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Select Poetry.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath the graven stone,
To plead for tears for alien eyes,
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim;
That drink the greenness from the ground
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins cail,
And, ripening in the Autumn sun
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That thrills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When turning round her dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows past,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At length the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies
And bear the buried dust they seize,
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,
So may the souls that warmed it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this: "A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

Select Story.

HIS PARTNER'S DAUGHTER.

Mr. Brewster handed his partner's daughter to the large plate-glass doors, bowed low, showed his fine teeth in a warm smile, and stood looking after her as she walked away—smiling still.

Mr. Brewster was forty-odd, and a well-preserved and handsome man.

Margaret Clifford was twenty, and a charming girl.

This was not the first time a certain idea had presented itself to Mr. Brewster's mind.

He had thought that he had finished with all that sort of thing when a tender passage in his life had closed disastrously, twenty years ago—when there had been a foolish quarrel and a betrothal ring sent back, and then, a few months later, a cruel marriage notice in the papers. He had thought that his lonely life must be his punishment for his hasty injustice, and that he could never care for another woman.

But when Margaret Clifford had burst upon him one day, beautiful and radiant, he had felt a new sensation.

When she had brightly talked with him, perched on a dry-goods box perhaps, he had felt his heart grow warm within him; when she had made a little call in the private office—but she was at home all over the store and good friends with all the employes—and laughed and chatted with him, from an arm of his big chair, he had felt odd, new hopes stirring in his breast.

He knew well enough how George Clifford would view it. The marriage of his daughter to his partner, who, with himself, ranked with the foremost of the solid, prosperous men of the city, would not fail to gratify him.

Mr. Brewster thought that he might bring the girl to care for him.

Better he than some young scapegrace who would make her miserable. She would make a charming mistress for the fine house he could give her. Twenty years younger? What of that? He would make her too happy to think of it.

He pulled his moustache, just touched with gray, to disguise the broad smile he could not repress.

There was a fresh bill of goods up stairs to be invoiced, and Mr. Brewster took the elevator to look at it.

Not but John Carruthers would attend to it perfectly. Carruthers was the up-stairs manager, and a treasure—only twenty-five or so, but uncommonly clever and efficient and honest; the sort of fellow to make his mark.

But Mr. Brewster was not thinking of John Carruthers just now; he had before him a distinct picture of oval cheeks and a sweet mouth, which hopelessly confused all else.

He had paused behind a mammoth box of the newly-arrived goods, and looked absently down into the street.

What were those fellows chattering about back there? It put his glowing visions to route. That was Carruthers' voice, though, and Carruthers never chattered; a tall, square-shoulderd, good-looking young half-Scotchman he was, who would mind his own affairs and say little. But that was his voice.

"I tell you, Stiles, I might as well want the moon," he was saying, as though in emphatic repetition. His voice had a dreary tone. "I shall never get her. It could never be possible. Everything is against it. I haven't a chance. I don't say it's unreasonable, either. It's a law of nature. What could you ask or expect? She is the daughter of one of the owners of the house which employs me. Would it be likely that her father would consent with joy to my proposal for his daughter? It's likely he'd discharge me on the spot."

So, So! Mr. Brewster stood still. He might have slipped away, but he felt somehow rather powerless to move. He tugged at his moustache, and listened.

"Go in and win," said Stiles, boldly. "You're as good a fellow as she'll be apt to meet, and you know it, Carruthers. Any girl ought to be glad to get you, I should say. Just go in and win."

"Thank you," said John Carruthers, hopelessly. "But do I want to plunge her into a sea of trouble, Stiles? An angry father and a husband who couldn't take care of her by any means as she has always been taken care of—that isn't a pleasant situation for any girl. Don't think I'm growling; I'm prepared to submit to the inevitable. Only it is inevitable. There isn't any hope for us."

"Us?" said Stiles, interrogatively. "Does Miss Clifford—have you spoken, or—"

There was a silence, which John Carruthers broke with a softened, unsteady voice.

"I think she cares for me," he said, slowly. "There are ways you can tell, you know—things you can't mistake. I'm not boasting; it's only to show you how hard it is for me. It's more than I know how to bear," he burst out desperately.

