"...APART."

BY ... F. MURPHY.

[Dedicated to my friend Yank Adams.]

Two good ships sailed from port one day,
At their mast-heads both had colors gay,
Bounding along with white sails set
They'd scarce begun their journey yet;
And as they left behind the shore
The wind wailed mournfully, "Nevermore"
Shall they sail together, as they sailed to-day,
Down to the ocean, out of the bay,
For the self-same port, with the self-same chart,
Ere night comes on they'll be drifting apart, drifting apart.

Two maidens met at a trysting-place
With arms intwined in fond embrace,
And they talked of the lovers they had found
And laughed till the dell gave back the sound.
But a raven o'er their heads did soar
And sung his song of "Nevermore"
Shall they sit together as they sat to-day,
Out in the sunshine merry and gay
One weds for gold the other heart,
And so their lives are drifting apart, drifting apart.

Two lovers stood at the holy shrine
With love's sweet words, "Forever thine;"
And the good priest as in days agone
Pronounced the twain forever one.
Ah, pretured soul! But so 'twill be
Till time fades to eternity,
Ah, could she hear, e'en while he swore,
The angels whispered, "Nevermore"
Shall peace reign in your broken heart,
From hence you're ever drifting apart, drifting apart.

Two churchmen knelt at the hour of prayer,
With downcast looks and modest air;
The one communed with God aloud,
The other cared but for the crowd;
The one was there his soul to save,
The other to show the alms he gave.
As if in prayer, his head bent lower,
The demon whispered, "Nevermore"
Shall you enter here, for mine thou art,
Too long have we been drifting apart, drifting apart.

Of the two ships one did safely ride,
Of the maidens one is a happy bride,
Of the lovers one's beneath the sod,
Of the churchmen one still worships God;
But so it is, and will be still,
As long as man lacks strength of will
Shall he bear forever at his door
The demon crying "Nevermore,"
Till you drive me forth from your sinning soul
Shall you be at rest to reach that goal
Where evermore the weary heart
Finds rest, for there's no drifting apart, drifting apart.

TWELVE DAYS IN LOVE.

It was a cold night in January. People were hurrying along through the blinding snow-storm, battling with the wind that howled and moaned out by turns its story of woe.

Hugh Remington and his friend Williams, glad to be out of the storm, had settled themselves in gown and slippers for a quiet evening at home. The shutters were closed and the curtains drawn, and on either side of the hearth was placed the favorite chair of each. These friends had lived together in their bachelor quarters for more than two years. Everything in the apartment showed refined taste and wealth. Some said that it all belonged to Hugh, and that he made it a home for his friend. No one, however, knew this to be true. Hugh was quiet and reserved, seldom spoke of his affairs to any one, never laid any special claim to anything, but allowed it to appear that all things were equally shared. After the evening papers had been read and discussed, the two sat talking of days gone by, of little episodes in their lives. Hugh was in a talkative mood, and had told several good stories of his past life; stopping suddenly, he exclaimed:

"Did I ever tell you of my love for the widow?"

"No," replied Williams, "let's have it."

"Well," said Hugh, taking another cigar, and looking very serious as he leaned back in his great easy chair, "I met her in Paris."

"Met who?"

"Oh, never mind who. Be content that I am telling you the story, and don't ask for names. I thought of her as the 'widow.' It is a sufficient title."

"Well, I won't interrupt. Go on."

So Hugh continued:

"I was calling upon my old friend, Mrs. Lee, and while waiting for the servant to take her my card, an odd piece of bric-a-brac standing in the corner of the room attracted my attention. I got up and went over to examine it. While thus engaged the door opened. I turned, thinking it was Mrs. Lee, when, oh! what a beauty met my sight!—so small that she looked like a child, large, deep blue eyes that came out from under a mass of light golden curls, a small nose and a rosebud of a mouth. She was dressed in deep mourning, and I thought, as I looked at her, that I had never seen a more beautiful picture. She didn't see me until I made a slight movement, which startled her. Coming forward, I said:

"'I frightened you, did I not?'

"'Yes; I was not aware that there was any one in the room. You are waiting for Mrs. Lee?' And she gave me the sweetest smile, showing a most perfect row of teeth.

"Before I could answer, Mrs. Lee appeared and introduced us. Mrs. —— was making Mrs. Lee a short visit prior to her departure to America. I was glad of that, as I should then have the pleasure of seeing her again.

