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By order of N. G.

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"CALL ME NOT DEAD."

BY R. W. GILDER.

Call me not dead when, I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever-living
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say—"He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces;
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say?) Shakspeare may pass,—
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well,—
Or Milton,—or Dante, looking on the grass,
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still;
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

—*Scribner for November.*

I TOO.

BY CONSTANCE FENNIMORE WOOLSON.

"Let us spread the sail for purple islands,
Far in undiscovered seas;
Let us track the glimmering Arctic highlands
Where no breath of man, no leaf of trees,
E'er has lived." So speak the elders, telling
By the hearth, their list of fancies through,
Heedless of the child whose heart is swelling,
Till he cries at last, "I too! I too!"

And I too, O Father! Thou has made me—
I have life, and life must have its way;
Why should love and gladness be gainsayed me?
Why should shadows cloud my little day?
Naked souls weigh in thy balance even—
Souls of kings are worth no more than mine;
Why are thy gifts e'en to my brother given,
While my heart and I together pine?

Meanest things that breathe have, with no asking,
Fullest joys; the one day's butterfly
Finds its rose, and in the sunshine basking,
Has the whole of life ere it doth die.
Dove, no sorrow on thy heart is preying;
With thy full contentment thou doth coo;
Yet, must man cry for a dove's life, saying,
"Make me a dove—I too! I too!"

Nay, for something moves within—a spirit
Rises in its breast, he feels it stir;
Soul joys greater than the dove inherit
Should be his to feel; yet, why defer
To a next world's veiled and far to-morrow
All his longings for a present bliss?
Stones of faith are hard; oh, could he borrow,
From the world's great stores, one taste for this!

Hungry stands he besides his empty table,
Thirsty waits besides his empty well—
Nor, with all his striving, is he able
One full joy to catch where hundreds swell
In his neighbor's bosom; see he sifteth
Once again his poor life through and through—
Finds but ashes. Is it strange he litteth
Up his cry, "O Lord, I too! I too!"

NELLIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Christmas was near at hand, and they were very busy at Walnut Hill. The house was filled with company, and there was a great deal of work to do.

Nellie had been on her little feet ever since sunrise. She was very tired, and ill, too, with something worse than mere bodily ailment, hopeless, heart-broken sorrow.

Little Nellie was an orphan. Years before, when she was so young she could only dimly remember the sad event, her father had died. They lived in the heart of a great city at the time. But being left very poor, and in feeble health, the widow was led, by the hope of obtaining respectable employment, and the expectation of finding an old friend, to remove to the neighborhood of Walnut Hill.

The friend she hoped to find was in his grave, and as the place afforded her employment, having no alternative but to support herself and her child by constant labor, she settled down and went to work, doing plain sewing for the shops in the village.

Years drifted by, and the widow toiled patiently and uncomplainingly, and little Nellie grew up a happy, promising child.

She and her mother were all in all to each other. During the day they were inseparable, and at night they slept in each other's arms.

One night, a night that Nellie in all her after life forgot, the child was roused by her mother's voice, "Nellie, Nellie, get up and light the candle, my darling."

The child obeyed, something in her mother's voice filling her little heart with vague terror. She brought the light near to the bedside, and, seeing her mother's face, cried out in wild anguish:

"Oh! Mamma, what is the matter?"

"Come closer, my little girl, and don't be frightened; let me clasp you in my arms, darling! There now, I'll tell you what it is, Nellie. My last hour has come; I am dying, my child."

Nellie's cry filled the silent night with piteous echoes.

"Hush, my love," panted the dying mother, struggling hard for power to speak. "You will not be left to perish. The Father of the fatherless will have you in His tender care, my little Nell. The loving Father, who cares even for the young sparrows, will care for you. When I am gone, Nellie, some one will be raised up to befriend you. You have heard me speak of my dear friend, Mrs. Goldthwaite; if you could only find her, Nellie! But, alas, I have not heard of her for years! But there's a letter; I wrote it when I was ill before; you will find it under the cover of my Bible, Nellie! It is addressed to my dear friend, Alice Goldthwaite. If by any chance you ever hear of her, send that letter, and she will be your second mother. You won't forget, Nellie?"

