

THE MORTGAGE.

We worked through spring and winter, through summer and through fall. But the mortgage worked the hardest and the longest of them all.

Ocean Voyages.

A gray-headed and grey bearded old salt, who has been in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship company for years, spun a rather interesting yarn to a number of visitors at the dock who were inspecting one of the elegantly fitted steamers yesterday.

The passenger who is making his first voyage, but who at the same time desires to appear perfectly at home among his strange surroundings, usually comes aboard with a superabundance of baggage and useless traps, which he will throw overboard or give to the steerage passengers before he is two weeks out.

"In less than three days the passengers had become acquainted with each other and with the officers, and they move about, chat and indulge in all sorts of whims and fancies, more like members of one large family than persons in any other imaginable relationship.

At 8 o'clock P. M. tea is served by the Chinese cabin-boys, dressed in the richest Oriental indoor attire. Later in the evening there is a family gathering in the social hall, a large, beautifully carpeted and elegantly upholstered cabin on the upper deck, plentifully supplied with windows, hung with damask and lace; the hall lighted with as brilliant a chandelier as adorns any of the mansion palaces of the city.

among the passengers several members of the musical profession will be found, who, joining in the general sociability of the place, will unbend and contribute to the enjoyment of all. As the evening wears on, in couples or little parties the assemblage gradually departs for some quiet corner, where low conversations with agreeable acquaintances, or tele-grams with less than the customary reserve, are kept up often until long past midnight, while the steamer glides calmly along over the phosphorescent, starlit sea.—S. F. Chronicle.

Wrecks in Washington.

The streets of Washington, says the Philadelphia Press, are lined with old battered wrecks that the waves and winds of politics have cast ashore from time to time. A young man with ability and ambition, but with no money, is lured to Washington by the flicker light of social and political prominence. I do not care whether he comes to the house, whether he comes to the senate, whether he is at the head of a bureau, an officer of congress or even a department clerk.

I know a graduate of Harvard college, who was himself the president of a college, a senator in congress, and subsequently in a position of almost unequalled power, who "settled" in Washington. Drink and crime brought him to ruin, and he was, if I am not wrong, once in jail and many times in the station house. He was a superior scholar, an eloquent speaker and an able thinker. It was not unusual for him to accost his former friends and ask for a quarter to buy something to eat. Where he is now I do not know.

I know of as sad a case in the lower house—a man of commanding mind and presence and rarely gifted as an orator. He was at one time a member of the constitutional convention of Kentucky, afterward a member of the state legislature of California, and was elected to codify the laws of that state; was an elector on the French ticket in 1856; was receiver of public moneys in one of the territories, and subsequently surveyor-general, and then served two terms in the house. He was sought by all the scientific, religious and literary societies here, and stood as high as any man in either branch of congress. Well, what of it, you ask. Well, this of it. For several years past that man kept one of the lowest dives and brothels in the city, where young men and weak men were lured by rum, cards and women. He died the other day in this miserable hotel, and was followed to his grave by a depraved creature of the town, whom he called his wife.

Society's Pet Painter.

A Hungarian—Munkacsy—at present holds the enviable position of society's pet painter. About four years ago the "Milton Dictating to His Daughter" revealed his genius to the French, as "Last Days of a Condemned Peasant" had long before revealed it to his countrymen. But Munkacsy did not get out of the rut of mere greatness till he produced his "Christ Before Pilate," two years ago, and that made him sublime. It was a happy inspiration all through; the subject has been the sport of convention from the earliest times, yet Munkacsy took it clean out of that domain and restored it to nature. Pilate and his friends, the prosecution and the defense, were no longer the massive gods of the classic mythology masquerading in the robes of the Apostles; they were men of our own day—that is to say, of any day. Some of them were just such ruffians as you might meet to-morrow in the alms, and the central figure had a face of masculine beauty brought startlingly near to humanity, by its expression of suppressed scorn. The way of exhibiting the work was just as original as the way of painting—perhaps more so. Munkacsy contrived to be a few days late for the salon, and that gave him an excuse for taking a room of his own, and putting the picture up there as a kind of counter attraction. Everybody went to see it, and then it started on its travels through Europe. In some capitals, especially Enda-Pesth, in the painter's own country, the entry was a public event—people turned out as for a general holiday, and sang patriotic songs; and still, wherever the picture goes, it is seen by thousands whose shillings or francs are making the largest fortune probably ever earned by a single work. A sequel to this canvas—"The Crucifixion"—is now on the easel, and it will have just the same success. It is not too early to say that, for you can see what it is going to be from the sketches which the painter allows you to examine, without scruple, as they lie in his rooms. He has not the usual shyness of genius

