The Sunday Astorian.

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A Vintage Song.

BY E. D. R. BIANCIARDI.

Once more the year its fullness pours
To cheer the heart of toil;
Once more we take with gratitude
The blessing of the soil.
I hear the children laugh and sing,—
They pull the grapes together;
And gladness breathes from everything
In this October weather.

The winter days were long and dark,
The spring was slow to come;
And summer storms brought fear and doubt
To many a humble home.
But rain and sunshine had their will
And wrought their work together,
And see! we heap our baskets still,
In this October weather.

My heart has had its winter, too,
And lain full bare and gray;
I did not think a spring would come,
Much less a summer day.
How little did I dream that life
Would bring us two together,
And I should be a happy wife
In this October weather!

Doubtless the frosts will come again,
And some sweet hopes must die;
But we shall bear the passing pain,
And smile as well as sigh;—
Nor let us cloud with tears of ill
This golden hour together;
For God is in His garden still
In this October weather.

Anton and Beatrix.

AN INCIDENT OF THE ERZ GEBIRGE.

Anton and Beatrix were betrothed. Beatrix made lace, and Anton was a miner.

"Why art thou above ground, Anton?" she said to him one morning when he looked into her mother's cottage. "Art thou flying about to find hay and feathers for our nest? Nay, it will be built the sooner, if thou wilt steadily ply thy pick."

"'Twould be long before thy bobbins would build it," answered Anton, with a smile, which had a good deal of contempt mixed with its kindness. "Cheer up, Trix, thou shalt not long continue at that beggar's trade."

So having spoken he went upon his way, and left his sweetheart wondering what he meant.

But she could work while she wondered; and she did not forget to do so. Indeed, she was almost always at work. She got up with the sun—sometimes before him, with the birds; and after he had gone down, she lighted her candle and still worked on. Patiently she stuck her pins into her pattern, and then plied the dangling bobbins with a deftness which made fingers and bobbins blend in a shimmer, like that of the wings of buzzing bees. When awake she scarcely ever ceased from her labor except to perform her sacred duties, or to carry in the product of her toil to the laceman's in the nearest town.

"My child, thou wilt have to eat *huttenrauch*," her mother said to her. "Thy cheek is pale and pinched, thy eyes are growing dim. Anton will slight thee."

"Nay," Beatrix answered, "if I need arsenic to make me pleasing in his sight, he may e'en leave me. I will not meddle with such unholy things. He must just take or leave me as the good God and honest toil have made me."

"But why dost thou labor so hard?" asked the mother.

"I would fain help to keep the house," replied her daughter.

"Nay," quoth the mother, "though 'tis little that thy pillow earns thee, it well pays thy clothes, and coffee and potatoes."

"I would take something in my hands besides my pillow, when I go to sit down in Anton's house," said Beatrix, with a blush.

It was little she saw of her lover at this time, and when he did come to see her he behaved so strangely, that in spite of his affectionate caresses she could not help suspecting sometimes that he wished to take back his plighted troth. He looked with undisguised contempt on the cottage and its furniture, its scanty food and all its humble ways, and talked as if, should Beatrix become his bride, she would be a beggar's daughter lifted to a throne. And yet he was more shabbily dressed than had been his wont, and had less money to spend; since now he very seldom went down into the mines by day. Almost all day long he either slept or wandered over the mountains, chasing, or pretending to chase, the bear, the chamois, and the lynx. Every night, a little while before the clocks struck twelve, he went abroad but whither he went no one could tell. Her lover's strange behavior often made Beatrix very sad, though none the slower for that reason did her fingers ply the bobbins. Night and morning beside her bed, and in the church (to which Anton now never came) she prayed the good God to hold her lover in his sheltering hand, for if he were taking to murderous ways, or going mad, and so they should be separated for life, she thought that she would go mad also.

The fact is that Anton went every night to meet Kobold, and wandered with him in the bowels of the earth. When Anton was an industrious miner, Kobold had come to him as he plied the pick in a lonely working, and scoffed at his simplicity for toiling so hard to earn so little.

"Come with me to-night," the goblin had said, "and I will show thee where the land for many a mile is made of metal, which may be had for the trouble of picking it up. Mine it on the sly thyself, or make a good bargain with others out of thy knowledge, as may best please thee, Mr. Honest Miner."