"The evening passed only too quickly, and I arose with an apology for staying so late. Mrs. Lee invited me to dine with them informally the next day. She said her friend preferred being quiet, so they should be quite alone. You may be sure that I accepted the invitation, and was there promptly at the hour. The widow was more charming than on the previous evening. I longed to stop the hours from rolling on. Having been in the habit of dropping in at Mrs. Lee's at all hours, my frequent—almost daily—visits were not noticed as anything strange or unusual. Mrs. Lee thanked me for coming to them in their loneliness, and the widow would give me one of her sweet smiles, and I was thankful in my inmost heart that they were lonely, and that it fell to my lot to cheer them. So the weeks passed, until the time came for the departure of Mrs. Lee's friend.

"Now, I had intended passing a month or two in England before coming home, but when I found that the widow was to return in ten days, I began to think that my duty called me back to my business. The more I thought of it, the more important it seemed to me that I should go.

"'Do you know of any one going on the 15th?' the widow asked me, one evening, in her dove-like way.

"'No one but myself,' I answered. 'Business has called me sooner than I expected.'

"'How delightful!' from the widow; while Mrs. Lee exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. Remington, I am so glad! I couldn't bear the idea of my friend going entirely alone, and you, of all others, will know best how to take care of her.'

"We then began to make our plans. Mrs. —— intended making a visit of a few days to some friends in London. I was going direct to Liverpool. Mrs. Lee and I drove down to see our friend off, and I looked forward to the pleasure of meeting her on board the steamer. My last days in Paris were spent in saying 'good-bye' to old friends, and buying presents for sister Nell and the children. I got every nouveaute that I could find, and felt well pleased with my selection. At last I was on the steamer, and stood looking at the ship moving away. By my side was the widow, and I thought that I had never seen her look so lovely. I exulted in the knowledge that she knew no one on board. I was her only friend, consequently I should have her all to myself; this was (so I said to myself) what I had for weeks been looking for. Was I in love? That question had not occurred to me. I felt supremely happy, and thought the situation delightful. I was ready to do anything for this fair creature. She had only to command; I was all eagerness to obey. I soon had opportunities of showing my devotion.

"The following morning I came out on deck very early, and was surprised to find my little lady there. She looked very miserable and very pretty. The morning salutation over, I asked how she had slept.

"'I haven't slept at all,' she said in a fretful, childish way, which I thought charming. 'Such a noise all night,' she continued, 'I could not get to sleep; and the smells are simply dreadful. I must have another room. I'd rather sit up here all night than sleep in that horrid place. [illegible] Don't you think, Mr. Remington, [illegible] asked the captain or some[illegible] give me another state-[illegible] eyes looked inquir-[illegible] will go at once [illegible] is no other [illegible] Take m[illegible] room, which is a good one, and as I don't mind either noise or smells, your room will suit me well enough.'"

Here Hugh leaned over his chair to knock the ashes off his cigar, and said to his friend: "I must have had it pretty bad—eh, Williams? to have said that, for you know that I can't endure either a bad odor or a loud noise. But I forgot everything when under the influence of those eyes, and when she exclaimed, 'Oh, no; I couldn't let you do that,' I felt that my fate was sealed, and that I should take the noise and the smells.

"The next thing that I discovered was that my lady had no sea chair. There was only one left, and that had been spoken for; but I paid double the amount and the chair was mine.

"'You are so kind, Mr. Remington,' she said, 'I don't know what I should have done without you. I am not fit to travel alone,' she added in a chil lish voice.

"I longed to press her to my heart and tell of my love; and if she would but let me, it would be the joy of my life to care for. I looked all this; I am sure I did. But there were too many people around me to speak. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, and looked divinely unconscious.

"The third day out the weather became bitter cold.

"'I am almost frozen,' said Mrs. ——. 'What shall I do? I have nothing to wrap around me, and shall have to stay below, and, oh dear! it is so uncomfortable there!' The face turned up to mine was that of a spoiled child.

"Now, I had a fine English robe, which I had used at night, for you know everything at sea is so horribly damp. It had been a great comfort to me, and I knew I should miss it. But what of that? I couldn't see the woman I loved suffer. So I got it and tucked her all up in it. Her delicious smile repaid me for the sacrifice.

"'Oh, how nice!' she said, as she put her hands under the warm rug. 'It seems to me, Mr. Remington, that you have everything to make one comfortable. I never heard of such a man. I am so glad that I came under your care.'

