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IN COMING HOURS.

In coming hours, when all we say,
Makes fullness of our bliss to-day
Has faded, as from summer sky
The sunset glories slowly die,
From gold and rose to dreary gray.

And I must learn as best I may
To watch it, as it fades away;
I think I will not moan or cry
In coming hours.

I think I will not utter "nay,"
Knowing that all things must decay;
Nor even weep, or question why,
But o'er our dead dream, tenderly,
For blessings for my darling pray,'
In coming hours.

—*All the Year Round.*

DEVOTED FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

Ralph Archer and Louis Plover were held so closely together by the interlacings of friendship that they were rarely ever seen apart from each other. They were employed in the same department of the Arkansaw State government; they occupied the same room, read the same books, and, at the restaurant, as Archer once declared, always ate off the same table-cloth. Both Archer and Plover were much given to study. The war having come on just in time to spoil the chances of a professional course at college, the two young men after the giant struggle had ceased, found themselves almost on a financial level with the demonstrative old Southern governor, who, when asked if he could not aid in the construction of a railway, replied, "You, gentlemen, may not believe it, but I haven't a blamed cent." Archer's parents were dead; Plover's father, mother and sister lived a short distance from town, in an old red brick house, where the two friends often spent much of their leisure time. Young Plover was especially devoted to his sister, a tall young women who wore short hair. She possessed a soft, winning voice, but her eyes were cat like; she was easy of manner, but her words of greeting echoed with the hollowness of insincerity. Vain and envious, spiteful and jealous, the keen perception of young Archer told him that nature had not granted to herthat rich generosity with which her brother had been endowed.

"Ella," Plover one day said to his sister, "what do you think of my friend?"

"Mr. Archer?"

"Yes, you know I always speak of him as my friend."

"Oh, I like him because he is your friend."

"And for no other reason, Ella?"

"You mustn't ask me that, Lu."

"Well, but I want to know, sis."

"Are you afraid that I will marry him?"

"Afraid! Why, I would give anything if you should. He is a noble fellow, and quite worthy of you. In fact, he is the only man I would like to see you marry. Tell me, now, don't you love him?"

"Lu, you must be crazy. Do you suppose that I am going to tell you that I love a man before I find out that the man loves me? Tell me, Lu, did he ever say anything about me?"

"Oh, it is hardly time yet, for you have been home but a short time. Do you know that I cannot bear the idea of your being a governess any longer? I couldn't stand it, that's all."

"You are getting off the subject, Bud. Are you sure you never heard him say anything about me?"

"Quite sure. I have never asked him, and he is not the man to tell me unless I should."

"I tell you one thing I've noticed. Every time he comes home with you—no, I won't say it."

"Yes, you must. What were you going to say?"

"No, it is better to leave it unsaid. It would sound selfish."

"Remember, girl, that you are talking to your brother. What were you going to say?"

"That while down here he always goes over to Gladrow's."

"What of that?"

"He goes to see Eva Gladrow. That's what there is of it."

"I think not. I have never heard him speak of her."

"But have you asked him? You said just now that he was not a man to tell you such things unless you should ask him. I declare the friendship existing between you two men is peculiar. You never confide your secrets to each other."

"Because we have none, doubtless."

"No, it is because you don't know how to be friends. You make a pretense of thinking much of each other, but I just know it wouldn't take anything hardly to make you fight."

"If he should insult me I would fight him, of course; but understanding each other so well, there is no likelihood of a quarrel. Believe I'll take a stroll. Want to go, pet?"

"No. Say, Lu, sometime I wish you would ask him."

"Ask him what?"

"Don't you remember? Oh, pshaw, your recollection is not as long as my finger. Ask him what he thinks of me."

CHAPTER II.

Young Archer sat in the Gladrow parlor. Beside him sat a girl with sunny hair, glowing cheeks, and eyes expressive of tenderest love.

"So you had no idea that I loved you, little girl?" taking her hand.

"I had hoped so, but I thought you must love your friend's sister."

"I don't see what put that into your head."

"Because she is so intelligent, I suppose."