about showing his thought in process of incubation; you may follow it all out, from the first draft in charcoal for the ensemble, to the smaller oils for each detail. The wonder is that he can bear to dispense with that effect of surprise at the sudden sight of the finished picture, which makes most artists keep people out of their studios until, as they put it, they are ready to let them in. It shows the highest confidence in himself, as though he felt that the secrets of his genius were in no danger of spies.

His surroundings in the Avenue de Villiers are magnificent; and in going up that staircase lined with lockeys, you would hardly expect to find a pictorial glorification of the religion of poverty at the top. He is in one of the newest houses of a mayfair of art, and is one of the most gorgeous. It might suggest success on the Bonaparte rather than success in the studio, to those who do not know what modern art is. It is probable that the big gray-haired man dreamingly painting away in the atelier is so abstracted that he hardly knows the difference between that splendid building and the trunkmaker's little shop in which his youth was passed in Hungary. He has simply gone on painting in all changes of fortune; his wife—a rich man's widow—has done the rest. He painted his own trunk so the story goes, with the small landscape views which are "de rigueur" in that part of the world. He was found thus engaged by the inevitable amateur of wealth and discernment; the amateur sent him to an art school, and he did the rest himself. That is the legend, and it ought to be true. The house is furnished in that style of mediævalism which Makart has poetized for our day. That painter's studio in Vienna is one of the sights of the city. You go to see it just as you go to see the Hofburg or the Votive church. The main idea in all such interiors is picturesque gloom, pierced here and there by flashes of strong light. The woods are old, or they are made to look so; the massive curtains are in deep purple or in faded gold; the upholstery is monumental, and casts heavy shadows on the floor. There is a profusion of rich stuffs, tapestries, carpets, cabinets, pottery, armor and arms. It is the luxury of the east just coming in contact with the more ordered beauty of the west, as benefits the tastes of a region on the borderland. Such painters need never stir abroad for models of mere decoration. Munkacsy has in his place most things that he wants for most pictures, even perspective and vista, for from the right and left of the stair case, as you mount to the studio, you catch glimpses of vast living rooms, one behind the other. The whole thing is a bit of rather sombre fairyland, du moynage.

When "The Crucifixion" is finished, it will probably set forth on its travels like the other work; and when we shall be able to make up our minds conclusively as to a new experiment in art patronage. Till this day the painter has generally worked for the distinguished amateur; Munkacsy, improving on the example set by Holman Hunt, is showing that it may be a good deal better to work for the undistinguished crowd. Their shillings may, in the long run, come to more than the others' checks. A picture may travel like a star actress; and if you only "manage" it, as even as the best star actress must be managed, its receipts may be just what you like to have them. You have all the capitals of Europe open to you, and when you have done Europe there is the New World. The artist a la mode of the past had to be a courtier; the artist a la mode of the future may have to be a demagogue.—London World.

A Romance of the Vatican.

American girls have high matrimonial aspirations. Sometimes in their flight they catch a German baron, an Italian count, or a French marquis. Rarely, in the uppermost air of all, they encounter an English peer, or even the son of a peer, or even the nephew of a peer. But rarely, very rarely, is it given to them to capture the nephew of a pope. Yet that is the fate of M'le Sylvine Bueno, a wealthy heiress from Cuba.

The father of M'le Bueno was a Spaniard who had migrated when young to the Pearl of the Antilles, made his fortune in a bank, and returned to Europe. There he gave himself up to pleasure—whether at Paris, Rome or Seville, whether sunning himself at the seaside, or following up the hunt at Fontainebleau. His wife died the match-making for his daughters. One of them married Senor Agrella, a Spaniard. Another, Sylvine, was staying with her relatives at Seville, the Paris of Andalusia, when a tall and handsome young Italian arrived from Rome on a mission, which decided her fate. The handsome Italian was Count Camillo Pecci, nephew of Pope Leo XIII.

