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GOING UP TOGETHER.

The Mercury rose from its little cell
And a tear shone in its eye
As it saw the sun, for it knew full well
That the hour for work was nigh;
It had long been having an easy time,
But now must prepare for a lofty climb

It sighed for the hours of leisure fled
As the Price of Ice went by,
And the latter paused on its way and said,
"My friend, what means that sigh?
I heard you were ill some time ago,
Indeed, I believe you were very low."

"Oh! my health is good," said the Mercury,
As it wiped away a tear;
"It isn't my health that troubles me,
But my climbing time is near,
And I sigh to think, when I climb so high,
I shall be all alone, with no one nigh."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the Price of Ice, "don't fret,
But welcome your climbing weather;
I ne'er went back on an old friend yet,
So we'll both climb up together;
Climb as high as you like, I'll climb with you
And stay by your side all the summer through."

—*Boston Courier.*

TO A JUNE ROSE.

Oh, royal Rose! the Roman dress'd
His feast with thee; thy petals press'd
Augustan brows; thine odor fine,
Mix'd with the three-times-mingled wine,
Lent the long Thracian draught its zest

What marvel then, if host and guest,
By Love, by Song, by Thee caress'd
Half-trembled on the half-divine,
Oh, royal Rose!

And yet—and yet—I love thee best
In our old gardens of the West,
Whether about my thatch thou twine,
Or Hers, that brown-eyed maid of mine
Who lulls thee on her tawny breast,
Oh, royal Rose!

—*Austin Dobson, in Harper*

MY STORY.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

"How does it sound, Susan? Is it interesting? and do you think it is natural?"

I asked these questions anxiously, as I laid down my manuscript, and Susan hesitated as she answered: "Well, if you want to know my candid opinion, Miss Margie, it's just this. You see, you're not in love and never have been in love, so how can you write about what you don't understand? To my mind that's not possible, and that's why your love stories don't succeed."

Susan's words carried an unplesant conviction with them. I was not quite twenty-two, and I had already won a fair reputation as a writer of short stories, except on one theme. I had never, try as I might, written a successful love story.

The one I had just read to Susan was my latest effort, and, as usual, I felt that it was a failure. But I only replied somewhat petulantly:

"Well, Susan, I cannot fall in love as a mere matter of business, you know; so I don't see what is to be done."

"Dear, dear. It's too bad," sighed Susan; but I would not continue the conversation. I thrust the unlucky MS. into my desk, and decided to spend the rest of the morning in the woods by way of restoring my downcast spirits.

Susan was an important person to me, as she was at once my maid, confidant, old friend. She was also an excellent critic, and I had often found her judgment invaluable. That morning, however, I felt vexed with her and with all the world, so when I returned from my ramble I was not at all pleased to find that a new boarder had arrived and was seated on the piazza, as if he was waiting to greet me. This was Lyman Ashford, a young lawyer, and a great favorite with my sister and her husband, at whose house he was a constant visitor.

Although we had been much together during the past year, and although I knew him to be as clever as he was handsome, he had never interested me in the least. Now, when he came to meet me with such a smiling confidence, as if he had a claim on my time not to be gainsaid, I felt that my manner was far from gracious. I mentioned very briefly the reasons which had drawn me to a place where I could be undisturbed, upon which Mr. Ashford said quickly:

"You have stated my case, too, Miss Carleton. I am busily engaged on a compilation, which, though it needs no originality, calls for much hard work. So I came here to finish it." Then he bowed and left me, much to my relief, and I saw no more of him for some days.

Meanwhile I was working hard at my new story, but making very little progress.

I wrote and rewrote, tore up my sheets and began again, but I felt at heart that I was not succeeding, and began to be melancholy and morose. One evening Susan was evidently in a very excited mood. Instead of listening to my plaints with her usual patience, she exclaimed eagerly: "Oh, Miss Margie, I've got an idea. If you had a real lover to study—one who was dreadfully in love, you know—wouldn't that help you? Couldn't you put down what he said and thought?"

"Why, yes, of course I could, but where could such a lover be found? And do you suppose, you foolish thing that he would lay bare his heart for my inspection?" I asked, laughing in spite of myself.

Susan looked mysterious. "But, Miss Margie, I've seen the lover already, and I've heard him, too; so, there's one difficulty out of the way. Oh, he talks just like a book, I can tell you!"

"Why, Susan, this is astonishing!" I cried; "and, pray, who is this wonderful lover?"

"It's Mr. Ashford. He and I have had a great many talks, and he's in love with a young lady who doesn't care for him, though he loves her to distraction, he says."

"Mr. Ashford!" I repeated, amazed. "Well, he must be a strange man to talk so freely of his love affairs to you."

"And why not to me, Miss Margie?" said Susan, looking hurt. "I'm sure I wouldn't betray the young man's secret for the world, and he said it did him good to talk to me."

"I don't doubt that, my dear Susan. You are one of the best of comforters," I answered, soothingly; "but then you know men are not generally so communicative about such affairs."

"Well, Mr. Ashford is, any way, and I'm glad of it, because now I can tell you all about his feelings," persisted Susan.