"I was so love stricken that I did not reflect upon her apparent unconsciousness of the fact that I had deprived myself of those comforts in order that she should be made comfortable. She seemed to take it for granted that I was a sort of traveling missionary, with extra wraps, state-rooms, chairs, and any anything else that one might need; and I was such a slave to her infatuation that, had she asked me to do the impossible, I should have attempted it.

"Every day I had it upon my lips to tell her of my love. Each day courage forsook me. We walked the deck day after day. She would put her little soft hand on my arm in the most confiding way, look up from under her curls, laugh her sweet low laugh, and ask the most childish, innocent questions.

"We were walking this way on the sixth day out. I had carefully rehearsed my part and was about to tell my story. Her conversation seemed to lead to it, for she said:

"'You will come to see me when you are in New York, won't you, Mr. Remington?'

"'Nothing,' said I, 'would give me greater pleasure.'

"'You will come often? Promise to dine at our house once a week. You won't forget me?' and the blue eyes sought mine.

"I looked into them, and my look told what my tongue had refused to say. I pressed the little hand close to my heart, and after a pause said, below my breath, 'Forget you?' and I was about to pour forth my love when she gave a little scream, and cried, 'Oh, my veil!' There, sure enough, was the confounded blue thing sailing before the wind, and all the passengers, it seemed to me, after it. Of course I had to go too, and make believe try to capture it. I never hated anything so much as I did that yard of blue gauze. I couldn't go back and continue my story from where it was so suddenly broken off, and indeed the widow seemed quite shy of me.

"The incident had given the passengers an opportunity to speak to her, and when I joined her (without the veil, for it had, I hoped, struck bottom) she was surrounded by a group of people. I had no chance that day, nor the next, to get her to myself. I tried to think of something that I could do or show her that would amuse and detain her. It seemed as though I had exhausted all my resources, when at last a brilliant idea occurred to me; I would show her the presents I had brought for sister Nell. They were all in my little sea trunk, and I knew that she couldn't resist their attractions. She came on deck bright and beautiful as ever.

"'Isn't it delightful,' said she, 'to think that to-morrow we shall be at home? I can hardly wait for the time to come; and yet'—and her voice dropped into the dearly-loved soft tone—'the voyage has been a most charming one, owing to your kindness,' she added brightly.

"I longed to launch forth my tale of love, but thinking it more prudent to wait until I had secured her wholly to myself, I asked her in the most ordinary manner if she wouldn't enjoy looking at some little trinkets that I had picked up in Paris. Her eyes sparkled.

"'Yes, indeed,' she said. 'Nothing could be more delightful than to get a glimpse of Paris while at sea.'

"I went below and got all my pretty nouveautes, and brought them up to her. Placing a chair in a quiet corner, and well hid from the other people, then drawing mine up beside her, I began showing one by one my collection of odd things.

"'Where did you get them, Mr. Remington? I hunted all over Paris and found nothing half so pretty. What exquisite ponbonheurs!' and she slipped one after another of my carefully chosen bracelets on her little plump wrists, and turned them first on one side and then on the other.

"I knew Knell's taste, and had searched for something uncommon, and was well pleased with what I had bought. But Nell and everything were forgotten with this bewitching creature by my side, and when she made a move to take them off, I said, laughingly, of course, 'Oh, don't disturb them; they look so well where they are, and it is pleasant, you know, to get a glimpse of Paris while at sea.'

"She kept them on, and I opened the other boxes. There were rings, crosses, medallions, chatelaines, and many other ornaments of curious designs. The widow decked herself, and was in high glee. A child could not have enjoyed it more. I watched her with loving eyes, told her where each one came from, and helped fasten them on.

"'I feel like an Indian princess,' she said, 'and ought to have a throne and a crowd of kneeling courtiers, and the picture would be complete.'

"'Can't you imagine a throne?' I said, 'and take me for kneeling courtiers. Wouldn't my love compensate for the admiring crowd?'

"She looked up quickly, and was about to answer, when one of those eternal old bores that, no matter when you cross, are always to be found on shipboard, came up, and began telling of his early reminiscence, what the sea was twenty years ago, as though the sea had ever changed, and how, when he had first crossed, his friends never expected to see him again. He had made his will, and they parted as though he were to be forever lost to them. I assure you that I silently wished in my heart that he had never turned up again. Without saying a word, I got up, took my boxes, and left my Indian princess. I was thoroughly angry with the old fellow for interrupting our tete-a-tete, and seriously annoyed with Mrs. —— for listening to and answering him. I made up my mind that that game had been played long enough. I would ask her the simple question the first chance I got, and know my fate at once. But the chance did not come as soon as I expected it would.