"Nonsense, little woman. If she were the only being in the world I could not love her."

"Tell me, Mr. Archer," she anxiously asked, "are you quite sure that you really love me? If you should ever discover that you had made a mistake, how awful it would be."

"Such a time will never come," he replied, arising, leaning over and kissing her. "I could love no one else, for I believe that we were created for each other. I know that such words must have an old sound, but they are true, Eva, and old truths are the truest truths that exist."

"Are you going so soon?

"Yes. The Plovers' will keep dinner waiting. Good-bye, sweet girl," putting his arm around her. "I shall see you again soon."

She accompanied him to the door and kissed him.

CHAPTER III.

"Hello!" cried Plover as Archer was passing through the orchard. "Which way?"

"Just going to the house," stopping and joining his friend. "I didn't want them to keep dinner waiting."

"Where have you been roaming around?"

"I am not much of a roamer, you know. With an easy place to sit and an entertaining book I can content myself without killing time by muscular force."

"Have you been reading a book, Archer?" asked Plover, looking slyly at his friend.

"Yes, a book of beautiful poems. Shall we return to town this evening?"

"Just as you say. I am willing at any time. Father complained this morning because we do not come down oftener. He is growing old and I must humor him. Ella shall not go out again as governess. It makes me mad every time that I think she has been compelled to work for a living. It shall not occur again. Tell me, Archer, what do you think of her?"

"How could I think otherwise than well of my friend's sister? I am astonished that you should ask such a question, old boy."

"I am rather astonished myself, but it was anxiety, Archer, for it would be a grievous disappointment to know that you did not like her. There's the dinner bell now. We are just in time."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. and Mrs. Plover were quite old people. They looked as though their spirits, once gay and vigorous had been broken. The empty row of cabins falling into decay; the once rich land now fluted with innumerable gullies: the black stumps where the boughs of the walnut grove once whispered in luxuriant drowse; the falling roof of the gin house—all may have had much to do with throwing the shadow of sadness on the faces of the old man and his wife.

After dinner the family assembled in the parlor. One by one they went away until Archer found himself and Ella to be the only occupants of the room.

"We are much gratified with your visits, Mr. Archer," said the young lady, "and we hope that you will accompany brother every time he comes home."

"I warmly appreciate the kindness you have all shown me, Miss Ella. This place reminds me so much of my own old home, whose smile was blighted by the frown of war, that I never tire of contemplating its surroundings."

"I hope the inmates, too, receive a share of your attention."

"Oh, yes. To the inmates, I think, belong the especial charm."

"Thank you. I did not think you could be so gallant."

"You are mistaking mere truth for gallantry."

"Do you know that I once thought that your conversation was surely as musty as the old books you read? Yes, and I could in imagination see you raking the cobwebs from your voice."

"An inconsistent conceit, Miss Ella, for in the first place I do not read musty books. Some of them may be old—which makes them all the better—but they are not musty. Mustiness does not necessarily accompany age. If so, old wine would be no longer sought. Where did Louis go? It was our intention to return this evening."

"If you are not entertained I will call him?"

He looked up quickly, and studying her face, to discover whether the remark were in jest, replied:

"Another inconsistent conceit. You must think that I am beyond the range of entertainment."

"Oh, no, Mr. Archer. I know that I am dull. I know there are persons with whom you can find keener enjoyment."

Archer began to grow nervous and long for a chance of escape. Her face was flushed, and with a stare almost brazen, she gazed into his eyes, "You would rather talk to Eva Gladrow, and you can't deny it. Oh, I know I am dull."

"You are certainly peculiar, Miss Plover."

An adroit admission. Peculiar people are always dull. Shall I call my brother?"

"If you please."

Louis and his father were standing in the yard. She went to the window and called. A moment later Louis entered the room.

"Your friend is very restless," she said. "You'd better take him back to town."

"Ready any time, Arch. The horses are at the gate. Good-bye, sis. We'll be down again pretty soon."

"Good-evening, Miss Plover."

"Good-evening, sir."

Louis looked in astonishment.

"What makes you so silent?" asked Plover to his friend, when they had ridden some distance toward town.