"But I don't think I ought to listen. Susan indeed, I'm sure I ought not, since it is not meant for me to hear," I said, and from this resolution all Susan's persuasions failed to move me.

The next day, however, she began triumphantly: "Well, then, Miss Margie, it's all settled, and I hope you won't think I've been too meddlesome; but I wanted to help you along. I've spoken to Mr. Ashford about your story, and he says that if you'll allow him to give you a 'sitting' (that's what he called it) every day, he will be most happy to pose as a hopeless lover! Those are his very words, miss, and I do think it's very kind of him."

"Oh, Susan!" I exclaimed, in alarm, "what have you been saying to Mr. Ashford? I am afraid you have been terribly indiscreet!"

"Not a bit, Miss Margie, not a bit! I've only interested him in your story. Now you just give him half an hour or so every morning, and see what a help it will be."

It is needless to repeat all the conversation between Susan and myself on this subject. Let it suffice that I was won over at last, and a daily interview was agreed upon, wherein Mr. Ashford was to enact the part of a despairing lover, and I was at liberty to sketch from life.

'Our first "sitting," as we agreed to call our meetings, would have been embarrassing as well as awkward, but I must own that Mr. Ashford behaved splendidly. He thanked me for my kindness in allowing him to be of some service to me, and then, after a while, he began to speak in the most charming way about the young lady with whom he was in love, and whom, for convenience sake, he called Daisy, although he said that was not her true name.

I began to change my opinion of Mr. Ashford from that day. He was certainly a very interesting man, and I wondered why that stupid Daisy could not see it.

Soon I found that these "sittings" grew more and more interesting as the days went on, until I could hardly think of anything else, much to my own surprise. And what a difference between the language of genuine feeling and the poor counterfeits over which I had labored so long and so vainly? By this time, too, we had somewhat changed the manner of our interviews. At first I had taken copious notes, but latterly Mr. Ashford had persuaded me to leave the notes until I was alone, and to devote the time spent with him to conversation as being more suggestive. Beside I was now, also by his advice, playing the part of the obdurate Daisy and receiving his entreaties and his avowals with studied coldness and indifference. At first I objected seriously to this role as placing me in a very unpleasant position, but Mr. Ashford insisted that it was the only way in which I could thoroughly understand his feelings or make my heroine perfectly true to nature, and so I yielded. He made it a rule after that to call me Daisy, and he soon suggested that I should call him Lyman, but that seemed unnecessary and I never tried it; at least, not in his presence.

I would not have minded his calling me Daisy, for he had such a lovely way of saying it, if I had not begun to dislike the girl so intensely. I was always wondering how he happened to fall in love with her, and why he was so constant to such a blind, ungrateful creature. Often, when he would say that his only hope of future happiness lay in winning her heart, I would turn away my head to hide the tears in my eyes, tears of pity for him and anger against her, poor fool.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true that I found it quite impossible to work at my story any more. Notwithstanding the many advantages I now enjoyed, I found myself more at a loss than ever. My heroine, whom I had modeled after Daisy, displeased me—my hero, who was of course Mr. Ashford, was entirely too good for her—so how could I marry them at the end? I did think of introducing another character—a girl to whom his heart should turn, because of her sweet, unselfish sympathy with all his sorrows, but—well, I put the whole thing aside, to be finished in the winter.

One morning Mr. Ashford made his appearance with a very melancholy air.

"My work is completed," he said: "My vacation is over, and I must go back to the city. I cannot tell you how sorry I am, nor how much I shall miss these 'sittings.' And, by the way, is not the story nearly finished? I was hoping you would read it to me before I left."

"Oh, no! not now—it— it is not ready yet." I exclaimed; "I have not written much lately"—and there I stopped, confused by my own admission. But he went on quietly: "You are quite right. Put your work aside for a time, and you will take it up with new vigor. And now, my kind friend, will you let me occupy this last hour of the many we have spent together with my own affairs? I have written to Daisy—for the last time, if she still refuses me—and on her decision my whole future now rests. If she is at last won to say yes, you know how happy I shall be. If not, I cannot stay in the city where I must meet her continually. I shall accept my uncle's offer, give up my profession, and go to Germany with him, probably for the rest of my life."

He paused, looking at me expectantly, but I was silent. Of course, I suppose it was sympathy, but it seemed to me as if I could never be so utterly wretched in all my life as I was at that moment. Finally, realizing that something must be said, I contrived to get off two or three sentences, with "best wishes," and "deep interest in his welfare," and the like, but it was very hard work.

However, he seemed quite satisfied, for he thanked me, and then he added:

"I shall not hear from Daisy before Friday, but whatever the result may be I must come back to tell you. So please meet me here on Saturday afternoon, and then, if I am happy, I shall claim your congratulations, and if I am to be an exile, I shall at least have the consolation of hearing a friendly good by. Au revoir, kindest of friends."

He was gone, but I burst into tears! For a long time I remained sitting in the little arbor where he had left me, trying to compose myself sufficiently to return to the house.

Then I went up to my room, and telling Susan that I had a violent headache and could not be disturbed, I shut myself up and began to think.