"No, Mamma, I won't forget."

Then there was silence. The laboring breath became slower, the white face more ghastly. Nellie shrieked aloud in her terror and agony.

"Mamma, Mamma, tell me what to do!"

"You can do nothing, my darling! Only kiss me, Nellie. Oh! Father in Heaven, into Thy tender hands I commit my fatherless child!"

And that was the end. The white lips spoke no more. Nellie's mother was dead.

Nellie was now wholly friendless. But Mrs. Hathaway, of Walnut Hill, being in need of a girl to look after her baby, offered her a home. Nellie had no choice bnt to accept the offer.

For a long, weary year, she had lived there, until that wintry afternoon, which opens our story. A little maid of all work, doing any and everything that came to hand, and receiving small thanks and encouragement, and smaller pay.

"Take Robbie into the library, Nellie, while Jane tidies up the nursery," commanded Mrs. Hathaway; "and be sure you don't let him get into mischief."

Nellie obeyed. Robbie was a restless little fellow, and for some minutes he kept her close at his heels; but, at last, she got him quiet over a picture book; and then she drew a small scrap of paper from the pocket of her dress, and began to examine it closely. "Charles Goldthwaite, Esq., Attorney-at-law, Grafton," were all the legible words the bit of newspaper contained. For weeks Nellie had carried it in her pocket.

"I wonder where Grafton is, and if Charles Goldthwaite knows anything of Mamma's friend?" she thought, looking wistfully out into the falling twilight.

Crash! and a loud scream from Master Robbie. Nellie turned round. The little fellow had climbed in a chair, and pulled down his mother's pet Dresden vase, and shivered it into fragments.

"Oh! My buttons! See what Rob's done! Won't you catch it Nell?" cried Rosabel, putting her head in at the door; "I'm going straight to tell Mamma."

In two minutes Mrs. Hathaway appeared.

"You wicked, idle, disobedient girl," she cried, pale with anger; "didn't I charge you to keep Robbie out of mischief? Take that, and that, and that; and I wish you'd take yourself out of my house; you're not worth your salt." She struck the child savagely, as she spoke, blow after blow. Then, gathering up the fragments of the vase, she flounced out of the room.

Nellie had not uttered one word, but her dark eyes were filled with tears, her lips quivered, her little heart throbbed, almost to bursting. Poor, motherless child. There was no one to take her part. She lifted Robbie in her arms and carried him to the nursery. Then taking her shawl and hood from the rack, she put them on and stole silently from the house.

"I will not stay another hour," she said. I must try and find poor Mamma's friend."

Away she went across the yard, a little homeless bird, seeking shelter from the storm. On and on, past the village church, past her mother's grave, white with the winter snow; over the fields and down to the station, where the lights were twinkling in the darkness. The train was on the point of moving out

"Please, sir, will this train take me to Grafton?" she inquired.

"Grafton? Not quite. That's some miles ahead from the next station. All aboard!"

The train was moving. Nellie went in with rest. When the fare was collected, she took her little purse from her pocket and poured its contents into the conductor's hand.

"I hope there's enough to pay, sir," she said simply.

He gave her back some change, and smiled kindly at her, as he disappeared. And through the wintry darkness, the train flew on. With her little face close to the glass, Nellie watched the flying trees, as the slow hours went by.

At last, the train stopped at a little wayside station.

"Passengers for Grafton!" somebody shouted.

Some half-dozen persons got out, and Nellie followed them; but they soon disappeared, and she found herself standing, utterly alone, under the dim light of the wintry stars.

A sudden sense of desolation possessed her, and she began to cry, and to regret the rash step she had taken. While she stood thus, an old man came along, with a lantern in his hand. He stopped short at the sight of the lonely, little figure.

"Hello! what's this?"

"Please, sir, I want to go to Grafton. Can you tell me the way?" asked Nellie plaintively.

"Grafton? Why that's full five miles off, you can't get there to-night."

"Then I don't know what I shall do."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

The old man whistled.

"Such a midge as you alone; and at this hour of night! Come along with me. I've a good fire down here in the station house."

