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Greeting.

FROM THE GERMAN.

So many stars that shine in the sky,
So many little winds murmuring by,
So many blessings attend thee!
So many leaflets as dance on the trees,
So many flowers as wave in the breeze—
Brighter than those, love, and sweeter than
these,
The loving thoughts that I send thee.

Were I the golden sun, to shine
Every ray a glad thought of mine,
Loving and true and tender,
I would crown with my beams thy dearest
head
From morning golden to evening red:
Deep in my heart lies the thought unsaid,
The love that no speech can render.

Might I guard thee forevermore—
A sheltering roof, a fast-shut door,
So safe and strong to hold thee
In a still room thou dost dwell apart,
Thy spirit pure in my loving heart;
So fair, so dear, so true thou art,
So doth my love enfold thee.

When I send thee a red, red rose—
The sweetest flower on earth that grows!—
Think, dear heart, how I love thee!
Listen to what the sweet rose saith,
With her crimson leaf and her fragrant breath:
Love, I am thine, in life and death!
O my love, dost thou love me?

—*Galaxy for April.*

From Chamber's Journal.

THE MAC DERMOTTS OF BALLYBANE;

An Irish Story of Real Life.

The best "holding" of land on the Ballybane property was that of old Darby Mac Dermott. His crops were always first sowed, and first home; his haggard, the neatest and best thatched; his fences in the best condition, and his house the snuggest in the village. Darby was never a day behindhand with his rent. The 1st of May and the 1st of November found him, wet or dry, good season or bad season, at the office with his old worsted stocking, in the very corner of which his half year's rent lay safely counted. He was a decent old man, who always minded his business, and attended to his duties, and had few troubles in the course of threescore and ten years. He had two sons: Martin, the eldest, a dark, handsome man, with a square heavy face, and a pair of dark, restless, glittering eyes—a man whom every one respected, but very few liked; and Owen, a fair, curly-haired, delicate boy, who had been his mother's darling. Old Darby was fond of both his sons, but the sturdy, healthy Martin was decidedly his favorite; and when he died, it was found that the greater part of his savings went to his first-born.

Owen was not either of a jealous or envious disposition; still, he sometimes thought it rather hard that his brother should have all the luck. Martin was strong, and healthy, and handsome, had been his father's favorite, and was master of the farm after his death. All the stock and crops, and everything, was the property of Martin, and Owen was the possessor of but fifty pounds. Forty years ago two hundred pounds in ready money was considered a fortune, and even fifty pounds was not by any means to be despised; and when old Darby MacDermott left his boys so well off, there were few men in Ballybane who did not envy them—Martin especially, who was looked up to by his neighbors as little short of a gentleman, certainly as a man who might keep his jaunting-car if he chose. But the possession of money made no change in the new tenant of the Upland farm, as the MacDermott's holding was called. He just worked as hard as ever, getting up at six o'clock in the morning, and going to bed late. Owen lived with him, and worked too, just as usual, only that during his father's time he might spend his evenings reading old newspapers, or writing letters to his acquaintances who had gone to America. But Martin thought such occupation mere waste of time, and when the day's work was ended, and the supper over, he ordered the fire and the lights to be put out.

The next farm to that of Martin MacDermott's on one side was held by Michael O'Byrne, a farmer who had been well to do once, but misfortunes of late years had come thickly on him, and he had hard work to keep the farm together. On the other side a small holding of about fifteen acres was held by a good for nothing old fellow named Patrick Heveran, who was little better than a nuisance to the entire neighborhood. However, one morning he was found dead in his bed; and Owen MacDermott, without taking counsel of any one, went to the agent and asked if he might have the vacant farm, as he wished to settle down on his own account. The agent promised, and full of hope and joy Owen went about his work. The next day was the 17th of March, St. Patrick's day, and a general holiday; and early in the morning Owen dressed himself in his Sunday suit and went out. A little way down the road he met a young girl, also dressed in her best—a crimson stuff dress, gay shawl, and a cross of ribbon of all the colors in the rainbow on her shoulder. Her fair hair was twisted carelessly round her head, and her soft blue eyes had a startled look in them.

"Oh, Ownie, 'avourneen, I was afeared you weren't coming; and sure, sorra a bit of shamrock you have in your cap this blessed mornin'. Why is that, dear?"

"I was in a hurry to see you, my darlin'," he answered, looking tenderly into the sweet, shy face. "Julia, I have some good news for you, this mornin'; let us walk down this lane, and I'll tell you, and look for my shamrock at the same time."

Together they turned down a lane or rather footpath, bordered on one side by a thick blackthorn hedge, and a broad meadow on the other.

