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THE WINTER OF THE YEAR.

It is the Winter of the year!
O'er buried flowers the snow rifts lie;
The storms have veiled with ashen gray
The blueness of the Summer sky;
No brooks in babbling ripples run,
No birds are singing in the hedge,
No violets nodding in the sun,
Beside the brooklet's frozen edge,
Yet unto leafless, broken boughs,
The greenest mosses closely cling,
And near stern Winter's stormy verge
Float soft, prophetic airs of Spring.

It is the Winter of our life!
O'er buried hopes the snow rifts lie,
And storms have veiled with ashen gray
The blueness of the cloudless sky;
No light steps cross the threshold stone,
No voice of love our welcomes greet,
No gentle hand enclasps our own,
With cordial salutation sweet;
Yet unto bruised and broken hearts
Endearing words of promise cling,
And float upon Time's stormy voyage,
Bright blossoms of eternal Spring!

—*Luther G. Riggs.*

TWO LOVERS.

"Of course I know it is a great piece of folly in me." "Then why do it?" The other young man laughed with a certain bitterness. He was standing in front of a large oak tree which was half cut through; he was leaning on his ax, and looking at the man near him, who was seated on a fallen trunk and smoking a cigar.

About this person was the unmistakable air of wealth and success. He was, nevertheless, gazing at his companion with the ax with an expression of admiration.

"Why do it?" repeated Holt; and he lifted his weapon and swung it furiously against the oak. "I do it just for the same reason that that tree is bound to fall, because it can't help it."

"Pshaw!"

Mr. Barron, though he uttered this exclamation as if in remonstrance, could not help a look as of relief coming to his face. He felt that his countenance expressed too much, and he stooped down and picked up a twig from the ground, breaking it in his fingers, and not raising his eyes.

"You see, I have grown up near her since she was a child," went on Holt, "and I don't think she would ever think of me, save as a kind of brother. I'm not going to give her the trouble of saying 'No' to me. Girls don't care for people they have seen all their lives."

"How do you know so much about girls?" rising suddenly to his feet, and flinging away his cigar.

"Who is it who knows so much about girls!" asked a voice behind them among the trees, and a girl stepped out into the opening and looked from one to the other, not a smile stirring her dark and vivid face. But there was a flash of fun in the eyes which was not allowed to overrun.

Naomi Barto must have known very well what was the effect of that crimson, fluffy thing which was twisted over her black hair; and was she unconscious that none could wear the drapery of a shawl with more grace than she could bring to bear upon that apparently passive act? There were little red mittens on her hands, and one of those hands held a three pint tin pail.

"I suppose you think it a manly thing, Ralph Holt," she said, turning to that person, whose face, despite himself, was glowing with pleasure at sight of her, to leave your poor old mother to suffer from fears that you will starve to death. You forgot your dinner again to day."

Barron had quickly removed his hat as he had bowed profoundly to Miss Barto, and now he stood looking at her with that undisguised but perfectly respectful admiration, which is so great a compliment to a woman.

Did she see that admiration? Holt, at least, saw it, and it was like a sudden and terrible revelation to him.

Of course, Barron was attracted to her; of course that attraction must be mutual; for Holt was not so perversely blind but he could see that this stranger, rich, handsome, of good address, and, he added to himself, "a good fellow, too," was one to ensnare a woman's fancy.

He had just announced to Barron that he had made up his mind to try his fortune in the Far West. He was going to Colorado. He could not help going, he had asserted, for if he remained at home he should some time be obliged to see Naomi Barto smile with love at some one else.

Before Holt could speak, Barron said, gayly:

"You put a premium on forgetfulness, Miss Barto. You'll make him leave his dinner-pail every day if you come and bring it to him."

Holt said nothing. The girl wondered why his face was so black as he advanced and took the pail from her hand.

Everything was now made plain to him. He knew why Barron had continued staying in the country when one would think he would prefer his usual haunts.

"Well, Barron had a right to love her. What could be said against it!

Holt saw Naomi turn with a brilliant smile toward Barron, and in a silent fury he took up his ax and began plying it with vigor, finding a sort of savage relief as the blade cut off huge chips from the tree.

