The East Oregonian.

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Nut-Cracking.

When I could crack a nut
With the molars in my jaws,
With teeth all white and steadfast
And innocent of flaws,
I laughed at angry Fortune,
Made light of coming sorrow,
Was happy all to-day,
And careless of to-morrow.
I trusted men and women,
And women most, maybe!—
Oh, pleasant was that spring time
To my teeth and me!
But now, when teeth are shaky,
And going one by one,
I find, like Israel's monarch,
Small good beneath the sun.
I cannot crack a nut,
I cannot find a truth,
Or man, or lovely woman,
Like those I found in youth.
Put back, O cruel Fortune,
Thy sword into its sheath,
Let me believe in something,
And contradict my teeth!

Remembered Days.

I remember a morn behind the mills,
When blackbirds sang,
And sheep-bells rang,
Far off, and all things else were still,
But the rising bream
In the pictured stream,
And the noise of water about the mill.

I remember a maid in her sweet youth,
Whose gentle days
In village ways
Were passed in simple works of truth;
The summer's day
Sped fast away
In a dream of love, in a time of youth.

I remember the spring in garb of green,
The light heart glee
That came to me
With the smile of my love at seventeen;
Her laugh that went
Like woodland scent
To my soul—that time on the dalsied green.

And though I know the days are spent,
That love was lost
When came the frost
At summer's close of my content;
Yet some joy stays
In winter days,
And bright its joyous complement.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Strategy of a Quaker Captain.

Early in the summer of 1754 the good ship *Grampus* left the harbor of Nantucket, bound for London with a cargo of oil. She was a new ship, built after the most improved models, staunch and trim, and for those days, of great speed. Her owner, Jethro Coffin, a near relative of the English Admiral of that name, was on board; and she was commanded by Seth Macy, a friend and companion of Jethro from boyhood. These two men, as well as most of the crew, were Quakers. But the greater part of Seth's life had been spent on the high seas, and his experience in ill-governed Spanish ports, and among savage Islanders had taught him that though non-resistance did very well on Nantucket, it was neither a safe nor easy road to travel anywhere else; and while the *Grampus* was loading for her voyage he had urged Jethro to arm her with four six-pounders; for England was at that time at war with France, and of course the colonies were dragged into it also. But Jethro, true to his principles, rejected the proposal with righteous indignation, and they set sail, much to Seth's disgust, armed only with lances and harpoons for warfare with whales, in search of which they were to proceed, after disposing of their cargo in London.

They had accomplished about two-thirds of their voyage, and the ship being under easy sail, some of the men were lounging about the deck, and some were gathered on the forecastle listening to a yarn from a man-of-war's-man who had been in the English navy.

"Forward there!" shouted the first mate, who had been sweeping the horizon with his glass.

"Ay, ay!" answered the men readily; and the marvellous story was cut short.

"Jump aloft one of you who has good eyes," continued he, "and tell me what you make out of that craft with such raking masts, on our weather bow!"

"Ay, ay," and several men sprang aloft.

"Main-top-gallant, there!" shouted the mate.

"Ay, ay," replied the man with the glass. (These Quakers did not use the affix, sir, in addressing their officers, every man, high or low, was called by his given name, and titles of all kinds were eschewed from religious principle.)

"What sort of a craft is it to windward, and how is she standing?" cried the mate.

"It is a small black schooner, all legs and arms," replied the sailor; "and she is bearing down for us under a press of sail! Now she runs up a flag, and by the flash and smoke she spits, she has just fired a gun."

A dull, heavy report came booming on the breeze, and a thundering sound echoed against the ship's side. The mate's glass was bent upon the schooner whose hull was not yet visible, but the flag was found to be French.

"Steward! call the captain!" cried the mate in alarm. "Forward there! call all hands on deck—stand by to put the ship about!"

"Ay, ay," responded the well-trained sailors, and every man stood at his post ready for prompt action. Both Macy and Coffin appeared upon deck, wondering at being sent for, and surprised to find every man ready for the word of command to change the course of the ship.

"What does this mean?" asked the captain, "why dost thou change the ship's course?"