"Julia," said Owen, "you know I'm fond of you, since you were a wee, shy, delicate little creature. I never had any sweetheart but yourself, and now I want you to fix the day; I am goin' to take you all to myself. You know Pat Heveran's houldin'; I went to the office yesterday and axed for it, and the agent as good as promised me it. Now, Judy!"

"I am so glad, Owain," was all the girl answered, very softly, but there were tears of genuine delight in her eyes as she looked up at him. Well it was that neither of them saw the dark face which watched them from the other side of the hedge, or heard the muttered threats that were hurled after them, or they might not have enjoyed the remainder of that day as they did.

St. Patrick's day in Ireland, forty years ago, used to be very different from what it is now; and when Julia O'Byrne and Owen MacDermott entered the market town of Gort, after a long ramble through the fields in search of a shamrock, it presented a gay appearance. The principal street was lined with stalls filled with oranges, apples and gingerbread, gay crosses and sugar sticks. There were tents full of "boys" and girls eating, drinking and laughing, large pots of boiling bacon and potatoes, barrels of porter and kegs of potheen, and Irish pipers playing with all their might. From stall to stall, and from tent to tent, Owen and Julia wandered, enjoying everything, till late in the evening, when they met Martin MacDermott and Julia's father, both evidently in high spirits, and chatting confidentially. They went into a tent together, and, after an hour's chat, came out more good tempered and confidential than ever, and sought Julia and Owen.

"Come here, my colleen!" O'Byrne said, in rather a thick voice. I have made a match for you with Martin. Go over and sit by the side of him."

"With Martin, father?" the girl said, looking with dismay at the stern, dark man she almost hated, and certainly feared. "With Ownie, you mean."

"Sorra a bit of it, Julia; but Martin—Martin the master. Poor Ownie has nothing."

"He's promised Heveran's farm, father."

"No, my dear; it's me that has Heveran's houldin'," Martin said with a sinister smile; "and it's me you're going to marry."

Owen walked up to his brother, and looking him straight in the face, said in a clear, calm voice: "What do you mean, Martin MacDermott?"

"What I said just now—that I got Heveenran's houldin', and took my oath to marry Julia O'Byrne. I told it to her father half an hour ago."

"You mean to say you are goin' between me and the colleen I love—the colleen I have loved since she was up to my knee! You mean to say you are goin' between me and these few dirty acres of Heveran's that I axed first, and bespoke; between your only brother and all the hopes of peace he has in this world—you, that has full and plenty, Martin MacDermott!"

"I'm gain' to marry Julia," Martin replied with sullen determination.

"Julia, what do you say?" Owen asked turning to the girl, who stood silently weeping.

"I must answer for her," O'Byrne said. "I promised her to Martin, an I I'm not goin' back on my word, I can tell you. What have you to show? How do you mean to keep her?"

"What do you say, Julia?"

"I wis to stick to you, Ownie, and never marry any one else—never, never, as I hope for luck!"

"God bless you for them words, darlin'! Only be true and faithful, and I'll soon have a cabin for you somewhere."

"Julia!" said her father, raising his hands to heaven, "if you marry that boy, ever speak to him, ever think of him, I'll curse you on my bare knees! You don't know what a father's curse is. Don't bring it on my child, if you love me. Never come across her again Ownie MacDermott!"

"You hear that, Julia. What am I to do?" Owen asks.

"Go away, and never come near me again, or he'll curse me, Ownie. Go away."

Owen MacDermott stood perfectly still for a few minutes, and then raising his eyes to heaven, and with the impetuosity of a young Irishman, called down a bitter curse on his only brother. "May you never be happier than I am now, sleeping or waking. May every thing you put your hand to turn to dust and ashes! May your children live to hate and dishonor you, Martin MacDermott!" And with one look at the trembling Julia, Owen rapidly passed out into the cold darkness of the March evening, and was seen no more in Castlegar. Ten pounds of the money left him by his father he took; the remainder lay in the bank. But which side he went or what became of him no one knew.

A year passed away, and then Michael O'Byrne died; and Julia, from sheer inability to resist any longer, became the wife of Martin MacDermott, though she feared the very sound of his voice, and trembled at his touch. He was a tyrant, but she scarcely heeded that, for she had no will, and no wish to do anything but what he bade her. She had children, but one after another they sickened and died, and things in general began to go wrong with Martin; his shabby currishness making him general dislike. When they were ten years married, Julia died in giving birth to twins, a fine healthy boy and girl. Both lived, and all the affection their father had for anything he centered on the boy he called Darby, after his own father. The little girl, Julia, he cared nothing about, allowing her to grow up just as best she could. The farm Martin took so treacherously from his brother, he gave up long before, as nothing ever sown there prospered, and indeed, acre by acre, the Upland Farm had been going for years. Darby MacDermott grew up to be a fine handsome man, first and foremost in every mischief the village could afford; and at twenty years of age got transported for seven years for treason-felony, as he had taken an active part in the rebellion of 1848. Julia was an idle, careless girl, who spent her time gossiping in the neighbor's house, instead of taking care of her father, a weak, helpless old man, who toiled early and late trying to keep a roof over his head. All his wretched schemes had turned out badly. They had not in them the ring of a straightforward and honest man. Above all, the trouble and disgrace of his son Darby completely broke him down, and he took to his bed, only wishing and wanting to die. "It's the curse, it's Ownie's own curse," he would mourn for hours, as he lay alone without a soul to hand him even a drink of water. "Sure, I might have known it would come!"

