The East Oregonian.

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Seraphina's Sister Jane.

Seraphina loves me dearly;
I love Seraphina, too,
Oh, her form's divine (or nearly)
That's of course 'twixt me and you.
Lots of blisses Fate has sent us,
And we'd really not complain,
But for one who will torment us-
Seraphina's sister Jane!

Small is Seraphina's sister,
Six years old, or thereabouts;
But, by jingo! she's a "twister,"
Full of noise and tiny shouts.
Often when I'd gently whisper,
Seraphina's kiss to gain,
In runs that intruding lisper,
Seraphina's sister Jane!

When we in the garden wander,
Just to view the plants you know,
As our words are getting fonder,
And my loved one listens—lo!
In she rushes, hair a tangle,
Like a doll that's gone insane;
Then I feel I'd like to strangle
Seraphina's sister Jane!

When I next behold her figure,
At her I will make a spring,
And I'll say: "When you get bigger,
You won't like this sort of thing!
Courting has a brief existence—
Don't you interrupt again,
When I'm here just keep your distance,
Seraphina's sister Jane!"

London Fun.

Stolen Fruit.

A little room at the top of the house with "half" windows that opened a few inches only, and let very little of the wretched air of the crowded street, into as poor a room as ever poor woman tried to keep clean.

It had not the immaculate spotlessness of the traditional home of poverty of the Sunday-school books, but that I believe to be fable; and do what its owner could, the smell of the cabbage, which the good German housewife down stairs was cooking, and the smell of the pipe, which the Irishman on the next floor was comforting his soul with, would mingle with the perfume of the drains, which the owner thought would do very well, if the Board of Health never noticed them, and make the room anything but fresh and sweet and pure, whenever the door was opened.

However, the poor creature had swept and dusted, and scrubbed up the place before daylight, and she had made soup and gruel, and had left her sick little girl in the care of a brother two years older—he was only twelve—and had gone to her long day's duties at the factory.

To neglect them would be to have neither room nor gruel next week, for she must be mother and father both to her children, now that her sailor-husband had gone down at sea with the wreck of the good ship *Esmeralda*.

All day long she worked her body in the factory, and her heart in the little room where now in the baking heat of the red-hot noon-tide the little girl lay tossing and turning on her pillow, and the little boy sat beside her, repressing his boyish longings to be off in the streets, for love of his sick sister.

"I think," he said, stating his firm conviction, for he had never had enough to eat in all his life; "I think, Sis, if you could eat the rest of the gruel you'd feel better," and he pressed it upon her, holding the bowl in one hand and the spoon in the other. "Do now try to eat it, Kitty."

"No, no!" said the girl. "No, I hate it. I want something nice and cool. I wish I had lemonade. If I had lemonade I think I should get well right away. Oh, I wish I had lemonade!"

"Mother will get you some when she comes home," said the boy.

"She can't," said the little girl. "She won't have any money until Saturday night. Oh, dear; I wish I was rich, I'd have a great pitcher of lemonade and drink and drink and drink. But it's no use wishing, Tom," and she turned her flushed little face upon the pillow, and burst out with:

"And such lots of lemons in the grocery down-stairs."

And at this juncture poor, little feverish Kitty began to cry.

In imagination she saw the long basket piled to the brim with the yellow fruit which nature taught her would do her so much good, and the tears came at the thought that while there was so many she could not have one.

The sight of those tears was more than Tom could bear.

A thought came into his mind that had never been there before.

"Don't cry, Kitty," he said. "I'll be back in a moment," and ran out of the room, down stairs, and out at the side-door of the house.

He meant to ask the grocer to trust him a lemon, and then to earn the pennies to pay for it somehow. But there at the side-door stood Mr. O'Brien with an exasperated countenance, holding a slate covered with figures with his left hand and emphasizing his remarks with his forefinger.