My meditation during that day and the next made one point perfectly clear to me: I did not want Mr. Ashford to marry Daisy. But then, on the other hand, I did not want him to go to Germany. I began to feel a positive hatred for that girl, and to wish that I could warn Mr. Ashford against her; for I was quite sure she could never make him happy.

In this way the hours dragged on. Saturday afternoon came at last, and found me in the arbor waiting for him with almost uncontrollable anxiety.

He made his appearance punctually, and as I watched him coming along the path that led to the arbor I forgot in one moment all the rules of conduct I had laid down for myself—all the elaborate speeches I had prepared, and springing up I held out my hand with a breathless:

"Well?"

"No, it isn't well. Daisy has not accepted me," he said, as he took my hand. "Now, the only thing I can do is to go away as soon as possible. Don't you think so?"

I did not intend to say it. I shall always insist that nothing was further from my intentions that moment, but I suddenly burst out with: "No, don't. don't go."

He was still holding my hand, and when I said these words he put his other arm very gently around me and whispered: "If you want me I will stay."

I am going to omit the greater part of our conversation that afternoon in the arbor, as it was strictly personal and private. But I ought to say that Lyman confessed to me that he had been guilty of a great deception. There was no such person as Daisy, and it was I, myself, with whom he had been in love all the time. Of course I forgave him, although I don't think it was quite fair, and to inveigle Susan, too!

But as we talked over our "sittings" I exclaimed ruefully: "And so my love-story has not been written after all?"

Lyman smiled as he answered tenderly:

"Your love story has just begun, dear Margie, and I hope it will never come to an end."

And I don't believe it will.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Chorus Girls.

"Where do the chorus girls come from?" a New York *Sun* reporter inquired of a theatrical manager.

"From everywhere. A good share of them are entirely respectable, and not a few are ladies. There is one sort of chorus girl who is a good deal like the professional artist's model. She is a sturdy, sensible woman, without flummery or nonsense, with no idea of setting the world afire by becoming a great prima donna, or the idol of the dudes. She takes this method of earning her $12 or $14 a week, and goes at it stolidly and with the same spirit as a sensible girl who takes up shopkeeping or any other calling in life with which she is satisfied to make a living. She is always on hand, and, though she is seldom pretty, she is very reliable. The very pretty ones are the hardest to deal with. They usually go in the chorus because they can't get positions as principals. They make the worst sort of chorus girls, are finicky, erratic, notional, and disobedient; but they are usually very pretty or have influential friends, and so we keep them along. Of the ladies who enter the chorus, by which I mean the girls or married women who have not been obliged to support themselves and who were in good social positions before they entered the chorus, there are more than people suppose.

"A women loses her social position, then, when she enters the chorus?"

"Well," said the manager with a grin, "between you and me and the lamp post, she does. There is an immense amount of talk, you know, about a woman's sacrificing nothing of her social life when she goes upon the stage, but in point of fact her social position grows lower and lower from the moment she steps upon the stage, that is, if she goes in the chorus. There are many ambitious girls, by the way, in the ranks. Four or five of those marching every night study elocution, music, dancing and the like, with absolute devotion to their art. They may some time become principals, though the best actresses and the most pleasing and correct vocalist on the comic-opera stage is liable to be knocked out any day by the woman who has the first requisite of success on the comic-opera stage—beauty."

The Cemeteries of Genoa.

It is the custom in these countries, says a letter in the Chicago *Times*, often to place photographs of the people at the graves, and in many instances the marble faces I saw were the same as the picture—some handsome, some plain, some ugly, but all human and real, and nothing idealized. The clothing, too, was perfect—collars, cuffs, hats, neckties and patterns of gentlemen's clothes and ladies' silk or brocade dresses being given in perfection. Thus the styles of the day are preserved, and I, careless observer, saw articles of wearing apparel the fashion of which dates far back in the past. Two groups I saw here rise distinctly before my mind still: An advocate in his full court dress, life-size, standing in a commanding position, ready to speak, while his wife stood by the pedestal weeping, bearing on her head a veil just like the black Spanish veil worn here a great deal instead of a bonnet; the other, a young girl on a bed, Christ, life-size, standing by her, and below the friends kneeling and weeping. I suppose there are at least two hundred like these. Each is elaborate and interesting in its way. Everywhere we went the air was perfumed with shrubs, which are cultivated here instead of flowers. In the open ground each grave is marked with a cross for a headstone, and all the crosses face in the same direction, giving singular uniformity in appearance. The effect of the whole scene was most quiet and beautiful.

Human Wings.

A great difficulty in adapting wings to any human figure is in the attempt to proportion them to the body. To make them of sufficient size really to support it is artistically out of the question. The wings that would be long enough to bear up even a child would be so preposterously in the way as only to call attention to the outrageousness of the fancy. Even in nature the wing of a swallow, or gull, or any swift-flying bird, looks foolish so soon as the creature is aground. Accordingly we find that in art the most successful results have been reached where there has been no attempt to make the wings mechanically adequate, but an endeavor only to proportion them to the size and shape of the figure, without any regard to its weight. One may suppose them features which, through disuse, have dwindled to proportions possible in art. Indeed, some of the very happiest wing are the most rudimentary. The tiny Cupid's wing, just budding from his cherubic shoulder, seems to belong more intimately to it than any other form of wing yet invented. The Renaissance version of this fledging feature is some times as beautiful as it is suggestive.—*Art Journal.*

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

A Case of Short-Sightedness.

