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Dolly Sullivan.

"Oh! a wedding ring's pretty to wear,
And a bride of all women is fair,
But then,
There's no trusting in men,
And, if I were a girl, I'd of lovers beware.
They may court you to-day,
Sweet as birds in the May,
But to-morrow, look out! they'll be all flown away!"
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head—
Lovers were now the last thing she need dread.
But you never can tell
Who has once been a belle;
"Sweethearts! I've had 'em; I know 'em!" she said.

"Just as long as your company's new,
There is no one that's equal to you;
You then
Can have choice of the men;
'Tis the black eyes to-day, and to-morrow the blue.
I had once a brocade
For my marriage-gown made;
On the shelf of the store-room my wedding-cake laid;
Never that cake on the table was set.
Here I am, Dorothy Sullivan yet!
Let it go! let it go!
I am glad it was so;
Hardly earned lessons you're slow to forget.

"Could I keep all to-day that I know,
With the face that I had long ago,
Ah, then,
I would pay back the men!
They should get a small part of the debt that I owe!
For 'tis little care they,
Spite the fine things they say,
How a woman's heart aches if they have their own way.
Promises! little they keep men in awe!
Trust 'em! I'd sooner trust snow in a thaw!
They are easy to make,
And more easy to break;
Keeping 'em's something that never I saw!

"When you come to your own wedding-morn,
Just to find you're a maid left forlorn,
Ah, then,
Where's your faith in the men,
When your wedding-gown's on and your bride-groom is gone?
You must take off that gown,
And sit quietly down,
Cast aside, thrown away, to be talk for the town."
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head;—
"Children once burnt of the fire have a dread;
Let your love-stories be,
When you're talking to me;
Sweethearts! I've had 'em! I know 'em!" she said.
Scribner's Monthly.

Between the Ebb and Flow.

The evening breeze is singing low
A lullaby to-day,
I have a question I would ask
Before it dies away.
The pebbles on the beach are dry,
The tide has sunken low;
A little form is standing there
Between the ebb and flow.

A tangled mass of soft brown hair,
Two eyes cast meekly down,
A little face the sun has kissed,
Two cheeks a little brown;
Two little lips that pout and say,
"I do not think I know;"
Two little lips that tell a fib,
Between the ebb and flow.

A little heart that longing waits
To know what next 'twill hear,
A little face that shyly looks
To see if still I'm near.
Ah, little heart that whispered "Yes,"
Though pouting lips said "No,"
You thought that you'd be asked again
Between the ebb and flow.

A little face half frightened when
I turn to go away,
Two little hands that shyly reach
As if to bid me stay;
A little voice that softly says,
"I did not mean that 'No;'"
A little pride that well was lost
Between the ebb and flow.

An April Violet.

Under the Larch with its tassels wet
While the early sunbeams lingered yet,
In the rosy dawn, my love I met.

Under the Larch, when the sun was set,
He came with an April violet;
Forty years—and I have it yet.

Out of Life with its fond regret,
What have Love and Memory yet?
Only an April violet.

JENNY'S RUSE.

Jenny was a gay, blithesome little creature, full of life, and light, and love. To see her go dancing about the house, singing and laughing, was to love her, and to love her in no light measure. Jenny lived with her mother and sister, in a little yellow cottage, on one of the most retired and shady streets of the village, where the noise of wagons was seldom heard, and the hot breezes seldom came Mrs. Kinney was a widow woman, living partly upon the income of the small property left her by her deceased husband and partly by the products of her needle. But she lived more than comfortably; she enjoyed many of the simpler luxuries of life, and time sped on rapidly and pleasantly in the widow's cottage. The Widow Kinney had other children besides Jenny, but all save her and an older sister, Alice, had made for themselves other homes and other ties, in the world, and she dwelt now only in the companionship of these two. It was a pleasant little cottage where they lived, so small and yet so cosy; surrounded by trees, and overrun with climbing roses and morning glories, until it looked like a fairy bower. The birds build their nests in the bushes, and under the eaves, and each morning woke the little household with their joyous songs in the neighboring trees A little gravel walk led around the house to a garden behind, where the flowers bloomed in endless profusion, and a pair of bars gave entrance to a bit of pasture beyond, where the cow demurely chewed her cud under the shade of the trees.