"I don't intend to without thy orders," said the mate, "but I thought best to have everything ready for prompt manœuvering. We have a suspicious-looking sail on our weather-bow, and she shows French colors. By the rake of her masts and her general rig, I think she's a clipper, with a long-tom amidships; she has given us a gun already."

"Rather a dangerous neighbor for us," said the captain, "and I think she will prove one of those piratical rascals that cut up the commerce of these seas; but keep the ship away," continued he, raising his glass again, "and see if she follows us."

Away went the *Grampus*, with a free wind, and the rush of a race-horse, turning the spray from her bows handsomely on her altered course. The Frenchman changed also and gained steadily upon her. The ship was deeply laden with oil and would be a prize of great value, and, as Seth thought, was eminently worth preserving, though the Frenchman was determined she should change owners. They managed their little craft with great skill, altering their course with Macy's and gaining all the time. The breeze was only brisk, but it just suited the schooner, while the ladened ship, though the fleetest of her class, couldn't show her heels to advantage without a stronger wind. Macy tried her on every tack, but escape he could not—the wedge-like schooner gained upon him at every turn.

"Now I would give half our cargo to speak to that saucy rascal in his own language," said Macy, turning bitterly to Jethro; "now is the time for those six-pounders I urged thee about before we left port; I fear thou will pay dearly for not taking my advice. Ah! there comes a salute number two."

A gun was again fired by the Frenchman across the bow of the *Grampus*, warning her to heave to. Macy paced the deck in an agony of spirit, muttering words as he went that sounded much like "*damnation.*" He ordered the *Grampus* to be off two or three points, and a fore-top-mast studding sail set; but in the hurry of the moment by some mishap the tack got unrove. A couple of hands were ordered aloft to rig in the boom and reeve in the tack anew. Isaac Coffin, son of Jethro, who had smuggled himself on board against his father's express orders, and who had hardly made his peace with him yet, heard the orders, and seizing the end of the rope with his teeth ran up the fore-shrouds, crept out on the fore-yard like a monkey, and then out on the bare boom. But before he had half done his task the Frenchmen brought their long-tom charged with small shot to bear upon the yard and let fly at Isaac; thinking probably the additional sail might enable the *Grampus* to escape. Young Coffin was unharmed, though the balls whistled about him like hail, and he went fearlessly on with his work.

"They are charging the gun again," shouted Jethro. "Come down, my boy; creep in! creep in! Catch the halliards and come down with a run!"

"Ay, ay!" cried Isaac, as he finished reeving the tack, and gathering a few fathoms in his hand threw the coil down on the forecastle and the men then hoisted the sail instantly. The Frenchman aimed his gun again, but Isaac was descending like a flash, and as he reached the deck the sailors fairly hugged him in their joy and admiration of his bravery.

The hasty strides of Seth were again arrested by another shot which passed through the sail over his head. He clenched his hands and looked up at the torn sail.

"By heavens!" said he, "I will not part with so fine a ship and cargo without a deadly struggle."

"Swear not!" said Jethro, "it will not help us in our strait. We had better yield quietly to the necessity. Put down thy helm, Seth, and bring the ship to."

"Yield quietly, didst thou say? Did I understand thee aright when thou bid me bring the ship to?" The eyes of Seth glared upon Jethro, and his nostrils distended like a bull at bay.

"Put down the helm, indeed! Jethro Coffin! who is commander of the *Grampus*, thou or I?" demanded Macy in a heat of passion.

Jethro answered calmly, "*Thou* surely art her captain. Save the ship if thou canst, *but thou canst not.* We have no means of defense, and if we had, it would not be justifiable to oppose with arms."

"Jethro, I will save this ship or sink in her. What! yield to that little gadfly—a gallinipper that is scarcely larger than our longboat!"

Another shot, better directed, splintered the main-mast a little, and wounded two men.

"There, Jethro! that is some of the tender mercy of the French pirate—a foretaste of what we may expect, if taken."

"Yield, Seth! the longer thou delay, the more hazard to the lives of our people. Yield, he is a man of war!"

"Go thou below, Jethro! I command here! yield, indeed!" he muttered, as Jethro began to descend. "I will sink first!"