"She went to her room with a sick headache, so she said, and I paced the deck alone. We were a long way up the harbor when she made her appearance the following morning. She said that she had hurried with her packing, thinking that we were nearer than we really were to the city."

"Oh, Mr. Remington, I had no opportunity of returning your jewelry, and so I packed them with my things. But you are coming, you know, to dine with me on Saturday, and I will then give them to you."

"'Certainly,' I said. 'There is no time for us to change them now. Wear them until I see you again.'

"I had fully made up my mind that, as I had been baffled so often, I would now wait until I had seen her in her own home before I opened my heart to her, or rather before I asked her my fate. She already knew my heart. There was no time to talk; all was excitement; we were rapidly approaching; handkerchiefs were waving from the dock. The widow was straining her eyes, when suddenly leaving me and going farther forward I saw her throw a kiss. How I longed to catch it! I looked with jealous eyes to see who would take it up and answer it. Foremost among the crowd was a great big man, six feet, and broad in proportion. It was he who was returning her kisses. Could it be her brother, or was it a friend, and this merely a pleasant greeting from a distance?

"I watched him come on board, and what did the big idiot do but catch her up in his arms—my sweet one, whom, though loving, I had never dared to touch—and kiss her over and over again. I could have knocked him down.

"On drawing nearer to them, I saw that neither of them noticed me. She had forgotten my existence. With a heartsick feeling I turned away. Was this to be the end? Why had I come home? I could hear them talking, though too miserable to listen. They came nearer, and the same soft voice that I loved so dearly said: 'Mr. Remington, I have been talking about you, telling how good and kind you have been, and how utterly forlorn I should have been had you not always looked out for my comfort. I have come to thank you, and my husband wants to thank you too.'

"Her husband! Great heavens! And I thought she was a widow, and had made love to her! I listened as though in a dream, and a deuced unpleasant one it was too.. I believe he thanked me, and she praised, and he thanked again, and then they urged me to come to see them, and she said: 'Don' forget Saturday.'

"Whether I said anything or whether I remained mute is more than I can tell. I was like a man asleep, and had to give myself a good shake to come out of the nightmare I was in. When I looked around she—they—were gone."

Here Hugh stopped as though he had finished; but his friend Williams, whose curiosity was aroused, asked:

"Did you come with her on Saturday?"

"No; I sent a regret."

"Have you ever seen her since?"

"No, never."

"What became of your nouveates de Paris?"

"Nell went without them and I went without my English robe."

"You don't mean that she never sent them to you?"

"I never gave her my address, and she was not supposed to know where I was."

Williams didn't like to ask any more questions, and Hugh remained quiet for a time. Then rousing himself up and getting out of his chair, he said:

"I have never made love since, and"—with a bitter laugh—"I always avoid women in deep mourning. And now as the fire has gone out with my story, I think we had better go to bed."

A Pioneer's Big Lift.

An old pioneer was hugging the historic stove in Judge Knox's court room last evening, and, as is usual with the old-timers who visit that temple of justice, was in a reminiscent frame of mind. Though poor now, he had, as a matter of course, been once rich.

"I was a leadin' citizen of Muckallamy Hill in '52," he said, "in them days I was in the dust-buyin' business. I had my sign out, '*S. Compra Oro Aqui*'—upstairs you know, and all that sort o' thing. I tell ye, it takes a smart man to git along in that 'ere trade. Jenkins & Co. was the boss at it when I first went into it at Muckallamy Hill, but it wasn't six months afore I'd took half their trade away. I had to rustle to do it. You see the boys was allus anxious to do well, an' the first that offered the coin made the riffle. Jenkins & Co. was pretty high-toned, an' used to wait every night fur thar man to go down the hill to the express office an' bring up their money in a handcart. I saw my chance an' used to be on hand when the stage came in, an' jist shouldered my own coin when the driver throwed it off. Nick Monkins was the driver in them days. He was afterwards killed by road agents. Many's the time Nick's throwed me down my sack with a clean $400,000 in gold coin in it, an' I've chucked her across my shoulder an' trotted up that there old hill and had every bit o' dust brought up afore Jenkins & Co.'s handcart arrived."

"How much did you say you packed up the hill on your shoulder?" asked Judge Knox's clerk.

"Four hundred thousand, oftener than less," replied the pioneer, with melancholy pride.