Surely in such a fairy abode none could be unhappy; nor were the inmates insensible to the charms of their abode. Mrs. Kenney smiled pleasantly, as she looked about her; Alice went about her duties with a contented look, and Jenny flitted about from place to place, like a humming-bird, sipping sweets from all about her. But the latter was not at peace, as one would have seen had he been a close observer. Evidently she had something upon her mind, causing her occasionally to look quite serious, and to heave a little sigh.

What was the matter with the usually happy Jenny? Shall we tell? Well, she had a superfluity of lovers. But, surely, you say this should not cause her to go sighing about, and her step to grow heavier, with her heart.

But having so many lovers was not the worst of it with Jenny. She was unable to tell which she liked best, and they were all rushing on to their fate with most unreasonable haste. Why couldn't they wait, she thought, until she was a little older? She was only twenty, and surely there was time enough for her to decide. But her lovers thought otherwise, and they kept floating about her until like moths about a candle, they got too near, and fell singed at her feet. Thus she had disposed of some half dozen young men of the village, but it left her only in more of a quandary than ever, for she had remaining three lovers still, for each one of whom she felt a certain affection, as she had not apparently for the unfortunates whom she discarded. To decide now which one of these three she liked the best, was the question which agitated her mind,—and she found it so difficult, that she lost her gay spirits, and became serious and depressed. For Jenny was tender and kind-hearted as the day is long, and she would not for the world, wound the heart of any one. But she could not marry all three of these lovers, that was certain, and was equally certain that two of them, at least, had got to suffer. But which two?

There was Charley Niles, as handsome, good-hearted, gay a fellow as there was in the village. His father was a dry-goods merchant, and Charley was now in partnership with him, so that he was all, socially, that the good gossips of the place could ask for, beside he was so good-looking and had such a "splendid moustache." To tell the truth, Jenny was a good deal captivated by that moustache, and when he had got it waxed up, and curled, *a la mode*, she delighted to gaze upon it. But then, upon the other hand, Charley was a little vain and self-conceited a little shallow and foolish; and couldn't sing a note! Well, you may laugh, if you will, reader, but this last was not the least of Charley's failings in Jenny's estimation. She loved music, and she thought every one else should, and more than that, should be able, at least, to sing passably well. Yet Jenny would probably have overlooked this failing of Charley, and accepted one of his numerous offers of his hand, heart and purse, but somehow or another she could not bring herself to the point. She would think, at times, that she loved him and could live happily with him, but when one of her other lovers came to her, she found that all her liking for Charley was but friendship, and not love.

George Watkins, her second lover, was a young lawyer, poor, briefless, proud as Lucifer, and, if it must be confessed, a little wild. He was frank and generous, but these qualities led him into evil company and habits at times. He was not so reckless or abandoned, however, but that society admitted him to its circles, and smiled forgivingly upon his shortcomings. Jenny found in him a respectful, quiet, devoted lover; one who was ready to do or dare anything for her. I really believe that George loved her with the deep earnestness of his nature, and had he been the favored suitor, perchance his career would have been a different and a better one.

The third person who held a place in Jenny's heart was Philip Warrington, a young miller, poor and proud, like George Watkins, but having none of the latter's reckless nature or easy principles. He was quiet and industrious, and modest to a degree too great for his own comfort or happiness. He loved Jenny deeply and devotedly, but when he saw the gay, dashing Charley, or the witty, cultivated lawyer claiming her attention, he was inclined to underrate his own merits, and while bemoaning the fate that had given him no riches, or brilliant intellect, he could not help feeling that it was all presumption on his part to think of winning the fair girl. Thus, he gradually withdrew from her company, believing himself unpleasant to her, and sought in solitude and the books he loved, to crush out the feelings which gladdened his heart so many hours. But this withdrawal from her society had not proved pleasant to Jenny. She felt hurt and piqued, because of it, though why she could not tell, for she had never analyzed her own feelings. But it displeased her, and she tried to make herself believe that she was angry with Philip, and she often spoke of him slightingly, and even laughed at his white floury appearance, though her laugh had a hollow sound, even to herself.

But time sped on, notwithstanding Jenny's troubles, which it only intensified, and one day she found herself utterly at bay. On the following day the young people of the village were to go over to Grass Lake as one of those delightful picnic excursions which furnish so much excuse for sly love makings, and of course Jenny and her lovers were to be of the company. This, then, was the climax of her troubles. Charley had repeated his offer of marriage with many protestations of undying love, and all that sort of stuff usual on such occasions, ending with the information that he should expect a final answer on the morrow, which, if unfavorable, would induce him to do so something desperate, "'Pon honor, it would!" Nor was George much behindhand, for the same evening he gave Jenny to understand that he should seal his fate by seeking a final acceptance or refusal from her, when the party reached the lake, on the morrow's excursion.