St. John, who is very near-sighted, once went to a civic banquet, and forgot his eye glasses. He sat next to the Chevalier Piqueassiette. The chevalier's hand was gracefully but negligently posed upon the cloth. A smile of anticipatory satisfaction, at the prospect of unlimited turtle soup, illumined his classic features. Suddenly a yell of anguish startled the guests. What had happened? Only this—the myopic St. John had simply but effectually harpooned the lily white hand of the chevalier with his fork, as he remarked in a firm but polite tone, "My bread, I think."—*New York World.*

A Texas Strategist.

"Where is your little brother Billy?" asked an Austin Sunday school teacher of little Johnny Spilkins.

"He is home in bed. He is too sick to come out, and I am glad of it," responded Johnny.

"Why do you speak so unkindly of Billy?"

"Because he played me a mean trick."

"What was it?"

"Billy told me that ma said the boy that eat the most turkey for dinner should have the biggest piece of pie. I beat Billy all to pieces eating meat. He didn't hardly eat any turkey, and when the pie came on I—boo hoo—had eaten so much turkey that I had no room for the pie, and Billy, who hadn't eaten any meat hardly, ate up nearly the whole pie, and now he's sick, and I'm so glad it ain't me."—*Siftings.*

Had Seen it Higher.

"Pretty high water you've got here," said a visitor, addressing a man whom he found catching drift wood.

"Yas."

"Do you suppose it will break the levees below here?"

"Yas."

"What do you suppose the people will do?"

"Git wet."

"They can get out of the way, can't they?"

"If they do they won't git wet."

"Did you ever see the river higher than this?"

"Yas."

"Big overflow, wasn't there?"

"No."

"Then how did you see it higher up—"

"By goin' up in the Ingun country. It's fifty feet higher thar than it ever gits here."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

One Higher.

Two men, strangers to each other, sat side by side in the Brush street depot the other day. One was a corpulent, pompous man, and the other under-sized and humble-looking. A third man approached, and without looking directly at either one inquired:

"Say, Major, will you tell me what time the Niagara Falls train leaves this side?"

Both men pulled out their watches and made answer in chorus, but as they did so the pompous man turned in his seat and said:

"I suppose he was addressing me, as he mentioned my title."

"Did you say Major?" asked the little man of the inquirer.

"I believe I did."

"Oh—ah! I beg a thousand pardons. I understood you to say Colonel, and supposed, of course, you meant me."

The big man lost fifteen pounds of flesh in the next two minutes, and it took twenty minutes hard walking under the freight sheds to cool him off."—*Free Press.*

He Was Rather Deaf.

A young man, who had formed an attachment for a young lady, went to her father's house to ask his consent to their union. The old gentleman, who was terribly deaf, was standing on the doorstep as his daughter's lover approached. The front door commanded a view of a meadow in which a cow was feeding, and while Mr. C. was looking in that direction the youthful lover, whose heart was overflowing with emotion, commenced the task he came to perform.

"I am acquainted with your daughter," he said, in a loud tone.

"She is a fine beast," remarked the old gentleman, looking at the cow.

"Your daughter," screamed the young man. "I have the honor to be well acquainted with her."

"She is a noble animal," was the quiet response.

"Plague the old cow!" said the young man, in a whisper. "I wish she was out of sight."

"I was speaking about your amiable and accomplished daughter."

"She is very kind, indeed; never breaks down the fences; never kicks over the pail; never strays away like the other brutes I have."

"You don't understand me, sir! I was speaking of your daughter at boarding school."

"No, I never put a board on her fence; she never does any mischief at all."

"Your daughter!" shouted the young man, frantic with excitement.

"Did you say I ought to?"

"No, sir! I was speaking of your daughter, the young lady away from home."

"Oh, yes; I have plenty of room, but I think she is too old to keep much longer. To tell the truth I have made up my mind to shut her up in the stable and feed her on chop stuff for a few weeks.'

"Great heavens!" remarked the young man to himself. "What shall I do?" This deafness will be the death of me. I will try once more, and if this effort fails I will resort to pencil and paper."

"I should like to say a word or two to you respecting your daughter."

"I shall let the butcher have her by and by—if he will give my price," said the old man, with emphasis.

As a last resort the young man used his pencil and paper—showed his letters of introduction, handsomely indorsed by men whose opinion was good authority on the delicate question on the tapis. After a little cross-questioning and a little hesitation the old gentleman gave his consent, and when the parties were married he declared it was the best haul he had made in all his life.—*St. Louis Republican.*

There is a remarkable absence of pauperism in Japan, but a man with an income of $1,000 a year is considered wealthy, and a peasant or farmer who has $100 laid by for a rainy day is ranked with capitalists. It is estimated that there are less than 10,000 paupers in the whole empire.

There are seventeen States in the Union where a foreigner may vote at all elections.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The new process of toughening timber, by which white wood is rendered so tough as to require a cold chisel to split it, consists in steaming the wood and submitting it to an end pressure.