At length the climax of Martin MacDermott's suffering was reached, the measure of his punishment filled up. For three years he had not paid a farthing of rent, and he was dispossessed, turned out of the house in which he was born, and his father and grandfather before him, to die by the way—left homeless and friendless by the roadside, on a dreary November morning.

Remembering his wakefulness to his only brother, his harshness to his poor, timid, patient wife, his blind indulgence of his son in the face of patent facts, his total neglect of his only daughter, and his mean scheming character, there were few to pity Martin MacDermott in his trouble, and so he was taken to the workhouse, his house knocked down, and not a trace left of what had once been a happy homestead.

And Owen, when he left the tent that ever memorable St. Patrick's night, it was with the resolve of going away forever—anywhere so that he was far from the place which had suddenly become hateful to him. He walked all night, and at the break of day found himself just outside the town of Ballinasloe. There he had some breakfast, and at the inn he entered into conversation with some men who were going to England with cattle, and were in want of a drover. Owen offered his services, and as he appeared a quite respectable young man they were accepted at once. They reached Dublin in three days, and then started for Liverpool, where Owen said good-bye to his cattle jobbers, and took a passage to America in the Golden Cross. On board he made himself so useful and agreeable to the captain, that he gave him a recommendation to a merchant in New York, who took him into his office. For five years Owen worked patiently and steadily, and then his master promoted him to be a clerk; and so on from step to step, his patient, honest industry raised him, till he became partner in one of the first firms in the great city. Then, when he paused to consider that he was rich and independent, and a gentleman, came home-longings. The Upland farm, the lane where he last walked with Julia, the quiet little market town—all used to come before him as he sat in his grand lonely house; and at last he resolved to pay his native place a visit.

He arrived at Gort late on the afternoon of the 16th of March, and determined to remain quiet till the next day, when he felt sure of meeting his brother Martin. It was just thirty years since Owen left his native place, and there were fewer changes in the dull little country than he anticipated—far fewer changes than in himself. But when St. Patrick's day dawned clear and frosty, he could not rest, and started early in the well-remembered direction of the Upland farm. How his old heart beat as he drew near the old cabin, weather-stained and desolate, which had been the home of Julia; and how it stood still as he reached the level field of oats which was just coming over ground where his father's house stood. Faint and sick he entered the first cabin he came to, and asked a drink of water. A wretched old woman, seeing how white he looked, asked him to take a stool, which he did, and after a few minutes silence, he began to ask some questions about the place. A young girl, with a face that would have been pretty but for its sulky expression, and a quantity of fair hair negligently hanging over her shoulders, looked up from a heap of flax she was carding, and examined the stranger attentively, as he asked the old woman what had become of the MacDermotts.

"Come here, Judy, and tell his honor what became of Martin MacDermott and his blessed family. This is his daughter, sir."

"And Martin, what has become of him? Is he dead?" Owen asked, breathlessly.

"No, it would be a good job if he was," the girl said sullenly; "he's in the poor house!"

Owen buried his face in his hands, and wept aloud. Surely his curse had fallen hot and heavy; far, far hotter and heavier than he meant it should. "Girl! did you ever hear of your uncle Owen? I am he. Take me to your father. And this is Julia's daughter! I might have known; you are so like her."

It was hard to make poor old Martin MacDermott understand that his brother had come back, and was rich, and willing to help him; but when it did dawn on his feeble mind his sorrow and his gratitude were touching to behold. "Take me away, Ownie—take me away from Ballybane. I can never hould up my head among the neighbors again. Sure I'm a poor, broken down auld creature; but I have a small taste of the spirit of the MacDermotts left yet, in spite of all my troubles. Take me an' Julia away, Ownie."

There was now demonstrated a beautiful instance of magnanimity. Owen took his brother and his niece to New York, but Martin did not long live to enjoy the splendid home of Owen. Six months after they landed he died, without any visible or local cause—simply of a broken heart. Julia took her place as mistress of her uncle's establishment; and before very long married the son of his partner, and had a fine house of her own; and when Darby's term of transportation expired, his uncle took him to live with him. The young man had learned a severe lesson, but he profited by it; and now is one of the most prosperous and esteemed merchants in New York. His children climb on the knees of a white-haired, gentle old man they call Uncle Owen, and he sometimes says to Darby, as he strokes his eldest boy's golden curls: "Your Owen is like me, nephew; I can see that I'm a happy old man. I could not have been so had I committed any horrid act of vengeance. In doing good for evil I feel that I am truly blest."