And then the office boy came u with inquiries from Mr. Clifford, a the junior partner could hear Ca ruthers responding in his usual stea manner, and Stiles walking away.

Mr. Brewster sat down in th dusty window-seat, feeling someho used up.

Here was a state of things!

He rubbed back his hair in bewi derment; it was hard to take it a in at once. His confidential clerk love with his partner's daughter!

But no—it was not strange; truth, it was hardly to be wondere at. That was not the queer par The queer part was—John Carruthers in love with the girl whom he, Daniel Brewster, meant to marry!

Something of a mixture, was it not?

Mr. Brewster stroked his chin.

If it had been Stiles, or Robinson, or Downing, or any of them, Mr. Brewster would have had plenty of epithets to apply—bold upstart, impudent puppy, and the like. But John Carruthers could hardly be disposed of in that way; Carruthers had too much of dignity, and two much of his employer's respect. What Carruthers said or did demanded consideration—in any other case. But this?

The young rascal! A handsome fellow he was, with his broad shoulders and his clear-cut face. And twenty-five or so.

Mr. Brewster, with a sudden impulse, took out his pocket-mirror.

Yes, he looked his forty years. The wrinkles were beginning a subtle appearance, and his hair and moustache were dusted with gray.

Forty-odd years old; and something of an old fogy, he supposed. And John Carruthers was energetic, bright-mannered, thoroughly pleasing—and twenty-five.

Mr. Brewster's visions of a half-hour ago fell and shattered themselves. He thought she liked him, eh? Most likely. Any girl would, as Stiles had said. Liked him, and would marry him, if he should ask her; do doubt of it. She was a firm-spoken, independent girl. But Carruthers was afraid to ask her, though, on forty dollars a week? How would sixty do, then? That was the salary of the busier down-stairs manager, and he was leaving next month for another city. And once George Clifford's son-in-law, the young fellow's future would be plain. He would be the leading partner in the firm in ten years, and he and Clifford could take a rest.

What was he planning? Why, the destruction of his own hopes. Half an hour ago he had seen himself a proud husband; now he was the same lonely bachelor, and would always be. Most men would ignore John Carruthers' case, merely. What if he did spend a lovesick week or so? He would get over it; so would Margaret. And, on his own behalf, he knew that a word to George Clifford—

John Carruthers came around behind the box, started at the sight of his employer, and stepped back; but Mr. Brewster shook his head.

"Don't go, Carruthers," he said. "I want a word with you. I've been here for fifteen minutes, Carruthers."

His manager flushed hotly, with a hurt gaze at him.

"I have heard the whole business, Carruthers." Mr. Brewster added, coolly. "I know that you have fallen in love with Miss Margaret Clifford and she with you."

"I did not say so, Mr. Brewster," poor Carruthers stammered. "I said I thought—I hoped—"

"It's all the same; I think I gathered the main facts. And I want to propound Mr. Stiles' query, Carruthers. Why don't you ask her?"

"You've been very kind, Mr. Brewster," Carruthers said, rather huskily. "I don't believe one man in a thousand would have done this. They would have laughed at my presumption and let it go. I can never forget it, sir. If I come to anything now, it is you who have been the making of me, for I don't think I could have come to much without her."

"I would like to know you better, Mr. Brewster. It's a good deal to ask, but couldn't you make us a call some evening? I live with my mother and my aunt, Mrs. Joyce, at Number Seventy-nine Major street. They would be so glad to see you."

He started at the change which came over his employer's face.

"Joyce?" said Mr. Brewster, clearing his throat and growing suddenly white. "Not Helena Graham?"

"Did you know her, Mr. Brewster?" said Carruthers, warmly. "Yes, that was her maiden name. She's my mother's younger sister. Her husband died twelve years ago, and she has lived with us since. I don't think you could forget her if you have known her. She was always

[redacted]

His pretty notion of a church wedding was carried out, too, to the letter, except that his bride was the only woman he cared for, and who had been brought to forgive and comfort him, and that John Carruthers and Margaret Clifford were best man and bridesmaid.

Driving a Yoke of Oxen.

We were sitting on the veranda of a village hotel in Wisconsin when a man drove up with a yoke of oxen and entered the hardware store opposite.

"The ox is a curious animal, when you come to study him," observed the agent of a New York hardware house.