The girl remained some minutes, but she did not appear to notice Holt again until she went away, when she said good-by to him with the free pleasantness of any acquaintance to whom his whims were nothing for good or ill.

Barron looked after her as if almost decided to follow, but something held him back. He sat down again and watched the chips flying fast from the swift gleaming ax.

Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I believe you are right. Women don't love the men they've known from childhood. If they think they do, they are mistaken."

Holt stood still, breathing heavily. He scarcely dared look at his companion. There was some dreadful impulse in his mind to turn and dash his ax against that handsome face. For the moment he was afraid of himself. He saw again, as through a course of blood, the sweet, involuntary smile Naomi had given Barron.

He turned toward Barron, who sprang back involuntarily a step, crying out:

"Good heavens, Holt! what has happened to you?"

The exclamation recalled Holt to himself. He tried to laugh. Then he said, awkwardly:

"I am glad you agree with me about women and their way of loving. You see I am right in deciding not to stay here and endure the torture of seeing that girl love someone else. Instead of waiting until next week before I go, I can be ready the day after to-morrow."

Holt was looking full in his companion's face as he said these words, and he saw something there that made him say, sharply, and yet with a kind of guttural, sound in his voice:

"Barron, you love her!"

Barron turned away, but Holt saw his face grow red and then pale. Then he fronted his questioner and said, almost in a whisper:

"If I do, you cannot wonder, can you?"

Holt was silent a long time. So long that Barron at last came toward him, and put his hand on his arm, repeating his question:

"You cannot wonder, can you?"

Instead of replying, Holt said:

"I was thinking of that old saying about looking at happiness through another man's eyes."

"But I am not happy yet."

"You will be. I saw her smile at you to-day."

"You must not put too much into a woman's smile."

Though Barron said this, his face showed that his hope was high.

"I shall not cut any more wood to-day," abruptly said Holt. "Will you go down the hill with me?"

He hurriedly put on his jacket, then swung his axe over his shoulder. He looked and acted in haste.

"If I see Steuben before noon," he said, as if to himself, "I can easily arrange to leave the day after to-morrow. Every hour that I stay about here is misery to me now."

The two men began the descent of the hill, and went on half way down in silence; then Barron suddenly stood still.

"That was a curious sound," he said.

Holt roused himself.

"I heard nothing," he answered. "What was it like?"

He spoke indifferently, as if he cared very little.

"I can scarcely tell. It might be a cry for help."

"Not likely," listlessly.

"But if it were," returned Barron, still detaining his companion by a hand on his arm—"if it were, you would wish to heed it, would you not!"

Holt was plainly impatient; but he said, "Of course," and tried to listen.

Then they both heard what might have been a cry, but it had such a strange and suffocated sound in it that it was impossible to tell if a human voice had uttered it.

"You heard that?" said Barron, who felt irritated that the other should feel so little interest in this sign of distress.

"Yes; but I don't know what to make of it. Some dog, perhaps.

"Whatever it is, I shall follow it up."

And he turned off to the left and began pushing through the thick growing wood, while Holt kept by his side sullenly but persistently, as one having no interest in the affair in hand.

In a moment the two had emerged into a space where the trees had been cut that winter. It was a somewhat steep slope down the hill, and here and there were still small patches of snow, fast melting beneath this sun.

On one of those patches of white, close to where a small group of walnut trees had been left standing, both men saw at the same instant the same object.

That object was a spot bright red on the snow, something resembling what women call a "cloud."

It was like what Naomi Barto had worn a half-hour ago.

Holt dashed forward a step by the side of Barron; then, recalling the smile he had seen given to that man, by an effort which took all his will, which was not weak, he drew back, and followed the impetuous rush that Barron made down the hill.

"I will be ready to help, but I will not be first," was what he thought.

As they came nearer they saw that a tree seemed to have fallen, and the next moment revealed to their eyes that a woman was pinned down beneath one of the branches.

They saw the dark hair loosened and lying on the snow. The face was turned from them, but neither seemed to see it to know that it was the woman they both loved who was in such need of help.

Holt's eyes mechanincally took in the whole scene, aside from that helpless figure. He saw that the tree which had fallen had been sawed nearly through the butt, and that it stood ready for the first blow of wind from the right direction.