Anton went, and beheld a sight which made him eagerly inquire of the tricksy sprite how he could find his way to the spot again. But Kobold answered, "Oh, this is nothing—come to our trysting-place to-morrow night, and I will show thee far greater wonders than these."

And Anton had gone, and night after night he went on going, similarly beguiled, for Kobold kept his promise in showing each night a greater wonder than that of the night before.

In this way, neglecting his business, his friends, his sweetheart, and his God, Anton had seen vast hidden stores of all kinds of ores—silver, tin, copper, antimony, bismuth, and who knows what besides? and the more he saw the less inclined to work with his own hands he was, the more eager to take his ease and pleasure whilst the inexhaustible treasury that had been revealed to him should be worked for him by others' brains and brawn.

"Show me gold" he said to Kobold, "that I may at once take of it to gratify my desires, and have means to hire drudges to work my mines. Show me gold, and give me the clew to that and all the rest that thou hast shown me, and I will trouble thee no more."

"Come again to our trysting-place to-morrow night, for the last time," answered Kobold, "and I will show thee gold."

Infatuated Anton was by this time in rags, and often very hungry. He had sold his gun, his tools, to supply him with daily bread—latterly very little of it. But buoyed up by his golden hopes, he carried his head as if he had been a kaiser, provoking the mirth of his neighbors, who had come to look upon him as a poor fool, since nothing had come of his mysterious midnight excursions.

Beatrix grew sadder and sadder at the thought of him. *Very* rarely did she see him now, since, as I have said, he had given up going to church, and latterly also coming expressly to visit her; but each time she did see him he looked poorer and wilder than before.

It was on a Saturday night that he was to meet Kobold to be initiated in the secret of the gold. He had to pass Beatrix's cottage on his way to the trysting-place, and as he drew near, he noticed that her light was still burning. Beatrix rested on a Sunday, and with the prospect of a holiday before her, she could afford to sit up later than was usual with her, although recently her hour of retirement had drawn nearer than before to the stroke of twelve. This was the motive for her lengthened work—she had begun to fear that Anton would soon become utterly destitute, and she wished to save him the degradation of begging his bread from door to door, by laying up a little hoard for him.

While she plied her bobbins with this benevolent purpose—thinking regretfully of bygone Saturday nights cheered with anticipations of seeing her lover, reverent and respected, at the church on the morrow—Anton thought of her in a very different manner.

"Am I not a fool," he said, "to throw myself away upon so poor a girl? There is not a princess in all Europe for whom I shall not be a worthy match when I am master of my wealth. Nay, but Beatrix is a good girl—I will not break her heart. Shall I stop and bid her cease from her absurd industry—dazzle her with a revelation of the riches in store for me? But no, it will be better to wait and find how I feel when I have got them. I will not commit myself. Still I will peep in at her as I pass—it is long since I have seen her."

He peered in through the cottage window, but drew back in alarm when Beatrix raised her head. She got a glimpse of his face, however, and sighed to think how haggard it, once so handsome, had become—how little love for her there seemed left in it.

She put away her work, said her sad prayers, and went to bed, whilst Anton hurried on to meet the goblin.

Again Kobold was true to his word. He led Anton into a vaulted hall that blazed with gold. The fretted roof and the floor were of native gold; the columns of the corriders that stretched away—not into gloom, but an unfading brilliance, reflected from some invisible source of light—were of glittering quartz, enclosing, not nuggets, but huge blocks of gold, which gleamed through them like goldfish through crystaline water, or rather like suns radiating dazzling splendor through most pellucid summer air.

Anton now fairly lost his head, and danced with delight. When he came to himself, he was lying outside the mountain, at the place of tryst. The Sunday morning sunshine had awoke him. It seemed pale and cold in comparison with the subterranean radiance which flashed back upon his memory. At the thought of that he arose from his hard couch, and leaped again for joy, although his heart sunk for a moment when he remembered that, after all, he had forgotten to secure the clew.

"But what matters that?" he said, "Kobold will give it to me when I meet him here again to-night."

He had forgotten also that the goblin had promised to meet him there the night before—*for the last time.*

The bell was chiming its silvery "Come to prayers" when Anton passed the church on his road home. Worshippers were trooping in; amongst them Beatrix, on whose kind face shame struggled with pity when she acknowledged the salutation of her disreputable looking lover.