"See here," said the clerk, figuring rapidly, "gold's worth $18 an ounce, and there's twelve ounces to the pound, Troy weight; that makes a wound worth $216. Now 216 into 400,000 leaves something over 1851 pounds—pretty nearly a ton. How far up the hill did you carry that, did you say?"

The old pioneer looked at the clerk with fixed contempt for a moment, and then merely saying: "You're a plagued Johnny-Come-Lately, that's what you are!" arose and left the court-room.—*Virginia Chronicle*.

Public Men Who are Afraid of Women.

No city in the Republic, not even New York, so swarms with adventuresses as Washington, which has for years been the chosen field of the bold, dangerous, wholly unprincipled tribe. They can be counted by hundreds; they are of every sort and degree. They are in the Departments, at the hotels, at the boarding houses—everywhere that a man can be found, seduced or frightened. Their missions are multifarious and their movements mysterious. They are seeking positions; they are lobbyists; they have, or their friends have, claims. They need personal, political, pecuniary assistance—indeed, all kinds, except the moral kind. Most of them are blackmailers. The widow Oliver was but one of the many. They are so crafty and treacherous that public men of reputation or means are afraid of, and always on the alert against them. The late Salmon P. Chase, would never, during his official life at the Capitol, see a woman he did not know intimately, except in the presence of witnesses. Many Congressmen, Senators and other office-holders have also made it a rule to receive no visits from women alone. Senator Chandler, though not noted for delicacy, is particularly careful on this point. So is Ben Butler, despite his audacity and recklessness. These and other public men refuse to see women at their rooms, or houses, or anywhere, without third persons. The experience of others, if not their own, has made them wary and apprehensive. There are, doubtless, many men not afraid of any man. We question if there be any man not afraid of women If there be, he has surely never been in Washington.

A farmer near Marshalltown raised last year considerable tobacco, three hogsheads of which he recently shipped to Louisville, Ky., bringing in that market $13, $11 50 and $10 75 respectively, and pronounced by dealers there as excellent quality. Preparations are being made to raise a large amount this year.

[London...]

I do not remember ever to have heard or read of any expert in the history of firearms or fetes that has created the interest that Dr. W. F. Carver has done in his exhibition of marksmanship before the Prince of Wales and a number of the nobility at Sandrigham, and the favorite country palatial residence of the prince. This great success of Dr. Carver has marked him as the champion rifle-shot of the whole world. What with Mr. Lorillard's horse Parole winning the British turf laurels, and Dr. Carver being the decorated guest of the Prince of Wales, all England's "sports" just now have but "America" as the prominent word upon their lips. The Prince of Wales heard of Dr. Carver's skill with the rifle, and in order to satisfy himself that the statements were not exaggerated, caused his private secretary and special equerry, Captain Stephenson, to write to Dr. C. inviting him to the town residence of the prince, Marlborough House. The handsome and modest doctor responded to this invitation in propria personæ the following day. Every preliminary preparation was made for him, and he was received in right royal hospitality.

The group was composed of their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and the young Princesses Louis, Victoria and Maud, the Princess of Hanover, the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl and Countess of Rowney, Earl of Oxford, Viscount and Countess Manderville and her sister, Miss Izuaga (well known in New York and Washington society), Sir William and Lady Flokes, Sir Henry Keppel, the Admiral-in-Chief of the British fleet, the Admiral the Hon. W. C. Glyn, the Hons. Bernal Osborne and Francis Knolbys, Miss Knolbys, Capt. Mildmay, the leading spirit in marksmanship), Gen. Sir Dighton Probin, the Comptroller of the Prince of Wales' household, Captain Stephenson, R. N., Revs. F. Hervey and W. Rogers, Chaplains to the Prince, and many others whose names at this moment I cannot recall.

Capt. Stephenson performed the necessary introductions of these distinguished personages to Dr. Carver, who was nearly half an hour behind his time, a delay unavoidable, but in an English subject I may say unpardonable. The sun shone out for the first time in several days; the emerald turf of the lawn in its spring time verdure and magnificent dimensions made a superb carpet for the guests. Dr. Carver appeared attired in a black velvet blouse, adorned with many glittering gems and medals, the trophies of his American triumphs, his gray sombrero hat shading his long sunburn locks and hazel eyes of piercing power. Unique and picturesque, tall and gallant looking was this "citizen of the west" amidst these grand nobles of the east. A buzz of admiration went up as the doctor first gracefully bowed to the princess and ladies present, and then made his salutations to the prince and his guests with a frankness and simplicity of manner so typical of prairie freedom that it at once seemed to charm every one present. After mounting his excellent horse of true Indian blood, Winnemucca, he awaited the selection of the testing locality on the lawn; his quick eye scans the deer in their galloping brigades beneath the mighty oak and tall elms, and he sits his beautiful steed like a very monarch of ease and power.

