The East Oregonian.

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A Farewell of the Period.

Farewell, my dearest—nevermore,
Hand clasped in hand, shall we together
Roam o'er the breezy, broad sea-downs,
All in the merry soft May weather!
But then this thought occurs to me:
'Twill save a trifle in shoe-leather.

Farewell! for fate will have it so,
Oh, fondest heart! Oh, tenderest, nearest!
The hues of spring have lost their glow—
The leaf—the leaf is at its scarest,
I may not wed thee, sweet—just now,
Dry goods and things are at their dearest.

Farewell, beloved—thou art free—
A fearful dearth of funds had done it;
I'll keep the ever in my heart—
I'll put thee in my choicest sonnet;
These will I, love—they little cost—
Not so a Paris gown and bonnet!

And now we go divided ways;
Dead broke am I—that's all too certain;
I take no more stock in boquets,
Bon-bons, and all that goes with flirtin';
So now I drop love's pretty theme,
And, so to speak, pull down the curtain.

That Clerk.

"Only think of it! A clerk! A saleswoman!" "It seems to me I'd have worked my fingers to the bone in some other way before I would have come to that," said Lizzie Doyle, going to the mirror and re-adjusting a twenty-dollar hat.

"So would I. But then, what could she do?"

"At least she might have made herself a little less public. If there's anything I despise, it's these saleswomen!"

"So do I. How much better it would have been to have gone into dress-making, or millinery, or something of that sort. But to stand behind the counter like a man!"

"Papa always did like those Stanleys," said Lizzie Doyle, petulantly.

"Yes, we all liked them well enough until Mr. Stanley failed, didn't we?"

"No, not I, for one. Laura was always too independent in her notions. Don't you remember how hard she studied at school? It does seem as if she foresaw her father's failure."

"I wonder she didn't try for some better position, then. She is surely capable of being something better than a shop-girl."

"Oh, I believe papa intends to promote her when Mr. Jobley goes West. She will then take Mr. Jobley's place as junior bookeeper. Think of that for a woman!"

"That would be better than selling goods. I don't see how she can do that with her refined tastes. Why don't she give lessons, I wonder? It might not bring her in quite so much money, but it would be a deal nicer."

"Yes, and then we could recognize her," said Lizzie Doyle.

"That's what I was coming to," was the quick reply of her companion, a small, sallow-faced girl, elaborately trimmed and flounced. "How are we to treat her now? We have been great friends, you know—that is, when she was in our set," she added, seeing Lizzie's brow darken.

"I'll tell you how *I* shall treat her," responded Lizzie, slowly drawing on a pair of perfumed, three-button kid gloves; "precisely as I treat all of papa's clerks. And I should like to see any one of them presume!"

"Oh, but Laura won't presume! You needn't be afraid of that; she's too proud."

"She must be," said Lizzie, sneeringly, "to take that position! *I* shall not notice her."

"But how can you help it when you go to the store or to church? She sits so near to us you know."

"Of course she'll give up that pew. She can't afford that."

"That's precisely what she does not mean to do. I heard her say that the family must economize somewhere else and keep the pew. Her mother is hard of hearing, and could not enjoy the services further back. The children, too, must go to church. That is the last thing, she said, one ought to give up. I heard her say this to your father last Sunday."

"How provoking!" said Lizzie, impatiently. "She will always be in our faces. But I shall have nothing to do with her. I know what it's for, the artful minx!—it's to keep near us. She knows she's got into papa's good graces; and Al, too, admires her. I don't see what there is, though, to admire. She's very plain."

"Laura is no beauty," was the reply; "but I don't think she's so very plain. She certainly has lowered herself, though, by going into a store." And thereupon the two girls went out for their walk.

It was near twilight of that same day when Laura Stanley walked briskly home and entered the neat two-story house to which her mother had lately removed such of her household effects as had been spared by the auctioneer.

"This is really pleasant," she said, sinking into a chair that had been drawn near to the glowing grate.

"I had no idea, mother, that you would so soon make the house so home-like and comfortable."

"Are you very tired, my dear?" asked her mother, a pretty, refined-looking woman, as she helped her daughter to take off her cloak and hat.

"Rather, but I like the business; and it's a fine place for the study of character," she added, with a curl of the lip which her mother noticed.

"I wish you had chosen something else, my dear. I was sure your feelings would be hurt."