"Stand by there, men!" he shouted, in a voice which made every sailor start. It was evident that Seth had put off the Quaker, and the men responded heartily to it. "Get the long boat ready to be launched at a moment's warning; clear away the quarter boats and see all clear to lower them in an instant. Mate, take in all the small sail at once."

Macy's voice and manner were resolute and peremptory, and the men executed the orders promptly and were ready for the next, though wondering what the captain meant to do. The Frenchman was also at fault, taking the manœuvering of Seth for an intention to give up his ship, and hove the schooner to, and waited the lowering of a boat from the *Grampus*. In rounding to, as Seth had calculated, the Frenchman had given the advantage of the wind to the ship, and while his men stood agape at the management of the larger vessel which they looked upon as a prize, Seth seized the the helm in his brawny hand. The men scarcely needed the word, but anticipated his intention as he put the helm hard up, and in a suppressed, but concentrated voice which was heard distinctly from stem to stern, he said: "Let go all the braces and bowlines, slack off sheet and tacks, and square the yards, *quick!*"

It was done in a twinkling, and Macy shaped his course as though he would bring his ship under the lee quarter of the privateer. This feint completely deceived the enemy, when Seth suddenly changed her course and brought her head to bear directly upon the hull of the Frenchman. Her crew discovered now, but too late, the design of the *Grampus*, and dire confusion ensued upon her crowded decks.

"If thou dost intend to run her down," said Jethro to Seth hurriedly, projecting his head a moment from the cabin gangway—"if—nay, hear me, Seth! for the sake of humanity, if thou art determined to run her down, ease thy helm a little, and give them a chance for their lives."

"Stand by to lower the boats," thundered Seth, stamping furiously upon the deck. A groan of horror escaped his own crew, for not till this moment had they really seen the design of their captain, but the swarthiest cheek grew a shade paler, but it was for their lives and they knew it. The schooner lay to in the trough of the sea, her decks covered with confusion, and the huge bulk of the *Grampus* poising on the last high wave above her.

"*Misericorde!*" A wild yell of despair heard far above the dashing of the ship and rushing of the waters, burst from the doomed Frenchman—an instant—and down came the *Grampus* forming and thundering upon the privateer, her plunging bow, striking her just amidships, cut the small vessel directly in two, and her heavy armament, together with the tremendous force of the severing blow, sent her beneath the waves to rise no more; and her ill-fated crew of 150 souls went under with her; a few struggled a moment in the mighty vortex, but were carried down, and the next wave effaced every bubble of that mass of human life, so terribly and instantly quenched. "Down with the boats from the quarter—launch the long boat!" The command, though it could not have been uttered or executed sooner with safety, came too late. The aim of Seth had been too fatally sure. His own boat narrowly escaped being sucked into the whirlpool made by the sinking schooner, and not one of the Frenchman's crew rose in the eddies or again saw the face of day.

Seth entered the cabin, and walking up to Jethro said: "The *Grampus is saved*, but it had been less costly if thou had been wiser at Nantucket. Hereafter in times like these arm thy ships; the best way to be at peace is to show thyself ready for war."

Bowing his head upon his hand Jethro answered nothing.

Railway Manners.

Aches and pains and indigestion and disasters of every kind and degree seem to be an invaluable boon for travelers and an exhaustless spring of conversation. Charles Lamb's friend, who broke his long silence with the declaration, when he saw the apple-dumplings, "Them's the jocky's for me," is reproduced in every way. A grave fellow-passenger, under cover of conversation with his neighbor, informs the company that he cannot understand how people can eat tripe. He can never eat tripe, and never could. His stomach always seems to revolt at it, and always did. Once he ate a piece of tripe without knowing it, and he had an awful time in consequence. He thought his very— It is irresistibly ludicrous. But the fellow takes the company into the confidence of his stomach with all the gravity of a man who is imparting interesting information. Or a young woman suddenly flounces in her seat and throws up her arms, and exclaims to her fellow-travelers, through a companion, "Did you ever know anything so hot! I'm stifling. Can't you open this window? Whew! whew! Oh dear, it's dreadful, isn't it. It's always so in these cars. My! it's awful!" On one occasion, when this kind of a remark had been made at some length for the edification of the company, a voice was heard from the other end of the car: "Yes'm, it's awful. But let's try to bear up. 'Tain't nothin' to the sufferin's of the early Christians!" A general laugh followed, and nothing further was heard from that young woman.