Somehow these bits of information did not elate Jenny as one might suppose they would. She found herself wondering, often, if Philip Warrington would go, too, and she found herself wishing, too, that he might be there. Then she sat up long after she blew out her candle at night, trying to decide what she would do with her lovers, but it must have been a difficult question, for she sat in the moonlight a long time. But at last a happy thought seemed to reward her efforts, for she sprang up gleefully, clapping her hands and laughing, and springing into her bed, she was soon lost in slumber.

It was a hot, sultry day in July, when the young people of the village came to the rendezvous and embarked in wagons and single-seated buggies for Grass Lake. But the ride was over a shady road, through a pleasant country, and the picnicers were gay, young, and careless of heat and dust. Such glorious opportunities for sweet nothings in each other's ears, were not to be lost on account of such minor affairs as heat and dust.

Jenny rode in Charley's buggy, behind a spirited horse, while George was forced to content himself with Jenny's sister in his buggy, but the latter consoled himself with the thought that he had but to wait until the lake was reached, to plead his love and offer his hand to Jenny, and as he had threatened that it should be the last time he would offer himself, he had no doubt that she would accept him.

The party were all ready to start, and one team, indeed, had got some distance on the road, when Jenny discovered that Philip Warrington was not of the party. She immediately ordered Charley to drive back to the mill, where Philip worked, in tones that he dared not disobey, though he muttered something about taking too much notice of a dusty miller. When they reached the mill, Jenny sprang out, and rushing in among the buzzing wheels and stones, compelled Philip to go along with her, and she soon had him seated comfortably in a wagon with a score of others, men and maidens, notwithstanding his protests and excuses.

Why Jenny [illegible] she could hardly tell herself, [illegible] she loved

to Grass Lake her eyes twinkled and sparkled with some hidden mischief, while she persistently refused to give Charley his answer then, telling him it was time enough when they were riding home.

Grass Lake lay down between the hills in a little basin, whose gravelly bottom could be plainly discerned through the clear, cold water. The hills were covered with forests, giving delightful shade for pleasure parties, and frequent excursions were made to the lake during the summer season. At the spot where our party stopped was a farm house, whose inmates, in addition to their regular farm business, kept to let to pleasure parties, a number of boats. Some of these boats were well made, finely painted, and in good repair, but there were two through whose bottom the water came, when they were launched as it would through a sieve. These boats, therefore, were never used, and lay upon the shore, drying and shrinking in the sun. Below the farm house, not more than half a dozen rods, was the outlet of the lake, and a short distance below its mouth was a mill dam, over which the water poured with considerable force. In fact there was quite a stiff current from the lake into the outlet, which increased in force and rapidity, as the dam was approached.

The pic-nic party having reached the grove below the farm-house, spread their lunch upon the rude table erected under the trees for that purpose, and quickly disposed of it, after which the young people went in search of further pleasure. These were to be found in boating, croquet, and walks upon the beach, the latter being the favorite amusement of certain love-stricken couples. Jenny found herself, shortly, the central attraction of a group of girls as gay and as full of mischief as herself, around whom fluttered a half-dozen young fellows, including Charley Niles, Philip Warrington and George Watkins. Charley had not yet got an answer to his proposal, and was therefore restless and impatient; George had been seeking all day for an opportunity to lay at Jenny's feet his heart, hand, and his all (about thirty or forty law books and a small wardrobe,) an event Jenny had successfully postponed to his great sorrow and vexation. Philip only seemed at ease with himself—but it was the ease of despair, only. In his heart the flame of love burned fiercely enough, but having imagined that there was no hope for him, he kept it smothered, and endeavored to quench it entirely. Still it was some comfort to be near her, to catch a glance of her eyes, to see the rich color mounting her cheeks, to hear her musical voice and laugh, though he knew the danger and folly of such gratification of his feelings.

While they were yet talking and laughing, Jenny spied a boat on the shore, and with a cry of delight, she ran and pushed it into the water, and sprang into it, with the agility of a deer, saying to herself as she did so: "Now I'll see which one loves me the best."