The Source of Salt.

The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for salt. It does originate in oceans and seas. Rains wash it and hold it in solution as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition, and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution, then it accumulates in masses at very deep points. Thus, the salt mines of Portland, and the vast horizontal beds of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock salt in St. Domingo, were collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry land, remote from water. There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from rock is rapidly going on, but there is not water power enough to force it onward to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed with the soil. The negroes of Northern Africa having discovered its distribution where there is no water to dissolve in the ground, leach it. In that way they separate the salt. Salt pervades the earth. It exists in the grasses and most vegetable products on which animals feed. In that way they derive enough in most countries to meet the demands of their natures. They require as much as civilized humanity. With them salt is necessary, as with ourselves, for keeping the organs of vision in good condition. Stop the supply, and blindness would ensue.

The Balloon Spider and its Work.

In a recent address before the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. G. Hale comes gives the following interesting report of the curious little balloon spider and its work, and the account will be received by our readers, we trust, with special interest, in view of our recent Illustrated accounts of certain "insect wonders." "I, once observed," says the writer, "one of these spiders at work in the upper corner of an open outside door-shutter. She was spinning gossamer, of which she was forming a balloon, and clinging to her thorax was a little cluster of young spiders. She finished up the body of the balloon, threw out the long bowlines, which were fluttering and flapping in the now gently increasing breeze. Several minutes before she got all ready for ascension, she seemed to be fixing the bottom and widening her hammock-shaped balloon; and now the breeze being suitable, she moved to the cable in the stern, severed it, and her craft bounded upward, and, soaring away northward, was soon beyond scope of observation."

A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.

The Customs and the Ceremonies.

From the New York Evening Post.

In the more remote parts of Norway many of the old customs which have fallen into disuse in the towns and their environs are still kept up among the peasantry. Weddings are events of great importance, and the occasions of much rejoicing among the kinsmen and neighbors of the happy couple. The village does its utmost to celebrate the event with quaint costumes and curious ornaments.

It was my good fortune to be in the village of Odde, on the Sogne Fiord, one summer day, when two substantial peasants were united in wedlock. The day before that fixed for the ceremony the guests began to arrive. Stalwart men and sunburned maidens came tramping down from the mountains or rowed up to the landing-place of the village from neighboring hamlets, which nestled under the cliffs on the fiord. The men were clad in blue homespun, and the women in their ordinary rough and well-worn dresses. Each of the latter, however, carried a birch-wood box containing her finery, and those who were married, a spotless and well-starched cap. The boxes were gaudily painted in red, green and yellow, and were ornamented, in addition, with the name of the owner and date of her birth.

Late in the afternoon the "fliitin," as it is called in Scotland, took place. The dowry of the bride—linen clothes and household furniture—was piled upon a cart. Each box and article was marked with the bride's name, and date of her birth, and of her intended marriage. "Ingeborg Margalen, June 13, 1850. Gift July 10, 1874." Margalen means the daughter of Margal, for it is in this Scriptural manner that women are always, and men often designated in Norway. When the cart had been loaded, the bridegroom, leading the horse, started in the direction of his home, followed by his future wife with a basket of cake on her arm, and all the married women of the village. None of the actors in this little scene appeared to enjoy themselves very much, if one could judge of their feelings from their looks. The members of this bridal party considered themselves engaged in very serious business. Indeed, the procession marching solemnly along with downcast eyes would have become a funeral better than it did the beginning of a wedding festival. The bride, having distributed her cakes, and the household effects having been safely placed in the bridegroom's house, the party broke up. During the evening the young men and maidens amused themselves in dancing the "spring dance" to the music of flutes and fiddles. Next morning about 11 o'clock we were informed that the bridal party were approaching. Having seated ourselves on a stone wall by the roadside, we waited patiently for their appearance. At length we saw them winding along the narrow road where it crossed the brow of a hill about half a mile distant. First came the bride and groom hand-in-hand, passing slowly along, with downcast eyes. About them were the men of the place. After these came the married women, and last of all, the girls and children of the village. The little procession made a pretty appearance—the white caps of the women shining in the bright sunlight, and the red in their costumes making brilliant contrast with their blue skirts and the dark dress of the men. Of course every one was in his or her best, the bride being particularly noticeable in her wedding finery.