The Prince of Wales, walking up to him, says pleasantly; "I have heard so much of your unrivaled skill that I am pleased to see you here."

"And I am pleased to see you, too, prince," responded the doctor.

"Will you first give the ladies here present an evidence of what you can do?" said the gallant prince.

This was so proposed, as the ladies had pre-arranged engagements, which were dispensed with, however, for Dr. Carver's more attractive entertainments, when his first feats were seen.

The Prince of Wales held the timing-watch and kept score himself, manifesting a delighted interest in the performance. Dr. Carver, for the first time before an assemblage of persons, broke consecutively, without the slightest interruption, 100 glass balls in 100 straight shots of his rifle, following this feat at once by breaking one hundred balls with 100 smooth shots from a double-barreled shot-gun, both transactions being simultaneous, or almost a unit, with two different weapons under similar distance and circumstances. The doctor then, with his horse running at full speed and he sitting on it like a picturesque statue, broke 28 out of 30 balls, single and double. To prove his precision Dr. Carver, at the special request of the prince, broke 14 out of 16 balls in fifteen seconds. He also discharged 15 out of 16 shots, or cartridges, in four seconds, to prove rapidity in firing, the sixteenth cartridge failing to go off. After that came an exhibition rarely if ever seen before. The doctor caused a glass ball to be placed at a considerable distance on the lawn. He fired at and under it, so that the concussion of the sod throws the ball up, and before it falls the doctor again levels his rifle and breaks the balls, in the most finished and artistic style. This so excited the admiration of the Prince of Wales that, turning to the Earl of Rowney, in a most enthusiastic manner he exclaimed, "Bravo! I will bet £1000 that Dr. Carver will break one hundred and fifty balls without error or intermission with his rifle!" The doctor complied, though none of the group took up the prince's bet, luckily for them. I doubt if this has ever been approached in the history of shooting. Luncheon was then announced and the royal party, the guests and Dr. Carver went to the palatial dining room of Sandrigham. Though the feast was plenteous and the carving good, it could not excite the interest of Carver on this occasion; so as soon as the repast was was over the entire group returned to the lawn, and our gallant American hero resumed his programme by shooting at and breaking glass balls thrown directly at him and across him in front, and turning and hitting others thrown across and behind him—shooting both right and left double shots at falling balls. Then he shot at a glass ball thrown in the air, missing it the first three shots, but loading the rifle three times while the ball is in the air, and breaking it with the fourth shot before it reached the ground. He shot marbles thrown indiscriminately in the air by the guests. The young princes threw up shillings, and the doctor hit the entire sixteen without the slightest error or false motion. In a word, there seemed no end of variety in the fancy, plain, scientific and artistic shots that our wonderful marksman executed. All looked on with amused interest, and even the princes of Wales desired that Dr. Carver should be presented to her, upon which she asked him many intelligent questions on American prairie shooting, hunting, etc.

"How many buffalo have you killed in a day, Dr. Carver?"

To this the doctor responds, "I have shot a hundred in one day, madam."

The young princes then asked permission to mount the doctor's horse Winnemucca, and wanted to know the meaning and derivation of the name.

He gave correct information to all their inquiries, and at the same time laughingly enjoyed their curiosity and surprise. The prince of Wales then selected one of Dr. Carver's rifles and shot with an accuracy that aroused the American's expressions of approval.

"You shoot well, prince."

"No, it is your rifle; for who could shoot well after beholding your wonderful exploits, Dr. Carver?"

"Will you do me the honor to accept my rifle?" says the doctor.

It is graciously accepted. The prince then says he will present the doctor with a souvenir of his appreciation of the remarkable skill he had exhibited.

After expressing his desire that Dr. Carver should appear at Wimbledon this coming July and shoot before the great shots of the kingdom, then the prince gave some instructions to the effect to Captain Mildmay, and the doctor that he would wait until he changed his costume and bade him good-bye for the present. In about twenty minutes the doctor returned, when all warmly thanked him for the pleasure he had afforded them, and the company then dispersed.

The Crops of the Country.