"Ha, ha!" thought Anton, "the proud minx will be glad, if I let her, to worship at my feet to-morrow—sticking her pins into paltry, penny-winning pillow, when I have but to prick the ground, for gold to gush up in streams unstaunchable!"

At midnight Anton was again at the trysting-place. Less and less patiently he waited; but no Kobold came. More and more despairingly he shouted:

"Kobold! Kobold! the clew, the clew!"

At last a mocking voice, sounding as as it came from miles away, replied:

"I showed thee the gold; I promised not the clew."

A peal of far-off scornful laughter followed, and then again the stars shone silently upon the silent mountains.

For a time Anton wandered like an Azazel in the wilderness. At last he crawled, almost naked, and cold and hungry, to the threshold of the cottage of Beatrix's mother. The pitying woman took him in. When mother and daughter had nursed him into sanity once more of mind and body, Beatrix gave him a pick and a shovel, a drill and a powder-horn, which she had purchased out of her savings from the earnings of her despised lace pillow. He once more descended into the bowels of the earth, but only to blast and prize out homely iron-stone; and Kobold must have been little inclined for mocking laughter—unless he chose to deride himself—if he knew what a pair of peacefully joyous hearts were beating in unison in Anton's hut, when the mountain church-bell chimed on the first Sunday after the humbled miner had proudly won, as a prize too good for him, affectionately exultant Beatrix for his faithful bride.—*Charles Camden, in Day of Rest.*

IN GERMANY.—Rent is cheap, and a comfortable room, well furnished, may be had for four or five dollars a month. We must "pay for everything," however. The service of a woman to take care of the room costs about fifty or seventy-five cents per month. Fires are extra. Candles or lamps and matches we must furnish, and even soap. But one soon becomes accustomed to the ways here, and, knowing how to economize, gets along cheaply and comfortably: The rooms are generally arranged in suits or "flats." A whole flat will be rented by some one, who in turn lets out single rooms to others. We must, therefore, have a key to our room, a key to the flat, and one for the lower outside door. As they have not yet learned the art of making anything like a Yale lock, or small keys, but make them as large as our old-fashioned barn-door keys, we shall find it a little inconvenient at first, carrying around everywhere with us a pound or two of cast-iron; but we are consoled on seeing every one else do the same thing. When one, on coming home late at night, finds himself locked out at the lower door, and has forgotten his key, all he can do will be to arouse the inmates of his flat, when his landlady will throw out the door key, done up in a shawl, to insure its being easily found.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.—It is unfair to expect your boys and girls to work hard at home while they are attending school. To acquire an education is at this period the business of their lives. If reluctant to learn their daily lessons, they should sternly be obliged to do so. They should be taught alike, that from this there is no possible escape—and that beyond it nothing is required of them. The rest of the day is theirs, and they should be permitted, in all innocent ways, to pass it as they list—to frolic and play, the prerogative and necessity of youth, whether in the lower or higher animal creation. But through fear of creating habits of laziness, parents too often exact labor of their children after study hours, and thus, while yearning for play and needed recreation, under these circumstances work becomes absolutely repugnant to them. This is the way to make Jack a dull lad, and to establish the very habits that it was intended to avoid—for a boy that works reluctantly is only happy when that work is finished, and he is thus tempted to slight and skim it over, that he may the sooner be released. In this way not only are habits of laziness created, but of negligence, and of a deep-seated dislike of work, which often cling through life.

SWALLOWS.—In Sweden, the swallows, as soon as the winter begins to approach, plunge themselves into the lakes, where they remain asleep and hidden under the ice till the return of summer, when, revived by the new warmth, they come out from the water and fly away as formerly. While the lakes are frozen, if somebody will break the ice in those parts where it appears darker than the rest, he will find masses of swallows—cold, asleep, and half dead; which, by taking out of their retreat and warming, either with his hands or before a fire, he will see gradually vivify again and fly. In other countries they retire very often to the caverns, under the rocks. As many of these exist between the City of Caen and the sea, on the banks of the river Orne, there are found sometimes during the winter piles of swallows suspended in these vaults, like bunches of grapes. We have witnessed the same thing in Italy; where as well as in France, it is considered very lucky by the inhabitants when swallows build their nests on their habitations.

TEXAS.—A careful reading of our Southern exchange papers justifies the opinion that the Southern States will unite in favor of the "Texas and Pacific" at the called session of Congress, and that this issue, so important to them and the whole country, will be made paramount in the organization of the House.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Bridging the Bosphorus.