On her head was a gaudy crown, perhaps twelve inches high, ornamented with beads, beadwork and gold. A band of beadwork around her forehead formed the base of the crown. From this rose wires, covered with red thread, supporting a circle of gold lozenges, measuring about two inches from point to point. Above these lozenges the wire spread out until the circumference of the crown at their tips became twice as great as that of the band about the head. From the tips of these wires were suspended strings of the large white, red and blue beads, about four inches long, ending in a little plate of so-called gold. The bride's hair was combed down her back, and over it lay three broad ribbons, covered with beadwork, from the bride's neck a scarf, stiff with embroidery and beadwork, hung down almost to the ground. Her hands were hidden—except when the groom had possession of one of them—in a sort of a muff of embroidered muslin, with an edge of open work. The rest of her costume consisted of a dark blue homespun skirt, over which hung a white apron, a white shirt of not very fine material, and a close-fitting, sleeveless vest of brilliant red stuff, cut low in front to show the silver filagree breast-pin, and other ornaments in the bosom of the shirt. The lower part of the shirt bosom, however, is usually covered by a band of beadwork, the various colored beads of which form a sort of lozenge pattern. The bride-groom and the other men wore suits of dark blue homespun which, although not peculiar or attractive, formed a good background for the brilliant colors of the women's dress.

The other women of the party wore white shirts, red or green bodices, and blue skirts cut exactly like the bride's. The head-gear was by far the most striking part of the women's dress, and is the badge which distinguishes the married from the single. The unmarried girls wore their hair in two long plaits, tied together at the ends with ribbons. As they usually have very ugly-shaped heads, this is not a very becoming fashion, and it is perhaps for this reason that the matrons condemn them to this severe simplicity, while they cover their own heads with tremendous caps. This cap is snow-white, and is starched and fluted with the greatest care. In front it is not fluted and resembles a small poke bonnet fitting close to the head. On the crown there is an immense bow, the ends of which are fastened to the cap at the side of the head, about four inches from the top. Over this bow a fluted piece of muslin in shape and size resembling a large handkerchief, is rolled so that a part of it hangs down the back, a corner resting on each shoulder and one hanging down to the waiste. As may be imagined, these white top-knots give the woman a very stately and peculiar appearance. At the first glance they appear to be all cap. To return to the wedding.

When the bridal party had arrived at the church, the principals retired to a house near by and the rest of the party stood about the church door, while a deputation proceeded to a house not far off to ask the clergyman to perform the ceremony. As he had traveled some twenty miles the day before for this express purpose he consented, and soon entered the church. He wore a long black gown and an Elizabethan ruff about his neck. After the clergyman the bridal party made their way into the church in a rather confused manner, the men taking their seats on the right hand side of the aisle and the women and children on the left.

The clergyman having entered the chancel—an octagonal space railed off at one end of the church and having at the back a screen of oak, ornamented with several gaudy pictures—the ceremony began. First, the clerk sang a very nasal solo, then there was an exhortation lasting nearly an hour, then the clergyman chanted, the clerk sang another psalm, the clergyman joined the hands of the couple, placed his right hand first on the head of the woman, then on that of the man, blessed them, and they were man and wife. The couple then rose from their knees, and followed by the more liberal of their kinsman, walked to the clerk's desk, on the left of the chancel, and dropped a few coins into the alms-chest. They then walked entirely around the chancel and behind the screen to their original place in front of it. Then another prayer was made, the clergyman first, then many of the spectators shook hands with bride and groom, and then all left the church. The marriage ceremony lasted about three-quarters of an hour, and was rather a trying ordeal for the many children present.

After leaving the church, the happy pair retired to the house of a near relative who lived close by the church, where they received the congratulations of their friends. For three days bride and groom are expected to receive all comers, and to entertain them with feasting and dancing. On the other hand, each guest is expected to bring some small present, usually some food, to be used in the wedding festivities. At the conclusion of the wedding feast the bride's mother and the other matrons present strip her of her wedding finery, and substitute for it the stately cap and dress of a married woman.

Buying American Goods Abroad.

One sometimes meets with American goods unexpectedly abroad. A friend last year purchased at a shop in Paris one of the little, gold-plated and rubber telescope pencils, such as are made and sold in great number on this side of the Atlantic, for which he paid fifteen francs. A few days afterwards, when in London, he noticed the same article in a shop window, and being so well pleased with his first purchase he entered the premises and bought a duplicate, price 10 shillings. "This is less than they asked me for the same thing in Paris," said our buyer. "Yes," answered our dealer, always ready to make a point against his Parisian competitors; "we always sell lower in London than in Paris." Our friend was on his way home, and when he got down to Liverpool espied the identical object of his fancy again in a Liverpool window. "Let us go in and ask the price of those pencils here," he said to his lady companion. They did so, and were told, to his astonishment, that the price was eight shillings, and he was again tempted to purchase one as a present for a friend. "I thought these pencils were made in Paris," said our friend, "but find the further I go the cheaper they are. I paid fifteen francs in Paris, ten shillings in London, and now you sell me one for eight shillings." "Well," said the dealer, "when you get to America you'll find them cheaper still, for they were made over there." And so it proved, for they can be bought in Boston or New York for about $15 a dozen.