Nellie followed him gladly, and soon found herself in a small room heated by a stove. Her new friend gave her some bread and sausages for her supper, and then made her a snug bed in a warm corner; and she lay down and slept until broad daylight.

"Did you ever hear of a Mr. Goldthwaite, in Grafton?" she asked, after she had shared the old station-master's breakfast, and was about to bid him adieu.

He shook his head.

"Dunno as I ever did. I can't remember names, and I dont't go to Grafton often."

"But you can show me which way to go, sir?"

"Yes, yes! you take that road to the left, there, and keep straight on. Grafton's a bit beyond Cedar Creek. But you'll have snow about your ears before you get there, if you don't hurry."

Nellie wrapped her shawl close, bade her friend a grateful farewell, and set forth on her journey. The cold was bitter, the sky overcast and lowering, and a wailing wind filled the desolate wood, through which the road ran, with mournful music.

Nellie's little heart ached, and so did her weary limbs; but she went bravely on. Noon pasaed, and the short-lived winter afternoon went like a dream.

"Please, sir," she asked of a teamster, "will you tell me how far Grafton is?"

"Oh! not very far. Just beyond Cedar Creek."

Nellie struggled on. The snow had begun to fall rapidly, and it would soon be dark. She was so tired, so cold, so hungry; and it was Christmas Eve. Trudging on, she recalled Christmas Eves when she had her mother, and blinding tears fell from her eyes.

At last, just as the night came down, she reached a turbid stream, spanned by a rustic bridge. It must be Cedar Creek, and Grafton was not far.

She took heart again, but the cruel winds tore off her hood, and sent it whirling away through the snow. Panting, breathless, her dark locks tossing in the storm, she paused at the foot of the bridge, her limbs failing her, and unable to proceed.

Far off, faintly borne on the winds, she heard a sweet chime of Christmas bells. All the world was so happy. Yet she was out in the storm, she had no friend, her strength was gone, she felt she must lie down and die. Her mother's last words came back to her at this moment to comfort her. "The loving Father, who cares for the young sparrows, will care for you."

The words gave her temporary strength. She struggled on again, in the teeth of the storm, and crossed the bridge. But in the ravine beyond, her strength failed utterly, and she sank down by the wayside. She tried to get up, but fell back. Her eyes closed. The fatal torpor, which is the messenger of death, clouded her brain; she murmured, "Mother, dear mother," and lost consciousness.

It was about this hour, that in a luxurious mansion near Grafton, the door of the principal apartment opened, and a young lad came in.

"Here's Fred, at last! Oh, Fred! you're going to Grafton for the girls?" cried several voices, those of his sisters.

Fred came in stamping the snow from his feet.

"To be sure. I told Dick to put Black Bess to the big sleigh. Let me get my overcoat, and I'm off."

Mrs. Goldthwaite looked up from her needle-work.

"It is late, and so stormy. Maybe you'd better not go, Fred!"

"Bless your heart, Mamma, I don't mind the storm, and the girls can wrap up well."

"Oh, Mamma! let him go," cried Flora. "We shall have no Christmas without Lizzie and Belle."

"What do you say, Papa?" asked the mother. "Is it quite safe?"

Her husband looked up from his paper.

"Oh! yes, I think so. Black Bess is sure-footed, and Fred's the prince of good drivers."

Flushing with pleasure, at his father's praise, Fred hurried out.

"Here's that notice again, my dear," said Mr. Goldthwaite, addressing his wife, "to the heirs of James Coburn. I made inquiries about it, and there's a snug little fortune awaiting them, if they can only be found."

"I wish they could," replied his wife, earnestly; "poor, dear Ellen, I wonder if she is living! It seems so strange, I should have lost all trace of her, so entirely; and we were like dear sisters once. I wish you'd give the matter some attention, Charles."

"I will; I'll hunt them up yet. Never fear, my dear."

Mr. Goldthwaite returned to his paper, and his wife to her work. But in a little while, there came a shrill tinkling of sleighbells, and Flora rushed in, exclaiming,

"Oh, Mamma! here's Fred back again. Something's the matter."