Jenny seized an old pair of oars and commenced rowing vigorously, while her companions on the shore laughed and called to her. She answered with a defiant shout, and continued rowing. Suddenly the friends of the daring girl were stricken with terror as they saw the boat strike the swift current setting toward the dam, and go rapidly down toward the roaring flood. They shouted to her to row out of the current, and Charley sank down on the grass and commenced to groan piteously. In the meantime George Watkins, running distractedly up and down the shore, was shouting for a boat. "Would somebody bring a boat?"

"Oh! jump in George, do jump in and swim to her! She will be drowned, I know she will!" cried thoroughly frightened and weeping girls; but George replied:

"It is so far; I never can swim so far, and get back alive! Oh, what shall I do!"

"Save me! save me!" shrieked Jenny, her face turned appealingly toward the terrified group on the shore, and the latter saw the boat slowly sinking. Jenny had not noticed the dilapidated state of the boat until it had got well into the swift current, when she saw suddenly that it was rapidly filling with water. This was what made her scream, and she followed it up by shouting again, "The boat is sinking! Save me! save me!

Charley only groaned the more, and kicked about as if he had a first class attack of the colic, while George rushed around frantically calling for a boat, but utterly refusing to plunge into the lake and swim to the rescue.

Just then a figure which was instantly recognized as that of Philip Warrington, was seen rushing down the shore, keeping pace with the fast retreating boat, at the same time throwing aside hat, coat, vest, every superfluous article of apparel. When opposite the boat Philip stopped and drew off his boots, and then plunged into the water and swam toward the now almost fainting girl.

Those upon the shore watched the man's steady progress with breathless interest, and Jenny, frightened and faint as she was, felt a little throb in her heart as she recognized Philip's face in the water.

With regular, steady strokes he went on, at each sweep of his powerful arms his body rising half out of the water, and the watchers upon the shore never spoke, nor took their eyes off him. After what seemed an age to the spectators of the scene, Philip's hand was upon the boat, and Jenny, murmuring, "dear Philip," sank into his arms insensible. The next instant the boat lurched, quivered, and sank beneath the waters, but the circling waves ever reaching out farther and farther, still failed to reach the steady swimmer, who, with perhaps a feebler stroke, yet a brave heart, was bearing his insensible burden to the shore.

But he reached it at last, and deposited his burden at the feet of the waiting friends; he, too sank upon the shore, exhausted and insensible. However, the kind woman in the farm-house soon had both sufferers restored and clad in dry garments, and as their friends withdrew from the room where the two sat before a blazing fire, Charley and George had the satisfaction of seeing Jenny's head pillowed on Philip's shoulder, and the latter whispering something in her ear that brought a look of new found happiness to her face, which they could not, if they would not misunderstand.

And this was Jenny's ruse—more dangerous than her thoughtlessness had led her to expect, perhaps but successful for all that, for it not only measured the worthiness of her lovers, but also opened to her gaze her own heart, wherein she read a secret she before undreamed of—that Philip Warrington, of all her admirers, was she loved

A Case of Hari-Kari.

A Japanese correspondent describes a case of hari-kari, which he witnessed: The victim ascended the low platform with a slow step and a determined mien. Here he prostrated himself several times in succession before the altar, his face each time touching the ground, and subsequently sat down upon the carpet with his back turned towards the altar, and with his friend, the Kaishaku, seated on his right side. One of the three Japanese officers now made his appearance, carrying a small table or dumb waiter, similar to those used in the temples upon the occasion of sacrifices, upon which there lay, carefully wrapped up in paper, a Japanese dagger, about nine and a half inches in length, with a point as fine as a needle and an edge as keen as a razor.

Kneeling down before the platform, he handed the dagger to the condemned, who reverentially took it, and after having lifted it with both hands above his head, placed it on the crimson carpet in front of him. Then Taki made a deep obeisance, and in a voice without tremor, and without faltering, gave utterance to the following words in Japanese: "It was I, and I alone, that gave the order to fire upon the foreigners at Kobe, without having received from any one the authority to do so. I also fired upon them afterwards, when they tried to escape. Acknowledging my great sin and misconduct, I shall now proceed to cut open my bowels; and beg the gentlemen present to do me the honor to bear witness to the execution of the deed."