"That's the way we grocers ruin ourselves" said he, "trusting every one that comes along. No, Mrs. Conner, I can't. It's cash with me hereafter. No more trust. Didn't you see the card with the poetry on it I've hung over the counter? 'No Trust,' is on it as your own eyes can see. It's not you particular, but it's everybody that I say 'No Trust' to.

After that, what could Tom do?

He couldn't beg for one; besides, he knew he shouldn't get it.

But there he stood beside the lemon basket, so that he could smell the delightful odor of the fruit, so that by putting out his hand, he could touch it, and no one was looking, or he thought so, and the vision of his little sister tossing on her pillow, was before his eyes, and the temptation of opportunity fell upon him at the same time, and——

Well the next minute each of his hands held two big lemons.

As well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb, and he was about to plunge them into his pockets, when——

"Catch him! Catch him, the thafe of the world!" cried the grocer's wife from behind the counter, and out flew the grocer and away flew Tom.

The lemons bobbed up and down in his pockets, and his heart bobbed up and down in his breast, and he ran very fast, but after him came those who could run longer.

The grocer, a lithe, long-limbed, active man—and a policeman—two of them.

Very soon all the tag-rag and bob-tail of the river-side street; and the cry of "stop thief!" was taken from the grocer's mouth by the crowd, so that soon he had no need to bellow it himself, but save his lungs for running.

Let no man blame the grocer; he knew nothing about the sick child up stairs.

All he saw was a well-patched, able-bodied boy making off with so much profit in the shape of four lemons.

His dealings were with poor people, and there was nothing in this rifler of "his basket and his store" to touch his heart particularly.

If you were a grocer—perhaps you are—you'd know how aggravated he was, and what just cause he thought he had for following the flying figure with purposes of vengeance. And the boy was a thief.

The chase lasted a little while but it ended at last.

Tom tripped over a curb-stone and came to the ground.

He was lifted by his collar, and from his pockets were taken the great yellow lemons.

"The finest in the lot, the young divil!" cried the grocer.

And now there was nothing to do but to choke down his sobs as he was led to the station house. He had no idea of excusing himself by mentioning his sick sister.

He was a son of Adam, but he was not so mean as his forefather.

Had he eaten the apple he never would have mentioned Eve—never.

Little he knew who brought up the rear of that procession that had turned out to see him caught.

Kitty, lying in bed, had heard the noise of the pursuit, and had risen to her knees and thrust her head from the narrow opening of the window just at the moment when Tom started on his hopeless race.

She knew in a moment what had happened. She knew that Tom had stolen some lemons for her.

She remembered seeing them; her words:

"And such a lot of lemons in the shop down-stairs."

Why had she uttered them?

And now what could she do but follow them and tell the truth, and ask them to punish her, not Tom?

She had not been able to stand on her little feet for many days, but now the brief strength of fever was upon her, and she found herself making her way, barefooted, and in her little nightgown, down the stairs and into the street.

She did not know the laws of her country sufficiently to be sure that he was not.

The station house—a well patronized institution in that neighborhood—was very near.

Into its doors, between its great gas-lamps, marched the officers and their prisoner, and the grocer, and all the ragamuffins, who were at once driven back.

They crushed and crowded away before the flourish of clubs, and Kitty was pressed against the wall.

She was almost too small to be seen, and six sailors, part of the crew of the *Peter Potter*, who had been called upon to give evidence in the case of a comrade who had been beaten to jelly by the mate during the voyage, and were slowly filing out, never noticed her; but the seventh, a tall, robust man of forty, paused and stooped down and said:

"Well, little lass, what is the matter?"

"Oh, everything," said Kitty. "Oh, please, please don't hurt him; hurt him. I said there were lots of lemons in the shop, and he took them for me, because I was sick. Please do it to me whatever gets done with thieves. Please, he's my brother."

"It's the boy who was just taken in yonder, you mean?" asked the sailor.

"Yes, brother Tom," said Kitty; "and they won't let me in, and I feel so queer."

And the sailor bending over her, lifted her in his arms.

"You are too sick to be in the street, lassie," he said, and strode into the building again, and there in the great room before the fattest and whitest-headed old gentleman she had ever seen, stood Tom and the grocer.