"Your own silence, Louis, must have suggested the remark. You have not spoken since we left the house."

"I was thinking of sister."

"So was I," Archer could not help but rejoin.

"She is a dear girl, Arch, but I fear that you do not understand her."

"Rather strange, I think."

"How strange?" Louis eagerly asked.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Of course not. If you knew, she would not be strange. Mystery ceases when we understand it, and the fact that you do not understand her, makes her strange. Don't you think she is like my mother?"

"No."

"Like my father, eh?"

"No, she is unlike any one I have ever seen."

"You are not in a very good humor, Arch. I don't believe I ever before found you to be so gloomy."

CHAPTER V.

Archer went down into the country the next day, but instead of stopping at Plover's, he went direct to Gladrow's. A negro girl met him at the door.

"Can I see Miss Eva?"

"But for a moment, sir," replied the young lady, appearing in the hall. Archer advanced, not without perturbation, and extended his hand. The girl drew back.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked.

"I don't wish to see you again, sir. You are unworthy of any one's confidence. I do not care to hear an explanation. Oh, you are a villain," bursting into a flood of tears. "Leave this house or I'll call my father. Go, I tell you!"

Archer was stunned. Mounting his horse he rode away. He could not understand the cause of the treatment he had received. He had not proceeded far when he met a young lady with whom he was acquainted—a friend of Miss Gladrow.

"Did you see Eva?" asked the young lady.

"Yes, but she—"

"I understand, and have tried to reason with her, but her heart is most broken."

"Great heaven, what is the cause of all this?"

"I will tell you, but you must not allow my name to be mentioned. Late yesterday evening Ella Plover, in whom Eva has great confidence, came over, very much excited, and told Eva that she had just rejected your offer of marriage. 'I told him,' said she, 'that I thought he was in love with you, but he laughed derisively, and replied that you were a weak little thing, credulous and without force of character.' That's the cause, put please don't say I told you."

Archer did not go to his room until late at night. The thought of meeting Louis made him shudder. When he entered the room, Louis was lying on the bed, reading.

"Hellow, Arch; been down in the country, eh? Did you see sister?"

"See the dickens!"

Louis sprang up. What do you mean?"

"I beg your pardon, Louis. I did not intend to speak so harshly. Your sister has ruined me.

"Ruined you!"

"Yes. She told Eva Gladrow that I had proposed to her, that—oh, she made me out a wretch, and—"

"I don't believe a word of it?"

"Well."

"And more than that, you shall not speak in that manner of my sister."

"You have heard what I said."

"Yes, and you shall hear what I say. You have a friend handy, I suppose?"

"I am not altogether friendless."

"Very well," getting up and putting on his clothes. "My friend will call on you, sir. Good night."

CHAPTER VI.

An hour afterward arrangements for a duel were completed. The young men were to meet in the country, not far from the Plover residence. Louis had expressed this wish, so that one or both of them, as the case might be, could be conveyed to the old house. The sun had just risen when the parties met in a little field surrounded by woods.

"Louis," said Archer, "even though we fight, let us remain friends. I cannot bear to think that the long time we have spent together was wasted. The word friendship was not to be blotted from the page of human intercourse."

"Archer," replied Plover, "as a man my heart warms toward you, but as a brother I can shoot you."

"Gentlemen," said one of the seconds, "can't we somehow arrange this unfortunate affair so that blood will not be spilled?"

"I am afraid not," Archer replied.

"It can be," exclaimed Plover. "Tell me from whom you got your information. Then we can investigate."

"I cannot."

"Then sir, I am ready."

"I don't see any harm in telling him," said Plover's second. "Even though you were to violate a promise you could find consolation in the thought that you had saved human life."

"Your remarks are kind, but unavailing," rejoined Archer. "I believe that my informant told the truth."

"I am ready," remarked Plover.

"Who is that climbing the fence?" asked Archer's second. "Your father, Plover. Yes, and he's got a gun."