In the last volume issued by the Geographical survey of India is an account of a fiery eruption from one of the mud volcanoes on Cheduba island. A body of flame 600 feet in circumference is said to have at one time reached an elevation of 2,400 feet, petroleum being the cause.

From some experiments made at the university of Kansas it appears that the average person can taste the bitter of quinine when one part is dissolved in 152,000 parts of water. Salt was detected with one part in 640 of water, sugar in 288 of water, baking soda in 48 of water. In nearly all cases females could detect a smaller quantity than males.

Rheem, of the Smithsonian institute, has contradicted much of the popular belief concerning snakes. The venomous hoop snake, which takes its tail in its mouth and rolls along like a hoop, and the blow snake, the breath of which is deadly, exist only in the imagination. The idea that serpents sting with the tongue is erroneous. An impression prevails that the number of poisonous snakes is great, but in North America there are but three species—the rattlesnake, the copperhead or moccasin, and the coral. Snakes do not jump; they reach suddenly forward, perhaps half the length of their bodies.

The use of water in connection with blasting in mines and quarries is rapidly extending in this country and in Europe. A tube filled with water is inserted in the bore hole next the powder cartridge, the tube being of thin plate, or even of paper. The usual tamping follows, and when the explosion occurs the tube containing the water is burst, the explosive violence being increased by the presence of water and extended over the enlarged interior of the bore hole, due to the space occupied by the water-tube. A much larger quantity of the material to be mined or quarried is thereby brought down or loosened with a smaller quantity of explosive used, while the heat of the explosion converts a portion of the water into steam, which, with the remaining water, extinguishes the flame and absorbs and neutralizes the gases and smoke generated.

The disappearance of animal life from earth must always be regarded with interest and concern. Apprehension is now beginning to be felt that we are now looking upon the final struggle for existence of all the larger mammalia—the elephant, the giraffe, the bison, the whale, the seal, and many others—which must soon be extirpated unless protected from being hunted to death. An interesting case of animal extinction is found in "Steller's sea-cow," lately referred to by Mr. Henry Woodward before the London Geological society. This great animal, which has been variously classed with the whales, with walruses and seals, and with elephants, was a toothless vegetable-feeder, living along the shore in shallow water, and often weighing three or four tons. It was seen alive and described in 1741, but in 1780 it appeared to have become entirely extinct. This creature belonged to the order "Sirenia," and Mr. Woodward looks upon it as a last surviving species of the great group of Sirenians which lived in the tertiary age of geology.

Elephant Quotations.

The skill now displayed in teaching elephants, says a New York letter to the Troy *Times*, is certainly wonderful, and a herd of these animals is now necessary to any first-class caravan. This has led to an extensive traffic, and the London importer sends the following advertisement to one of our leading dailies:

BURMESE ELEPHANTS.—Healthy young Burmese elephants for sale—4 1-2 feet and under at £175 each; over 4 1-2 to 5 feet, at £200 each; delivered in London or Liverpool; prices of animals from 5 feet to full grown on application. Address Burmah, 22 Upper Baker street, Regent's park.

The price is certainly reasonable, being equal to $875 for the small size and $1,000 for the large. When one considers that this is not one-tenth the price often paid for a fine horse, one can but acknowledge that it is cheap enough. Barnum has invested more money in elephants than any other individual, and he has made it highly remunerative. At one time he had one of these animals harnessed before a plow and kept busy in his fields at Ivaniston. The Boston cars passed the place daily, and the elephant became a good advertisement.

Barnum has probably put a quarter of a million in this kind of stock, including Jumbo, whose cost has been advertised at $50,000. It is not probable that it was one-half of that sum. A well-trained performing elephant is worth $10,000—that is, it will attract enough to make such an investment remunerative, but show property is entirely "fancy stock," and there is no fixed valuation. Adam Forepaugh, Jr., is one of the best elephant trainers in the country, and his skill has enabled him to rival Barnum. The latter, with all his genius, never trained anything. He pays good salaries, however, to experts, and before he purchased Jumbo he made an engagement with his keeper to accompany him to America. This man has been with the famous elephant for nearly twenty years, and controls him as easily he would a child.

The Cochineal.

The cochineal used to be an extensive article of commerce and brought a revenue of several millions to Guatemala every year, but the cheapness of the analine dyes has driven it out of the market, and nowadays it is cultivated only for local consumption, and extensively used by the natives, whose cotton and woolen fabrics are gayly dyed, and the colors will stand any amount of water or sun.

The cochineal is a larvæ which feeds upon the pulpy leaf of that species of cactus known as the "nopal," and in its natural state looks like frost or mold. The natives carefully scrape it off into gourds, and the cells being full of purple blood it makes a liquid of the deepest color, when the mass is crushed. For 200 years it was the base of dye stuffs all over the world, and thousands of people were engaged in its cultivation. Until 1870 the shipments from Guatemala amounted to 300,000 or 400,000 pounds each year, but in 1884 the export had fallen to 1,800 pounds.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Japan has an army of 40,000 men, a reserve of twice that number, a territorial reserve of 150,000, all equipped and dressed in European fashion, carrying Remington rifles. Service is obligatory.