"I don't wish so," said Laura, briskly. "There is nothing else would have brought a salary at once, and as for my feelings, it don't hurt me a bit to find out the hollowness of society. I used to wonder what a certain person would be to me if I were not the rich Harvey Stanley's daughter, and now I know. It's a knowledge worth gaining."

"Do you meet many persons you are acquainted with?" asked her mother, busying herself in getting the tea.

"Oh yes; and it's amusing when they come upon me suddenly. 'O!—it's—really!—*is* this Miss Stanley?' And sometimes up go the eye-glasses. Then I feel—well, as if I should like to freeze somebody, if I could, for a minute. Others see me and make believe they are examining goods; so absorbed are they that they go clear by me without looking up, and pass out in the same way. But such slights don't trouble me. I find out how much true friendship is worth, and who, out of all the seeming ladies I have been in the habit of meeting, are true, and who are false."

"Then you meet some who are true?"

"Yes, indeed; Judge Agate's wife, who always seemed to me so proud and distant, came up to me with a glowing face and fairly congratulated me. She did it like a lady, too, and like a friend. There was nothing patronizing about her. And there were several others to whom I know my position makes no difference. They prize me for what I am. Yet what a price to pay for learning the value of true friendship!" added Laura, with a deep sigh.

"I met Aggie Doyle to-day, and she wouldn't speak to me," said Alice, Laura's sister, who had come into the room and overheard the last remark. "Why should't she speak to me, I wonder."

"Because your sister is a clerk in her father's store," said Laura, somewhat bitterly.

"That's no reason why she should treat me so," the child replied.

"Of course it is not; nor is it any reason why Lizzie, her eldest sister, should utterly ignore me. I always liked her so much, too. But to-day she came into the store and passed me with such a sweeping glance, after I had prepared a smile and a welcome for her. Mr. Doyle has been so kind since papa's death that I looked for better treatment from Lizzie. That, I confess, has wounded me; and I shall have to meet her so often! But never mind, I must remember my place," she added, rather bitterly. "I have to work for my living now—but I will be proud of it! Good-bye, old life of lazy ease! Good-bye, old worthless friends! Your coldness cannot hurt the real *me*; it is only the worthless young lady of fashion who feels it, and she is slowly departing this life."

So saying, she sat down gayly to the tea-table, and soon forgot all about the toil and the slights of the day.

"Have you filled out all your invitations?" asked Lizzie's eldest brother, one of the firm of Doyle & Co., some days after the preceding conversation took place.

Lizzie was arranging a hundred or more tiny, cream-colored envelopes, which she tied together with some pretty, bright-hued ribbon.

"I believe so," she replied, with a smile. "I have asked every young lady of my acquaintance, and I think our party will be the finest of the season, if papa will only have the carpets taken up in the west rooms and the floors chalked. Rutger will do them for fifty dollars, and you have no idea how beautifully he works."

"I think father will not refuse you that," her brother replied. "I'll speak to him about it."

"Oh, thank you, Al. Then I'm sure he will have it done. I have asked him for so many things that I am almost afraid to ask for more."

"By-the-by, have you invited Miss Laura Stanley?" her brother asked as he was going out.

"Of course not!" said Lizzie, with assured emphasis.

"Of course not! And pray, why not?" he asked, standing still.

"Why, Al, what an idea! She wouldn't expect it. Our shop-girl—father's clerk! I wouldn't have her for the world!"

"Then, if you are sure she wouldn't come, you might have sent her an invitation out of compliment," her brother replied.

"I don't consider her an acquaintance," said Lizzie, loftily; and Al walked out of the room with an abrupt shrug of the shoulders.

Presently her father came in.

"Lizzie," he said, I particularly wish you to send a note of invitation to Miss Laura Stanley."

"Papa, you don't mean it!" exclaimed Lizzie, chagrined.

"Indeed, I do mean it. What! slight the daughter of my most cherished friends, because she has come down in the world in a money point of view? *I* should despise myself for it."

"But, papa, she won't come," said Lizzie.

"Never mind whether she will come or not. Write an invitation. I will take it to her."

Lizzie sat down, pale and angry, to write the note. After all her boasting of having "cut the Stanleys," it was very hard to be obliged to invite Laura. Her cheeks grew hot, as she indited the polite little missive, while she remembered the many times she had openly ignored her to whom it was addressed. She would have disobeyed had she dared—would even have withheld the note after it was written, had her father not stood by to take it himself. It was indeed humiliating.

Later, her brother Al came to her.