"Yes, and it is quite a knack to drive a yoke of them," replied the drummer from a Philadelphia cloth house.

"Pooh!"

"Don't you believe it?"

"Naw! Anybody can drive oxen."

"They can, eh? I'll go you five that you can't drive that yoke around the square without an accident of some sort."

"Done!"

And we went over and told the farmer what was up, and promised him the stakes, no matter who won. He looked rather anxious, finally consented, and the drummer took the gad, stepped to the shoulder of the nigh ox, and called out:

"Gee up, boys—come along, now!"

They looked at him in astonishment, shook their heads, and the farmer called out:

"Look out a little for that off ox. He's been sort o' sneezy all day."

"Oh, I'm onto him. Gee up, I say!"

He touched the off one with the gad, and they moved off at a fast pace. We followed, of course, and they proceeded fairly well to the first corner. Here was where they were to turn to the left, and the drummer called out:

"Gee there, boy—whoa! gee!"

But they didn't. They put their heads down, elevated their tails, and started for the country on a wild run, and in three minutes were out of sight. The farmer received the $10, and then he started after them. We did not see him again until dark. Then he came in on foot to hunt us up, and say:

"Boys, it was kind in you to give me that $10, but when I came to figure up damages I found myself just $37 short. That 'ere partner of yours had better let oxen alone after this, and try hogs or geese."

A clothier states that the proper way to wash a flannel shirt is to souse the garment in hot soap-water, never rubbing it, and put it repeatedly through a wringer. The garment should never be wrung with the hands, and never be put in cold water.

Forest leaves for bedding cost only the expenses of gathering.

An Old-Fashioned Apple Bee.

The march of improvement has swept out of existence many an old-time institution, and the boys and girls of to day, who play croquet and lawn tennis, in ravishing costumes of stripes and checks, would doubtless turn up their noses at the mention of the apple bees, and the huskings, and the raisings, which were such a source of enjoyment to their fathers and mothers.

Once it used to be considered necessary for every family to lay in yearly a stock of dried apples for the construction of a commodity, formerly supposed to be edible, and which went by the name of dried apple pie. It was a highly respectable production, and though it was often swallowed with a wry face, like a purgative pill, no table was ever complete without it, and it was always a reserve force upon which the sorely pressed housekeeper could fall back when a case of emergency arose.

Canned apples and evaporated apples have superseded it, and its familiar tan-colored countenance is seen no more; but its memory remains to cheer us.

In the early fall of the year every housekeeper commenced to dry apples. The first wind falls of the season were utilized; the wormy and knotty places cut out with care, and halved, and quartered, and cored, they were strung on a string, about two yards long, and their festoons decorated the sunny side of the farmhouse until the frost came. And the wasps and flies took their late vacation seasons in buzzing over the festoons aforesaid, and sucking up such juices as the sun had left in the remains of the fruit.

In large families, where an extra supply of pie-making substance was needed, it was the custom every fall to have "apple bees," or "apple parings," as they are sometimes called.

A fine evening in September or October was selected, and all the young people in the neighborhood were invited to be present. Care was exercised not to pass over any one in giving the invitation, for it was a terrible "slight" to be left out of a merry-making of that kind.

The big kitchen was the place of operation. All the tubs and baskets in the house were filled with apples yellow, and apples red, and the young men who owned paring machines were out in force, each one anxious to outdo the other, and thus gain favor in the eyes of the admiring young girls who did the coring and the stringing.

What a merry company it was! How the laugh and joke and song rang out, and the machines whizzed off the curly parings and sent them spinning over the big table, and the girls threw them over their shoulders, and looked blushingly back to see if they had assumed the form of the first letter of the name of their favorite young man.

And when the tubs and baskets had been emptied, and the strings of apples hung from frames, all ready to be given the finishing process of the sun and wind in the evening, everything cleared away, and the table was spread with a feast fit for a king, and the hostess dealt out the baked beans and Indian pudding with a lavish hand, and each young man waited on his best girl, and paid her compliments while he passed the doughnuts, and looked love into her eyes while he held the slippery pumpkin pie plate for her to divide the piece for them both, and when he saw the blush on her cheek, and felt the touch of her small fingers on his hand as she passed him the pie, he couldn't tell whether he was eating nectar or sole leather—and, what was more, he didn't care.