Having said this, he stooped down, and loosening his clothing, let it fall down so that it exposed his body down to the loins. He took care to tie the sleeves of his tunic together below and behind the knees, to prevent his falling backwards, as a Japanese nobleman must always fall upon his face, according to the creed of the nobility. Then taking up the dagger and removing the paper covering, he glanced for a moment upon the glittering blade with an expression in his face as if he were for the last time on earth collecting his thoughts and bidding, in his mind, all that he loved, farewell. Then glancing up again and looking proudly round upon the spectators, he firmly grasped the hilt, and, burying the steel in the pit of the stomach, near the left side, drew it across the stomach towards the right, making a fearful gash. But not content herewith, he turned the knife in the wound and made an incision upwards about two inches in length.

While this horrible deed took place, his mouth was firmly set, and not a sound was heard, while his eyes seemed to stare at the ceiling. For a moment, but a moment only, an expression of unutterable pain and agony came over his face, and, shutting the eyes, he staggered and tumbled forwards. At the same moment the "Kaishaku," who had been watching for his opportunity, sprung to his feet; a sword glittering in his hands, a sharp cutting sound came through the air, then an ugly dull blow and a heavy fall; and the head of Taki Zenzaburo was severed from its mutilated trunk.

The deep and profound stillness of death ensued, interrupted only by the sound of the blood as it trickled from the headless body upon the ground below. Every face was pale with fear and horror; it was a moment never to be forgotten, and which I hope I may never again have occasion to see repeated.

MANY POPULAR PUZZLES depend on the ambiguity or double meaning of words and phrases. Thus we are told there was a man who had six children, and had never seen one of them. We are led to suppose that none of the children had ever been beheld by their parent; but the words may mean equally as well that one of them had been born while the man was on a journey, and he had, consequently never seen that one. Another puzzle is this: There was a poor blind beggar who had a brother, the brother died, but the man who died had no brother. We are apt to think the beggar was a man; but when we think that the beggar might be a girl, the answer becomes quite plain.

We are told of two men who met each other at an inn, and greeted each other affectionately. The hotel keeper inquired of one how he was related to the other, who replied:

"Brother and sister have I none,
Yet this man's father was my father's son."

This a perfectly plain statement, and yet there are few whose minds are clear enough to see at once that this jingle of words is only a round-about way of saying that this man was the speaker's son.

Some time ago a cargo of tobacco was shipped from Baltimore to Europe, and bonds were given in double the amount of the tax to show that the goods were actually intended for export. The vessel was wrecked and the goods went to the bottom of the sea. The revenue officers demanded payment of the tax on the goods named in the export invoice. The shipper refused to pay and carried the case to court. The court decided that the law requires the production of a certificate of landing in a foreign country before cancellation of the indemnity bond. It was evident that no one at the bottom of the ocean had power to give such a certificate; the shipper failed to produce one, and judgment was granted in favor of the government. The shipper was actually obliged to pay tax on goods lost at sea.

A TOUGH ONE.—A few days since, at High Prairie, near Leavenworth, Kansas, while John Celf was engaged in cleaning out a well, the walls caved in and buried him. It was supposed that he was killed, and the process of digging him out was not hurried. Five days after the accident he was reached, and found to be alive. As soon as he was taken out he declared himself all right. He drank a glass of whisky, ate some food, and smoked a pipe of tobacco; but several hours afterward he commenced sinking, and soon died.

A HORSE THIEF.—A war somewhat similar to that in Butler County seems to have broken out against horse-thieves in Greenwood County, Kansas. The Altoona *Union* is informed that a vigilance committee seized eight men known to have been thieves, shot three, and hanged five by the heels until they were dead. Three of them turned State's evidence, but were hanged notwithstanding.

How Lace is Made.

From very tender years children are taught to make Honiton lace in what are termed lace-schools. The little things collect in a dame's room, and under her tuition, frequently seconded by a cane, are taught the mysteries of the art. They are apprenticed to the trade in Devon at eight, nine, and ten years of age (but in Buck's and Beds commonly at six years, often at four and five), earning nothing in their first year, and sixpence per week in the second. Afterwards they are paid so much per sprig, the price varying with the demand, value of cotton, &c., but being generally 1½*d.*, 2*d.*, or 3*d.*, per sprig. "I can make four turkeys' tails a day, and get 1½*d.*, for each," a girl of ten lately told us with pardonable pride. A child of five years old will earn a penny in four hours by making six "flies." One master in the trade is said to employ as many as 3,000 of these workchildren. A clever adult hand will easily earn a shilling a day at her lace-pillow in good times; in many parts of Devon, however, the work is paid for on the truck system. The average earnings of a quick hand may be put down at three shillings or three shillings and sixpence a week. At Valenciennes the workers used to toil in under-ground cellars from four in the morning till eight at night, and scarcely earn tenpence a day. The abuses connected with the lace-schools were lately exposed by the Children's Employment Commission. It was found that the hours of work in them were generally excessive, and the atmosphere extremely bad, owing to the crowded state of the small rooms in which the children work. Discipline is rightly enforced, and in some schools, in order that the lace may be kept clean, the children sit without shoes on brick or stone floors. These causes, coupled with the constrained positions of the worker, who must bend over the pillow which rests in her lap, lay the seeds of illness and frequently of consumption in after life. The mortality amongst the lace-makers of Devon, we can testify, from personal knowledge, is large.