Captain James B. Eads, engineer of the iron bridge at St. Louis, and who has so successfully planned and constructed the jetties at the delta of the Mississippi river, has also made elaborate plans for a grand iron bridge across the Bosphorus, connecting Pera—European Constantinople—with the Asiatic shore. This project of the distinguished engineer is now for the first time made public through the courtesy of Mr. A. O. Lambert, civil engineer, who has been largely connected with the great works of railway and bridge construction in several countries of the Old World, and also in Nebraska, Montana, Idaho, and particularly in the Southern States. Mr. Lambert, in conjunction with Captain Eads, drew the plans, made the calculations and assisted at the survey. It will be seen that the work, when constructed, will be the most important of the kind ever completed, affording to the Turks, if that day ever comes, a ready back door out of Europe, in which they took up their residence some 400 years ago.

The bridge will be about 6,000 feet long—over a mile—will have fifteen spans; will be 100 feet wide, and save the masonry and flooring, will be built of iron. The height of the roadway above the surface of the water will be 120 feet, thus affording ample passage-way between the arches for ingoing and outgoing ships. The greatest feat of engineering will be the bold central arch—750 feet span—over an eighth of a mile. This is the longest span ever contemplated, and its construction will necessitate the most careful labor and no small outlay of money. In order to accomplish this single portion of the work alone two great caissons will have to be sunk in over 100 feet of water, and this can only be done by coffer-dams and special contrivances in their completeness yet unknown to engineering. The current at the points where these piers will rest is very strong, coming through the Dardanelles from the Sea of Marmora and rushing to the Black Sea. The two central piers constituting the back-bone of the bridge will be fifty feet thick, of solid granite blocks locked together with iron braces. A side view of this bridge will present below the highest points of the arches an intricate system of reinforce braces. It is in this part of the construction that great ingenuity, nice mathematical calculation, and delicate mechanical skill must be employed. By an invention of Captain Eads a new feature will be introduced, so that a train of cars or any other heavy burden will not superimpose its weight at any one point over which it may be at the moment, but will be distributed throughout the 6,000 feet of the supports, thus practically making it an easy task to build an arch of 750 feet. This is accomplished by uniting all the main bracing from pier head to pier head, and connecting the minor rods, so that the whole forms a complete system, making one brace dependent on the other. The action of heavy weights, of troops marching to a common step, of rapid locomotion by the cars, is thus instantly communicated through every foot of the supports, and every part is made to do its duty. The magnitude of the undertaking may be understood when it is stated that the main piers will be two hundred and seventy feet high from the foundation to the summit. The aggregate height of the fifteen piers would make a single pier of half a mile in height, or eight times the altitude of the ball on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

It is estimated that the cost of construction will not exceed $25,000,000, and the time to complete it six years.—*N. Y. Times.*

TURNING THE TABLES.—There is a story of a noble lord who once gave his friend a golden snuff-box, in the cover of which an ass's head was painted. Not much flattered by this present, and wishing to turn the tables on the author of the joke, the recipient took out the ass and inserted instead the portrait of the lord. The next day at dinner he, as if by accident, put his box on the table. The lord, who wished to amuse his guests at the expense of his friend, made mention of the snuff-box, and aroused the curiosity of those around him. A lady asked to see it. It was passed to her. She opened it and exclaimed, "Perfect! it is a striking likeness. Indeed, my lord, it is one of the best portraits of you that I have ever seen." The lord was naturally much embarrassed at the joke, which he thought was so hard upon him. While he was reflecting upon the offensiveness of it, the lady passed the box to her neighbor, who made similar remarks about it. The box thus went around the table, each one expatiating upon the resemblance. The nobleman was much astonished at this course of things; but when it came to his turn to look, had to join in the laughter, too, and confess that his friend had got the best of him.

ANOTHER nephew named Ward was playing with a Mexican sixpence, and put it up his nose. He attempted to get it out again, but it worked its way farther in, and gave him a great deal of pain He went and complained to his father, who held him firmly, and extracted the coin with a pair of pincers. The boy was indignant because his nostril was lacerated, and ran to his mother to tell her of his sufferings. He said:

"Mother, father is getting to be awful mean."

"Mean, child? What are you talking about?"