These ill-manners in public are a form of selfishness and vanity. The essence of good manners is kind thoughtfulness of others. The man who goes to his room in a hotel stamping and talking through the corridor, slamming his door, and slinging his boots down heavily on the floor is merely brutally selfish. He is not aware that he owes duties to other people who will be affected by his conduct. He does not think that he rudely awakens some one to whom sleep is indispensable, and whom he has no right to disturb. Haydon's picture of the man in the chop-house waiting for the *Times*, which his neighbor has held for an hour, and is evidently bent on holding until he has read all the advertisements, is an illustration of this common selfishness. The talk and conduct in the cars are generally signs of vanity or a morbid self-consciousness. A well-bred man keeps his toothaches and headaches to himself, and does not assume that strangers are interested in his digestion. A well-bred woman keeps her children quiet and does not assume that all her fellow-travelers must share her fondness for them. If Mrs. P——, with her vivid sense of Mr. P——'s peculiarities and of her fine house and equipage, could only once know how supremely unimportant any individual is, how well the world fared before Mr. P—— arrived, and how unshocked the universe will be by his departure, she would be a modest and well-mannered woman.

That knowledge, indeed, would be a general corrective of manners. A certain kind of personal conceit often accompanies undeniable superiority. There are men, like Lord Chatham, who like to have their going and coming regarded as events, to move with a pompous bustle, and to be constantly recognized as great men. But if they could only know it, that very taste is constantly accounted to them for weakness, and their influence is just so far lessened.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE glory of true womanhood consists in being herself, not in striving to be something else. Her glory lies in her sphere, and God has given her a sphere universal.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Thoughtful Husbands.

My husband is very thoughtful. The other day I had to churn and it was Monday. I wanted to wash, and had some pears to attend to that were spoiling, and with six in our own family, and work-hands to cook for and a cross baby to take care of, I had my hands full. I had some help, but neither myself nor my help were strong and hearty. Well, I put the cream into a churn and churned a while, but could not finish, as it takes about half a day to do our churning. The cream stood till next morning, and then was finished, and in two or three days the butter began to get rancid. D. began to inquire how it came that such fresh butter was strong. I explained; then he said I should not have commenced it until I could finish, that *his mother* always had things done right and in time, and that he thought it was strange I couldn't. Well, I am only five feet high and not very stout, and his mother has always had somebody to help her. I made some pumpkin pies that I thought were very good, and when he went to the table he took a piece and said, "I wish you could make pumpkin pies like mother used to make them; but I won't find any fault with yours." Was not that encouraging?

If I have dinner a little late, D. comes in and says, "Well, this won't do. Way is it you can't have dinner at noon? Mother always has her meals in time."

I know no woman tries harder to please her husband than I do, but I will have to live and learn, till I can do like his mother does. When I go into the bedroom after he has gone away somewhere, I find his coat on one chair, his dirty shirt and pants on another or on the bed, his boots and socks in the middle of the floor, and I have to pick them up and put them in their place; it is one thing I do that his mother used to do. And when he comes home it is, "Where are my clothes?" I tell him they are in the clothes press and he says, "Well, if you would let them be where I put them I would know where to find them." My husband is thoughtful, but only for himself.—*E. W., in Ohio Farmer.*

To Prepare a Fowl for Roasting.

Take off all the feathers, and carefully take out all the stumps or plugs that are in the skin, for there is nothing more offensive than to see anything of this kind in poultry. Take the head and neck off; only just leave enough of the skin to cover over the part that is cut. Cut as small a place as you can for drawing the bird, and take care not to break the gall-bladder. Keep the legs for a few minutes in boiling water, in order to get the skin from them; cut the claws off, and singe the bird with a piece of white paper, but so as not to blacken it. Wash and wipe it well afterwards, and let the liver and gizzard be put to soak with the neck to make brown gravy with. Truss the bird, and flour it well; when put to the fire, keep it well basted with butter. If a large fowl it will take an hour; but a young chicken only half an hour. When it is done, take the skewers out, put in a dish garnished with watercresses, and pour over some brown gravy, that you have made with the gizzard, liver and neck, in the following way: First wash them well, then flour them and put them into a little iron saucepan with two ounces of butter. When they are well browned, put in half a pint of boiling water, with pepper and salt according to taste; let it all simmer for an hour; then take out the neck and pour the gravy, with the gizzard and liver, over the fowl. This makes a very good brown gravy, if nicely done and properly thick. The gizzard and liver are much better so than roasted, because they do not get burnt.