And when supper was over, and the oldtime games of blind man's buff, and Copenhagen, and hunt the slipper, were in full blast, how the winged hours flew by, and nobody noticed that it was long past midnight before the gay revelers separated, and took their way homeward by the light of the moon.

Matches were made at apple bees, hearts were lost, and hearts were found; barrels of dried apples were given to the world, and busy housewives surveyed with pride the results of the evening's labors, as displayed next morning on the frames hung up in every available place where the sun would be likely to fall.

And when winter came and the fruits of the summer were all gone, and the custard and the mince pie had palled on their taste, the dried apple came manfully to the front, and having been stewed and sweetened, and spiced, and put between the layers of crust, it was baked; and if a man had good courage, and good teeth, and faith in an over-ruling Providence, which was bound to see him safely through under any circumstances, he might worry down a piece of that pie, and still live.

The Plantain Eaters.

FROM PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

Among the many beautiful birds found in western Africa, none will compare with those bearing the name of plantain eaters, being so called because they feed on plantains and other fruits. The naturalists call them Musophagidæ, but it is not at all likely that our boys and girls prefer this to the more easily remembered name appearing at the head of this article.

They are chiefly found in the forests of Senegal, and sometimes specimens are met with on the coast of Guinea. A somewhat similar species is also seen in South America.

The beautiful plumage of this variety of bird fully justifies the statement made by Bruce, the famous naturalist, that it is "one of the princes of the feathered creation."

The most notable of its kind is the violet plantain eater. It is a large, elegantly proportioned bird, twenty inches in length, whose general plumage is of a shining, blackish purple, set off to great advantage by the deep lilac and crimson of its wings, a combination of colors seen in no other bird in the world.

It has a large bill, the outer half of the upper and the whole of the under mandible being of a bright crimson, shaded off at the front or thickest part into a brilliant yellow, and then merging into crimson again on the crown and back part of the head. Around the eyes is a naked space which enhances the beautiful colors of the bill and crown. Above its ears is a pure white stripe, extending backward and downward almost to the upper edge of its neck.

Nearly one-half of the lower part of the wings is of a deep carmine hue, glossed with lilac, the margins being tipped with the blackest violet color that spreads over the rest of its body. This dark violet becomes a very dark green on the under parts, and is particularly rich on the tail. The legs are black, and its thick, hooked and very broad claws, of the same shade, show that it is fitted for living among trees. This formation is seen in all birds requiring superior powers of grasping, the middle toe of this particular species being of sufficient length to encircle any ordinary size branch.

Another elegant species of this family is the variegated or crested plantain eater, so named on account of its very peculiar crest or "top-knot," which is placed directly on the nape of the neck, and not, as in the majority of crested birds, on the top or crown of the head. The general color of the upper parts of this bird is very light gray, with a narrow, blackish stripe down each feather. The front and top of the head and whole of the chin and throat as far as the breast is chestnut brown.

The under plumage beyond the breast is white, each feather having a dark stripe down the middle, while the primary and secondary quills of the wings are blackish, with a pure white spot, varying in size in the middle of each. The feathers in the middle of the tail are gray, with black tips, those on the end being entirely gray. Its bill is pure yellow throughout, the crimson seen in the violet plantain eater being absent, and its legs are gray. Its length is the same as the first mentioned variety, but its middle toes and claws are somewhat smaller.

Still another kind is called the crowned plantain eater, or Senegal touraco, and it rivals in beauty its violet hued companion. Like the bird just described, its chief attraction is a magnificent crest.

The whole of the head, including the crest, its neck, wing covers and around the shoulders is grass green without any gloss, and this color also extends to the under plumage as far as the breast, beyond which it becomes obscured and darkened with a blackish hue. The bill is blackish purple in the middle, but along the edges and within the margin of the sides it is a bright crimson, the tips of both upper and lower mandibles being blackish.

Around the eyes is a crimson patch, the upper part of which is shaped somewhat like the teeth of a saw. Immediately in front of the eyes is a white stripe, extending to about one-third of the length of the upper eyelid, while beneath each is a black stripe running backward toward its ears and terminating in a point at the lower edge of the crimson patch already described. This bird is smaller than either of the others, its total length from bill to tail being but sixteen inches.