He knew, too, or thought he knew, whose careless work it was.

Strange how many swift thoughts raced through his mind in the brief time while he was flying down the hill.

Barron reached the spot an instant before Holt. The two men saw at a glance the position of a heavy branch across the girl's chest, and saw also from what place it must be moved.

But Holt had the better judgment, and in this terrible moment the cooler eye. He felt as though every nerve and muscle were strung to the utmost tension.

His swift glance at the suffering face on the snow told him with almost unerring precision how many minutes longer Naomi could endure the burden that was pressing her young life out.

Barron leaped at once to the place, close to where the tree-limb joined the trunk. Before Holt could cry out to him to wait, that they might unite their efforts, he had seized the limb, and with violent and sudden strain, like the lifting of one miraculously made a giant, he raised the wood that lay over the woman pinned there.

His face was purple, his eyeballs injected with blood, as he did so; but no one saw that effect save the girl for whom he was working, and whose face was turned toward him.

Holt, as soon as soon as he knew that Barron would make his first effort without waiting for aid, directed his whole attention to watching if the load was lifted enough for him to draw Naomi from under the tree.

His own plan, formed instantaneously, had been that they should both endeavor to raise the load and push the log underneath, thus relieving the weight.

To his unspeakable surprise, he saw the thick branch rise slightly beneath Barron's power. He had not known how thoroughly that gentleman's muscles had been trained.

As quickly as light, as strongly as love, Holt now acted.

In that flash of time while the weight was lifted he drew the girl from beneath it.

Having done so, he fell down on his knees beside her, not looking now toward Barron, who did not come forward.

Naomi, whose senses had been painfully kept alive, had now become unconscious; but, being naturally strong and well, she revived in a few moments, as Holt rubbed snow upon her hands and temples, keeping himself outwardly calm only by a great effort.

When she opened her eyes and looked at him, though his heart thrilled beneath that glance, he felt that he must not yield to the temptation it brought to him. Now he remembered Barron.

He rose quickly and glanced over the tree-trunk, some stifled cry escaping him as he did so.

He saw Barron lying on his side, his face almost as white as the snow near it, and a thin stream of blood slowly trickling from his lips.

Something resembling a smile came into Barron's eyes as Holt came round and bent over him.

"Is she safe?" whispered Barron.

Holt nodded. He did not think he could speak. Young, unused to death as he was, he knew that death was near the man before him—so near that he never thought of going for aid.

"They said I was fickle," said Barron, slowly; "but how could I have been fickle to *her*?"

He looked up wistfully at the strong, moved face before him.

"I suppose it is all right," he said, after a pause. Then more loudly and strongly: "Where did I read, the other day, that it was not difficult to die?"

As he finished speaking his glance met the eyes of Naomi, who had risen, and had come to Holt's side. A gush of blood came faster. His eyelids fell softly, peacefully.

The man and women standing there remained silent and motionless for several moments.

Then Holt turned and looked at the pallid, tear-wet face of the girl beside him.

He took off his hat, as he reverently said:

"I do not wonder, Naomi, that, as I love you, so you loved him. Even I could not help having an affection for him."

The blood came painfully up over Naomi's face. The pulse at her throat beat heavily.

"You mistake," she said, in a voice that, sad as it was, started Holt into what seemed to him then to be a guilty happiness. "I did not love him. I have always loved you."

Holt took the little half-frozen hand quickly in his.

"He gave his life, as I would have given mine," he said, as soon as he could speak without too much tremor in his voice.

She made a sudden movement toward him.

"I am not ungrateful to him," she said, between sobs, glancing at the man lying there. Heaven knows that. But had you died, I could never have been happy."—*Catharine Earnshaw.*

The Greely Rescue.

In describing the rescue of Lieutenant Greely to a reporter, a sailor of the rescuing vessel Bear recently gave the following version:

"At Littleton Island, the entrance of Smith's Sound, we were nipped in the ice three days. The Bear and Thetis sailed from there to Cape Sabine, on the extreme point of which records of the Greely party were found by an ensign of the Thetis. The Bear started at once for Cocked Hat Cove, where Greely was, as indicated by the message. The steam launch under Lieutenant Colwell made the landing. A figure was seen advancing over the ice.