The old man slowly approached. Taking his gun from his shoulder and cocking it, he said:

"I've got fifteen buckshot in each barrel, and I will kill the first man that says anything about fighting. Oh, I heard all about it. You are a fine lot of fools. Going to shoot each other, eh? Louis, Archer is right.

Louis dropped his pistol.

"Ella confessed it to me. She and Eva have made friends, and, Archer, she is at my house, waiting for you."

Archer dropped his pistol.

"Wouldn't this have been a fine come off?" continued the old man. "I am a great mind to take a stick and beat all of you. Let us go to the house. Breakfast is about ready."

Louis and Archer embraced each other.

* * * * *

"I never saw Eva look so happy," remarked old man Gladrow to his wife.

"Well she may be, David, for she's got a good husband, and what more could a girl ask, I'd like to know?"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

How to Avoid the Press of Business.

"It is a matter of life and death. You are overworked, sir, and must take a rest."

"That is impossible, doctor. My best men are all sick, my customers are coming in by the hundreds, and I must be at my post."

"If your custom should temporarily drop off you could then find time to rest, couldn't you?"

"Certainly; but how can I temporarily stop off my old patrons from rushing in on me, even if the case should be, as you say, a matter of life and death?"

"Easy enough. Stop advertising!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Air Flower.

One of the curiosities of the New Orleans exposition is an air flower from the city of Mexico. It is two inches long, and resembles a bettle with wings and horns. The wings are of light sea-green color, dotted with specks. The horns are snow-white, and at the points very short. The body of the flower is pale yellow and deep orange, and gives a slight hyacinth perfume. Including the broad, banana-shaped leaves, the entire plant looks as though molded in wax.

KING OF THE SUGAR TRADE.

CLAUS SPRECKELS, AND THE POWER HE WIELDS.

How From Selling Cheese and Crackers in New York Spreckels Became the Master of Millions.

A San Francisco letter to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thus details the career of a great sugar monopolist: Claus Spreckels, commonly known as the "Sugar King of the Sandwich Islands," wields a power more democratic, if not greater, than that of any other monopolist in the world. He is sometimes more than a Warwick, because he has not remained content with making the king, but has guided all his movements like a puppet, so that he is actually the ruler of the pigmy realm and its financial ministry. His dream is to exercise equal sway on the coast. Spreckels is a South German, born in Hanover, a man of small education, who came to this country about 1830, and started in the retail grocery business in Church street, New York. He made the impression on those who knew him there as a man of great shrewdness and of the thrift which is proverbial of his race. He came to California soon after the gold fever broke out, and at once engaged in the grocery business in this city, preferring it to the hazards and hardships of mining. Every thing which he touched seemed to turn to gold. He made large profits in his business. Combining with several of his brothers who had come out to the coast, he bought a quarter interest in the Albany Brewery, in this city, for $40,000. This was the foundation of his present large fortune and commercial importance. After running the brewery a few years, his keen business instincts saw in sugar-refining a far more profitable field of enterprise. The story of his conquest of the Sandwich Islands in a nutshell, is that he took advantage of the ignorance of a king who wanted money, and that he works his coolies to death.

Of Spreckels' wealth it is impossible to form any accurate estimate, because much of his property is mortgaged, and it is understood the greater part of his fortune is embarked in the sugar business, which is apt to depreciate. He makes daily, the year round, however, 630 barrels of sugar, containing 275 pounds of sugar each, worth an average of $30 a barrel. This makes a business of $18,000 a day, or $6,570,000 a year. He makes a clear profit of $10 a barrel, or $6,000 a day, which amounts to $2,190,000 a year. He controls the entire sugar trade of the coast, which represents $10,000,000 a year. Down at Honululu he puts on more the airs of an autocrat, and his course there lately has put him into disfavor with both the native and foreign population. Last January he loaned the king $1,000,000. Among his employes Spreckels is probably more popular than any other millionaire on the coast, because he has always treated his people well.