FRIED RABBIT.—After the rabbit has been thoroughly cleaned, put it into boiling water and let it boil ten minutes; drain it, and when cold cut it into joints; dip them into beaten eggs and then into fine cracker crumbs, seasoned with pepper and salt. Fry them in butter over a slow fire for fifteen minutes; simmer two or three strips of lemon-rind in a little gravy until it is well-flavored with it; boil the liver and heart of the rabbit until tender; mince them fine; thicken the gravy with an ounce of butter and a tablespoonful of flour; add the minced liver and heart; give the sauce a minute's boil, stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream, and last of all a small quantity of lemon juice. Dish the rabbit, pour the sauce under it and serve very hot.

WASHING SILK.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes: "I send you directions for cleaning a silk garment. First, rip and dust it. Have a large flat board; over it spread an old sheet. Take one-half a cup of ox gall, one-half cup (or less) of ammonia, and one-half pint of tepid soft water. Sponge the silk with this on both sides, especially the soiled spots. Having finished sponging, roll it on a round stick like a broom handle, being careful not to have any wrinkles. Silk thus washed and thoroughly dried, needs no ironing, and has a lustre like new silk. I treat not only silk but merino, barege, or any woolen goods, with the best results."

YEAST BUNS.—To one pint of warm milk add two cups of yeast, one cup of sugar, and flour enough to make a thin batter; the next morning add one-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one and one half pounds of currants, and flour enough to mould up; let it rise three hours and bake in small cakes.

BROILED SQUIRREL.—Skin the squirrel, open down the back, wash thoroughly, and wipe dry with a towel. Put it on a gridiron over a slow fire and cook until tender. Season with salt and pepper while cooking. Served with melted butter poured over it. Very tender and delicious.

POP CORN PUDDING.—Soak for two or three hours two quarts of popped corn, popped nice and light, in one and one-half quarts of milk, add two eggs, two-thirds cup of sugar, salt and spice. Bake one and one-half hours.

The U. S. Navy.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy, just made public, shows that there are, belonging to the navy, 147 vessels of 150,157 tons measurement. Exclusive of howitzers and Gatlings, they carry 1,142 guns. Of these, 123, carrying 912 guns, with a measurement of 120,898 tons, have steam power. Seventeen are in actual service, and four are preparing for the sea. Sixteen may be considered as unfit for future service, and the remainder are at various navy yards—some requiring slight, and others extensive repairs. But most of them could be made ready for any special service in a short time. There is also on hand, stored at the various navy yards, live oak timber sufficient for thirty-five ships of war, besides a large quantity of other valuable timber and naval material of every kind.

Our navy is now far more powerful for our warlike purposes than it has ever before been in time of peace. It does not compare, either in the number or character of the vessels, with the extensive establishments of those European nations whose mutual relations keep them always in armed array; whose continuous coasts and deep harbors at home, and scattered colonies all over the world, seem to require that they should constantly rival each other at whatever expense, in the size and power of their naval vessels and armaments. But for the defensive purposes of a peaceful people, without colonies, with a dangerous coast, and shallow harbors, separated by an ocean from warlike naval powers, our navy is not without strength, and when its iron-clad fleet shall be completely repaired, a work requiring now but little time and expense, and its force supplemented by the comparatively cheap addition recommended, it will be found sufficient to resist any force which could be brought across the ocean to attack us; and powerful, also, for offensive operations upon the seas, and among the islands which lie contiguous to our own shores.