"'Who are you?' said Chief Engineer Low.

"'I am Sergeant Long,' said the emaciated wretch.

"'Is Greely alive?' was the next question.

"'Yes, but starving. For God's sake give me something to eat.'

"We took the man on board the Bear at once. Commander Schley and Dr. Ames landed as soon as possible with medical supplies. The party was found in a dilapidated tent, lying in their sleeping bags, unable to stand upon their feet, which were useless. They were so weak and emaciated that they were literally nothing but human skeletons wrapped in skin. Greely was reading from a prayer-book to private Cornell, who was supposed to be dying. As soon as he knew that it was an American expedition that had rescued him Greely said: 'I am glad to see you.' Dr. Ames took charge of the party and allowed nothing to be given them but a small teaspoonful of brandy puuch at intervals and at last small quantities of food. The living and the dead were removed aboard the vessels as soon as possible. All but six bodies were recovered. They were wrapped in sheeting and covered with alcohol in tanks. We stayed at Cape Sabine only eleven hours and returned through Melville Bay as fast as the ice would a'low.

"One of our Esquimaux went crazy here, and, jumping on the ice, ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. Two sailors were detailed to follow and bring him back. Such running you never saw. When they captured him he turned up his toes like a turtle, expecting to be carried. But the tars didn't look at it that way. They punched him with their boarding pikes until he was glad to trot back to the ship. We arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, July 17, where the irons coffins were received and the bodies placed in them."

The estimated cost of intoxicating liquors consumed annually in the United States is $900,000,000, which is upward of $15 for each man, woman and child.

THE HOLY CITY OF RUSSIA.

WHAT AN AMERICAN LADY SAW IN MOSCOW.

A Visit to the Kremlin—Surpassing Beauty and Magnificence of the City's Many Churches.

Nothing can be said of one's first impressions of Moscow who enters the city by train, and drives to his hotel through suburbs which are uninteresting and monotonous; the streets are dirty, the drainage bad, and the place full of vile odors, suggestive of cholera to those who pay their visit in July. The atmosphere is a great contrast to the pure, crisp air of St. Petersburg; but in neither city is the water fit for drinking.

Nearly all the beauty of the place is centered in the Kremlin, writes a Moscow correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times*, but three or four hundred churches are scattered throughout the city, and their domes, when not gilded, are oramented and painted in bright colors; richness of coloring is one of the charms of the place, in which respect it rivals Venice.

One of the drives was over the turnpike road by which the French army entered Moscow; turning aside to Sparrow hill, their one elevation, we saw the glittering city from the place where the monarch general viewed his prize, before his bitter disappointment. How he looked for the expected attack, and seeing no sign of that, waited for the surrender of the city; then the puzzled emperor made his non-obstructed entrance into the deserted place. He saw from every oil-shop and inflammable place the fires break forth, which, as the engines had been removed and the prisoners liberated to fan the flames, raged for three days, leaving little of the city beside the Kremlin, which the French army fortunately succeeded in preserving. Their precious relics, and the enormous wealth of their churches, investments and precious stones, were all preserved; dozens of wagons carried them away to be hidden until the time of peace.

The Kremlin (the origin of the name is uncertain) stands in the midst of the city; a wall surrounds it with towers and high corner turrets; its shape is triangular, two of the sides being each a mile in length; within the walls stand the winter palace, the tower of Ivan, the treasury, churches, monasteries, and other buildings pertaining to church and state. A staircase outside the palace is shown as the one which Napoleon mounted for his short and disappointing possession; and down the same steps, generations previous, an enraged people threw the false Demetrius, the usurper and murderer of the true emperor, one of the tragedies in which their history abounds.

We passed through many large and elegant state apartments in this beautiful palace, which were brilliant with gilding and rich marble, but when we reached the old part, built by Catherine II., we found the smaller rooms the most interesting; the walls and ceilings are frescoed in arabesque patterns and soft Oriental tints, and the rooms, like all the apartments of that talented empress, have an attractive and homelike appearance. Here we saw rare specimens of old embroidery, and a book illuminated and printed by Sophia, the sister of Peter the Great. Talent and industry seem to have been the characteristics of all the family.

