he feeds brings him but half as much, as that of his neighbor, whose pig weighs 300 pounds at a year old. If all these things were clearly set down in figures upon a page in an account book, and were studied, there would be not only a sudden awakening to the unprofitableness of such farming, but an immediate remedy would be sought.

THE WOMEN OF ROME.

THE women of Rome, says a letter writer, have complexions like white wax, which are very lovely by gaslight, but unhealthy looking by day. See one Roman face and you see them all. The same waxen face, the same nose, the same large black eyes, the same long black hair, the same opulence of flesh and the same walk, dangling from side to side like poor lame ducks. Whatever the reason may be, Roman women walk less gracefully than any other women under God's firmament, and they wear the ugliest shoes, and they have the largest feet I ever saw on women. The way a Roman girl bows to you, also, is very funny. She shrugs up her left shoulder to her left ear and nods to you.