Wonders Never Cease.

An old resident of Horseheads writes us from the West: Will science come to the rescue? A great commotion has been raised in Lenawee county, Michigan, (and justly, too,) over a quantity of bones and two horns of massive proportions, which were exhumed in clearing a ditch, about twelve miles southwest of Adrian, on lands of Mr. Tuttle. I was kindly piloted to the spot by Mr. Daniel Fisk, living near the ditch drains, a large tract of low land timbered by black ash thick as a canebreak. Obstructions were being removed by Mr. Tuttle, when the wonders were unveiled. Some seven feet below the surface, and after much digging, a large quantity of bones were found which are in good state of preservation. After viewing the ground we repaired to Mr. Tuttle's residence and were kindly received and granted a view of the strange relics, and received all the information asked for. I took a measurement of one of the horns, which is quite curved and without twist, and would lie on a level surface and touch from base to point. The distance by tape line on outer curve, from tip to base, was nine feet nine inches; on straight line from base to point, six feet three inches; widest point from straight line to outside curve, three feet five inches; diameter at base, eight inches; weight, 175 pounds. Measurement was made by myself, not given by Mr. Tuttle, which is undoubtedly correct. An examination of such things makes food for reflection.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

"Sunset" Cox's Pet Gesture.

A fair correspondent of the Boston Globe who has interviewed "Sunset" Cox, writes of the conversation as follows: "I meekly remarked, 'That forefinger of yours often does execution in puncturing your antagonist and punctuating your sentences at the same time!' 'Did you ever notice how I use it?' Of course I had, but he illustrated the gesture practically, and it is a most unusual one, so I'll describe it here. When he rises to speak—his desk is in the front row—he jerks off his eye-glasses, letting them swing by their cord, steps back up the aisle, talking all the time in a most rapid fashion. He throws back the skirt of his coat on the left side thrusts his left hand into his pocket in the pet American style, nods that remarkable head in emphatic bobs, looks as if a funny thought now originated in his brains, and then out goes the right hand. Sometimes the index finger is sharply pointed forward and downward in successive movements, that made one think of the pecks a young chicken administers to its foe, then the arm rests a minute by his side, then he holds the hand easily in an upward posture, arranging the fingers almost exactly as a skillful boy does when he poises his 'alley' for telling shot in 'ring taw.' Watch the next group of youngsters that you see at that historic game, only fancy the boy intends to project the marble upwards instead of forward, and you have 'Sunset' Cox's pet and peculiar gesture.

THE little boys down in Maine begin to write letters easy. Here is one that a little fellow in Auburn wrote to his brother the other day: "Eat your bred and butter, Johny, don't eat half of it up and leav the other all torne and bitten or the crust at the sides of your plate then the highard girl will hav to throw them away. you wuld wast the nice bred that papa bys for us and brijet makes."

BEST of all it is to preserve everything in a pure, still heart, and let there be for every pulse a thanksgiving, and for every breath a song.—*Gossner.*

WHY is a man never knocked down against his will? Because it is impossible to fall unless inclined.

A TAX SHIRKER.

How Some Rich Men Evade their Burdens.

From the New York Times.

Henry H. Jaques, a well-known and wealthy resident of East Orange, N. J., was placed on trial yesterday in the Essex County Court of Quarter Sessions, on an indictment charging him with perjury. The case is one of those referred to in a late presentment of the grand jury, calling attention to the manner in which wealthy men evade the payment of taxes, by investing all their available and taxable capital in untaxable United States bonds on the day when the assessment is levied, and selling them a day or two afterwards. In opening the case, Prosecutor Abel briefly recited the alleged facts. He said that in making a sworn statement of his property, on May 20th, the day on which the assessment is made, Mr. Jaques put down the balance he had in bank at $533.53, and in the list of his creditors he included the National Newark Banking Company, and said he was indebted to them in the sum of $35,000. The prosecution proposed to show that the sworn return was false, and that it was made to set off against his property debts which had no existence in fact. Instead of $533.53, Mr. Jacques had a balance in bank of $25,000, and he owed the bank only $10,000. On the 19th of May the defendant handed the bank a demand note for $25,000, and on the same day he deposited a check for that amount, dated the 23d of May, just tiding over the 20th. The object of this was to enable him to swear that on the 20th he owed the bank $25,000, when in point of fact he did not owe it anything, because of the check. Thomson O. Munn, assessor of East Orange, was the first witness called, and he identified the sworn statement made to him by the defendant. J. Newton Morehouse, bookkeeper of the bank, produced a transcript of the ledger showing that on the 20th and 21st of May, Mr. Jacques had a balance of $25,568.53 to his credit. This closed the case for the State. The defense, which is represented by Courtlandt Parker and A. O. Keasby, while admitting that Mr. Jacques had sought to evade the payment of taxes, denied that he had been guilty of willful perjury. It is claimed that this action was perfectly legal, although from a moral standpoint, it might not be exactly upright and fair minded. Other wealthy men in the community do precisely the same thing, and are not called to account. The main point upon which the defense depended for a verdict was that Mr. Jaques took the note to the bank to have it discounted, and that he made arrangements with the cashier to purchase bonds with the proceeds. He thought that the check which he had deposited at the same time was dated the 10th instead of the 23d. The cashier failed to invest the proceeds of the note as he had agreed to do, and hence the balance in Jaque's favor of which he was unaware at the time of making the sworn statement. The case is still on.