Taken altogether these specimens of the bird creation stand unequaled in brilliancy of plumage and shapely proportions, and it is to be regretted that because of their rarity and extreme shyness but very few specimens can be obtained. Were it otherwise those living in the neighborhood of museums of natural history would have a chance to feast their eyes on this matchless array of colors, and thus get a better idea of the beauty of the plaintain eaters than can be conveyed by a mere picture.

Farmers' Trust That Appears Successful.

The farmers are deriving great benefit from the Alliance. It has saved them, in Georgia alone, $200,000 in a single year on the purchase of fertilizers. A man's life and property are safe, however, if he behaves himself, and in time he will have all the civilization he needs and wants. Now if the man has the pluck and industry to take the rough diamond that is offered him as a free gift and cut it and polish it, he will likely become the possessor of something worth having. That is all we can say.

People are going to Dakota, Montana and Washington, and some of them seem to be surprised when they get there to find that all is rough and wild. What else can be expected? The prairies are untouched and the towns are primitive. If this was not the case the land could not be had for nothing. Nobody can go West and find developed farms lying around loose or cities and towns with magnificent architecture, building themselves. Everybody must turn in, in a new country, and help make it, and outside of the natural fertility and other advantages, the community will be just what the people choose to make it. The West is a rough diamond.

Dr. Talmage's Income.

In a sketch of the busy life of the Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, recently published, it was stated that the income of that famous divine was more than $100,000. Those who are well informed on the doctor's affairs know that this estimate is easily within the truth, and that the reverend gentleman could very materially increase it were he so minded. Not a day passes but what he receives half a dozen or more requests from editors, publishers and newspaper syndicates for articles, stories, reviews and opinions on all sorts of subjects. His correspondents offer to pay anything in reason for the use of his name, but the name they must have. By way of illustration, a certain trade journal recently wrote to him asking him to prepare an article on food adulteration. He could make it as long or short as he pleased, and could name his own figure for the work. Within a week an insurance publication had penned a somewhat similar proposition, in this case the advantages of life insurance being the theme upon which the great divine was requested to turn his eloquence. Dr. Talmage read the first proposition, gave utterance to a single "humph," and tossed the letter aside. Presumably the second epistle met a like fate, as neither of the desired articles has ever appeared.

Rich Red Men.

The Osage tribe of Indians, whose reservation is between Kansas and the Creek country, are five times as rich as the average of Americans, ten times as rich as the average of Englishmen, and the French and Italians are paupers in comparison. There are among the Osages no penniless people and none in want, except that insatiable want that always wants more. There are 1501 of them, according to last year's census. They have in the United States Treasury $7,758,094 of their own money, drawing 7 per cent. interest. This amounts to a capital of $5,176 apiece for the whole nation—men, women and children.

But besides this they have 1,470,000 acres of land, equal to just about 1,000 acres apiece. This land is mostly fine and arable, and would sell for an average af $10 an acre, or $10,000 for each individual's portion. This makes each individual Osage Indian worth $15,172. Each family possesses $60,000 on an average, and the head of it, if he be industrious and enterprising, can grow $10,000 worth of crops a year on his 4,000 acres of land. He is raised permanently above want and above fear of want.

Experiments with a new explosive called ecrastite which is to dynamite as 100 to 70, have recently been made in Austria, and are said to have succeeded so well that the invention has been purchased for military purposes exclusively.

A ROUGH DIAMOND.

We are asked many times in a year: Would you advise me to go West? We can not answer the question. We can not give advice upon such a matter. There is the West, many parts of it as splendid land as the sun ever shone upon, and destined sometime to be as thickly settled as Illinois. Much of it is wild now. There is no civilization, little government except of the crudest kind, plenty of rum-shops, and the usual rough crowd that first finds the frontier. A man's life and property are safe, however, if he behaves himself, and in time he will have all the civilization he needs and wants. Now if the man has the pluck and industry to take the rough diamond that is offered him as a free gift and cut it and polish it, he will likely become the possessor of something worth having. That is all we can say.