"Sure and your honor sees 'em," said the grocer, holding out the lemons. Four great beauties, and I saw him take them with my own two eyes."

Kitty's head was swimming, and she was as cold as she had been hot now, but high and shrill her baby-voice arose:

"It was for me he took them. I cried I was so hot. I said there were lemons in the shop. Please, please do it to me, whatever it is."

Tom turned, saw his little sister, and for the first time broke down and cried; but through his tears he managed to sob:

"She don't know; she's not much but a baby. I guess the fever's got into her head. She's got nothin' to do with it."

"Now, if I might speak, your honor," cried the sailor.

"But you can't," said the Justice of the Peace. "Who are you? This child's guardian?"

"I just happened to be going by," began the sailor.

"Then keep your finger out of this pie," said his honor.

"I'll pay Mr. Grocer for his box of lemons, if he'll let the lad off," persisted the sailor.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the justice. "Do you make a charge against this boy, Mr. Grocer?"

But at that moment a little trembling figure ran into the room.

The mother of the children, who had come earlier than usual from the factory, work being slack, and had heard the awful news of her boy's arrest, and had missed her sick girl.

"It's mother!" cried Kitty. "It's mother!"

And it seemed to her that all must be right now. But Tom crouched low for shame.

He knew he was a thief; and what had his mother told him about keeping the laws of man and God, and being honest if ever so poor. How he must shame her!

The grocer looked at her also in compunction.

"The mother's a decent woman," said he, "and pays for what she gets. A decent, respectable woman."

But then and there, before the very eyes of the whole court, the decent, respectable woman gave a wild cry, and flung her arms about the sailor, who, in his turn, pressed her to his heart.

Tom, first amazed, next turned furious, and doubled both his small fists.

But Kitty, with her baby woman's instinctive comprehension, saw at a glance what it would have taken hours to have explained to Tom, and cried:

"I guess it's father come back from sea."

She guessed right. It was the old story of desert island and years of anxious waiting, and the sailor had made search for his wife and children since his return.

And thus queerly had they all been brought together again.

In consideration of all these circumstances, the grocer refused to make any charge against Tom, and he was set free.

An Unknown Great Man.

Wm. H. Seward was first nominated for Governor of New York in 1834. He lived at Auburn, and a number of his fellow-townsmen, in accordance with the old saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," were opposed to the nomination. They berated their delegation for favoring it, and the chairman remarked, "I never supposed Mr. Seward was a great man, but when I went to Utica, I found that everybody spoke of him as the greatest man in the State." "Well," replied the vexed citizens, "the State must be in a strange condition if Seward is among its great men." "Gentlemen," answered the chairman, "I have learned one thing by going to Utica; and that is that a great man never lives at home!" A great man has been found at Erie, Pa., unknown to his townsmen. Yale College conferred the degree of A. M. on Artemas Martin, and the citizens of Erie knew of no such man. A reporter, however, found him out, and he is considerable of a man, as the report shows:

Professor Artemas Martin is a bachelor, aged forty-two. His occupation is that of market gardener, and for the last half-dozen years every Wednesday and Saturday morning has found him selling vegetables on State Street. In his own family he has always been called "The Professor" (a title he has now a right to wear), but to his neighbors he has been known only as a market gardener.

In mathematical circles, in this country and Europe, few names are better known than that of Artemas Martin. He is a regular contributor to the *Educational Times*, of London, England; to the *Messenger of Mathematics*, of Cambridge, England; to the *Analyst*, of Des Moines, Iowa, and the mathematical department of the Yates *County Chronicle*, of Penn Yan, N. Y. He was editor of the mathematical department of the *Schoolday Magazine* till its discontinuance. He is now editor of the department of higher mathematics in the *Normal Monthly*, published by the well known mathematical author, Professor Brooks, at Millersville, Pa. Finally, he is editor and publisher of the *Mathematical Visitor*, an annual of which the first number was issued last March. In his modest home was found a comprehensive and valuable mathematical library of several hundred volumes.