In view of the fact that the appropriations for the two principal working bureaus of the Department average but little over $5,000,000 annually, and considering the cost of merely maintaining a navy consisting largely of ships hurriedly built of perishable material, which, after requiring for a few years constant repairs, finally drop out of the service from utter worthlessness, the question constantly recurs, brought up by conflicting interests and opinions: Shall we enter upon the expensive and unsatisfactory construction of armor-plated, gun-bearing vessels, involving millions of dollars in the cost of each one, or, shall we be content with providing ourselves at a minimum cost with means of destroying such vessels should they appear in hostile attitude on our coasts or in our bays and harbors? Fast and well-built wooden cruisers, proper for the police of the seas, serving as schools of instruction in time of peace, and capable of destroying an enemy's commerce in time of war, are under all conditions serviceable. The monitor class of vessels has for us special and valuable uses, in conjunction with other forces. The torpedo schools give our officers the instruction necessary to utilize whatever there is in this most efficient arm of attack and defense. I would add to the force a new element, the marine ram, which promises, when constructed upon scientific principles in forms of special strength for its particular and appropriate service, to be a weapon of most destructive warfare. The construction of this class of vessels, has been carefully considered for several years past by a naval officer of high rank, assisted by able experts, and detailed plans are put at the service of the Department without cost or charge of any kind. The construction of such a vessel, of the best material, and of special strength, would involve an expense of about $350,000, and, if successful, as it promises to be, it would add a new element, tending to make our force complete in itself, at once economical and efficient.

An Esquimaux House or Hut.

One would think that cold and dreadful as the Arctic regions are known to be, the inhabitants would need every comfort that would be imagined in the way of a house. But no. The first thing the Esquimaux does in his home-building is to clear away the snow and ice from a spot of ground of the right size for his house. This he makes as smooth as he can, leaving one end a little higher than the other. The higher end is to serve as parlor and bed-room; the lower as work-shop and kitchen. Around this cleared spot of earth blocks of hard frozen snow are laid in such a fashion that they form a low, round roof, resembling in shape the half of a hollow ball. By way of a window, a small square of rather thin and clear ice is set into the wall.

On the side of the wall least exposed to wind is a long and very low passage-way leading to the open air. This passage is so low that the inmates of the house have to crawl through it on their hands and knees. The door is only a loose block of snow.

These huts do not appear to be very charming residences, but there are two good things about them. One is, that the high winds of that desolate region cannot possibly blow a hut over, though they may bury it in snow; the other good thing is that no one but can be lived in longer than a season. The poor Esquimaux are, unfortunately a very dirty people, and if they lived ever so long in one house they would never clean it. But the snow house finally cleans itself in the most thorough manner, for, as soon as the warm days of summer come it melts away, and its inmates must set about building a seal-skin tent that will shelter them until winter comes again.—*St. Nicholas.*

CHINA.—An Imperial edict has been published, expressing regret for Mr. Margary's murder, and affirming the right of foreigners to travel through the country and enjoy the entire protection of the authorities. An envoy, with a letter of apology for the outrage, is to go to England at once.

The Anglo-French Tunnel.

The company in whose hands is provisionally placed the construction of the railway and sub-marine tunnel which are to connect France with England by land communications has just finished for the season its laborious preliminary investigations. Owing to the state of the weather, these could only be efficiently begun toward the end of June last, and are now again interrupted by the autumnal fogs and mists of the Channel. The principal objects in view during the interval have been to obtain the requisite knowledge and material for framing accurate geological charts both of the various strata through which the inclined planes must pass which are to lead from the surface of the soil to the level of the tunnel itself, and also of those at the bottom of the sea through which the tunnel is to be pierced. The attainment of the first of these objects presented no particular difficulties, and consisted simply working an artesian shaft at the fishing village of Sangatte, near Calais, to the depth of about 300 feet; and then, secondly, in proceeding to ascertain, by soundings across the whole concave basin of the Channel from shore to shore, whether the strata, as ascertained by the land shaft, came out and responded to the same under the sea, so as to prove, as far as could be, that they lay in regular succession and layers, and that no difficulties were to be apprehended, in boring the tunnel, from what miners call "troubles," or the upheaving or lowering of strata by internal convulsions. The laborious and difficult part of the above investigations consisted in the numerous soundings to be taken, the observations to be made to fix the precise spot on the chart, and above all to obtain specimens of the bed of the sea all the way across. The Channel is nowhere deeper than about 200 feet, but still, where the bottom is thickly covered with shells or sand, it was sometimes not easy to ascertain the precise geological formation underneath. The grand object of all is to ascertain whether a stratum of gray chalk, which is at once easily pierced and impermeable to water, stretches right across, without any "trouble," from one coast to the other, and of sufficient depth to contain the tunnel. For this purpose 6,148 soundings, made with a heavily-weighted instrument worked by a steam-engine and armed with a point of fine steel, were effective, sometimes at the rate of 200 per diem, and 2,514 specimens obtained. Last year when these investigations were first commenced 1533 soundings were made and 753 specimens obtained, and now Messrs. Potier and De Lapparent, official engineers of the company, are engaged in classifying all these 3,267 specimens in order by their aid and the result of the boring to lay down the required chart previous to the final commencement of the great undertaking itself.