He is of medium height, compactly built and dresses neatly. He has the face of a typical German, with the high cheek-bones, fair skin and blue eyes of the Fatherland. His eye is as clear as that of a young man, and his skin though browned by exposure, is also clean and healthy. His round head is covered with a thick growth of hair, rapidly changing from gray to white. This is the only indication of his years. He has the alert look and movement of a man of thirty, and in his steel-blue eyes is a look which goes far to reveal his character. He married years ago, when he was a poor man, a comely German girl, who was then employed as a domestic in the family of a large Eastern sugar refiner, and she has proved a good wife and mother. They have four sons and one daughter. The father and the three elder sons, among whom is Adolph, who shot De Young, are members of the Pacific club, in this city, where the sons are general favorites. They are all fine-looking men, of polished address, and have traveled much in Europe.

Mr. Spreckles is an easy man to get access to, but it is another matter entirely to draw any information out of him. When told of the object of the visit he said: "You may put it down that I know what is always good for Claus Spreckles, and never fail to turn this knowledge to account."

Rachel's Tomb.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says in a letter from the Holy Land: Still further on we arrived at Rachel's tomb, a modern square white structure, made out of coarse plaster, roofed over a dilapidated dome. By a singular coincidence of traditions, Jews, Moslems, Armenians, Greeks, Latin and Protestant Christians all unite in pronouncing this the spot where Rachel's life went out and Benjamin's began, when Jacob and his family were journeying Southward from Bethel. The pillar which Jacob sorrowfully set up to mark the site which has now passed away, but the general locality is faithfully cherished in the hearts of the people. The tomb lies at the very junction of the Bethlehem and Hebron roads. We took the latter, of course, pursuing a journey that had been trodden before us by Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, David, Saul, Samuel, Solomon and most of the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament. Across the valley to the right, as we turned our backs on the tomb, was the modern village of Beit-Jela, with some 4,000 inhabitants, all Christians, and the majority Latin and Greek church dignitaries. The village was apparently one of the most attractive in the Holy Land.

Tanned Snake and Frog Skins.

Even the delicate skin of a frog can be tanned. An opera glass covered with the handsomely marked skin of a garter or a small water snake will soon become fashionable. Card cases, small books and little bed-room clocks are some of the articles in the manufacture of which they are used. The surface of the skin is thickly glazed and in such things it takes a long time before the scales begin to stand up. The upper portion of slippers and shoes and even dressing-cases are made from the larger snakes. Nearly all of them come Africa, but a good many are also obtained from Brazil and other parts of South America. It is a singular fact that the skins have to be taken to France to be tanned.—*New York Mail and Express.*

WISE WORDS.

All lives have their prose translation as well as their ideal meaning.

A good name, like good will, is got by many actions and lost by one.

Statesmen work in the dark until the idea of right towers above expediency or wealth.

The pitying tears and fond smiles of woman are like the showers and sunshine of spring.

Every man's life lies within the present, for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

Idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waster of time, the canker-worm of felicity.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

The world could not exist if it were not simple. This ground has been tilled a thousand years, yet its powers remain ever the same; a little sun, and each spring it grows green again.

It has been well observed that the tongue discovers the state of the mind no less than that of the body; but in either case, before the philosopher or the physician can judge the patient must open his mouth.

We never regret the kind words we have spoken, nor the retorts we have left unsaid; but bitterly do we recall sharp words spoken angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to the eyes that will never shed them more.

The Latest Fashionable Folly.

"Bleeding is becoming fashionable among young society swells of both sexes, but is mostly practiced by young men," said a physician.