"I should like an invitation, Lizzie, for a young lady of my acquaintance," he said, in a quiet voice.

"Who is she?"

"The young lady whom I have asked to be my wife," he said, smiling.

"Oh, Al, of course you shall have it! I am to have a sister, then? I'm so glad! What is her name? Is she in the city? Will she be sure to come? I'm sure I can't think of anybody." And then she paused, puzzled at his shrewd smile.

"Do I know her?" she asked.

"You used to," he answered. "It is Miss Laura Stanley?"

"Oh, Al!"

She sank down, covering her face with her hands.

"I was afraid she might feel the slight so keenly," he said, softly, "that I hurried matters a little. So you need not be afraid now that she will not come. Will you not prepare an invitation?"

"I have. Papa has carried it to her. But oh, Al, a clerk!"

"A noble woman," said her brother, "who dares face the sneers of 'her set,' and take an honest position for the sake of those who are dependent upon her, rather than whine about her former dignity, and live upon charity. I wish there were more like her."

So Lizzie was forced, for once in her life, to eat humble pie.

All For Nothing.

One of the most unfortunate men of our acquaintance is a good-looking clergyman, a widower, who has six grown-up daughters. Of course they are violently opposed to the thought of having a step-mother, and their poor father is subjected to a cruel espionage, and is compelled to take one or more of his daughters with him wherever he goes. The other day, however, he succeeded in escaping to a neighboring town without the presence of a daughter or two, and after an absence of several days, a message came to the daughters that their father "had married a widow with six sprightly children." Had a bomb-shell burst, greater consternation would not have been caused. The intelligence also was conveyed that the clergyman would return at a certain time. Those girls held a council at once, and it was unanimously agreed to give "the widow with six sprightly children" an exceedingly warm reception—so hot, indeed, that the house and village could not hold them. The well-regulated house was turned topsy-turvy—the cellar and pantry emptied—preserves confiscated—baking neglected. Water was poured over the stove to give it a gray and rusty aspect, and the windows were spattered with dish-water. After all this had been done the girls put on their shabbiest clothes, and awaited the arrival of the seven unwelcome persons. Rev. Mr.—— finally came, but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and as he viewed the neglected parlors, there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At last the eldest mustered courage and asked: "Where is mother?" "In heaven," said the good man. "But where is the widow with six children whom you married?" "Why, I married her to another man, my dears." The portraits of those girls at that moment would be worth a fortune to an artist. Surprise, chagrin, joy, and humiliation were depicted upon their countenances, which grew first red and then colorless, changing from the one to the other in quick succession. The daughters had urgent duties elsewhere, and the father was left in the room alone, until called to supper, the like of which he had not enjoyed for many a day. When he arose the next morning, the house had more than its wonted cheerfulness and order, while his daughters were all smiles in their neatest attire. Their fear of a stepmother has greatly decreased, while the father has much more freedom and is not constantly under surveillance.

"Safety Matches."

A gentleman who had been employed in the manufacture of safety matches expressed it as his opinion that they are the most dangerous matches made. For, in the majority of cases, when a match is struck, some of the phosphorus on the box flies off, and, being highly inflammable, if it meets with any combustible substance, it always gives rise to a dangerous fire. If lighted where the phosphorus can fall on the carpet, the result is the same as though the carpet was exposed to the sparks of a fire. There is also a certain degree of temptation offered to those who manufacture these matches. This consists in putting a small quantity of phosphorus into the heads to make them ignite more easily when brought in contact with the phosphorus on the box. This fraud has actually been carried into effect in Northern Germany, and although nothing of the kind has been discovered in this country, the fact that it may be will probably increase their unpopularity. The safety match has certainly had time to win its way, as an old variety of it existed in Sajtzerland at a period when other parts of the world were still occupied with the flint and steel. It has been claimed for these matches that they are better able to resist moisture than other varieties. The reason, however, is not apparent, as the heads are composed of salts, which are affected by water in the manner of all saline substances. It may be stated as a general rule that those matches are safest which require considerable friction for ignition and which, when lighted, furnish merely heat enough to kindle the splints. The safest, probably, are those in which a considerable part of the compound is formed of sulphur, as it requires more than usual friction to light them. They are also a quiet match, and in lighting do not scatter any part of the head about. But they kindle slowly, and the sulphurous fumes always render them objectionable. They can also be lighted so conveniently rubbing them on the wall that a great temptation is held out to servants to disfigure the appearance of a room in this way.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

MARRY THE WOMAN.—Some men marry dimples, some eyes, a few ears; the mouth, too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often. A young man once fell head over heels and ears in love with a braid. He was so far gone that he became engaged to his braid, but a new mode of hairdressing having been adopted by his fiance, the charm was dissolved and never renewed. What do young men marry? Why they marry these and many other bits and scraps of a wife, instead of a true woman. And then, after the wedding, they are surprised to find that although married, they have no wives. He that would have a wife must marry a woman.