The Giant's Causeway.

Nothing I have ever seen in nature can equal the perfect finish of the Causeway. It is difficult to believe that the hand of man has not fashioned it. Pillar on pillar, smooth, perfect hexagons, climb up and down where you will upon it, and the same perfection of shape meets your eyes. One group of pillars has been called the Fan, since it has assumed that shape. The columns as a rule are about four feet in length and rise one above another so regularly that the tops on some form seats, and those form backs to them, and so on from the lowest to the highest. It is almost impossible to describe the beauty of the place; you have to stand first where we stood to believe it.

Stand on the hexagons with the great waves surging up to your feet, billows of blue-green water roll up and retreat, gurgling as they go from submarine hollows, under your feet, and then as you approach to peep over the rocks, rush forward again, fizzing all round you, and splashing you with foam and bits of seaweed. Turn aside and rocks of grand and weird shape meet your view. Amongst others appears to be a monk who, with bent head, kneels in everlasting attitude of prayer. Contemplate these rocks for a few minutes and they will appear full of faces and figures, fantastic perhaps and quaint, but all in keeping with the kneeling figure. Turn your back upon the sea, and what a grand scene you have!—what cliffs, what rocks, what wonderful formation. It seemed to me, wherever I looked, my eyes wanted to remain fixed. —*New Dominion Monthly.*

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.—When Davy was in Sicily he was studying geology, and the rap and clatter of his hammer among the rocks astonished the Catanian peasants, who accounted him mad. They told their priest of the danger from the maniac, but Davy had seen the priest before them; his reverence quietly intimated to the peasants that it was a foreign gentleman from a far-off land who was practising a penance! Davy was regarded by the Catanians as a saint. He has since been regarded by the world as a philosopher.

A CONNECTICUT preacher says that a good congregation will praise the music, the choir, the ventilation, and the civilities of the usher, but as to the sermon, "Well, I dunno."

Fresh-Water Fish.

It is well known that fresh-water fish cannot live in salt water, and vice versa; and it has been supposed that the reason existed in some poisonous effect which the inappropriate water exerted. M. Paul Bert has recently been investigating this subject, and the conclusion is that the death of the creature is not due to any toxic action, but is simply a phenomenon of osmosis, or transmission of fluids through the membranes. In order to prove this, it is only necessary to weigh the animal before and after the experiment. A frog, for example, plunged into sea water loses one-third its weight. If only the foot of the frog be introduced, the blood globules can be seen to leave the vessels and distribute themselves under the skin. If an animal be taken, the skin of which is not entirely osmotic, the same phenomena occur in the bronchial system.

There are certain fish, however, which exist sometimes in salt sometimes in fresh-water, changing their habitation in different periods of life or of the year. It therefore, in view of the above, becomes interesting to see how M. Bert applies his discovery to such apparent exceptions to the general rule. A fresh-water salmon, for instance, plunged abruptly in sea-water, resists the effects longer than other fresh-water fishes; but he dies within five or six hours. This shows, according to M. Bert, that the fish never proceed suddenly from fresh to salt-water, but enter brackish water where the tide ebbs and flows, and live there a sufficient time to habituate themselves to the change. This accounts for the frequent discovery of large numbers of such migratory fish in the vicinity of the mouths of the rivers which they ascend.

A fresh-water eel, plunged in salt-water, does not seem to be affected, but in investigating the peculiarities of this species, M. Bert was led into a wrong conclusion, which may be cited to show how easy it is, often by pure accident, to reach an erroneous determination in laboratory experimenting. After having himself placed several fresh-water eels, he found, as already stated, that they remained alive and unharmed. Wishing to continue the experiments, he directed his assistant to introduce the fish, and report results. To his surprise, the eels then persistently died after a three or four hours' sojourn in salt-water, and long search failed to discover the reason why. It was that, when M. Bert placed them in the tanks they lived, while, when the assistant did so, they perished. Finally, M. Bert found that his assistant, doubtless on account of the slipperiness of the eels, lifted them with a piece of cloth in his hand. The cloth rubbed off a little of the natural slime of the animal, which protected it from the salt-water. Osmosis then occurred in the denuded portion, and the eel eventually died.