No family ever lived more quietly than that of Gioacchino Pecci, now head of the Catholic church. Before the time of Rome itself they had been settled in the heart of Italy, at Carpineto, perched on top of Volcan mountains. Here, in an atmosphere the nobility and refinement, the childhood of the future Pope was spent, and here, at the academy of nobles, he went with his brother to school. His brothers were four, Giuseppe, Carlo, Giovanni Battista and Ferdinando, of whom Giuseppe alone survives, a devout man and a cardinal. His sisters were two, Anna Maria and Caterina, both of whom are dead. Giovanni Battista left five children, Anna Maria left four. Camillo, born March 1st, 1855, is the second son of Giovanni Battista.

He has long been a favorite of the Pope, who gave him apartments at the Vatican, made him a member of the Guardia Nobile, and intrusted him with delicate missions. His eldest brother had been engaged to Signorina Zacheo, a maiden of Carpineto, and when his uncle was raised to power he was counseled to break his engagement, for all the heiresses in Rome would be now at his feet; but Leo XIII would have none of it, and Signorina Zacheo became the wife of Count Luigi Pecci. His elder sister, Anna, married the Marchese Canali and received from the Pope the dowry which Luigi received—12,000 Roman crowns, to-wit. But Camillo was in higher favor than either Luigi or Anna. He was the ideal of a fine young soldier, and the ladies were all in love with him. In the spring of 1882 he was despatched by his uncle to carry a cardinal's hat

to the late archbishop of Seville, Monseigneur Lincoy Garriga. He was received with acclamation by the Andalusian aristocracy. He went everywhere, whether it was from a balcony where the guitar is being trummed, or from the shadow of a Moorish gate, or from a row of the amphitheatre at a bull fight, two eyes flashed out upon him and pierced him to the heart. Six months went by. He had returned to Rome, he was on duty one morning in the Vatican when again he beheld the eyes. They had come to see the ordinary sights of the tourist—Raphael's "Transfiguration," Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment"—and they fell on a figure of Guardia Nobile, and sealed the destiny of Sylvine Bueno and Camillo Pecci.

The romance which began under the orange trees of Seville, and was continued in the corridors of the Vatican, will end at Paris, where M'gre di Renle, the papal nuncio, will pronounce the benediction over the married pair. But it is remarked that none of the recent Popes have been willing to advance their relatives. No charge of nepotism was made against Pius VII, Leo XII, Pius VIII, Gregory XVI, or Pius IX. Their elevation brought no material advantages to their families—the Chiaramonti, the Della Gonga, the Casigioni, the Cappellari, and the Mastal-Ferran. And though the egypt, the star and the lilies of the Percis are carefully designed in young boxwood by the gardeners of the Vatican, the Pope knows very little ancestral pride, and quickly passes the heraldic device to look at the golden pheasants and the fan-tailed pigeons in the aviary.

At the same time he is rich and thrifty. While his ordinary food is goat's milk wine from Velletri, while his table is more poorly equipped than that of a needy curate, his patrimony is growing large. And when the time comes for him to distribute it to his family, the gossips of Rome believe that the lion's share will be given to the handsome young officer who is about to lead M'le Bueno to the altar.

Children of the German Crown Prince.

There are six children living. One of the four daughters, Charlotte, is living in happy wedlock with a young officer on the general staff of the army, the hereditary prince of Meiningen, with whose mother, who she was the young Charlotte of Prussia, the present crown prince had entertained the closest and most intimate friendship of his early youth. Like his mother-in-law, the prince of Meiningen is ardently devoted to the fine arts, music and Greek archeology being his special studies.