A WASHINGTON letter-writer says that Mr. Simon Wolf, President of the Washington Schutzenverein, who set afloat the story that Mrs. Hayes sent the historic bouquet to his society, is likely to lose his official head. He is Register of Deeds for the District of Columbia.

The Author of "Paul and Virginia."

I suppose that this author gave a great deal more of study and care to his book on nature than he did to the little story of "Paul and Virginia." Yet it was this last—which was published some two years or more before the capture of the Bastille—which gave him his great fame.

Where there was one reader for his other books, there were twenty readers for "Paul and Virginia." In those fierce days when the Revolution was ripening, and a gigantic system of lordly privileges was breaking up and consuming away—like straw in fire—this little tender, simple story, with its gushes of sentiment and its warm, tropical atmosphere, was being thumbed in porter's lodges, and was read in wine shops and hidden under children's pillows, and was sought after by noble women—and women who were not noble—and by priests who slipped it into their pockets with their books of prayer. Even the hard, flinty-faced young officer of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, had read it with delight, and in after years greeted the author with the imperial demand—"When, M. St. Pierre, will you give us another 'Paul and Virginia!'"

Do you not wonder, as you read it, that so simple and slender a tale could take any hold upon people who were engulfed in the terrors of that mad revolution?

Why was it?

Partly, I think, because the dainty and tender tone of the story-teller offered such strange contrast to the fierce wrangle of daily talk; partly also because, in the breaking down of all the old society laws and habits of living in France, it was a relief to catch a sweet glimpse of the progress of an innocent life and innocent love—albeit of children—under purely natural influences.

It is worth your reading, were it only that you may see what tender and exaggerated sentiment was relished by this strange people at a time when they were cutting off heads in the public square by hundreds.

It is specially worth reading in its French dress, for its choice, and simple, and limpid language.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Favorite Story of Dickens.

The following story may have gone the round of the newspapers but it is good enough for re-telling, since Dickens said of it: "You must know that I have appropriated that story and acquired immense reputation by it!" It occurs in a paper of reminiscences in *Scribner*, entitled "A Yankee Tar and his Friends."

On one of Captain Morgan's voyages from America to England, he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one; but what could she do with five! In the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a few moments' thought, said: "It's a fine calm day; suppose, by accident, you should fall overboard; I'll have a boat ready to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump after you." This novel proposition met the young lady's views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four of the young men took the plunge, and, being picked up by the boat, presented themselves a dripping quartette upon the ship's deck. The object of their undampened ardor, no less wet than themselves, fled to her state-room and sent for her adviser, the captain. "Now, Captain," cried she in despair, "what am I to do?" "Ah, my dear," replied the captain, "if you want a sensible husband, *take the dry one*"—which she did.

THERE IS A NEW KIND OF CASABIANCA.—It is a boy that can stay at his post as long as there is any use of his holding it, that is not afraid of threat nor the presence of violence, and keeps his work resolutely in hand so long as there is work to do. This is what is reported of August Doudel, the brave little telegraph operator who was shut up in the Pittsburgh railroad office on Saturday night. He kept on telegraphing, doing his duty, without the slightest regard to the mob surrounding him. They could not drive him away so long as the connecting wires responded to his hand. When at last they fired the building, he quietly, and with a touch of humor, sent his last message, "Fire's too hot. Good night," and got away in time, showing himself to be as sensible as brave. Obedience to order and discipline were never more needed than now, and it is a noble thing to die at one's post, if thereby a trust is kept that saves other lives or keeps destruction or rapine at bay. But to hit it as accurately as this boy has done, to care nothing for the risk of life so long as his magnets worked and he could send intelligent replies over the wires and then to know when to quit, makes us confess that the modern Casabianca is a great improvement over the old.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AN Oakland huckster bought a fine mule at auction on California street last week. He paid one hundred and forty dollars for it and christened it Martin Luther. After trying three days to put its harness on from a second-story window, the owner resold it yesterday for fourteen dollars, on long time, and under the style and title of "Sara." It was purchased by the city government, and will henceforth be used to suppress riots. It is calculated that when backed gently and firmly into a mob, the business end of this faithful animal will be equal to four Gatling guns and a howitzer.—*S. F. News Letter.*

MANNERS are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage, they form at last a rich varnish, with the routine of life washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

THE State debt of Virginia is $40,000,000.