The converse experiment of inserting a fish in fresh water, produced analogous results. The gills were the seat of alterations, the same as those noted in fresh-water fish placed in salt-water. M. Bert also observed that the life of the fish could be prolonged by adding salt to the fresh water, thus adding further confirmation to his theory.

AVERSION TO MONEY.—One of the "Reformers" who years ago thought "the happy family" at Brook Farm would be the beginning of a new social life, was a brother of one of the leading editors of the country. Being a very young man, he had imbibed the notion that it was wrong to use money as a medium of exchange. Barter, or the exchange of one article for another, and labor, he thought, were the only righteous methods of exchange.

If he rode in a rail-car, he would answer, in response to the conductor's demand for a ticket or money, that he had neither, but would do any work the conductor might suggest in payment for his ride. If he desired a quart of strawberries or a small measure of peaches—most of the Brook farmers lived on the fruits of the earth—he would say: "Gold and silver have I none, but such as I have, my ability to work, I will exchange for these."

Tradition says that such were the winning ways and charming conversation of the young man that peaches and rides were freely placed at his command. As for the loyalty of young men to their ideals! That young reformer, so it is said, married a lady with a fortune, and is now a prosperous English gentleman, who does not hesitate to give gold and silver in exchange for labor and products.

A FRENCH physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything let them go into their room and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be so greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed the result, may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system.

A GOOD *repartee* is told of a scapegrace whom a mentor reminded that his aunt had paid his debts, and that he should be more submissive to the wishes of his relative. The young good-for-nothing did not take much heed of the sermon, but when his creditors were mentioned he had a real *cri du cœur*: "Yes, yes, my aunt paid my creditors, but what has she done for me?"

IT is stated that 50,000 persons have signed the pledge at the Murphy Christian Temperance meetings held in Philadelphia.

The Happy Holiday.

Happiness on Christmas day is both a tradition and a habit. Of old, when men were rougher than they are now, and enjoyment was of a more boisterous sort than it is in our time, it was the custom to cultivate merriment more than now, and we have a survival of the old notion of happiness in the universal Christmas salutation which is still in use among us; but whether we are literally "merry" or not, there are very few tolerably well constituted persons who fail to draw some kind of genuine happiness from the day of our great feast.

We do good deeds on that day for one thing, and the doing brings delight. We remember the poor and endeavor in some way to brighten the day for them; we give gifts to our friends and have joy in the giving; we warm our hearts in the glow of the Christmas fires, and there is comfort in such warmth. The traditions of the day are all unselfish, and even without intending it we grow generous at this season, making ourselves happy in trying to make others so. Above all, we rejoice in the glee of the children, catching something of their keen zest for simple pleasure, and softening for the time the crusts of hard worldliness in which the year's contact with life encases us. We enter into the sports of the little people, and forget that we are grave men and women, with the cares and the dignities of years upon our heads. It is good for us, too, that we can thus revert once a year to something like childhood, drawing thence new stores of youthfulness.

It is a curious fact that Christmas alone, of all our holidays, is moss-grown with pretty traditions. The others are observed formally, mechanically or conventionally; Christmas alone has its customs which have grown out of the soil of human nature, as it were. On New Year's Day we have calls, of course, and the custom was a pretty and hospitable one in the days of the old Dutch dynasty, but the fashion, dress coats and formality have robbed it of much of its genial significance. We injure our ear-drums on the Fourth of July with a senseless din. Our other holidays are local, provincial, or at least strictly American still. Christmas only, of those which may be classed with it, has a distinct and definite character of its own. Its customs are the natural growth of centuries. All nations have contributed to the general store of them, and the observances with which the day is marked in different countries are sufficiently like each other to make of them a sort of Christmas freemasonry, through which every keeper of Christmas recognizes a brother in every other observer of the day.