The eldest child, William, was brought up, together with his brother Henry, by Dr. Hinzpeter, of whose wisdom and conscientiousness it would be difficult to say too much. From the first, at the parents' desire, the aims of this education were fixed very high indeed. No half-knowledge. They must be examined rigorously and by strangers before they could be allowed to enter the Latin school at Cassel, to which, with a heavy heart, the parents surrendered them for several years' severe schooling. When Dr. Hinzpeter gave up his pupils, the elder to university life, the younger to the naval profession, he had the satisfaction to see them reckoned among the most diligent and successful scholars of the Cassel High school. Like all Hohenzollerns, the emperor's youthful grandson and future heir is now doing military service at Potsdam, whither he has led, in 1881, the lovely Princess Victoria of Augustenburg. It is her son whom the emperor, eighty-five years old, is represented holding on his arms in the presence of son and grandson. "Four emperors!" say the loyal Berliners, and are pleased. And the crown Prince says of his first daughter-in-law, "Nobody can measure the blessing that has entered our family with her."

Like his younger brother, Prince William loves the sea, ship-building, and applied mathematics. But how could he be spared for the navy when grim Tradition was already put out of humor by this youngest branch of the national defenses taking one of the family away from the army, Prussia's main stay? Prince Heinrich is reckoned to be one of the pluckiest sailors afloat, enjoying his life supremely, and nowhere disguising his conviction that the German navy is superior to any other in the world.

To mark the regard for the sacredness of education which his parents manifest on every occasion, let me mention a small anecdote of Prince William's earlier days. One day he appeared in his tutor's room, deeply mortified by what had happened to him. He related the circumstances and asked, amid many tears, whether his father had not wronged him. The dilemma was somewhat awkward. But Dr. Hinzpeter, after considering a moment, said, "I think your father has done you wrong; if so, he will be sorry." With this, after setting his pupil to his task, he walked out of the room and returned soon with a summons to the crown prince. Tremblingly did the son walk in, but was soon reassured. When they left the father took Dr. Hinzpeter's hand into his, thanking him: "I trust you will preserve to us and our children your uprightness and truth." The crown prince, on her part, does not occasionally drop into the schoolroom where her daughters, Victoria, Sophie and Marguerite, are being brought up—she takes the lessons with them, resolved not only to advance by a knowledge of books on political economy or metaphysics, but to perfect herself year by year in those matters which are the groundwork of everybody's development.—Harper's Magazine.

The Buffalo.

In going down the Yellowstone and across the vast region lying between Glendive and Mandan, says the Helena, Mont., Independent, one is struck with the evident scarcity of game. This famous region, where two or three years ago herds of buffalo, antelope and deer were to be seen on every side, is now, to all appearances, stripped of its game. For the entire distance from Livingston to Mandan I only saw two or three small bands of antelope and not a sign of a deer or buffalo. The fact is the slaughter of buffalo and deer has been immense for the past two years, and particularly the former. It is estimated that during the past winter there have been 1000 hunters engaged in the business of slaughtering buffalo along the

line of the Northern Pacific between Mandan and Livingston. An eagle eyed hunter got aboard of the train at Glendive, and he gave me the following details as to the modus operandi in slaughtering herds of Buffalo: In the first place the hunter uses the Sharpe rifle, 40 90 calibre. With this he can kill 100 yards. When he sees a herd of buffalo he usually slips up to within convenient range, from 300 to 500 yards, and always selects a cow for his first victim. He does this for the reason that the cow is followed by both her yearling and two year-old calves, and they will usually stand by her to the last. But under no circumstances will the experienced hunter kill his buffalo outright. If he does, the herd will stampede at once. The policy is to wound fatally, but so that the animal will dash around in a circle before falling. This it always does when mortally wounded, and after a few moments lies down. The remainder of the herd are not alarmed at this, but continue to gaze or look on, dazed spectators of the tragedy being enacted. After his first shot the hunter pauses until quiet is restored, and again fires at another cow with similar results. He always aims to put his ball just behind the fore shoulder, which will cause death in five minutes at the furthest. When cows have all been slain he turns his attention to the calves, and lastly to the bulls. The experienced hunter generally bags the entire herd, unless he is so unfortunate as to drop his game immediately, when the survivors stampede at once. The buffalo does not scare at the crack of a gun. He has decidedly more courage than discretion. It is only when the crack is followed by an immediate fall that he realizes its deadly nature and takes the alarm. The policy of killing the cows first and then the calves has resulted almost in the extinction of the female buffalo. Herds of melancholy bulls can still occasionally be seen, sometimes in bands of twenty or thirty, and often without a single cow. The few remaining cows now have their pick of lovers and always choose from the young blood of the herd.