People are going to Dakota, Montana and Washington, and some of them seem to be surprised when they get there to find that all is rough and wild. What else can be expected? The prairies are untouched and the towns are primitive. If this was not the case the land could not be had for nothing. Nobody can go West and find developed farms lying around loose or cities and towns with magnificent architecture, building themselves. Everybody must turn in, in a new country, and help make it, and outside of the natural fertility and other advantages, the community will be just what the people choose to make it. The West is a rough diamond.

The Navajo Blanket.

The Navajo tribe of Indians owns immense flocks of well-bred sheep and the wool clip averages 1,500,000 pounds annually. A part of this finds its way into the regular market through the traders, but the greater portion is carefully selected for the manufacture of blankets. After being cleaned, carded and dyed by a process known only to themselves, the wool is ready for the loom.

The weavers are important personages, and will only perform the labor of making the blanket, therefore the work of erecting the hogan, which contains the loom, devolves upon the squaws. The hogan is made by planting six rough-hewn poles, about eight feet high, in the earth at regular intervals, forming a small square. On top of these boughs of trees are placed to form a roof and shade from the burning rays of the sun. The center poles from the sides of the room, and about a foot from the top and bottom cross poles, with holes bored through them for the warp, are securely fastened with rawhide throngs.

The warp is made from the fibers of the yucca tree.

It is treated in a manner known only to those who prepare it, and the secret will not be divulged to a white man, therefore their blankets can only be duplicated in quality and texture by themselves. Formerly these blankets were made solely for their own use, but since they were conquered by the Government and thrown almost entirely upon their own resources for a livelihood the value of their blankets was impressed upon their minds by traders and has become the leading industry.

A Tiny Railroad.

A wonderful railroad is the one which connects the towns of Bedford and Bellevue, Mass. It is nine miles in length, and is probably as unique as any on the globe. The distance is not so astonishing, except when the gauge of ten inches is considered. In the short distance traversed by the pigmy it crosses eleven streams, with bridges from five to thirty-five feet in height. The rails weigh but twenty pounds to the yard, about the size of those used in the mines of Missouri and Illinois. The cars and engines are constructed so as to be very near the ground, insuring greater safety. The cars are provided with single seats on each side of the aisle. The car itself weighs but four tons, the weight of an ordinary car being twenty to twenty-six tons. The engine, without the tender, weighs seven tons, and runs at the rate of twenty miles an hour. There is a smaller railroad than this in the United States—the one in Bucks County, Penn., but it is only kept as an expensive toy by a rich farmer who has made a fortune out of oil.

Very little rubbing is necessary when this method of cleansing clothes is adopted: Dissolve two-thirds of a pound of soap in a pail of boiling hot water, add one-half cup of kerosene, and put all into a boiler half full of cold water, in which are the soiled clothes. Boil fifteen minutes and suds and rinse as usual.

Abraham's Oak.

The old oak at Mamre in Syria, or, as it is known everywhere. "Abraham's Oak," is one of the most famous and venerable trees in the world. It is reverenced alike by Jew, Christian and Mahometan, for it is supposed to mark the spot where the patriarch pitched his tent in the desert. There is a superstition in Jerusalem, and in all the country about, that whoever shall cut or injure this tree will lose his first born son. So for centuries it has been allowed to toss its gnarled and contorted limbs in the gales which sweep from the Mediterranean over the Syrian plains.

This tree was visited by Sir Joseph Hooker in the autumn of 1860, and in his paper upon Syrian oaks, read the following year before the Linnaean society (Transactions, xxiii), he gave a description of it and a portrait drawn by his own hand.

Abraham's Oak was found to belong to the Quercus pseudo-coccifera, which, to quote from Sir Joseph's papers, "is by far the most abundant tree throughout Syria, covering the rocky hills, of Palestine especially, with a dense brushwood of trees eight to twelve feet high, branching from the base, thickly covered with small evergreen rigid leaves, and bearing acorns copiously. On Mount Carmel it forms nine-tenths of the shrubbery vegetation, and it is almost equally abundant on the west flanks of the Antilebanon and many slopes and valleys of Lebanon. Owing to the indiscriminate destruction of the forests in Syria, this oak rarely attains its full size."

The circumference of the trunk of "Abraham's Oak" is given as 23 feet, and the diameter of the spread of the branches as 90 feet.