In this country, we owe much of our Christmas enjoyment to Charles Dickens, who, if he did not introduce the day to us, first taught us how to enter fully into its spirit. If we were not quite Scrooges, we were at least given over to thoughts of thrift, and had too little of the Christmas habit of abandoning ourselves to the childlike Christmas customs in the spirit of childhood, until his Tiny Tims and their fellows taught us what delight there may be in a family feast when good will sits all around the board.—*New York Post.*

Tribes and Tongues.

The San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Examiner and Chronicle*, gets off the following spicy description of the people of the Bay City:

Sometimes painters used to go to Gibraltar to copy the costumes of far countries that sets the streets in a blaze, but to see nations, come to San Francisco. You meet a Spaniard in a wide hat, an Italian with ink in his hair, a correlative of frogs and *sauve-moutarde*, all in a minute. A California Indian in still shoes, a moon-faced Mexican in partial eclipse and a sort of African by brevet, a Russian with a square chin and a furry look, all in three squares. You elbow South Americans, Australians, New Zealanders. You accost a man who was born in Brazil, who hails from Good Hope, who trades in Honolulu. One of the great Chinese merchants with an easy gait, an erect head and a boyish face, is coming around the corner. A man from Calcutta is behind you. "An Israelite in whom is no guile" is before you. The Scotchman is here with the high cheek-bones, the blue eyes, and the cutty-pipe and a word from Robby Burns in his mouth. The Dutch have taken us, and the Irish, do they not "thravel the round wurrld!" Of course New England is here, and New York and the South. They are *everywhere*, but show us your Columbians and Peruvians and Sea-Islanders, and all sorts of people from the outer edges of geographies and the far borders of atlases, as here. Japanese and Chinese signs grow familiar to you in a week. Sclavonians and Mongolians are as thick as red pepper in East India curry. It is a tremendous Polyglot.

I write in the Baptist "Metropolitan Temple," a cosmopolitan church whose doors are open to all nations, and the most elegant and spacious sacred edifice—sacred to God and to man—in California. It is built of pine from "the wild where rolls the Oregon," of fir, of *sequoia*, the giant red-wood of California. Nothing composing the structure is familiar to Eastern eyes. We walk upon stone from Portland, we drink melted ice from the Sierras, we write upon a portfolio from China, on paper kept in a cabinet from Japan, with a pen of California gold. We step upon a mat from Central America, recline upon a pillow woven of grass from the ocean, eat the eggs of sea-birds with shells of Egyptian marble, sit in the shade of an Australian tree, and swing in a hammock from the Sandwich Islands.

THE greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in the storm, and the most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God is most unfaltering.

USE thy noble vase to-day; to-morrow it may break.

How Postal Cards are Made.

The paper upon which postal cards are printed comes in sheets about 22 inches by 28 inches in size, and is packed in boxes containing about 2,000 sheets, and weighing 530 pounds each. After the boxes are unpacked the first thing in order is the printing. This is done by two Hoe cylinder presses, each of which prints forty cards at a single impression. The printed sheets are then placed in racks and allowed to dry for two days, in order to prevent any blotting or defacement. Now they are ready for the cutters, of which there are three, at present. By the first, which is a rotary cutter, the sheets are divided crosswise in ten strips, containing four postal cards each. The sheets pass through this machine as rapidly as one can follow another. The strips are then collected in packages of one hundred each, the edges are made exactly even, and the packages are then placed on the iron tables of the cutters, which sever them in the opposite direction. Of these cutters there are two, both known as the Cranston "under-cut." Ten packages of 100 sheets each, after leaving the rotary cutter, are placed in the "under-cut;" a lever is pulled which sets the machinery in motion, and up comes a heavy knife with a diagonal motion, and there are 400 postal cards complete in a twinkling. A bit of brass is removed, allowing the uncut packages to be moved up a proper distance under the knife, and the process is repeated. The cards are then taken in bunches convenient to be handled, and the edges are carefully brushed to remove all dust and "feather." They then pass into the hands of eighteen girls, by whom they are counted out into packages containing twenty-five cards each. Twenty packages are placed in pasteboard boxes, which again are packed in wooden boxes, containing from 1,000 to 25,000 cards apiece.