The returns to the department of agriculture indicate an increase in the area planted in cotton of somewhat over two per cent. The percentage, as compared with the acreage of 1878, is as follows: North Carolina, 47 counties reporting, 106; South Carolina, 18 counties, 100; Georgia, 71 counties, 102; Florida, 12 counties, 97; Alabama, 28 counties, 103; Mississippi, 39 counties, 100; Louisiana, 18 counties, 98; Texas, 58 counties, 107; Arkansas, 40 counties, 101; Tennessee, 18 counties, 103. The average condition is not so high as last year, being 96, while in 1878 it was 99. The stand is generally good, but about two weeks late.

Winter Wheat.—The June returns show that the average condition of winter wheat is 90, against 98 last year. The Pacific coast is considerably above the average, Oregon rising to 104. The South Atlantic States average 96, South Carolina reporting 108 and Georgia 112. The States north of the Ohio river average 95, Indiana reaching 103. New England averages 94, the Southern inland States 88, the Middle States 86, the Gulf States 83, and the trans-Mississippi States 79. Drouth has been felt more or less severely in all parts of the country. From the South come some complaints of winter killing, and from the North and West of Hessian fly. Grasshoppers have also been heard of beyond the Mississippi.

Spring Wheat.—The acreage sown this spring is about 4 per cent. increase over last spring. On the Pacific coast California reports over 10 per cent. increase, while Oregon falls off 1 per cent. The trans-Mississippi States and New England States increase 5 per cent. Texas retains her previous acreage. Of the States north of the Ohio river, Ohio and Indiana make no reports of spring wheat; the other three States fall off 3 per cent. Minnesota increases 9 per cent., while Iowa decreases 1 per cent. The Middle States fall off 10 per cent. The condition of spring wheat is about the same as winter wheat—90, all the States being below the average. The crop has been subject to the same climatic influences as winter wheat.

In the Territories wheat-raising has advanced westward more rapidly than statistical inquiries have been able to reach. There is a vast increase here, which must be left to subsequent inquiry. The department has information that one county in Dakota, which last year sowed only fifty acres, has this year under vigorous growth over four thousand acres. Many other cases of very large increase are reported.

Statistics of Yale's Graduating Class.

The statistics of the class of '79, Yale College, have just been compiled. 37 members are natives of Connecticut, and the same number of New York; 8 of Pennsylvania; 6 of Illinois; 4 of Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Wisconsin each; 3 of Missouri; 2 of Michigan and New Hampshire each; and 1 of Arkansas, California, Georgia, Iowa, Maryland, Ohio, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, Virginia and the District of Columbia each. 4 were born in foreign countries—1 in England, 1 in Prussia and 2 in China; one being the son of a former American consul at Macao.

Thirty members fitted for college at Hopkins grammar school, New Haven; 12 at Andover, and 4 at East Hampton, Mass. Previous to entering college twenty-three had been engaged in some occupation.

The average age is 22 years, 6 months, 15 days and 19 hours. This makes it the oldest class, with the exception of '71 and '78, of which there is any record.

The tallest man is 6 feet 2 inches, the shortest 5 feet 2¼ inches; five members measure 6 feet. The average height is 5 feet 8 inches.

The average weight is 148¾ pounds; the heaviest man weighs 192 pounds; the lightest 119 pounds.

As far as can be ascertained the choices for professions stands as follows: Forty-nine law, 13 medicine, 9 ministry, 10 literature, 5 journalism, 14 business, 1 literature pure and undefiled, 1 opera singer, 1 engineer, 1 barkeeper, 1 tramp.

Those who are not teetotalers number 94, and 80 smoke; only 5 chew; all but 12 play cards; 64 play billiards.

The class has spent here during four years $672,000. The republicans number 94, the democrats 16; 19 are independent, and 2 hard money men, and 1 greenbacker and 1 Jasenite; 93 are free-traders and 25 protectionists. There are 25 Congregationalists, 17 Presbyterians, 5 Methodists, 1 Conservative Unitarian and 1 Jew; 27 are said to be engaged.

Piping Off Niagara.

Sir William Thompson, professor of natural philosophy at the University of Glasgow, believes that in the future the Falls of Niagara will be used for the production of light and of mechanical power over a large portion of North America. To a Glasgow committee who were considering the subject of the electric light, he said that the electricity produced by the falls might be advantageously conducted for hundreds of miles, and the manufactories of whole towns might be set in motion by it. Powerful copper conductors would have to be used—conductors of a tubular form, with water flowing through them to keep them cool. There would be no limit to the application of electricity of a motive power; it might do all the work that could be done by steam engines of the most powerful description.