YUCATAN.

Peculiarities of the Natives—Strange Marriage Rites.

In a lecture before the Long Island Historical society, Mrs. Le Plong related the following interesting facts about Yucatan and its people: The ancient marriage rites are very interesting. On her wedding day the Indian maiden, like her fair sister, dons the best she can procure, sometimes hiring or borrowing a dress, as well as plenty of laces and baubles. After the ceremony of the church is over, she returns to the house of her childhood. Eight days having elapsed, those who gave her in marriage take her to the house of her husband, whose father then scatters cocoa beans over the floor for the numerous guests to gather. They seem to have forgotten the meaning of this, but it may be symbolical of the hospitality that the young couple should offer to all friends, for cocoa was current even before the Spaniards arrived, while chocolate made from cocoa was in ancient times, as it is now, the favorite beverage throughout the country. When the cocoa is gathered the young couple kneel on a mat, and the mother of the bridegroom blesses them, the father repeating the blessing. This does not consist of laying the hands on the head, but in sprinkling water on them with a twig of rue. After the blessing more cocoa is scattered, then they put in the mouth of the bride and groom a mixture of toasted corn, quite bitter, and honey. The mixture is called "kux," and its use is symbolical. Kux means disgust, annoyance, anger, from which no one in any state of life can hope to be altogether exempt, and the honey represents the sweetness of a happy union. The use of the rue has also its meaning, for the Indians are well aware of the medical property of the plant. But the Indians now hide themselves to observe old rites, and those who wish to have a chance of seeing them must go to remote places, where travelers are likewise attracted by the temples and palaces, remains of once flourishing cities that are scattered over the peninsula and hidden beneath dense forests. During the past four years two or three railroads have been constructed in Yucatan. Much traveling, however, has yet to be accomplished over excessively bad roads, and the conveyance in use, though strong and safe, is far from comfortable. It is called bolan koche and is a kind of palaquin supported on leather straps. The bottom is a network of ropes, on which a thin mattress is spread, large enough to accommodate six persons, sitting Turkish fashion, or two lying full length, the way generally preferred. The bolan koche is drawn by three mules, small but strong. They go just as they please, for the driver seldom guides them, he is too busy smoking cigarettes, and they have a trick of choosing the worst places. If but one stone is in sight they are sure to jump the wheel over it. Leaving Merida early in the morning we meet groups of Indians on the way to the city market with fruits, fowls, jars, sacks of charcoal, loads of wood, and many other things. Loads are carried on the back, the strap being put across the forehead for heavy loads and for light ones across the chest. Some plod along the road half hidden beneath a lot of fodder. Weary women drag themselves from door to door crying "Manachuch"—"Buy charcoal"—in anything but pleasant tones. The profits of the day generally amount to ten or twelve cents. These people are remarkable pedestrians, six miles an hour being an easy gait for them, and they are so polite that they never fail to salute the passing white man. Not even 350 years of slavery have destroyed the innate good manners of the race. The woods and hedges are covered with brilliant colors. Brilliant plumed songsters nestle among the green foliage, but flutter away at the approach of man. The woods abound with deer, timid rabbits, gaudy turkeys, treacherous tigers, and venomous snakes, glistening and gliding among the blossoms. Some of the villages are very picturesque, with Indian huts, above whose roofs the palm trees tower like sentinels, while dusky little urchins and half starved dogs frolic together under the scorching sunrays. Many parts of the country are entirely undermined by extensive caverns, that formed delightfully cool retreats during the heat of the day. There are long winding passages and roomy chambers following one after another long distances, with here and there some chink in the stony vault above through which a sunbeam penetrates, enabling us to see right openings leading to untrodden places in the bowels of the earth. In these caverns are small pools of water of medicinal qualities. In the west of Yucatan there is a village called Boloncher, meaning nine wells, because in the public square there are nine circular openings cut through the strata of rock. They are all mouths of one immense cistern (natural or made by hand is not known.) In times of drought they are empty, which shows they are not supplied by any subterranean spring. In such times the people depend entirely on the water found in a cave a mile and a half from the village. This is perhaps the most remarkable cavern in the whole peninsula. The entrance is magnificent, wild, and picturesque, beneath an overhanging rock.

Street Barbers in India.

"What are they doing?" exclaimed Scott, as he saw three men—one sitting on his own heels, close against a low stone fence built out into a court; while another bent over him, and a third was standing near and talking with them. "Is the man hurt?"

"Not at all. He is only being shaved."

"Shaved in the street?"

"Yes, right here in the gutter, or anywhere else."

"But the fellow is at work on his forehead," said Scott.

"The natives shave their heads and foreheads, and clip the eye-brows; then the barber washes the face carefully, and cleans and pares the nails on both hands and feet. He can't afford a shop; and, as the patrons often have no homes that he can go to, he attends to them where rent is the cheapest, which is in the open street."

"He makes an all-over job of it," said Scott, "But it must cost a fortune to be barbared like that."

"Yes, that is the worst of it," replied Richard, solemnly. "It will cost that poor fellow nearly three cents."

"Starvation!" exclaimed Scott.