One can not be a day in Moscow without realizing that he is in a holy city; he meets groups of pilgrims in the streets, carrying their bundles over their shoulders—not the pilgrims clad in gay shawls and with bright kerchiefs that we see in Italy; these are wayworn travelers, their clothes the color of the dust. In the churches they fairly impede one's progress; men and women of all ages bow down with their foreheads to the ground to every picture and shrine, and each has to be kissed, while the religious crosses himself many times before every sacred object. One stands back at first, to make way for so much religious zeal, but soon concludes that each must have his turn, so closely do the pilgrims follow one another; they seem utterly absorbed, and go through the prescribed forms apparently unconscious of the presence of others. In all the churches there are tombs containing the bodies of holy men, and a little spot on the forehead is left bare for the pilgrims to kiss; the kiss is given to each saint with the deepest reverence, and also to each of the valuable, or rather invaluable, relics, such as a finger of St. Andrew, a drop of the blood of John the Baptist, pieces from the cross and one of the nails.

The church of St. Michael the Archangel contains the tombs of all the emperors up to the time of Peter the Great; then patriarchs governed the Russian church, but for the last 180 years the title has been changed for that of metropolitan bishop. In the body of the church lies the tomb of the Patriarch Philip, whom the emperor, John the Terrible, sent into banishment because he reproached him for his many sins; the little dark spot left bare on the forehead of this patriarch has ever since been kissed by all the emperors at the time of their coronation. In a side room containing most of the tombs lies John the Terrible, and by his side a son whom he murdered; the most costly among all the magnificent robes in the patriarchal treasury is the one given by this emperor to the Patriarch Philip as an expiatory offering for the murder of his son; the robe is literally covered with pearls, diamonds, and precious stones, making its weight to be sixty-four pounds. It is amusing to remember that the emperor made an offer of marriage to Elizabeth of England. She handed over the offer to one of her court ladies, who wisely concluded that a good home, with peace, was worth more than an empire under the offered conditions. Each patriarch had his own robe, also his crown and baton, and all were loaded with jewels. I did not know there were so many gems out of the mountains or pearls out of the sea. These robes are of cloth of gold, ornamented with figures of apostles and saints traced in pearls and precious stones, and sometimes velvet trimmings form a background to show more perfectly the beauty of the jewels. I remember a baton covered solidly with turquoises and rubies—a present from the Shah of Persia—and a large cross of immense diamonds, which had belonged to John the Terrible. A scarf is shown which is said to have belonged to the pope of Alexandria, who was present at the Nicene council.

I despair of giving an idea of the beauty of the churches. The coronations all take place in the Church of the Annunciation, which was newly gilded for the present emperor. Standing in the center, one sees on every side a mass of gold and jewels, relieved by the deep, rich coloring of the paintings on the walls, the ceiling, and the large pillars. Figures in heroic size of saints, apostles, and prophets are set off by a glittering background of gold leaf; there are ornamented tombs, thrones for the czar, the empress, and the metropolitan, and gorgeous banners flying. Here is the picture of the Holy Virgin of Vladimir, which was brought from Constantinople, and is said to have been painted by St. Luke; miraculous powers are ascribed to it, and the jewels which adorn it are worth $250,000.

I fear that I should discredit an exact account of the quantity of precious stones which ornament these churches had I not seen them for myself. There are rubies, sapphires, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, in marvelous profusion. They are on every picture, and blaze on the priestly garments. Some are beautifully cut, like cameos and one emerald measures an inch and a half in length and an inch in thickness.

The Coolies in Trinidad.

An Englishman who witnessed the recent riot among coolies in Trinidad says if it were the means of drawing public attention to the condition of the coolies in the island, and the manner in which they are brought there, it would not be such a subject of regret. He writes to the *London Times*: There are in the island about 60,000 coolies, including men, women, and children. It is much to be feared that some of them are induced to come by means of false representations. They are led to believe they are coming to a land where they will eat the queen's bread, do very little work, make plenty of money, and where they are promised the free exercise of their religious rites. One of these rites consists in making parodas of various sizes and different grandeur, according to their respective wealth, filling them with presents, and flinging them into water sufficient to carry them away and destroy them, as an offering to their god. In order to do this they have hitherto been allowed to assemble together from the various states and pass through the towns on their way to the sea. The government, however, forbade them this year to come into the towns, fearing that they might create riots, as there had been some dissatisfaction among them on account of increased work and pay at the old rate. The poor, deluded creatures, not content with the rivers on the estates, tried to force their way through the sea. They were stopped by the police at the boundary and requested to turn back. On their refusing, the police fired. Eighty-eight were wounded and twelve killed; among them are said to be women and children. As they only had sticks they were practically unarmed, and as soon as the uninjured saw their companions fall they fled in great terror. The fact is that the rest of the population is afraid of the coolies, and so take these stern measures to keep them down.—*St. James' Gazette.*