Lip-Reading.

A good many years ago, when the accomplished daughter of a well-known gentleman of this city was a little girl, she was taken ill with scarlet fever, and when she recovered was stone deaf. Fortunately the child, who possessed a remarkably sweet voice, had learned to talk before the attack, and the physician who attended her, finding that her sense of hearing had entirely gone, enjoined upon the mother the necessity of carefully keeping up the habit of speech, in order that it should not be totally lost. From that time out the mother devoted herself to the preservation of her daughter's voice, almost to the exclusion of everything else, and the successful issue of her undertaking has proved an ample reward for her labors. The young lady is now not only an accomplished member of society, but an excellent artist, well known among the painters of New York. Her education was so carefully attended to by her mother that she not only talks well, but understands everything that is said to her by simply watching the lips of her interlocutor. On one occasion an eminent clergyman of this city called to see her mother, and was received by the young lady. After some fifteen minutes the mother presented herself, and the young lady retired. Presently the conversation turned upon the daughter, and the mother said something about her "infirmity." The clergyman, who had seen nothing to indicate any lack of perception in the young lady, and who had not noticed any physical defect, was surprised, and asked what was meant. The mother then explained that her child was stone-deaf. The clergyman was loath to believe it, and almost demanded further proof of the fact. The young lady was then called, and it was proven to his entire satisfaction that she could not understand a single word that was spoken unless she saw the motion of the lips which uttered it. Like the deaf girl described in Wilkie Collin's novel of "Hide and Seek," she is singularly susceptible to any vibration of the timbers of the room or house in which she may be, and her mother has established a system of telegraphy with her by means of the doors and balusters, by which she can communicate with her throughout the whole house. By simply striking the baluster or door with the open hand her parents can apprise her that her presence is desired in a particular room or part of the premises, and by modification of the raps can inform her of many of the minor affairs that are taking place. Although her father has a handsome competence, this young lady earns enough for her own support in the pursuit of her art.—*New York World.*

How She Served Two Masters.

The sweetest oratory that I have listened to on cliff or in forest was when I awoke from a twilight dream which had overtaken me as I sat leaning against the base of a monster tree. They were upon the opposite side and I could not run. Said she: "Since we were children I have felt a deep interest and friendliness in your welfare, and since I came to know the blessedness of hope I have longed to share any joy with you. Will you give your heart to your maker?"

He said: "I can't do that, Molly. I would if I could, because you wish it. I gave it to you last winter during our meetings of the '*Jeu d'esprit*,' and if you really don't want to keep it yourself, if you don't in the least care for it, you may give it to whoever you like, for I shall never have any use for it. I would like, you know, to share a blessedness of hope very likely much the same as yourself if you would only arrange things so that I might have you all the time to divide the joy with which I hope you mean; can't you, Molly?"

She said, "O John!" and then there was a fumbling, and if he didn't kiss her, and she didn't kiss him, why, "Katy did," and the woods are full of them. Then she said, "You must tell pa how you feel," and he said:

"Isn't it too soon after getting a new heart to tell a fellow's experience?" and she said, "Not at all. It is proper, and I am very happy."

He said: "Not as happy, Molly, as if I had given my heart to the Lord, are you?" He [illegible] manner, and made out of every imaginable material.

On this day hundreds of thousands of these change hands in St. Petersburg alone, and the sum spent in their purchase must be prodigious.

AN Onondaga County man had all his teeth extracted, that he might quit chewing tobacco.

Prisoners Going to Siberia.