All hands hurried to the piazza. The sleigh was at the gate. Fred leaped out, and, taking something in his arms, hastened through the driving snow.

"Why, it's a child," screamed the girls.

"I found her right beyond the bridge," exclaimed Fred, quite out of breath. "Black Bess" shied, and the reins broke, and I jumped out, and there she lay in the snow. Mother, I hope she's not dead."

Mr. Goldthwaite took the little, snowy form from his son, and carried it into the warm sitting-room.

"Lay her on the lounge, Charles; and, Flora, ring for Jane, and order hot blankets. Poor, little waif, I wonder who she can be."

The Christmas merriment was all hushed, and for an hour Mrs. Goldthwaite and Jane worked earnestly. At last, Nellie opened her eyes. The room was warm, and bright, and luxurious. In one corner stood a glittering Christmas tree. She looked from one object to another, and a sudden smile lit her white face.

"This is Heaven," she said, softly, and, oh! where is Mamma?"

Mrs. Goldthwaite bent down and kissed her, her tears falling.

"No, dear, is is not Heaven. But you are with kind friends who will take the best care of you."

For a minute the child looked troubled. Then she tried to rise.

"I must go on, I want to get to Grafton and try to find Mr. Goldthwaite."

"Why, my dear, there is Mr. Goldthwaite, and I am his wife. Were you coming to see us?"

Nellie's eyes widened, and her little face brightened again.

"I am so glad. Are you Mrs. Goldthwaite? Mrs. Alice Goldthwaite?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then I've a letter for you. Mamma wrote it before she died, and I've kept it so long."

Nellie struggled up, and drew forth the worn letter from her bosom. The lady took it eagerly, tore it open, read a line or two, and then caught the child in her arms.

"Oh! Charles, come here!" she cried. "Read this letter! She is poor Ellen Coburn's child. She was coming to us.

Mr. Goldthwaite read the letter with lawyer-like precision; then he held out his hand to Nellie.

"You come just in the nick of time, my dear," he said, genially, "and have saved me the trouble of hunting you up. There's a fortune waiting for you, my little girl. Do you know you are an heiress?"

Nellie made no answer; she turned to the lady and put her arms about her neck.

"Will you be my second mother?" she asked, her eyes filling. "Mamma said you would; and I'm so tired, and I want a mother so bad."

"Indeed, I will," cried Mrs. Goldthwaite. "You're loving mother. You shall never be tired or sad again, my little Nell. Children, come here, and kiss your new little sister."

The girls came willingly, but Fred, flushing to the roots of his curly hair, hurried out of the room.

"Well, I can't go to Grafton for the Tudor girls, to-night," he said. "But hurrah for Christmas Eve!"

"Hurrah for Christmas Eve," chimed in papa, and the happy house fairly rang.

Years and years after, it was Christmas Eve again. The hallowed day never grows old; no matter how often it returns to us, it always brings Peace and Good Will.

The Goldthwaite home was in a blaze of light. Papa sat in his arm-chair, silver threads on his brow. Mamma was busy with the Chistmas cheer.

Fred, a tall, bewhiskered young fellow, his father's junior partner, made his way into the drawing room, where Nellie sat at the piano.

"I say, Nellie, haven't you a Christmas gift for me?"

She looked up with a smile and a blush.

"I've ever so many pretty things, Fred; but you're so hard to please."

"Am I? Shall I tell you what I'd like to have, Nellie, above everything else in the world?"

"Yes, Fred," she said softly, her eyes drooping.

"Well, I will. It is just seven years, since that Christmas Eve, when I found you down yonder in the snow. Nell, I was a boy then, but I fell in love with you that night, and I love you yet. I want *you*, Nell, for my Christmas gift."

Nellie answered not a word, but she held forth her slender, little hand, and the happy fellow caught it and carried it to his lips.

And it was Nellie's happiest Christmas Eve.—*Peterson's Magazine for December.*

The Sun Dance.

FEARFUL TORTURES ENDURED WITH PATIENCE BY YOUNG INDIAN WARRIORS.