AN INSURRECTION.—Reports from Brazil of a late date says it has recently been discovered in the provinces of Minas Geraes, that a combination existed among the slaves, whose object was the obtaining of their liberty by force, and that in pursuance of this aim, three hundred slaves belonging to some fazendas adjoining the gold mines or the English Companies in the Province, had attempted to induce the largest bodies of slaves employed in them, to raise them the standard of liberty, with the expectation, whether well grounded or not is yet unknown, that the slaves of other fazendas would rally at once to their flag of liberty, and that the movement would speedily extend throughout the Empire. Fortunately, however, before the arrangements for the projected insurrection were matured, the plot was discovered, and some thirty of the ringleadeas have been arrested, thus stopping the perilous movement for the present.

The Anglo-Brazilian *Times* says, however, that it is greatly to be feared that the intended insurrection is, though abortive, too omnious an indication that the beginning of the end is rapidly approaching to us, for it has, in truth, been impossible to conceal from the slaves of the Empire, that only in Brazil on the American continent, are there any human beings held in bondage.

AN IMPROVED mode of setting boilers has been successfully introduced in Sheffield, England, and appears to possess some valuable advantages, judging from the description given. By a simple arrangement of fire-clay plates, so managed as not to contract the capacity of the flue at any single point, the gases, after being thoroughly intermixed, are at four successive stages in their progress through the flue thrown in thin streams against the surface of the boiler. No part of the gases can escape this repeated forcible contact with the boiler, and in the process the heat they contain is so thoroughly extracted and absorbed that the result obtained—as proved by careful tests—is the evaporation of nearly twelve pounds of water for every single pound of fuel, common boiler slack being used. This gives a large saving of fuel as compared with the best modes of setting previously in use, a saving of at least 25 per cent. The apparatus has the additional advantage of being an effective smoke consumer, and the plan is applicable to any class of boiler, at a very moderate cost.

ARMY REDUCTION.—In accordance with the act of Congress of July last the War Department have issued an order defining the organization of the United States army on and after July 1, 1871. It provides for a total in all branches of the service of 30,000 enlisted men, distributed as follows: Engineers, 301; ordinance and post ordnance sergeants, 676; military academy band, 24; 55 companies of artillerymen of 60 men each and 5 batteries of light artillery of 84 men each, 3,720; 120 companies of cavalry of 84 men each, 10,080; 250 companies of 60 men each, 15,000; and non-commissioned staff of regiments, 200. There will be forty regiments in all, and by the arrangement here indicated a maximum number of men. Recruiting is to be reduced by raising the standard of height and other qualifications, which will improve the character of the rank and file.

COURAGE.—Some three years ago, while performing in Philadelphia a leopard on the tamer's back quietly inserted one of her hind claws in his thigh, one of her fore claws in his shoulder, and all her teeth in his right side, and there held on, enjoying the warm blood, while the sufferer, entirely suppressing pain and fear, tried to wriggle out of the grip, with so cool an appearance that only one other person perceived that there was anything wrong. This gentleman said to the proprietor, "Mr. F., that leopard is eating your brother up." Mr. F., thought not, but the other (also an old showman) insisted, until an attendant was made to knock off the beast with an iron bar. The wounded man would have proceeded with his performance, but the proprietor called him out, and the exhibition was never again repeated.

IT may be a comfort for those who are obliged to pay the present high prices for fuel to know that wood is selling at Windsor, Canada, opposite Detroit, Mich., for two dollars per cord.

Wounds and Injuries of the Eye.