"Not at all," laughed Richard. "If he has three or four customers in the course of a day, the barber will be able to support a good-sized family—say three wives and ten children.

Scott groaned. But a moment later his attention was attracted to another curious individual.—*Two Young Americans in Hindoostan*

TIMELY TOPICS

The moss crop of Florida is said to be worth more than the cotton crop, and it can be placed on the market at less expense. The demand exceeds the supply, and there is not a county in the State in which the product is not going to waste.

The city of Los Angeles, Cal., has a population of about 35,000. Its streets are lined with eucalyptus and pepper trees and with handsome business blocks, which are more numerous and costly than in most American cities of five times the population.

It is officially announced that the epidemic of trichinosis prevailing from September to December last in the district of Magdeburg, Germany, resulted in 403 cases of sickness, of which sixty-six proved fatal, was caused by a single pig. Careful investigation proved that death was in every case due to eating the flesh raw.

A local government inquiry was held recently in Manchester, England, to inquire among other things into an application of the corporation to impose regulations on the sale of horse-flesh. Evidence was given that horse-flesh was largely sold in the poorer neighborhoods of the city, dressed like beef, cut up into steaks and sold at five pence and six pence per pound. Much of the horse-flesh sold was unsound. The corporation, who were supported by the butchers' association, desired to impose regulations on the sale.

The Fuegians are the lowest human beings in the scale of existence. Their language contains no word for any number above three; they are unable to distinguish one color from another; they have no religion and no funeral rites, and they possess neither chiefs nor slaves. Their only weapons are bone pointed spears, and, as they grow neither fruits nor vegetables and their country is naturally barren, they are obliged to live entirely on animal food. Even these savages possess, however, some social virtues. They are not cannibals; they ill treat neither women nor the old, and they are monogamous.

In Cuba two hours before a paper is distributed on the street a copy must be sent, with the editor's name, to the government and one to the censor. When the paper is returned with the censor's indorsement the paper may go out to the public. One of the newspapers in Havana disregards the law, publishes what it pleases and when it gets ready. Every few weeks the government fines the editor and suppresses the paper. The next day the paper appears under a new name. Its frequent brushes with the government advertise it, and people buy it to see what new indiscretion it has committed. The subscription price is $24 a year.

Near Astoria, Ore., there is a deposit of clam-shells which covers an area of over four acres, and is piled in places to a depth of over four feet. The amount of shells is incalculable. Over 1,000 loads have been hauled away to make roads, but that amount is hardly noticed in the diminution of the immense heap. From time to time relics of the old clam-eating tribes that made that place their headquarters are found. A party recently found a clam-opener. It was made from a whale's tooth, is about eight inches long, and is ground sharp at the end. There are some sixteen inches of soil on top of these immense clam beds, on which grow fir trees, some of them 400 years old.

An elephant attached to an itinerant circus at Bridgewater, England, recently managed to get loose during the night, and thievishly entered a bar-room. He had evidently been accustomed to know what was worth eating and what was not, for on its way to the public house the animal "emptied a barrel of pig's wash" that stood in the way of its getting at victuals. Everything that was eatable in the bar-room was devoured, "including," as the local report has it, "a quantity of potatoes, several loaves of bread, and about a couple of pounds of butter." The sage animal was on the point of attacking the bar, when "the inmates and a policeman gave the alarm, and the elephant was secured after much trouble."

A New York company which manufactures every day 1,800 bustles stuffed with renovated antelope hair has begun the manufacture of life-preservers stuffed with the same material. A test of the comparative value of different life-preservers has just been made. It requires only ten pounds of buoyancy to keep a live person's head above water. A cork buoy weighing nine pounds was thrown overboard, and was found to support thirty-three pounds; a buoy of California tule held up fifty pounds, and an Alaska down buoy of five pounds held up sixty-four pounds. The company recently fitted out several yachts with antelope hair or Alaska down cushions, which can be thrown overboard, and each will support a dozen persons.

The schemes of a "Small Farm Company" in England is already assuming definite shape. The general scope of the company will be to buy up land and re-sell it in small parcels by a system of annual payments. In so doing the company will, it is hoped, meet the particular wants of several classes of people—such, for instance, as the following: (1) Communities of agricultural laborers, each of whom would own separate plots, but who would be able to use horses, plows, etc., in common. (2) Small farmers, willing to farm holdings of not more than thirty acres. (3) Tradesmen and other immigrants from neighboring towns wishing to add to their resources by various kinds of petite culture, market gardening, bee keeping, poultry breeding, and the like. It is an excellent scheme, and its progress deserves to be watched with close and practical interest.

An Emperor Turned into Soap.

A parallel case to "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay," stopping a hole to keep the wind away, has been found in Rome this year. The ashes of an Imperial Cæsar, Piso, were lately employed for the lye of a Roman woman's washtub upon the discovery of the urn in which they had reposed for eighteen centuries. "They were so white and clean," explained the workman, "that I gathered them together in a basket and sent them to my wife to make soap for washing."

The heart of a Greenland whale is three feet in diameter.

A THOUSAND CHEERS.