The saddest sight in Russia to a traveler is the manner in which the civil prisoners are treated. It is a common spectacle to see 300 or 400 poor wretches on their way to Siberia under a military escort; for most of them are chained together in couples, while the women and children who have elected to share their bread-winners' lot have also to submit to be treated as criminals. Poor clad, and apparently half-starved, the wonder is that any of the party should ever survive the dreadful journey. A Russian criminal condemned to exile is sent away with very little ceremony. But when an officer of the army, or other person of note, has been sent to banishment for life, he is dressed in full uniform and led to the scaffold in some public place. In the presence of the crowd he is made to kneel, while his epaulets and decorations are torn from his coat, and his sword is broken over his head. He is declared legally dead; his estates are confiscated, and his wife can consider herself a widow if she so chooses. From the scaffold he starts on his journey to Siberia. His wife and children, sisters or mother can follow or accompany him if they choose, but on condition that they share his exile. Mr. Arnold, in his book entitled "Through Persia by Caravan," relates how, when passing through Russia, he saw a party of prisoners embarked on board a steamer on the river Volga. They were positively caged amidships, so that every part of the interior could be seen, just as in the lion-houses of the Zoological Gardens, with this difference—that in the case of prisoners there was no overhanging roof to prevent the rain or sunshine from pouring in upon their wretchedness. At the back of the cage there was a lair common to all, without distinction of sex or age. And when all were secured, including the guiltless women and children, fights occurred for the places least exposed to the east wind. This is a system which must surely fade away beneath that public opinion which is fast becoming too strong for even autocratic monarchs to despise; for we are told that the emancipation of the Russian serfs has made a vast legal, social and material improvement in the lower order of the people; and it is to the people that the world will look for that much-needed reform which will enable Russia, perhaps at no distant day, to take an honorable place among civilized nations.

How Women Dress in Persia.

A few women were seen. We met one sitting astride on horseback, as all Eastern women ride. We believe them to be women because of their costume and size; but we can see no part of them, not even a hand or an eye. They are shrouded from the head to the knees in a cotton or silk sheet of dark blue or black—the chudder, it is called, which passes over the head and is held with the hands around and about the body. Over the chudder is tied around the head a yard-long veil of white cotton or linen, in which before the eyes is a piece of open work about the size of a finger, which is their only lookout and ventilator. The veil passes under the chudder at the chin. Every woman before going out of doors puts on a pair of trousers, generally of the same stuff and color of the chudder, and thus her outdoor seclusion and disguise are complete. Her husband could not recognize her in the street. In this costume Mohammedan women group their way about the towns of Persia, their trousers are tightly bound about the ankles above their colored stockings, which are invariably of home manufacture; and slippers with no covering for the heel, complete the unsightly, unwholesome apparel of those uncomfortable victims of the Persian reading of the Koran. The indoor costume of Persian women of the higher class appears indelicate to the Europeans. The chudder and trousers are the invariable walking costume. Indoors the dress of a Persian lady is more like that of a ballet-girl. In the anterooms of Persian royalty my wife was received by princesses thus attired, or rather unattired. — *Arnold's "Through Persia by Caravan."*

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.—Kalgan [illegible] commands one of the passes through the great wall of China. It is there built of large stones cemented together with mortar. It tapers toward the top, being twenty-one feet high and twenty-eight feet wide at the foundation. At the most important points, less than a mile apart, square towers are erected, built of bricks. It winds over the crest of the mountains, crossing the valley at right angles, and blocking them with fortifications. The Chinese estimate its length to be about eighty-three hundred miles; but in parts more remote from Peking the wall is of very inferior construction. There is nothing but a dilapidated mud rampart, as Col. Prejevalskr saw it on the borders of Alr-shan and Kansu. It is said to have been built upward of two centuries before Christ, to protect the empire against the inroads of the neighboring nomads; but the periodical eruptions of the barbarians were never checked by the artificial barrier.

COLONIAL RELICS.—There lies in the Stone River, near Church Flat, four stone anchors, which are supposed to have been cast there when the British first landed on Carolina soil. These four stone anchors are square, and weigh about five hundred pounds each. An iron is run through the stone and riveted at the bottom, and at the top are fastened iron rings for the purpose of making them fast to a vessel. On the stones are cut the coat-of-arms of great Britain. Those four stones are separated from each other not more than twenty-five feet. A gentleman from this city came across them the other day, and made an effort to raise one, but without effect, as it was too deeply imbedded in mud.

THE Nation's opinion is that such repudiating States as Minnesota and Georgia are no better than common cheats, and as such ought to be exposed and disgraced throughout the civilized world.

Fright in a School-House.

Many years ago a cub bear was caught by a stout lad near the borders of Lake Winnipiseogee, in New Hampshire, carried into town, and, after proper drilling, became the playfellow of the boys of the village, and often accompanied them to the school-house.