The Sight from the East River Bridge.

A magnificent sight is presented to the view from the top either of the New York or Brooklyn bridge towers. It is a perilous ascent for giddy or nervous persons, and few ever reach the top. The top of the New York tower is about sixteen feet higher than the cross on the spire of Trinity church, and more than one hundred feet above the highest point to which visitors can be admitted up Trinity steeple. At the very top of the last flight, the strongest test of the visitor's courage is offered, for before he can reach the broad level of the top of the tower, he is obliged to walk around the edge of the coping stones at the dizzy height of 278 feet, with nothing but a rope to hold on to. The view discloses, like a picture, the New Jersey shore, from Raritan river, where the view is cut off by the high bluffs of Staten Island. To the west the view takes in the New Jersey shore line, covered with white cottages, comprising a dozen villages and towns. Bedloe island, out in the middle of the bay, in the direction of Elizabeth City, seems no larger than an ordinary city lot. Around to the northward the mountainous ridges of central and northern New Jersey are seen dimly in the far distance, and nearer by the line of the Palisades can be followed up by the line of the Hudson until the heights make a bold and sudden turn to the westward. To the eastward the valley of the Harlem is seen spanned by High bridge—a long, low line of white or gray across a green valley. New York looks like a toy city built of blocks only a few feet square.

A Puzzled Fruiterer.

The Atlanta paper says that a staid-looking gentleman, apparently a stranger, stopped at an apple-stand on Whitehall Street.

"What is the price of oranges?" he asked, pointing to a collection of large pears.

"Does ees not de horange," said the polite vendor. "Dees ees de California paire. One for twenty-fi' cent."

"You don't mean to tell me," said the stranger, putting his hand upon an apple, "that this is a pair?"

"Pardon! no! I say dees ees de paire. Dees ees de apple. Tree for de ten cent."

"Well, I must say," continued the stranger, picking up a handful of chestnuts and examining them critically, "that these are the queerest apples I ever saw."

"O, my gracious! no! Dees ees de cheseynut that grows in your own country. You ross' them in de fire."

"Roast them in the fire! Well, upon my word," fingering a bunch of bananas curiously, "I don't see how such chestnuts as these can be improved by roasting. They seem to be soft enough now. However, I am much obliged. I'll see you later. Good-day," and the stranger passed up the street.

"Gentlemen," said the fruit dealer, turning in an appealing manner to the crowd that had gathered, "dat man is one escaped big fool from de penitentiary."

EXPERIENCE and wisdom are the best fortune-tellers.

The Zuiderzee.

The Zuiderzee is the youngest of our European waters; it is also the shallowest. Mynheer Van Dunck, whose praise is in the old song, and of whom it is recorded that

A Dutchman's draught should potent be,
And deep as the rolling Zuiderzee,

May not have been such a foe to Sir Wilfred Lawson after all.

The Zuiderzee is in great part made up of sand-banks, covered with not more than three or four feet of water, the channels along which its exceedingly difficult navigation is conducted average from fifteen to twenty feet, and these of course will form ready-made canals into which the rainfall will flow, while the sand-banks will often answer for dykes, supporting roads and railways, especially the great sand-bank which stretches unbroken from Kampen to Enkuizen, and which, the surveyors say, will just form the necessary embankment to keep out the German Ocean.