"By bleeding persons naturally become a little pale, and this gives them a kind of aristocratic or distinguished appearance. For instance, if a young man has been rejected by the lady who has upset his reason he can play upon her sympathies by having himself bled. The loss of blood would make him pale and interesting, and he could lounge around home for a few days and send out a report that he was dying of a broken heart. His paleness would show that something was the matter with him, and it might excite the lady's sympathy, if she had that element in her icy fashionable composition. The face could not be powdered or painted so as to represent illness. The ladies understand that artifice too well; and a great many are adopting the bleeding process. It is not that they wish to convey the impression that they are dying by inches from grief. They don't do that now. But occasional bleeding makes them naturally pale, and their pretty faces are more easily colored in consequence. With a white background, or rather face, the face is colored without the preliminary trouble of washing it with a white compound before coloring is put on. The colors stick better, the paint does not show so plainly, does not close the pores of the skin so hermetically; a smoother appearance generally. Then, again, it is not the correct thing in fashionable society to appear too rosy and healthful. It would look as if they followed some occupation for a living. School girls, you know, eat pickles and slate-pencils under the impression that it will make them thin by drying up the blood. Bleaching is the latest device in fashionable society, and is resorted to by both sexes for opposite purposes. During the summer ladies are bleached, or bled, under the impression that the reduction of blood prevents an excess of perspiration—and nothing is considered more unfashionable than to perspire. That is why so many ladies look so cool and icy chilling in the red-hot months of summer. I do not know that the young men drink salt water after being bled like the other calves that are bleached for the market by cruel butchers, but no doubt salt water will soon become a fashionable craze in connection with the bleeding process."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Ancient Missals.

The term "missals," in general modern parlance, is applied to the ancient books or manuscripts of the Roman Catholic religious service which has been handed down to us from mediæval or later times in public or private collections, national museums, monasteries, convents and libraries. They offer valuable examples of the state of the book-making arts in the different periods to which they belong. They form monuments of art, history and literature, which even time and human vandalism have respected. Modern bookmaking produces nothing to compare with these magnificent specimens of artistic intelligence, manual skill and industry, and the modern bookmaker, whatever his skill may be, can learn much from these landmarks of the development of the artist, the binder, the caligrapher, the paper maker, the designer and the worker in precious metals, enamels and rich stuffs.

The most ancient missal known is that of Vercelli, said to have been written by St. Eusebius, who died 370 A. D. The most ancient secular illuminated work known to modern writers is the Virgil of the Vatican, which belongs to the period of the close of the fourth century. Ancient Byzantium was celebrated for its professional illuminators—both of secular and religious works. St. Augustine introduced the art of illuminating into England and thence into Ireland, and the Irish monastic missals are among the finest examples both of the illumination and general bookmaking of the time. Through Charlemagne's protection of the learned Alcium of York, schools of illumination and caligraphy were established in Paris and other cities of the empire. The effects of these schools upon the missal art of the monasteries was naturally great. One of the finest productions of that period is the Evangelary of Charlemagne. The Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris contains the best examples of the Carlovingian missals in Europe. The Astor library in New York possesses a superb work of this period, valued at a thousand pounds.—*Art Age.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The tape-worm has no distinctive apparatus but absorbs the already digested food of its host. The chemical preparation of the food has preceded its absorption.

In animals precocity is generally a sign of inferiority; compare the chicks of the hen and of the robin, a colt with a kitten, and the comparatively well-developed caterpillar with the footless grub of the bee.

A St. Louis man has discovered that catfish skin makes elegant leather, and proposes to get out a patent and make a fortune. He uses it for everything, for shoe-laces to slippers, cabas, pocket-books and fancy pocket-case covers. The leather is light gray in color, very soft and tough.

Skating rink floors are now made of paper. It is done by pasting and pressing straw boards together under a powerful hydraulic press, in the same way as the disks of the paper car wheels are made. When these blocks are perfectly seasoned and dried, they are sawed into flooring boards and laid with the edge of the paper forming the surface of the floor. This surface is sand-papered until it is as smooth as one vast sheet of ice, and the adhesive quality of the paper prevents any slipping of the roller upon the floor. The floor is without joints, perfectly smooth and comparatively noiseless.

The dwarf coco grows abundantly everywhere around the city of Tepic. From its kernel the finest lubricating oil known is extracted, as well as the base for a soap, whose appearance and excellence would meet with universal favor. Why some one has not amassed a fortune from the manufacture of this oil here is one of the many mysteries of favored Mexico. On the low lands, cotton, sugar-cane, coffee, corn and tropical fruits are easily grown, while the elevated plateaus and valleys yield a magnificent grade of wheat. And yet, strange to say, in this populous section, constantly traveled, not a single flour or grain mill is to be found nearer than Guadalajary, 250 miles from the coast.