A Pet Lobster.

A journalist met with a strange pet the other day when paying a visit. While he was talking he noticed something moving on the carpet, which was neither dog nor cat. On looking again he saw that it was a fine lobster, dark gray, spotted with red, and thought it must have escaped from the kitchen. The lady of the house smiled, and said, "I must tell you the history of my pet. Some months ago I bought a lobster and as it was not wanted for dinner my cook left it in the water in the kitchen. I was going to a ball that night, and being ready I sat in an easy chair and fell fast asleep. Suddenly I sprang up from the pain of a sharp bite in my foot, and I saw the lobster biting it. I started up ran to the kitchen. No one being there, and a cloth in front of the stove had caught fire. It was soon extinguished, but I have kept the lobster ever since out of gratitude." It has its basin of cold water, and seems to recognize its mistress, and is so fond of music that it is always drawn toward the piano whenever she plays.

Dexterous Sikhs.

Some remarkable feats of skill were recently performed at Bhopal, in India, by the Sikh Cavalry. A sheep was suspended on a sort of gibbet, and the men were to ride past and cut at it. Captain Buller, commandant of the Central Indsa Horse, divided the sheep at one single cut; but although nearly a hundred cuts were made at another carcass by the men at various times, not one succeeded in severing it. Captain Buller was destined to perform the coup de grace which he did in fine style, and, and the lower end of the carcass dropped in one single cut with his peculiarly shaped Sikh scimetar. After this another very dexterous feat, which is common to the Skihs, was performed. This consists in throwing circular shaped steel quoits at anything. The old Sikhs throw these quots with deadly aim, and have been known to decapitate scores of their enemies at night without making the slightest noise. They generally throw with their left hard, and the quoit whirrs at an awful speed with as straight and precise a course as a bullet.

A Singular Operation.

The Terre Haute Journal says that on Wednesday week Dr. Stevens removed from the throat of George Wilkinson, in the Southern part of Vigo County, Indiana, a bean that had been lodged in the trachea for six years. The patient is about thirty-five years of age. He was toying with a bean in his mouth, and swallowed or attempted to swallow it, six years ago, and felt some slight obstruction at the time. Shortly afterward and since that time he has experienced all the symptoms of asthma, and has made use of the usual remedies for the complaint without any success. Dr. Stevens had some time ago removed a bean from the trychea of a child, and suspected that this was the case with Mr. Wilkins, especially as he had very fine lungs. He found the bean lodged in the trachea, imbedded in a lymph that had formed about it. It was a common white soup bean, and it had been there so long that when taken out it crumbled like soft chalk.

Fohi and Noah.

It is believed by some scholars that Fohi, the first King of China, is identical with Noah. The Chinese themselves claim that Fohi was no father; and Noah, although subsequent to the flood the great progenitor of the race, was himself at that time fatherless. The mother of Fohi is said to have borne him encompassed with a rainbow—an evident allusion to the bow of promise revealed to Noah as the sign of God's covenant. Fohi is represented o have reared seven kinds of creatures, which he sacrificed to the Great Supreme. Noah also took into the ark clean beasts and fowls by sevens, which he offered to the God of heaven as burnt offerings. Fohi is represented as drawing of the waters which had deluged the earth, thus indentifying him with the flood.

SPECULATIONS for farmers—live stock and plough-shares.

Across the Street.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

I do not know it if she knows
I watch her, as she comes and goes;
I wonder if she dreams of it.
Sitting and working at my rhymes,
I weave her sunny hair at times
Into my verse, or gleams of it.

Upon her window-ledge is set
A box of flowering mignonette;
Morning and night she tends to them,
The senseless flowers, that do not care
To kiss that strand of loosened hair,
As prettily she bends to them.