The buffalo bull, after he passes his fourth year, loses his attractiveness to the opposite sex, and the aversion seems to be mutual. Gathering about him his bachelor friends of equal age, he retires into the wilderness and forever avoids the female members of the herd, who mate with younger and more uxorious masculines. As I have said, the bulls are about all that are now left of the buffalo. They largely owe their safety to the fact that their hides are less valuable than those of the cow, while they are also far more difficult to kill. The hide of the bull is worth to the hunter from \$1 80 to \$1, while that of the cow brings \$3 50, and that of the two-year old calf is worth from \$1 to \$1 50. But of late there has sprung up in the east a demand for the head of the buffalo calf. The well-preserved head of an aged bull, decked out with glass eyes, with horns intact, will readily sell for \$25 in the eastern markets. Consequently the buffalo hunter of the future will wage a destructive war on the bull tribe, and these venerable relics of a bygone era will also pass away.

Voracious Birds.

Should any one possess a caged thrush it will be as well to keep a separate cage for snail-eating, as the bird is so eager to break up the snail that he covers the cage with slime. A large stone should be put in this feeding cage, and the bird will soon learn to pass into it when a snail is ready for him. The appetite of the bird is wonderful. A thrush will eat at a meal the largest snail that England produces. If a man could eat as much in proportion, he would consume a whole round of beef for his dinner. The red-breast, again, is a most voracious bird. It has been calculated that to keep a red breast up to its normal weight an amount of animal food is needed daily equal to an earth worm 14 feet in length. Taking a man of average weight and measuring bulk for bulk with the red-breast, I tried to calculate how much food he would consume in twenty-four hours, if he ate as much in proportion as the bird. Assuming a sausage nine inches in circumference to be a fair equivalent of the earthworm, I find that the man would have to eat sixty-seven feet of such sausage in every twenty-four hours. I mention this in order to illustrate the amount of work which is done by insect-eating birds. Here it must be remembered that even the hard-billed seed-eating birds are obliged to feed their young on insects until their beaks are sufficiently hardened to eat the seeds. And we must again notice that the young of these birds are hatched just at the time of year when the destructive insects are most plentiful.—Good Words.

An Example for Elopers.

Young people—or old ones, for that matter—who contemplate eloping, should see it beforehand that all their plans are as carefully laid as were those of a young farmer at La Grange, Ga., who eloped with a school girl from the seminary at that place. It was twenty miles to Franklin, where they were married; and so, to cut off pursuit, the young man engaged every horse and buggy in the place, with orders not to let any one have them without a written command from him. Taking the girl in his own wagon they started at a swift pace. It was fully half an hour before the superintendent was made acquainted with the facts and when he did learn them his first move was to hire a horse and buggy, but wherever he went the horses and buggies were engaged. He finally had to start in pursuit on horseback, but the two were then miles away, going ahead. After they had traversed ten miles they got a fresh horse and buggy, which had been prepared, and went on with renewed speed. In the meantime the superintendent had nearly given out. They arrived at Franklin and were married, and on returning picked up the superintendent, whom Mr. and Mrs. Abrams carried back home in one of their buggies.—Philadelphia Press.

When traveling on a railroad it is said that lying with the head toward the engine will sometimes remove a headache.

It is possible, by the use of certain surgical appliances, to modify considerably the shape of the nose.

Some students at Syracuse university live on \$100 a year.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Leaves of turnips and the like are frequently used as green fodder, but their removal had a bad effect upon the plants. Actual trial with the sugar beet has shown that the denudation process has reduced the quantity of sugar 3.7 per cent. The leaves are also less nourishing than young grass.

A specimen of preserved milk sealed by Nagelli in 1872 was opened lately. It had become brownish and had acquired a bitter taste. The milk-sugar was converted into lactose and dextrose. Sufficient proof was obtained that heating to 120 degrees, under a pressure of from two to four atmospheres, is inadequate to destroy germs.

An excellent stain for giving light colored wool the appearance of black walnut may be made and applied as follows: Take Brunswick black, thin it down with turpentine until it is about the right tone and color, and then add about one-twentieth of its bulk of varnish. This mixture, it is said, will dry hard and take varnish well.