After passing a few months in civilized society, he made his escape to the woods and after a few years was almost forgotten. The school-house, meantime, had fallen from the school-mistress's hands; and instead of large boys learning to read and cipher, small boys and girls were taught in the same place knitting and spelling. One winter's day, after a mild fall of snow, the door had been left open by some small urchins going out, when, to the unspeakable horror of the spectacled dame and her fourscore hopeful scholars, an enormous bear walked in, in the most familiar manner in the world, and took a seat by the fire.

Huddling over their benches as fast as they could, the children crowded about their school-mistress, who had fled to the farthest corner of the room; and there they stood crying and pushing to escape the horror of being eaten first. The bear sat snuffing and warming himself by the fire, however, showing great signs of satisfaction, by putting off his meal until he had warmed himself thoroughly.

The screams of the children continued, but the school-house was far from any other habitation, and the bear did not seem at all embarrassed by the outcry. After sitting and turning himself about for some time, Bruin got up on his hind legs, and shoving to the door, began to take down one by one the hats, bonnets and satchels that hung on several rows of pegs behind it. His memory had not deceived him, for they contained as of old the children's dinners, and he had arrived before the holidays.

Having satisfied himself with their cheese, bread, pies, doughnuts, and apples, Bruin smelt at the mistress' desk, but finding it locked, gave himself a shake of resignation, opened the door and disappeared. The alarm was given, and the amiable creature was pursued and killed, very much to the regret of the townspeople, when it was discovered by some marks on his body that it was their old friend and playfellow.

Small Things.

In the animal kingdom are found myriads of forms so minute that their bulk is reckoned by less than the millionth part of a cubic inch, yet each one is endowed with organs of sense or assimilation sufficient to serve the purpose in their sphere of life. The vegetable kingdom, also, offers abundant specimens of microscopic forms, calculated to excite our admiration by the beauty and minuteness of their organisms. Such is notably the case in several forms of *Diatomaceæ*. The striated markings of *Pleurosigma fasciola* aggregate to 64,000 to the inch, while *Amphipleura pellucida* often exhibits strie exceeding 100,000 to the lineal inch. And yet the skeleton of these minute organisms are composed mainly of silex, the silex again being made up of silicon and oxygen. Notwithstanding the almost infinitesimal magnitudes of the organic world, human skill is able to compete in the matter of minuteness. Platinum wire has been drawn so fine as to rival in minuteness the smallest fibre of the spider's web. Gold has been deposited upon the surface of other metals, and drawn to such extreme thinness that a thousand-millionth part of a grain exhibited the visible characteristics of the metal. The oscillations of the horizontal pendulum can be measured to the one eighty-millionth part of an inch, by the aid of a small mirror, a beam of light, and a graduated scale for reading the vibrations. Nobert, with a mechanical skill unsurpassed, has repeatedly ruled with a diamond point upon glass the nineteenth band of his test-plate, consisting of lines less than the one one-hundred and twelve-thousandth of an inch apart, and it is claimed that he has succeeded in ruling plates covering 224,000 lines per inch, such as would aggregate in superficial areas to over 50,000,000,000 to the square inch.—*L. R. Curtiss, in Popular Science Monthly.*

CARRIER DOVES.—These useful birds increase in value with each new development of their usefulness. The latest application of the "homing" faculty, as it is called, of this bird, is the establishment of communication between lightships and the shore, at times when it is impossible to convey intelligence by any other method. The maratime code of signals is taken advantage of, and two or three letters are stamped on the wing, intimating the nature of the assistance required. The bird is then let loose, and makes its way to its haunts on shore. By this means many a shipwrecked mariner may be saved from death. In a great many cases a "pigeon service" might be made to supercede the electric telegraph. This would but be reviving the practice of the great stockbrokers at the beginning of the century. During the war relays of pigeons were kept along the road from Paris to London, so that these speculative gentlemen obtained the earliest news of the course of events. The carrier-pigeon came into special prominence during the late siege of Paris; letters photographed on the minutest scale were carried to and fro by its means. The Prussians could not intercept the birds, and ended by adopting the system themselves. At the present time every fortress and fortified town in Germany is provided with flocks of trained pigeons, by which means communications could be sent into town, if invaded by a hostile force.

ABSENT things act upon us by means of tradition. History may be called ordinary tradition; while that of a higher kind is mythical, and nearly related to imagination; but if we still seek a third kind of meaning in it, it is transformed to mysticism. It also easily assumes a subjective character, so that we only appropriate that which is sympathetic to ourselves.