At Camp Robinson, Spotted Tail agency, and at various other points embraced in the command of Gen. L. P. Bradley, of your city, may be seen many of the peculiar features of savage life, the "sun dance," and other religious ceremonies observed by the remnants of what were formerly famous tribes. About half of Gen. Bradley's wards are the wild fellows from the north who have always been at war with the whites until this year, and they have as yet all their wild customs and tastes. Some of them are strikingly handsome men even in their uncouth dress. Touch the Cloud, White Thunder, Spotted Tail, Washington, Black Coal and Yellow Bear are models of physical beauty in face and form, and a great number of the young men are very handsome; they would attract attention in any company and in any dress.

Your correspondent went out in Crazy Horse's village last month to see the "sun dance" performed. This is a religious affair, and the ceremonies consist of various tortures, such as cutting gashes in the arms and breast, and dancing under the hot sun till the victims are exhausted or faint under the trial. They are prepared for these exercises by three days of rigid fasting, not being allowed to taste food or drink for that time. The chief actors in the dance were prepared for it by having a knife run through the thick muscles of the breast, and a strong wooden skewer inserted. To this was tied a strong buckskin rope of about fifty feet long, the ropes all being fastened to a pole set in the center of the dancing ground. At a given signal all the dancers go at it, and more honest and vigorous dancing you never saw. Those tied to the pole have to tear out the skewers fastened in their breasts, and this is of course the greatest trial of all, and it can only be done by throwing the whole weight of the body on the pole until the flesh gives way. One of the victims fainted dead away before he could free himself from the rope, and some of his friends immediately tore it out to save him from disgrace, the Indian law being rigid that any one who fails to bear the trial of having the rope torn out is forever a squaw and not a warrior.

During these performances the Indian drums are beaten furiously and loud whistles are blown to keep up the courage of the dancers, while the mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the sufferers stand near and sing their praises in plaintive songs. The Indians treated their visitors politely and even hospitably. We took coffee with them and ate fried cake, declining the stewed dog which was offered with them.—*New Haven Register.*

THE London correspondent of a country paper asks: "Why will clergymen be so funny? At St. Andrew's, Holborn, a stranger read the evening prayers. He was an elderly man and made a good many pauses. When he came to give out the hymn, he named the number and then made a very long pause indeed. The organist thought it was only one of the ordinary rests; so the clergyman, after waiting a long time, added: 'O, Paradise!—I can't see without my spectacles.'"

A MANLIUS, Onandaga county (N. Y.) farmer writes that last fall he sowed twenty acres to wheat, applying, 225 bushels of damaged salt, and this season he has harvested from the same land 1,120 bushels of fine wheat, averaging forty bushels to the acre. He keeps eight horses, twent-five cows, a large flock of sheep and forty-seven hogs, and believes in genuine grain-growing, stock-raising husbandry.

A SIGN on a Rochester street reads, "Joseph Amborn." We do not wish to deny the assertion, but we object to the grammar of it.—[Rochester Democrat.

Scratches in Horses.

The causes of scratches in horses are all agencies that induce irritation in the skin of the heels or pastern; standing in wet straw-yards, among decomposing manure or its liquid drainings, standing with wet, muddy limbs after work; standing in snow or snow water; currents of cold air striking the heels; irritant ammoniacal from decomposing dung or urine, washing the heels with caustic soap; the irritation caused by parasites on the heels; working on roads where the limbs sink in deep mud and spatter it over them; the irritation caused by the short, bristly hair after the heels have been clipped; swelled legs, caused by long standing in deep litter; by weakness of the circulation, diseased heart, liver or kidneys, or by sprains or other injuries to the limbs; irritation of the skin in connection with heating, food and lack of exercise; and finally, some unknown constitutional tendency may all in different cases become causes of scratches.