The "Smart Salesman."

"One night a sailor came into the store and wanted to buy a blanket. Of course he wanted a cheaper one than any we had in stock, and I was afraid my man—he hadn't been here long—would let him go. Not a bit of it. He marched him off to a lot of big horse blankets and pointed out their size and dilated on their merits. The sailor seemed pleased at the size and quality, but asked what them holes were for. 'Oh,' said my man, 'that's a new thing and very popular. You just get into your berth and pass this belt (meaning the surcingle) through those holes and fasten it round you, and it can't slip off. We sell lots of them, but if you don't like it we can cut it off.' The sailor did like it, and paid his money and left the store happy.

"Another time we had a pair of fur-lined boots or shoes we could not get rid of. When, one day, a young man from the country came in and wanted something of the sort, my clerk brought out this identical pair. The customer was delighted, and tried 'em on, but they were so small they hurt him badly. My salesman saw the difficulty immediately, and was as ready as ever. 'Look here, stranger,' he said, 'what are you trying to do? You've got your stocking on, haven't you? The man admitted that he had. 'Why, these are made on purpose to save stockings,' said my new acquisition, 'we sell lots of them.' The gentleman from the rural district took off his stockings and his foot slipped in beautifully. He was tickled and took the shoes, paid for them, and went out well pleased."

Some day the smart salesman may prove too smart for his employer.

Opium Smuggling in India.

A good deal of ingenuity is displayed by opium smugglers in the central provinces in running their contraband goods. In one case which came before the authorities last year, two and a half maunds of foreign opium were discovered stowed away in the saddles of two camels, and in another case five and a half maunds of the same material were found packed in vessels supposed to be full of oil. On examination of these vessels it was discovered that a tube running down the center of each was filled with oil, the remaining portions of the vessel being packed with opium. In both these cases the opium had been brought from Holkar's territory, and the smugglers were caught at Nimar while attempting to run it into the Bombay presidency. Despite the successful detection of the offenders in these instances, it is daily becoming a matter of greater difficulty to detect opium smuggling. The well-to-do importers of contraband opium rarely attempts to run the drug in person. They generally employ poor agents, such as grass and wood cutters, who are not often suspected, and to whom a period of imprisonment does not much matter, their employer in the meantime helping their families.—*Times of India.*

Just sixteen years ago the interest on the national debt was $143,000,000 a year. It is now $58,000,000.

A STATE BALL IN JAPAN.

CURIOUS SCENES WITNESSED BY A YOUNG AMERICAN.

The Decorations, the Music, the People Present, their Dress and How They Acted.

A young American describes in the New York *Evening Post* a ball given in honor of the mikado's birthday, at Tokiyo, Japan, by the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Inouye. The writer says the ball was held "at the splendid building of the Rokumeikwan—the swell club of Tokiyo. All the officers of the empire, the foreign legations, and a great many outside foreigners were invited.

"The club itself is a very fine one and the building will compare favorably with most of our home clubs. On the night of the ball, it was beautifully decorated inside and out. Outside, strings of colored lanterns hung in all directions and fireworks kept going all the evening, so that the uninvited crowd without had a fine entertainment provided for them. Inside, the decorations consisted of bunting and flowers, mostly chrysanthemums, which are now in full height of perfection and are of every imaginable shade and size. The music was supplied by the naval and military bands and was very good. The floor was excellent, and I enjoyed the dancing very much, although the space allowed for the dancers by the curious crowd of Japs was very small.