Travelers, especially by railroad, are liable to the lodgment of small particles of dust or cinder inside the lid or upon the front of the eyeball, causing great suffering. These should be removed as soon as possible, before the eye becomes excessively sensitive, and before they give rise to inflammation. Sometimes these foreign bodies are to be seen, on close inspection, lodged in the front of the corners, where they are not felt when the eyes is open, though every movement of the lid over them causes much pain. If not firmly imbedded they may be removed by means of a bit of wood, say a toothpick, sharpened to a flat point, or even by a camel's hair brush; but when forcioly implanted they are sometimes so firmly held in place that their extraction requires a skillful hand. When fixed in the centre of the cornea, with the dark pupil as background, they are frequently overlooked at a first inspection. If the foreign body is not found in this situation, it will be discovered, in nine cases out of ten, inside the upper eyelid, and generally at about the centre of the lid near its border. Thus placed, it scratches the cornea at each motion of the lid or eyeball, and causes great irritation. Such particles once slightly imbedded in the membrane lining the lid may remain there a long time before being expelled by natural efforts.

If the eyelids are closed for a few minutes, soon after the entrance of the foreign body, so as to allow the tears to accumulate, and the skin at the centre of the upper lid is then taken hold of with the thumb and finger and drawn forward so as to lift the lid from the eyeball, the intruding particle is often washed away with the outflow of tears.

If relief is not obtained after two or three trials of this plan, and no physician is at hand, it will be best to ask a traveling companion to turn the lid and remove the offending substance. But if this should be a grain of light colored dust or sand, good eyes or eye glasses will be needed to detect it.

The upper eyelid may be easily turned by taking hold of the eyelashes and edge of the lid with the thumb and finger of the left hand and drawing the lid outward and inward, while at the same time a small pencil, a knitting-needle, or some similar thing, held in the right hand is placed against the centre of the lid, pressing it backward and downwards towards the eyeball. The person should look down, as this greatly facilitates the eversion of the lid, which may be easily accomplished if these directions are followed. The cinder or dust may then be wiped off with a handkerchief or the finger.

Smoothly worn bits of shell from the beach are sometimes inserted as "eye-stones," the popular idea being that they pursue the foreign body and bring it out, *vi et armis*. But these generally only add to the sufferer's discomfort; and in the few instances where their introduction is followed, after more or less delay, by the escape of the original bulk to separate the eyelid from close contact with the globe, and thus allow the sand or cinder to be washed from its position by the abundant tears. Much harm is often done by their presence, the remedy proving even worse than the disease.

Grains of powder are frequently driven into the eye by premature explosions, &c. If near the centre of the cornea and of some size, they should be carefully picked out, as far as may be, soon after the accident. But small particles may remain even in the cornea, without doing harm; and if they have been sometime in the eye, they become incorporated in the surrounding tissues, and should not be disturbed unless they cause conspicuous deformity.

Burns or injuries from acids or other chemical substances, or freezing of the cornea during exposure to intense cold, are usually followed by dangerous ulceration or even by complete loss of vitality in the cornea. Such cases should never be neglected.

Our Mother.

Round the idea of one's mother the mind of a man clings with fond affection. It is the first deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. Even in our old age we look back to that feeling as one of the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and still memory remains to recapitualate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles among her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the early period of our lot forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces and beauties and virtues which we doubt not she possessed.

Petroleum and Commerce.

In spite of all the losses in petroleum, there are some statistics of the trade that are well worth noting. It presents a most important national interest. Eleven years ago petroleum was unknown as an article of utility. Now, the total capital invested in it, at home and abroad, is $100,000,000. The *Mercantile Journal*, to which we are indebted for these figures, says that the yield of petroleum in December was 15,214 barrels. 684,630 gallons (3,000 barrels a day less than in November). The exports of last year to Europe, in spite of the war that involved eighty millions of people, was 140,000,000 gallons of refined oil, exclusive of naptha and crude oil. The centers of the refining business are New York, Pittsburg, and Cleveland.

USEFUL INFORMATION.—A barrel of flour weighs one hundred and ninety-six pounds, a barrel of pork two hundred pounds, a barrel of rice six hundred pounds, a keg of powder twenty-five pounds, a firkin of butter fifty-six pounds. The following are sold by weight per bushel: Wheat, beans, and clover seed, sixty pounds; corn, rye, and flaxseed, fifty-five pounds; buckwheat, fifty-two pounds; barley, forty-eight pounds; coarse salt, eighty-five pounds.

Facts and Fancies.

Fast day in Maine—April 13.

There are eighty hundred men enrolled as lawyers in Boston.

In Siam, China, the Baptists have 59 missionaries and 10 churches.