The presses are now printing about 1,000,000 cards a day. The contract requires that 1,000,000 cards shall be made in a day if the demand is so great.

It is not expected that many visitors will enter the rooms in which the cards are made, but precautions are taken to prevent the loss or abstraction of cards. Every sheet printed is registered by the press, and the company is compelled to give an account of every one. If a few cards were lost it would cause considerable trouble, although the loss might be trifling. Any cards that are spoiled in the cutting or defaced in any way are retained and destroyed by the Government inspector.

The post-office officials in this city do not regard postal cards with favor. Postmaster James expressed the opinion the other day that they were emphatically a nuisance, and one of the subordinate officials asserted that postal cards caused a falling-off in the sale of stamps of $1,000 a day. The daily sales of cards, he said, would amount to 50,000 on an average; on some days as many as 100,000 had been sold. There was a gradual increase in the sale of cards, and this had been the case since they were first introduced. Other causes beside the demand for postal cards had affected the sale of stamps, the daily falling-off in which amounted to about $2,000. These causes were the hard times and the sale of stamps by country postmasters, which had recently been exposed. Postal cards in this country could not fail to be a loss to the Government, because they were carried so far at a trifling cost. In England they had met with more success on account of the limited territory over which they had to be distributed.—*New York Tribune.*

The Unemployed.

"Three million of unemployed men in the United States"—that is the text upon which have been threaded more editorial attempts at pathos lately than any statement that has been made since the panic. But is it true? There are in the United States about 40,000,000 people, 20,000,000 males, of whom not over 8,000,000 are mature, able-bodied men. Of these 8,000,000 about 2,000,000 are Southern negroes, of whom it can hardly be said that any are really out of employment, since there is work enough for all who are willing to work. Of the remaining six million, at least three million are farmers, of whom it cannot be said that any are out of employment. This calculation leaves but about 3,000,000 to be accounted for, and if they are all out of employment, then there is nobody at work in the United States, except the women, the Southern negroes and the farmers! But this, of course, is an absurd conclusion. Of these 3,000,000 we know that 1,000,000 are engaged in active business in professional work, or else supported from accumulated wealth. And of the remaining 2,000,000 at least one-half of 1,000,000 is engaged in mechanical trades, in the great business of transportation, in manual labor, in Government or State employ, etc., etc. This would leave but 1,000,000 men really unemployed in the whole country, of whom at least half are Southern whites who won't work, tramps, lazy young men living on their fathers, etc., etc. We then arrive at the conclusion that not over 500,000 men in the United States are really unemployed.—*Pittsburg Leader.*

A PUPIL in an English school was asked in an examination paper, "Why is the tropic of Cancer so called, and why is it situated twenty-three and a half degrees from the equator?" The answer, constructed on a basis of purest logic, was: "The Tropic of Cancer is so called from a Latin word cancer, meaning a crab, because there are a great many crabs in that portion of the globe; and it is situated twenty-three and a half degrees from the Equator because there are more crabs there than anywhere else." Another pupil, asked to define the word "buttress," wrote out its meaning, "A female who makes butter."

A LITTLE boy entered a fish market the other day, and seeing, for the first time, a pile of lobsters lying on the counter, looked at them intently for some time, when he exclaimed, "By gracious! them's the biggest grasshoppers I've ever seen."

Tid-Bits.

OUR customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them and we jog along through the mire, because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

'Tis well in deeds of good, though small, to thrive;
'Tis well some part of ill, though small, to cure;
'Tis well with onward, upward hope to strive;
Yet better and diviner to endure.