In seeking a cure, the first thing is to ascertain the active cause of disease, and remove it. In the great majority of cases this will be found to be a local irritant; but whatever it is, its discovery and abatement is essential to a permanent cure. Next, attention must be given to soothe the irritated skin; and when there is much heat and tenderness, a poultice may be necessary. A linseed meal poultice, with a weak solution of sugar of lead poured over its surface, will be as good as any. When heat and tenderness have been subdued, any free discharge (grease) may be checked by wrapping in cloths, wet with a solution of half an ounce of sulphate zinc, half a drachm of chloral-hydrate, and five ounces of glycerine in a quart of water. When the discharge has ceased, and there remains but the somewhat raw, scabby eruption, smear daily with bruzoated oxide of zinc ointment.

Food for Fowls.

A writer to the New York *Herald* says: "If hens are rightly cared for they should pay from 200 to 300 per cent. profit as layers. They must not be stinted as to space, nor too many kept together. If confined allow at least a square rod to each fowl. Imitate as closely as possible the condition of the hen in summer, and supply by artificial means the wants which nature supplies in warm weather; and hens will lay in winter. Let the floor of the hen house be of dry earth, with a box of dirt and ashes for their sand bath. Keep their quarters clean by removing their droppings at least three times a week. Give free ventilation. Supposing your hens to be in good condition and health when they commence laying, give them the proper food to keep them so. Buckwheat and wheat are the best grains, although for variety other grain must be given. Give cooked food in various ways every day. Much is excellent, as also fresh meat and scraps from the kitchen. Two or three times a week give fresh bones and ground bones, with gravel and broken oyster shells always within reach. Apples, cabbage, turnips and onions, raw or cooked, will be relished. The later in life a pullet commences to lay the longer she will continue to lay, and the greater will be the unformity in the size of her eggs. A good Houdan hen will average from 100 to 150 eggs a year; but to average that a flock must have good care. Thick sour milk or buttermilk is an excellent article of diet through the heated season. The Houdans are very prolific, and will stand a great deal of cold, but they must be kept dry. The Plymouth Rocks are almost constant layers, and bear confinement well. Their eggs are large and very even in size. Although their frame is not so large as the Brahmas, they are more plump and fatten readily.

PLANTS NEWLY POTTED.—Plants removed from the open ground and placed in pots should not receive too much care at first. All they wish at this season is to be left alone. Use only light turfy loam, with a very little well-rotted manure, such as may be found in an old hot bed. Spread out the roots in a natural position, and never cram them into the pot in a jumbled mass. Press the soil in firmly, jarring the pot occasionally to assist in settling the contents. Water thoroughly at first, but very sparingly thereafter, until the plants show signs of growth. Place in a cool shady spot until it is evident all danger from removal is past, then inure them to the sun by gradual changes. A certain amount of common sense is needed to grow a variety of plants successfully. While the calla lily needs a copious supply of water during the growing season, the cactus at this season lives on what it has stored away during the past summer. Rather err on the side of too little water than too much. Now is the time to trim in our plants that are to be used for winter decoration. Perform this with an eye to the future symmetry of the specimen, thinning out the dense growers, and cutting back those inclined to be open.—*An Old Florist.*

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA FROM A BALLOON.—The most enthusiastic advocates of ballooning would have hesitated to declare that submarine surveys were within the province of the aeronaut. Such, however, is the case, since M. Duruof and his companion, going up in a balloon on the 25th of last August, at Cherbourg, and being at an altitude of 5,000 feet, were amazed to see beneath them, with startling distinction, every rock, fissure, and depression at the bottom of the sea. And yet, the sea opposite Cape Levy, where the aerial voyagers obtained this bird's-eye view, has an average depth of above 200 feet. So limpid did the water appear that the under-currents were perceptible, while nothing would have been easier than to sketch or map the bottom of the sea.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Outgoing Senators of 1879.

The fall elections are over, and the results of them in several States that are to choose new United States Senators, or re-elect new ones, are in a majority of instances known. The Senators to be displaced or reseated are Spencer of Alabama, Dorsey of Arkansas, Sargent of California, Ferry of Connecticut, Conover of Florida, Gordon of Georgia, Oglesby of Illinois, Voorhees of Indiana, Allison of Iowa, Ingalls of Kansas, McCreery of Kentucky, Dennis of Maryland, Armstrong of Missouri, Jones of Nevada, Wadleigh of New Hampshire, Conkling of New York, Merrimon of North Carolina, Matthews of Ohio, Mitchell of Oregon, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Patterson of South Carolina, and Morrill of Vermont. Of the States named, Alabama, Arkansas, California, Florida, Ohio, and South Carolina will, in all probability, elect Democrats to the seats now occupied by Republicans. Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nevada, New Hampshire and Vermont reelect Republicans. Leaving these States doubtful or partially so: Connecticut, NewYork, Oregon and Penn-Pennsylvania.