A thousand cheers for the blighted life,
The lonely one—we daily meet.
The sad, sad lot—a knight in strife
Is trodden down by rapid feet.
He needs our hand in the heartless race,
The voice of love might calm his fears.
Our smile might brighten his careworn face,
Inspire his life with a thousand cheers.

A thousand cheers for the sewing girl!
With her tired hands and her heavy heart—
Though pure in soul—unknown in the whirl
Of money-makers in city mart.
Oh, beautiful flower on the toilsome path,
Oh, jewel rare for the weary eyes,
Oh, thought sublime that her toiling hath
A thousand cheers from the starry skies!

A thousand cheers for the honest boy,
Unlearned in schemes of fame and w
Whose steps are heralds of restless joy
The restless joy of rugged health.
The clouds may shadow, some sunny
This picture gilt with morning light
But honor on earth still finds a w
And room enough for a deed of

A thousand cheers for the man o
Who bravely strives when othe
Who marches on to the losing figh
When rights go down and wron
The man who bears the scorn and th
And Censure's bitter blasting breath,
Receives, at last, a dear-bought crown,
A thousand cheers at the gates of death.

—*R. H. Callahan, in the Curren*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A warm purr-suit.—The cat's skin.

One legged orators are always successful on the stump.

It's a smart child after a shingle in view with its father.

A successful architect may not be honorable man, but he certainly good designs.—*Siftings.*

What is joy? To count your mon and know that it does not bel your creditors.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Cæsar conquered Gaul after ten ye of steady fighting, but he was afterwa "downed" in ten minutes by a bo agent.—*Newman Independent.*

The girl who said "I dote on the se the day she sailed, was yelling for an a t dote before the steamer was out o sight of land.—*New York Journal.*

"Trifles light as air may sometimes change the current of a man's life." Yes, yes, they may, and biscuit heavy as lead will sometimes do the same thing.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"A Los Angeles rancher has raised a pumpkin so large that his twin children use each a half section for a cradle That's nothin'. In this city four f grown policemen have been found a on a single beat.—*San Franciscan.*

The Boston girl never says, "It's day when I get left." She removes glasses, carefully wipes them with lace bordered handkerchief, and observes. "The day is extremely frigid when I'm abandoned."—*Boston Courier.*

In Patagonia they fine a man t goats for killing his wife. The la very strict on the subject, to, ar the fine isn't promptly paid he is pelled to marry again. That makes hustle around for the goats.—*Bingham Republican.*

Baseball Goods.

"The trade in baseball supplies," dealer in Nassau street said, talking among his shopful of busy workmen, "was never so brisk as this season. The demand for goods far exceeds our ability to supply them. It beats the roller-skating craze last winter. Orders come in from all parts of the country. California, Georgia and New Mexico all have clubs, and beside needing balls, bats, and catchers' mask and gloves, they must be uniformed or they are not recognized as first-class clubs. In this State and in the South there are more ball players than anywhere else. Machines are grinding out baseballs at the rate of 100 dozen a day. Heretofore the balls were made by hand. Now a machine does the labor of ten men. Girls are employed to sew on covers, and they have to work into the night. We get a good many balls to be re-covered. A college nine in Indiana sent us three dozen last week. There's nothing very new in styles. The American Amateur association has adopted a new design of baseball. It has th snake-pattern seam. The advantage is that the cover lasts longer, because there is less strain on the seams. Players say that the ball is easier to catch, and the pitcher praises it because he can give a better curve with it than with any other ball. Boys' balls this year are made smaller and have a wide stitch. They are easier for the youngsters to catch.

"Catchers' gloves are made in nine ways this year. A new pair has the left glove more padded than the right, and another has the thumbs padded—an experiment. The gloves are made of buckskin, chamois, and white and colored kid. The leading colors in uniforms are blue, red and gray. Gray seems to be the favorite. Some of the suits this summer are made of imported goods, and cost from $8 to $10 apiece. Domestic flannels are made up cheaper. Some cost $3.50, but $5 is the average price of a uniform.

"The most popular styles of caps are the square and the jockey. The college clubs prefer hats, and they usually choose gray-colored uniforms. Shields with the name of the club on them are getting out of date, and most of the shirts this year are made to be buttoned or laced. Belts are made of cotton and worsted webbing of variegated colors. Leather belts are no longer in use. In choice of bats those of polished ash rank first. The willow bat comes next, and a bat of half French polish is the third sought after. Prices are lower this year in cheap goods, but the best grades sell for about the same as last season. A great many merchants are giving base balls to purchasers of goods. A hat store in Minnesota has ordered 2,000 dozen balls."—*New York Sun.*

Camphor comes chiefly from Japan. It is obtained by cutting up the camphor plants, leaves and all, and distilling them. Borneo camphor is derived from trees which are cut down and split open, and the gum taken from the center. Sometimes lumps a yard long and three inches thick are found, but twenty pounds is a good quantity for the average tree. The crude camphor has to be re-distilled before it can be used.

Jurubeba, a drug that is quite popular in Brazil, has been recently introduced into the United States. It belongs to the Solanum or tomato family, and is said to possess all the virtues and none of the vices of mercury. Dr. Carvalho, of Rio Janeiro, and Dr. DeChamps, of Paris, call it "the vegetable mercury."

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