He thought that the electric light was most useful for lighthouse purposes, and could be used with advantage as a mast-head light at sea to illuminate a long distance ahead. Where the electric light was used in buildings there should be a system of ventilation through the floor. As to the use of electricity by means of Falls of Niagara, his idea was to drive dynamis engines by water power in the neighborhood of the Falls and then to have conductors to transmit the force to the places where illumination or the development of mechanical power was wanted. There would be no danger of terrible effects being brought about accidentally by the use of such a terriffic power, because the currents employed would be continuous and not alternating.

Words of Wisdom.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home.

Tears are the gift which love bestows upon the memory of the absent, and they will avail to keep the heart from suffocation.

It is a curious fact that on the track of knavery a misplaced switch will be found somewhere, and it is sure to wreck the train.

Good pictures are great teachers. A fine work of art hanging in one's house speaks to him constantly in language of tender beauty that wins its way to the heart.

What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the strength requisite for accomplishing difficult objects; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. The true happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Some eyes threaten like a loaded and leveled pistol, and others are as insulting as hissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you can fall into.

In His Way.

Mrs. Morrell was an Irish lady, lately deceased, who in her youth was a member of the Milbanke household when Lady Byron, after many quarrels with her husband, returned to her father's house. These quarrels ended one morning at breakfast, when Byron was in a "tantrum," and his wife brought matters to a crisis by asking pointedly, "Byron, am I in your way?" Byron, leaning against the mantlepiece, answered savagely, "Yes, damnably!" Lady Byron immediately left the room, and soon after the house. She never saw her husband again, and "damnably" was the last word from her lips which fell upon her ear.

An Irishman said that if Queen Victoria did not die soon the Prince of Wales would live long enough to see his son made King.

Personal and General.

Bancroft is at Newport.

Garfield wears a big hat.

Boston is to have a Vermont club.

Chandler believes in vivisectionalism.

School book agents lobby in Detroit.

Boston's bricklayers receive only $2 a day.

Blaine is the discussed and much-cus't man.

Californians eat beans popped like corn.

Louisiana wanted rain, and it just mist.

New coal combinations in Pennsylvania.

A chicken always says grace when it drinks.

Wilkie Collins is coming back to America.

Some watchmakers give neither tick nor time.

Iowa pound keepers are called "hog bouncers."

In West Virginia Sherman is called a "business wrecker.

Most of the negroes who went to Kansas have situations.

Hayes and Grant is the last ticket. It comes from Maryland.

Worth, the man milliner, believes in the survival of the fittest.

It is now suspected that Henry Clay Dean is a mound builder.

Wilhelmj never swears anything stonger than "Bj Jjmjneddy!"

Minneapolis, Minn., coopers on flour barrels have struck. Hoop la.

A providence pet owl whipped a burglar and nearly put his eyes out.

Mrs. Ole Bull, of Madison, Wis., is translating Norwegian novels.

Edith O'Gorman, "the escaped nun," is raising rows in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Oliver, who sued Simon Cameron, wishes to lecture in Pittsburg.

The Kansas Historical Society has John Brown's old colt revolver.

A Kansas editor says that woman are not vines, but trees. Scrub oaks?

The journalistic dead beat has begun to haunt Niagara and to praise hotels.

If Sherman becomes President he will be commander-in-chief of his brother.

All our agricultural exchanges are talking about the raising of beet for sugar.

A Kentucky minister hanged himself because he thought he was a hypocrite.

A Montreal baby has died from the effects of quack medicine "for infants."

Ex-Minister Washburne is visiting relatives in Minnesota. He does not like Texas.

The Atlanta *Constitution* is so rough on Zach Chandler that it looks like sand paper.

Schumann says that the voice that blames has more strength than ten that praise.

A Georgia farmer kills snakes, lays them in a furrow and plants corn in the furrow.

It was David Davis, and not Fritsch, who sang, "The wind that wa.ts my size to thee."

The Zulus used to worship fire and water. So did the republicans, without any "and."

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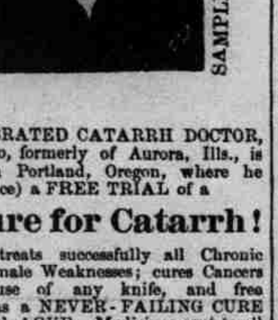

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