There is a merchant in Chicago who has his life insured for $250,000.

The nearest an old bachelor gets to the matrimonial harness—a sir single.

Massachusetts is to have a State Temperance Convention at Boston, May 30.

A oyster weighing three pounds is on exhibition in the window of a Newark saloon.

By accidents in the woods this Winter, Maine has lost more men than by disasters at sea.

Very nice sugar has been made in Warren County, Iowa, from the sap of the box elder.

A couple of first cousins married in Lynn, Iowa, and ten of their twelve children are cripples.

The prospect of a large crop of peaches during the coming season throughout New Jersey are said to be good.

Capt. Loments, an insurgent recently executed at Cienfuegos, was married just before he was led out to execution.

During the Winter the range of the thermometer has varied as much as 72 degrees in New England within twenty-four hours.

Fifty Chinese have arrived at Baton Rouge to work in the cotton factory of the Penitentiary. One hundred more are coming.

The Secretary of the Treasury is engaged in perfecting plans for calling in very soon a large amount of the five-twenty bonds.

The early fleet of fishing vessels from New Bedford this Spring number only ninety, against one hundred and forty-six last Spring

Edwin F. Batchelder, of Mansfield Mass., has made his will, giving all his property, some $60,000, to the American Bible Society.

A white boy asked a young negro what he had such a short nose for? "I 'spects so it won't poke itself into other people's business."

The Pennsylvania boiler-plate manufacturers held a meeting, and decided to advance the price of plate-iron three-eighths of a cent per pound.

A Philadelphia machanic claims to have invented an apparatus for indicating when a car-axle breaks, and supporting it till the train can be stopped.

An economical fellow says when his stockings wear out he sews up the tops straight across, and puts them on his feet the other way, thus making a good fit.

At Montana the Indians are learning tricks from white men. They are setting up toll gates on narrow places in the woods, and compelling the travelers to "come down."

A man wanted a friend to discount a note. "If I advance this," said the lender, "will you pay your note punctually?" "I will on my honor," replied the other, "the expense of the protest, and all."

Within eight hours of each other, there died in Providence a mother and daughter, aged respectively eighty-one and sixty-one, who, during the sixty-one years of the daughter's life were never separated for a longer period than five weeks.

The peculiar effect of fear is exemplified in the fact that, Mrs. Alfred Acker having died suddenly in Montgomery county, Penn., a hired man in the house was so afraid he might be accused of murdering her that he hanged himself in the barn.

The latest thing in waterproof cloaks consists of a long loose sack reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress, and furnished with a hood and deep cape, which extends across the back and is sewed into the shoulder seam, so as to form a graceful, flowing sleeve.

A St. Louis paper published a long article opposing the annexation of San Domingo, because of the frequency and severity of tornadoes there. The same day East St. Louis was visited by a tornado whose unusually destructive effects have been described at length.

One of the candidates in Concord, N. H., believing he was elected, told an ale dealer to treat everybody who came in at his expense; and went home. The announcement of the result showed unexpectedly that he was beaten by seven votes. His successful opponent generously offered to foot the bill.

In reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or content an old lady of experience said: "My dear, when you have found a place where everybody and everything are always pleasant, and nothing whatever is disagreeable, let me know and I'll move there too."

A petition presented to the Detroit Aldermen on Tuesday read: "Instead of talking of a grand park or boulevard, the undersigned, most respectfully ask that the Common Council might first think of the safety of the city itself. Therefore we, the undersigned, petition for a lamp-post at the corner of Mullett and Antoine streets."

A music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing the violin requires the nicest perception and the most sense of any art in the known world." Whereupon a Western editor comments thus: "The art of publishing a newspaper and making it pay, and at the same time making it please everybody, beats fiddlin' higher than a kite."

A woman in Wayne county, Ind., applied for a divorce at the February term of the Circuit Court. On the trial of the cause both parties manifested the most bitter feeling, and about two days of the time of the Court was consumed in the trial, the divorce being granted. The parties were remarried just two weeks from the time they were divorced, and are now living together.

DURING the celebration of the crystal wedding of Mr. and Mrs. George Burnham, in Portland, last week, a young man named Robert Wood, one of the guests, fell down a flight of stairs from the dining-room, by taking a false step backwards, owing to the careless flirting of a handkerchief in his face by a young girl, and struck on his head, severing the meningital artery. Four physicians were called but although he was trepanned, he died.

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