"Yes, I say mean, and I stick to it. He tore my nose all to pieces because he was afraid he would lose that sixpence! I wouldn't be so mean for anything!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Science.

The protective value of trees in thunder storms was considered by M. Du Moncel in a paper lately communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences. Trees, he said, were all conductors of electricity, their conductivity increasing with the quantity of liquid they contained. An ordinary house, however, offered from sixteen to twenty times as much resistance to the transmission of electricity as an ordinary tree, and therefore the tree might be considered a protection to the house if it equalled or exceeded the house in height. On the other hand, when a house is wet by rain its electrical conductivity is so much augmented that the author thought the protective value of the tree might then depend solely upon its excess in elevation over the housetop. Although trees may thus shelter houses to some extent it is very dangerous for individuals to take refuge under a tree in a thunder shower, as has been repeatedly demonstrated by many of the numerous lightning accidents this summer.

Dr. Elliott Cones, of the United States Army, desires medical officers in the military service, and other persons who may be interested in zoology, to co-operate with him in preparing a history of North American animals belonging to the mammalia. His circular, which is issued from the surgeon-general's office, suggest that observers should make out lists of the animals found in specified localities, with particulars as to the number of each species, when they come and go, and the places they frequent. Information is especially wanted in respect to many species which are small and obscure, and observers are asked to direct their attention to the habits of squirrels, hares, rats, mice, moles, weasels, gophers and bats. Almost any intelligent person who is interested in natural history, and resides in the country, can add to the sum of scientific knowledge by aiding in this work.

Some experiments lately recorded in France contradict the prevalent opinion that copper when taken into the system with food is highly poisonous. These experiments were made upon dogs, which could take as much as two drachms of metallic copper, or its oxides, a day, without prejudicial effects. "In many instances," says the report, "the animals gained in weight. Small doses of the acetate, such as may be found in food that has remained for twenty-four hours in a copper vessel that is not enameled, do not produce any of those violent effects in dogs that are usually attributed to them in the case of man." However, we do not think too much care can be taken to keep copper out of food intended for human consumption.

Mr. Henry Gillman writes from Waldo, Florida, to the *Naturalist*, that the beautiful and varied lizards, so numerous in that State, have the chameleon-like capacity of changing color, in spite of anything that has been said to the contrary. He asserts that they possess the power in a remarkable degree, and describes a lizard which was of a yellowish-brown hue when upon the ground, but assumed the dull gray color of a fence rail when gliding along it, and changed to an olive, and then a bright emerald green as it passed under the foliage of those colors. When this lizard returned to the ground its original yellowish-brown was restored.

Some cartridges on a table in an apartment in Paris were exploded recently by the concentrated rays of the sun falling upon them through a window glass, in which a peculiar formation, described as an eye, made a burning lens. The London scientific journal, *Nature*, says that similiar accidents are commoner than we suppose. In Algeria, forests are sometimes set on fire by the concentration of the solar rays through drops of rain-water on the leaves; while in Europe, the beams passing through the panes of stationary railway carriages occasionally ignite the dried plants or leaves near the track.

One hundred and seven photographs were taken in the Arctic regions by the recent British expedition, and about fifty sets of these pictures have been prepared for distribution to foreign governments and institutions, so it is quite probable that some of them will come to this country. They include views of the Palæocrystic Sea, and of the cliff of pure coal, twenty-five feet thick, which was discovered near the winter quarters of one of the ships. This coal is particularly important in relation to Captain Howgate's proposed colony near the North Pole.

A staff surgeon of the British Army, Dr. Joseph J. Pope, read a paper on clothing before the Domestic Economy Congress, lately held at Birmingham, in which he maintained that white clothing would really be the warmest in winter, having due regard to the conducting power and thickness of the material of which it is made. He thought that people had been led to wear dark clothes principally from motives of economy in the use of soap and water.

The fourth comet detected by astronomers this year is that which bears the name of the late Professor D'Arrest, of Leipsic, who originally discovered it on June 27, 1851. Its period of revolution around the sun is about six years and a half, and it is the faintest periodical comet known, being so dim that observers failed to find it at its return in 1864. It was first seen this year on the 8th of July, by M. Coggia, of Marseilles.

AND now comes the honest historian and declares that Brigham Young did not have a good-looking wife in the lot. Nineteen—and not one handsome one!