"I wish I could give you a good idea of the scene the ball-room presented, dressed with gayly-colored flags and filled with a crowd in which were mingled nearly all the nationalities of the world. It looked as I imagine some huge fancy fair or ball might, but then the people all had the advantage of being in their own costume, and carried them off better than any mere masquerader. First, the Japanese officers and gentlemen in gold coats—really very little exaggeration, for most of them had such profusion of gold lace that you could see little cloth, and this little was covered with insignia and orders as a rule. The four royal princesses, dressed in the new (revived) court dress, and were accompanied by six or eight maids of honor in the same dress. This court dress consists of loose crimson trousers, which are so wide that they look like a loose single skirt, and loose jackets of gorgeous material with tremendous sleeves; the hair is done in two broad flat plaits, which stick out on either side of the head and join in a single, rather careless twist which hange straight down the back. Altogether, it is very ugly and unbecoming. Only the princesses and their train were dressed in this style. Many of the Japanese ladies wore beautiful European costumes, but they do not look well in them, having neither the height nor the figures necessary for them. The Japanese ladies dressed in their own ordinary style of costume of costly and beautiful material looked very picturesque and pretty, much better than their sisters in the attempt at foreign style, to my mind. Their dresses consisted of the ordinary kimona, made of elegant silk crepe of a soft shade of grey, with a simple white fichu at the throat and plaits of some soft white material at the feet, where the skirt separated slightly in walking.

"The Chinese minister and his suite in their court costume were walking gravely and slowly about with their red-buttoned hats and most elegantly brocaded silk and satin garments, looking for all the world as if they had stepped off the pedestal of some tea shop's sign. Koreans with high hats made of something which looks like wire gauze, Russian, French, and English naval and military officers, in handsome uniforms, one or two United States naval men, in plain blue with brass buttons, looking rich and well to me, compared with the scarlet coats and profuse gold lace, and a mass of undistinguished humanity in the regulation black dress suit, made up the the remainder of the assemblage.

"All kinds of dancing could be seen on the floor. Some of the Japanese ladies and gentlemen had been practising for some weeks, and went through the square dances well. A few essayed the waltz, and one naval officer, with the faculty in dancing that seems to go with all naval men, got on remarkably well. One little Jap girl danced the lancers in good style with the regular Japanese clogs on—a rather difficult feat, I think. The Germans spun around, the French hopped up and down, the English walked sedately round each other, and the Americans danced. But the supper-room was perhaps the most strange and curious sight of the evening. The supper itself was very fine, being supplied by an artistic French cook, and consisted of everything imaginable in the edible line. The Japs swarmed about the tables like flies, and seizing a plate, would shovel upon it everything within reach, oysters, salad, ice cream, boned turkey, jelly, cold fowl, charlotte de Russe, etc., and then elevating the plate to about the level of their mouths, cram the food down in an indiscriminate mass. As soon as they had eaten all they could possibly hold, they put the plate down on the floor wherever they happened to be and left it there. Champagne flowed freely, and the Japs seemed very fond of it, gulping it down glass after glass, and I saw one or two navigating the polished floor, among the empty plates with great difficulty.

Many of the Japs, after having eaten all they could, filled their pockets with the most easily carried viands, doubtless for the ladies at home. We left a little before one o'clock to take the special train back to Yokohama, and so did not see the finish; but I imagine the Japs must have been rather tipsy if they kept on as they were going when I left the supper room.

There are about 150 vessels and 200 Hampton boats owned in Portland, Me., which are engaged in the fishing business, giving employment to about 3,000 fishermen. The amount of capital represented in this interest is not far from $2,000,000, and the annual catch of fish is of about the same value.

The present population of the world is stated at 1,294,533,973, of whom 7,831,080 are Jews and 370,879,066 are Christians. These figures leave 915,724,827 to be classed as heathen.

WISE WORDS.

Those sentiments of love which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

He is happy whose circumstances suits his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

If I wanted to punish an enemy, says Hannah More, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and prosperous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

A man that loves his own fireside and can govern his house without falling by the ears with his neighbors, or engaging in lawsuits, is as free as a duke of Venice.

The highest point outward things can bring unto, is the contentment of the mind, with which no estate can be poor; without which all estates would be miserable.