Quercus pseudo-coccifera is an evergreen species, with the general appearance of the Ilex, of southern Europe, and closely related, botanically, to Quercus coccifera, a common and widely distributed scrub oak of southern Europe and of Algeria; indeed Hooker was of the opinion that the two plants were merely geographical varieties of the same species.

A young poet, not averse to letting strangers know that he was a poet, was one day in the country with a party of friends. Stopping for some milk at an humble farm-house, they saw an old lady weaving a rag-carpet on an old-fashioned loom in a small out-building. Several of the party had never before seen a rag-carpet woven, among the number the young poet. After watching the process for several minutes, he said in a patronizing tone: "That looks simple, but I dare say, grandmother, I could write a poem easier than I could weave a yard of that carpet." "Like enough," replied the aged weaver, simply, with no intention of placing the young man in an embarrassing position before his friends, "like enough, sir; for, after all, it takes some brains to do this."

Alvo Yusuph, chief judge of Bagdad, was remarkable for the modesty which accompanies wisdom. So conscious was he of his ignorance on many topics that he often entertained doubts, where men of less knowledge and more presumption expressed their opinions with decision. Once, after a long investigation of the facts of a case, he publicly confessed that his knowledge was not sufficient to enable him to decide it. "Pray," said a pert courtier, "do you expect the Caliph to pay you for your ignorance?" "I do not," meekly answered the judge. "The Caliph pays me well for what I know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his Empire would not suffice."

One frequently hears of "killing two birds with one stone," but it isn't often that one hears of killing a wild goose on the wing and a dog on terra-firma, all at one shot. But that is precisely what Captain Si. Mott, of Far Rockaway, did. He was strolling along the shore at Wave Crest, when a flock of wild geese passed over him, passing very low. He pulled out his 32 calibre revolver and shot at the flock, bringing to the ground a large, fine goose. When the ball descended, it struck a dog a short distance away, owned by Mrs. Duncan, with such force upon its head, that the animal expired after two or three kicks. It is pronounced the shot of the season, and the captain is now the hero of the hour in gunning circles.

Powdered borax seems to be more thoroughly endorsed than any other remedy for croton-bugs and cockroaches. But it will not be of much use unless used plentifully and persistently.

Lincoln's Murder.

From the "History of Lincoln," by Nicolay and Hay, in the Century, we quote the following:

"Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he (J. Wilkes Booth) opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound. Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays. In 'Macbeth,' where he met the weird sisters, he leaped from a rock 12 feet high. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg, turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife, and shouting the State motto of Virginia, 'Sic Semper Tyrannis,' and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted, 'Stop him!' The cry went out, 'He has shot the President!' From the audience, at first stupid with surprise and afterward wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped on the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, which was in waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and a curse the call boy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just-risen moon.

"The President scarcely moved; his head dropped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Colonel Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred, and on the outside some one was beating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; one or two army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterwards ascertained that a large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, and passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left ear. By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. Mrs. Lincoln followed, half distracted, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted, and was carried home. Messengers were sent for the members of the Cabinet, for the Surgeon-General, for Dr. Stone, the President's family physician; a crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and, bursting through the doors, shouted the terrible news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. They ran down stairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it to go to Tenth street. As they were driving away, a friend came up and told them that Mr. Seward and most of the Cabinet had been murdered. The news was all so improbable that they could not help hoping it was all untrue. But when they got to Tenth street and found every thoroughfare blocked by the swiftly gathering thousands, agitated by tumultous excitement, they were prepared for the worst. In a few minutes all who had been sent for, and many others, were gathered in the little chamber, where the Chief of the State lay in his agony. His son was met at the door by Dr. Stone, who with grave tenderness informed him that there was no hope. After a natural outburst of grief young Lincoln devoted himself the rest of the night to soothing and comforting his mother.

"The President had been shot a few minutes past ten. The wound would have brought instant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary. He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment, but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamplight grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying, 'Now he belongs to the ages.' Dr. Gurley kneeled by the bedside and prayed. The widow came in from the adjoining room, supported by her son, and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body."

One who has tried it finds a mixture of copperas and glue the best for keeping rabbits and mice from trees.

Money well invested in fertilizers pays better than in bank.

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