If I could once contrive to get
Into that box of mignonette,
Some morning as she tends to them!—
Dear me! I see the sweet blood rise
And bloom about her cheeks and eyes
And bosom, as she bends to them!

—*Atlantic.*

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

KEY WEST cigars—Florida fumers.

A POOR relation—Telling an anecdote badly.

THE easiest way to pay a gas bill is to burn kerosene.

MISS ELIZA WEATHERBY is starring in the far south.

OUR late Treasurer was a toiler as well as a Spinner.

THE VOKES Family is playing in a new extravaganza at the Adelphi, London.

MINNIE MYRTLE MILLER, Joaquin's wife, is training her eldest daughter for the stage.

A COLORADO audience presented a "musical prodigi" with a gold fiddle an inch long.

"LESS study and more fun" is Rev. Robert Collyer's view on the education of young children.

NIBLO'S THEATRE, New York, is temporarily closed for repairs and re-ornamentation.

IN Russia a commission is to examine the expediency of reducing the number of holidays.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT will star in San Francisco, New Orleans and other cities next season.

NEW YORKERS say Aimee has returned from Cuba with a renewed supply of voice and spirits.

THEY have barking cats in Allentown, Pa. That is, the hungry felines take the bark off fruit trees.

QUESTIONS of the day—One I or two? z, s or c? able or ible? u in or u out?

THEY have the "Lotta vest" in San Francisco.

COLORADO stiffly protests that she has a starch-mine.

SANTA ANA'S $700 saddle adorns a Washington pawn-shop.

THE great unknown—Those who don't advertise.—*Graphic.*

COMPULSORY education—Learning a trade in the state prison.

WHEN a barber's pole falls on your head, consider it a bad sign.

THE time to put a stop to it—When you get to the end of a sentence.

IN a recent boar hunt in France one wild boar disabled twenty dogs, and was only conquered by a bullet.

MRS. BAYARD TAYLOR is translating her husband's History of Germany into the German language.

WHEN Julia was told that John was a tectotaller she suddenly found that her own fears were dissipated.

LIFE is a sum; and it becomes us to do it properly, as it can be done but once.

PLEASURE is certainly made up of something finite and something infinite meeting together.

A VETERAN shopkeeper says that although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

STRAWBERRIES were in the San Francisco market, at $2 a pound, on the 11th of March, a month earlier than usual.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT has decided to take up his permanent residence in Virginia City, Nevada.

A HAPPY thought comes from a happy heart; it will come from no other, but it will go to another.

MARK TWAIN has a two-year old boy weighing 100 pounds. They call him the broad innocent.

THE readiest and best way to find out what a future duty will be, is to do present duty.

WHO can measure the power of a great idea? Armies fight in vain against it, and nations yield to its sway. —*Maudsley.*

THERE are words which are worth as much as the best actions, for they contain the germ of them all.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

THE Anchor line on Saturday began the Scotch mail service, and its boats will hereafter rank among the mail steamers.

THE National Butter and Egg Association has resolved that artificial coloring is a legitimate part of the art of butter making.

A REVOLVER with which five of its previous owners had committed suicide was sold at auction in Paris, the other day.

ALFONSO will not permit his subjects to kneel at his feet or kiss his hand, which shows him to be a sensible fellow.

THE copyright of a single piece of music, Coote's "Prince Imperial Galop," was recently sold by auction in London for £900.

A WILLIAMSBURG man woke his wife, the other night, and, in a startled tone of voice, informed her that he had swallowed a dose of strychnine "Well, you, fool," said she, "lie still or it may come up."

A GENTLEMAN who had been indulging the great North American privilege of getting drunk, says he was holding to a lamp-post, and as soon as he let go to a lamp-post, and as soon as he let go the post felt down. That's the last thing he remembers.

SOMEBODY in Baltimore claims to have seen a phantom dog one night recently. This is encouraging to us and all others who have long wished to see phantom dogs supercede every other sort.

THERE is a land, a happy land,
But how shall I get there?
Straight down the crooked lane,
And right around the square.—*Hood.*

PAT bought a sheep's head, and was writing down the recipe for cooking it when a dog made off with it. Pat gave chase a little way, shouting, "Come back wid me sheep's head, you robber, ye!" but after a stiff run had to give in, deadbeat, when he consoled himself, "Niver moind; he hasn't got the resate to cuke it."

IT belongs to every large nature when it is not under the immediate power of some strange unquestioning emotion, to suspect itself, and doubt the truth of its own impressions, conscious of possibilities beyond its own horizon.

DEAR heart of mine, sweet heart, true heart,
Lift up your eyes to me!
Those eases had never power to part
Loves pledged so truthfully!
And in our life's late, fair fall days—
Though frost has stripped the bowers—
We'll search the old well-trodden ways,
For autumn's closing flowers!