The chiming of some particular words in the memory, and making a noise in the head, seldom happens but when the mind is lazy, or very loosely or negligently employed.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience. The man who has a feeling within him that he has done his duty upon every occasion is far happier than he who hangs upon the smiles of the great, or the still more fickle favors of the multitude.

Cleanliness of person promotes health of body, and this in turn naturally begets purity of mind and moral elevation. Such persons are quite as much concerned in having the inner and unseen as tidy and as clean as the outer and the visible; they are pure from principle, not policy.

Interesting Facts About the Presidents.

Mr. Cleveland will be the twenty-second President of the country. Of the Presidents, seventeen were elected and four—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur—succeeded to the office from the vice-Presidency. Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams were elected by the House of Representatives in default of an election by the Electoral College, and Rutherford B. Hayes was declared elected by the commission selected to decide the disputed election of 1876. Seven of the Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant—were elected a second time.

General Grant was the youngest of the Presidents when inaugurated, being forty-seven; Pierce and Garfield were forty-nine; Polk and Fillmore, fifty; Tyler, fifty-one; Lincoln, fifty-two; Van Buren and Taylor, fifty-five; Washington and Johnson, fifty-seven; Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams, fifty-eight; Monroe, fifty-nine; John Adams and Jackson, sixty-two; Buchanan, sixty-six; Harrison, sixty-eight. Garfield died the youngest, not having reached his fiftieth birthday; Polk was fifty-four at his death; Lincoln, fifty-six; Pierce, sixty-five; Taylor, sixty-six; Washington and Johnson, sixty-seven; Harrison, sixty-eight; Tyler and Monroe, seventy-three; Fillmore, seventy-four; Buchanan, seventy-seven; Jackson, seventy-eight; Van Buren, eighty; John Quincy Adams, eighty-one; Jefferson, eighty-three; Madison, eighty-five; John Adams, ninety-one.

The honor of furnishing presidents has not been evenly distributed among the States, Virginia, Massachusetts, Tennessee, New York, Ohio, Louisiana, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Illinois furnishing all the incumbents so far. Cleveland will be the fourth President from New York—Van Buren, Fillmore and Arthur being his predecessors—and had Mr. Blaine been elected he would have been Maine's first contribution to the White House.

It is somewhat remarkable that no member of the United States Senate should ever have been elected to the presidency at the time of his incumbency. Disregarding the fact that experience in this body ought to fit a man for the high office, the people have ignored the Senators. The army has furnished a large number of Presidents, and, with the exception of Hancock, McClellan and Scott, no military man nominated for the office has failed of election. Washington owed his elevation to his success in the field; Jackson's record in the war of 1812 was the wave which lifted him into the White House; and Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes and Garfield wore the epaulets of a general before they were honored with the chief magistracy of the nation.

There are now two ex-Presidents living—Grant and Hayes—and from March 4 Mr. Arthur makes a third.

The Formation of a Deaf-Mute Race.

Among a number of memoirs transmitted to Congress by the National Academy of Sciences is a paper by Rev. Alexander Graham Bell upon the formation of a deaf variety of the human race. In discussing the marriages of the deaf, Professor Bell says it is evident from the records that there is a tendency among deaf-mutes to marry deaf-mutes; that this tendency has been continuously exhibited during the last forty or fifty years, and that there is every probability that the selection of the deaf by the deaf in marriage will continue in the future. "While we cannot at present arrive at any percentage," he says, "it is certain that the proportion of deaf-mute offspring born to deaf-mutes is many times greater than the proportion born to the people at large. Plans for the formation of a deaf-mute community have a number of times been discussed by the deaf-mutes themselves. A number of years ago a deaf mute publicly urged the formation of a deaf-mute commonwealth. Congress was to be petitioned to form a deaf-mute State or Territory, etc. The details, though quite impracticable, brought forward the fact that a number of schmes of somewhat similar character were in the minds of deaf-mutes in different parts of the country. Such a scheme is still favored by individual deaf-mutes, and may, therefore, be revived into organized shape at any time. A European philanthropist has begun the colonization of a tract of land in Manitoba by deaf-mutes. I am informed by a friend who resides in Winnepeg that about twenty-four deaf-mutes with their families have already arrived from Europe and have settled upon the land. More are expected this year.

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