Observations concerning the effects produced upon our planet by the periodically appearing spots on the sun have given very contradictory results, and have established thus far only the single fact that solar disturbances strongly affect the earth's magnetism. It is very probable that sun-spot influences may have a certain real effect upon terrestrial climates, but much further research will be necessary to prove beyond a doubt that they do. Professor C. A. Young affirms, however, that it has already been shown that such influence, if it exists at all, is very slight and difficult of detection; that it is not dominant, or even very powerful, in terrestrial meteorology; and that there is no reasonable ground for expectation that the periodicity of sun-spots will ever enable us to predict the season in advance.

ative Treatment of Diseases in India.

Regarding the native treatment of diseases, one of the most curious things I ever witnessed was a half-clad native shouting through the streets of a country town: "Does any one want back his sight? One rupee only!" as if he were hawking fruits or sweetmeats; and to my astonishment, a patient soon presented himself to be operated on for cataract. There, and then, standing in the bazaar, the itinerant oculist took out his penknife and performed the operation in a few minutes, bound up the man's eyes, and telling him to keep in the dark for a fortnight, received his fee of one rupee, and shouted his warcry for more patients.

The operation was most unvaryingly successful; one instance among my servants being a woman of eighty, who had charge of my fowl house, and had for many a day been sightless, except to distinguish light from darkness, and who in this way was successfully operated upon. Beside this operator are bone-setters and medical rubbers, male and female, especially represented by the hereditary low caste accoucheuse of each village, whose skill in shampooing is such an aid in her lowly calling—as to supplant much of the useless medicine and enforced rest of more civilized countries, and save endless mischief and suffering to her sex. What skill they have is, of course, almost purely traditional. None of the science of the world or British usage has yet altered in the slightest degree either the customs of the native or his horror at the idea of male physicians for women. To supply a vacancy so long unfilled, lady doctors have now appeared on the scene, who, it is hoped by reaching the zenanas, may reach the real source through which a higher enlightenment in India is possible. An immense field is open to them along with every encouragement, and were but some of the many young ladies at home who are straining health for a future pittance in one or another of the spheres of teaching to turn their attention in this direction, they would find an opening of wider and greater utility before them, and a prospect of large and rapid emolument.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Empress of Austria.

According to a French paper, hardly any one at Vienna knows the empress, and many Viennese have never seen her. Though a grandmother she has still an elegant figure. She owes this to horse-back exercise and to early rising. Her disdain for popularity and the people has its source in her attachment to the old prerogative of the crown which the emperor has resigned. She guards the court against the invasion of new ideas, and would consent to mingle with the people at fetes if she thought they still respected their princes. But she knows the sacred character of the throne has disappeared in their eyes. The empress who disdains to show herself at balls, is curiously enough the intimate friend of circus riders. On the eve of the grand religious processions, in which former empresses took part, escorted by pages and ladies, she has convenient illnesses, which enable her to go to the country; but she has one virtue, rare in emperors' consorts: she never meddles with politics. She is despotic mistress of her household, the first huntress in the world, and might be the first professor of circus equitation of her time. She believes in Homœopathy, violent exercise and in shampooing.

THE HOUSE OF CLAY.

There was a house—a house of clay,
Wherein the inmate sang all day,
Merry and poor.
For Hope sat likewise heart to heart,
Fond and kind—fond and kind,
Vowing he never would depart—
Till all at once he changed his mind—
"Sweetheart good-bye!" He slipped away,
And shut the door.

But Love came past, and looking in,
With smiles that pierced like sunshine thin,
Through wall, roof, floor,
Stood in the midst of that poor room,
Grand and fair—grand and fair,
Making a glory out of gloom,
Till at the window mocked old care—
Love sighed—"all lose and nothing win!"
He shut the door.

Then o'er the barred house of clay,
Kind jasmine and clematis gay
Grew evermore—
And bees hummed merrily outside
Loud and strong—loud and strong,
The inner silentness to hide,
The steadfast silence all day long—
Till evening touched with finger gray
The close shut door.