So much for its shallowness.

In proof of its youth you have only to turn to your ancient atlas, and there, instead of the huge estuary, you find a small lake, called Fievo, joined to the sea by a winding river. In those days the country was a vast forest, gradually turning into a peat bog, as, owing to the cutting down of woods farther inland, the floods on the many mouths of the Rhine spread wider and wider. Then the Amstel and Yassel got more and more silted up, and their waters were thrown into Lake Fievo, where they become stagnant.

The Roman engineering made things worse; Drusus turned one stream of the Rhine into the Yassel, hoping this would scour the river and make a proper passage. But his works were interrupted; the blockade continued, still more water was thrown into Fievo, which was now in a normal state of overflow, and the tendency to become a peat bog was increased. So things went on till the terrible storms of 1282, which so changed not the Dutch coast only, but the English also. The German Ocean, driven in by a strong north wind, burst the downs or sand-hills that had long been a barrier against the outerwhing, and a protection against the incoming waters, and the Zuiderzee took the shape that it has kept for nearly six hundred years.

Now, however, it is to be drained, the inner half of it, at least, as the Haarlem Lake was, some quarter of a century ago, with the help of the Englishman, Sir John Rennie, and as the inlet of the Y has been within the last few years, Sir John Hawkshaw being one of the engineers. This is the last project of the Dutch Waterstaat, a department answering to the English "Woods and Forests," and highly necessary in a country one half of which is below the sea-level, protected only by the sand-hills aforesaid, helped out here and there by sea-banks faced with granite. Change is the law of nature along this Dutch coast. Dollart Lake was made by the sea bursting in in 1277; Dreisbosch Lake by a similar inroad in 1421, during which thousand people were drowned; the old Reine, silted up in 809, was not perfectly freed till the beginning of this century; the Maas has lately been giving trouble in the same way. The business of the Waterstaat is to make a continual stand against this change, to see that the sluices, canals, dykes and all the machinery for pumping the rainfall off the polders are in good order. If they can do a little draining in between, so much the better. The Haarlem Lake gave more than forty thousand acres of tolerably good land; the inner half of the Zuiderzee will give, say, five hundred thousand. Van Diggelen's idea, broached in 1849, was to drain the whole, making a vast dyke across the mouth. The present heads of the Waterstaat, Mynheers Beyerinck, Stieltjies, and others, are more modest; they will be content with half, and already money has been found by the government to pay for the thorough survey which has been made.

The American Baby.

Save your pity for the unhappy little traveler, American born and white, who is abandoned to the tender mercies of nurses. He will be dressed too tightly, perhaps, dragged with soothing-syrup (or worse), slapped if he cries, and left alone in the dark. He will ride in his carriage with the sun in his eyes, if it is sunny; and with arms and hands uncovered and half frozen, if it is cold. Flies will be allowed to tickle his fat little nose, and pins to stick into his tender little back. The strings of his absurd lace cap will choke him till he is black in the face; and he will nearly break his neck falling over the arm of Bridget when she wants to gossip with a crony. His troublesome clothes will be twitched down and jerked around; and he will be laid down, set up, turned over, and arranged any way most convenient to her. Above all, if he dares open his mouth to complain of any of these tortures, his delicate little body will be trotted on her hard knees till it will be nothing short of a miracle if his precious little life is not worried out of him.

The calm Oriental baby in his tray or basket; the Chinese baby in his cage; the baby of Burmah, naked or wrapped in silks, smoking at two and married at ten; the baby of the "Cradle" and the Foundling Asylum of Paris; the Lima baby in its hammock, and the stolid Indian papoose on its boards—each and every one is happier and better off than our poor little mother-abandoned American baby, left to ignorant and careless nurses.

The "mother-baby"—the happy little traveler who is not left to the mercies of a nurse, whose throne is his mother's arms, whose pillow is soft, and whose needs are wisely met—he is the happiest of all. Fair, fat and hearty, the sorrows of babyhood come not near him. He truly is the one "born with a silver spoon in his mouth."—*Harriet M. Miller, in St. Nicholas.*

CHINA is said to be honeycombed with secret societies.