All are agreed, says the Lancet, that bathing is a healthful practice. First, because it is cleanly, and second because it is a necessary precaution against risks of drowning. We are fully prepared to endorse the proposition that boys should be allowed to bathe as often and as freely as may be practicable. It is, however, necessary to raise a protest against the recklessness which too commonly attends the recourse to bathing as an exceptional, or at least a seasonal, exercise by those who are eager enough but not physically fit, to bathe. There is practically less danger in bathing all the year round than doing so only at certain periods. It has been asserted by Professor H. Ranke that children dying from wasting diarrhoea atrophy of the various organs will be found to have occurred, just as in animals which have died from starvation. Dr. Ohmlullel has attempted to verify this and the following is his conclusion: "The several organs do not decrease in weight in equal ratios, but some more than others. The most striking differences are exhibited in the bones, the brain and the skin. The two former lose much more weight than the other organs and consequently form a larger proportion of the total body weight, in the atropic than in the normal patient. The skin, on the other hand, decreases considerably in weight, owing to the complete disappearance of the adipose tissue."

ALL SORTS.

When a poor fellow begins going to the dogs, it is only his dog who continues to sympathize with him.

Abstaining from food, it is said, will cure rheumatism. If you have rheumatism go live in a boarding house.

Speaking of the avocation of the heavenly bodies, there is no doubt but that the sun is a tanner.—Oil City Derrick.

There is so much sand in the strawberries that are brought to market now that they seem quite fit for the desert.

"Yes," said the gilded youth, "I hate to make the sacrifice, but I will. My tailor must wait for the money and she get the baquets."

The city of Houston, Tex., offered to pay Ingersoll more to lecture one night on infidelity than it pays a single one of its ministers for a year's work.

"Why are those flats called French flats?" "To distinguish them from American flats." "What are American flats?" "The people that live in French flats."

"Remember who you are talking to, sir," said a father to his fractious boy. "I am your father." "Well, who's to blame for that?" asked young impertinence; "it ain't me."

The "gentle reader" is supposed to be one that doesn't get on his car and swear whenever the newspaper man is lucky enough to get a full-page advertisement.—Wheeler Leader.

The meanest man we have heard of this season is the fellow who telegraphed his sympathy to a friend who had just lost everything in a speculation, and made him pay for the message.

Commercial traveler—"My name is Muller. I am agent for Schulze, in Berlin." Merchant—Schulze, in Berlin? In that case I must beg you to shut the door from the outside."

It is a very small village indeed that doesn't contain a billiard champion of the United States. There are more billiard champions in this country to-day than there are billiard players by a long chalk.

In the Shape of a Hand.

The last of May, 1882, Simon Snyder, who was working in a planing mill at Portsmouth, Ohio, had his hand so badly lacerated in the machinery that amputation was necessary. There is nothing uncommon about that, but held your breath a minute. The hand was buried in Mr. Snyder's garden. Two weeks after, upon the mound which the little twelve-year-old daughter of the injured man had made over the severed hand, grew a small, fungus-like plant in the exact shape of a human hand. The Portsmouth Blade of June 10th called attention to the wonder and gave a full description of it. Hundreds of citizens visited Mr. Snyder to see this freak of nature. All were interested. Those who tried to understand it were mystified and the superstitious were sure it was some portent of evil. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder removed to Conesville, Louisa county, Iowa, two months ago, and brought the fingers with them preserved in alcohol. Mr. C. E. Harrison, of the Brady street pharmacy, was at Conesville last week and brought the curiosity to Davenport. Mr. Harrison tried to prevail upon Mrs. Snyder to give it to the academy of sciences, but she has not yet consented.

The fingers are of a dark-brown color, the thumb and fingers approach nearly the exact form, and perhaps the queerest part of it is that the forefinger is shorter than it should be. Mr. Snyder lost the forefinger of that hand two years before the amputation. The little finger was broken off by accident, and shows that the inside of the finger is white. Cases are on record where roots and vegetable growth have taken the place and shape of buried objects of a perishable nature by absorption and growth contemporaneous with decay, but this was an exterior development.—Davenport Gazette.