IT is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual, that earthly influence, which has a commencement, will never, through all ages, have an end! What is done is done, has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working universe, and will ever work there, for good or evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
But pave a path that's sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

—Gerald Massey.

So lately died, so soon forgotten. 'Tis the way of the world. Men take us by the hand, and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we think, like the fly on the wheel, we have something to do with the turning of the earth. Some day we die and are buried. The sun does not stop for our funeral; everything goes as usual; we are not missed on the street; one or two hearts feel the wound of affliction; one or two members still hold our names and forms; but the crowd moves in the circle, and in three days the great wave of time sweeps over our steps, and washes out the last vestige of our lives.

God is never so far off
As even to be near;
He is within; our spirit is
The home He holds most dear.
To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.
So, even while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,
Myself, God's sanctuary.

—Faber.

WHEN the stiffened body goes down to the tomb, sad, silent, and remorseless, I feel there is no death for the man. That clod which yonder dust shall cover is not my brother. The dust goes to its place, man to his own. It is then I feel my immortality. I look through the grave into Heaven. I ask no miracles, no proof, no reasoning for me. I ask no risen dust to teach me immortality. I am conscious of eternal life.—*Theodore Parker.*

THE BIRTHDAY.

My birthday! why do you remind me?
I hate its oft-recurring chime:
It brings me nothing but sad remembrance,
And makes me quarrel with poor old Time.
My birthday! gladly I'd forget it:
I would be younger if I could.
Alas! alas! the years are swindlers:
They make me old before I'm good.

IF every woman could find perfect equality in marriage, there would be no single blessedness, no divorces, no woman out of her sphere, no man shirking his conjugal responsibilities, and no conflict between the two sexes for equality. But a large proportion of men fail to demonstrate their ability to care for more than themselves, and, as an accompanying feature we are obliged to hear so much about the independent, self-reliant woman.—*Mrs. Thrale.*

PITKIN'S JOKE ON THE LOUISIANA DEMOCRATS.—It will be remembered that recently one of the Nicholls' investigating committees found three or four boxes in the custom-house marked "J. R. G. Pitkin." The conclusion was jumped at that the contents were certain stolen papers bearing the vote of the State. The committee, through Gov. Nicholls, asked the attorney-general of the United States if they should be opened. Judge Devens said the committee would have to take that responsibility on its own shoulders. Meantime, while cogitating as to what should be done, each member of the smelling committee affixed their private seals on the boxes to preclude the possibility of the opening of the lids without detection. Meanwhile Pitkin, who knew what was going on, allowed New Orleans for three weeks to work itself into a high state of excitement. Thinking the suspense had been long enough borne, and with the chances to have the committee make asses of themselves, he yesterday telegraphed to the Nicholls authorities his permission to open the boxes. It is understood they contain fishing tackle, some imitation grubworms, old gumshoes, bathing-suits and a hammock or two. Pitkin thinks also that one of the boxes contains in manuscript an epic poem, which he trusts the committee will read and criticise.

THE COST OF WAR.—Our own country has found that out by sad experience, and Russia is now taking a lesson from the same exacting teacher. She is only in the fifth month of her struggle with Turkey, and has swelled her paper currency to $640,000,000, and it is expected she will have to issue 450,000,000 roubles ($328,500,000) more. The Russian newspaper *Vedomosts*, after an elaborate review of the sums already expended, draws the conclusion that, if the war lasts till Autumn, it will cost not less than 850,000,000 roubles ($620,500,000), of which 232,000,000 ($169,360,000) have already been expended. To cover this sum there is in reserve 150,000,000 roubles ($109,500,000). From these figures it will be seen that if the war should last two or three years, Russia will have a dept on her hands of a fearful magnitude for her taxpayers.

THE *Australian* says that the rewards paid by the government for the capture of sharks in the Bay of Melbourne amount in the aggregate to sixty-two pounds eleven shillings and sixteen pence. The number of sharks brought to the various police stations since the offer of a reward was published amounts to eight hundred and forty-six. One of the sharks measured about sixteen feet in length, and weighed about a ton.