Most like the next that passes by,
Will be the angel whose calm eye
Marks rich, marks poor;
Who pausing not at any gate,
Stands and calls—stands and calls;
At which the inmate opens straight—
Whom e'er the crumbling clay house falls
He takes in kind arms silently
And shuts the door.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The old slipper strikes the hardest in the fall.—*Lowell Courier.*

Motto for crazy quilt manufacturers: "Blessed are the piece-makers."—*Chicago Sun.*

Although photographing is dull, new features are constantly being introduced in it.—*New York News.*

Mrs. Partington says that it is not true that her son Ike has ulsters in his throat.—*Somerville Journal.*

In newspaper parlance the merchant who gets ahead of his fellows is the one who has the "ad" vantage.—*Philadelphia Call.*

There's love on a railroad,
Love in a carriage;
Lots of it in courtship,
Not much in marriage.
—*Chicago Ledger.*

Boy (with feeling)—"I'm an orphan, and father's broke his legs and is in jail, and mother's in an insane asylum, and if I go home without any money they'll lick me."—*Boston Beacon.*

A young man, dressed in elaborate style,
Put on the skates with a confident smile;
"But in spite of his 'gall,'
His pride got a hard fall,
And now his head is too big for his tile.
—*Norristown Herald.*

A clothing dealer hung out an overcoat for a sign, and marked thereon "Hands off! Beware!" A thief observed it, and, shouldering the responsibility, remarked, "Hands on! Beworn!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

When old Jacques broke through the ice: "Your name? Your address!" "Yes, but—" "Not a word! It is forbidden to bathe in this lake, and I am not here to listen to extenuating circumstances."—*La Caricature.*

When you hear the old veteran with a head like an oyster bowl, telling the old story of the weather back in the twenties, you perceive that, in spite of the progress of invention, there has been no improvement in lying worth mentioning. —*Lowell Courier.*

"I didn't see you out at the party," said one Benedick to another Friday. "No, I was tending a wake," was the answer of the other, as he thought how he promenaded the bedroom for four mortal hours with a kid that refused to be comforted.—*Marathon Independent.*

"I wish I was an owl," said the young lawyer, as he sat by her side late one evening! "Why?" she asked. "Because I could stay up all night, you know, dear," he replied. "What would you want to do such a ridiculous thing as that for?" she tittered. "To wit: to woo."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Actress (to washerwoman who has brought her bill)—"How can you be so impertinent as to dun me in this way?" Washerwoman—"Impertinent! What do you mean? Who are you, I should like to know? If I choose to pay sixpence for a gallery ticket, you have got to faint on the stage for my amusement." —*Cologne Zeitung.*

Between infancy and the ballot-box a man tumbles into many pitfalls of terror, but about the biggest mistake he ever makes with his eyes open, is when he goes carefully along, with the lantern of reason in one hand, the staff of prudence in the other, seeking happiness in the pathway of matrimony, and then, like an old fool, tells his wife what a staving good cook his mother is.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Horse-Trader and the Horse.

The habitual horse trader is not always a bad man and neighbor; but he is always supposed to need especial watching. He, certainly, is a double moralist except where he sometimes merges his private code into his official one wholly. For, the horse, which is among the noblest of animals really, is somehow, practically, a corrupting institution. He contains in himself pretty nearly all possibilities of the good and the bad. His scale of developments is of immense reach; and the worst of it all is, that his qualities are only to be known, within any moderate approximation, by an expert. It is hardly credible that under the visage which seems so guileless there can be hidden so much deception. But we know, to our sorrow, that it does hide there. We generally find out the day after an unfortunate purchase that the animal driven up so proudly before us yesterday is not the one that now limps and wheezes. The real entity was marvelously concealed. It is a wonder that the head of the mythical sphynx was not mounted upon a horse. If it had been, Œdipus would have been worse baffled to unravel the mystery. The slipperiness, therefore, of the horse trader, is easily accounted for. He cannot very well help it. It is altogether probable that he is half the time cheated himself. That he has more virtue than he is credited with is evident from the fact that he is rarely, if ever, known to be rich, and is never a millionaire.—*New York Hour.*

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