Here will be a gain of six votes to the Democrats from the Republican side; none, positively, to the Republicans from the Democratic; with five Democratic seats reassured, and six Republican. In some of the States, California included, the election will be the coming winter; in others, where there are annual elections, not until a year later. Hold-over State Senators are of great consequence in a United States Senatorial contest, especially if there is no particularly formidable political adverse majority. California has more than once known it to be the case; and the recent elections in New York and Pennsylvania were conducted as vigorously as they were, more for the purpose of securing hold-overs, than for the success of a mere State ticket.

That the Democrats are to have the control of the United States Senate from 1879 to 1881 is certain, and then what? Will both parties keep on their good behavior, in the meantime?

THE BEDS OF ANTIQUITY.—About the earliest data that we have concerning beds, are of Egyptian origin, and they are very slight. Sir. Gardner Wilkinson thinks that the Egyptians usually slept on their day couches, which were long and straight, sometimes with a back, sometimes with carving at the heads and feet of animals at the ends, made of bronze, of alabaster, of gold and ivory, of inlaid wood, and richly cushioned. Where these were not in use, mats replaced them, or low pallets made of palm boughs, with a wooden pillow hollowed out for the head. What Egypt had, the Assyrian and the rest of the world had, and the Greek, whenever he could, improved upon other countries' notions, and the Greek couch; judging from the bas reliefs on many vases, was of great elegance.

The Romans, although receiving so many of their customs and so much of their art from Greece, had very simple beds until after their Eastern conquests. Indeed beds which, with their pillows, were merely hollows in a slab of stone, have been found among Roman remains.

But from the period when their Asiatic dominion increased, the Romans borrowed fashions from the conquered, and they developed a strong taste for luxury, especially in the matter of beds. Examples of the Roman form of beds were still preserved in the days of Charlemagne.

In the meantime of course, in the barbaric life of northern and western Europe, these forms generally being lost, it was an advance in civilization when the bench became the bed, and people were fastidious enough at least to feel above sleeping on thin bundles of straw or heaps of skins upon flags.

THE CHANGE OF CLIMATE IN EUROPE.—A Swedish paper just received publishes an interesting article under the heading "Why is the Climate of Europe Growing Colder?" The article states that in the Bay of Komenok, near Kome, in Greenland, fossil and very characteristic remains of palm and other trees have been discovered lately, which tend to show that in these parts formerly a rich vegetation must have existed. But the ice period of the geologists arrived, and, as a consequence of the decreasing temperature, this fine vegetation was covered with ice and snow. The sinking in the temperature, which moved in a southerly direction, as can be well proved by geological data, that is, the discovery of fossil plants of certain species, seems to be going on in our days also. During the past few years the ice has increased far toward the south, thus between Greenland and the Artic Sea colossal masses of ice have accumulated. On European coasts navigators now frequently find ice in latitudes where it never existed before during the summer months, and the cold reigning upon the Scandinavian peninsula this summer results from the masses of ice which are floating in the region where the gulf stream bends toward our coasts. This is a repetition of the observations made in the cold summer of 1865. The unaccustomed vicinity of these masses of ice has rendered the climate of Iceland so cold that corn no longer ripens there, and the Icelanders, in fear of a coming famine and icy climate, begin to found a new home in North America.—*Nature.*

THE monster 100-ton cannon have been recently so improved that the Italian Government intends to try some new ones, which it has ordered from English manufacturers, with a charge of 470 pounds of powder and a projectile weighing 2,280 pounds, or a little more than a ton. The metallurgists are busy making a composite plate, in which steel and iron are combined, for the purpose of resisting, when used as targets, the projectiles from these cannon.

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