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CYPRESS.

I.

Moonlight, and love, and magnolia trees;
A bare, gray house on a lonely hill;
A river below, with the sweep of seas;
An air of stillness, so strangely still—
So still of trouble or strife or stir,
I heard my heart as it beat for her.

II.

Her lover and she and the cypress trees;
And I! Alone by the black lagoon—
A place of ghosts and of mysteries—
Lake lilies upheld to the loveless moon;
The darkness slain by the sword of day
And under the cypress trees hidden away.

III.

Her wondrous hair! Her eyes were as large
As torch-lost deer's, that feeding in moss,
And seeing the light in the huntsman's barge,
Lifts up its head and comes wading across,
Wide-eyed and dazed, and reaches its head—
Trusting and reaching—and so, shot dead!

IV.

"The cypress is secret as death," said I,
"And Death, he is dearer to me than gold,"
So the cypress wood and the wave hard by
Have many and many a secret to hold—
For why did she turn to the wood and the wave
And look and look as in dead love's grave?

—*Chicago Current.*

WANTED, A DRESS SUIT.

A HUMOROUS STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

"By Jove! that miserable tailor is enough to drive a man crazy," cried Judge Henry Winkler desperately, not knowing whether to curse or laugh. He paced the room as he spoke, like a caged animal. Poor fellow! His anger was not unreasonable as he strode up and down the limited space, his hair dressed and perfumed, and attired in shining patent leather boots, linen faultlessly laundried—but there our description must cease, and we must not further dilate on the bridegroom's apparel. Yes, Henry Winkler was to be married at 12 o'clock, sharp, to his adored Aurelia, in one of the most fashionable churches. The tailor had promised him to deliver his dress suit at his apartments at 10 o'clock, and now it was quite 11:30, and Mr. Winkler stood arrayed in spotless white and there were no signs of a swallow-tail anywhere!

"Do you know what I would do?" ventured an officious groomsman, who had come to escort the judge to church. "I would just put on my morning coat and start at once. I do believe that this will be the very best thing you can do just now."

"Bring me a hatful of last year's hail, but pray do not mention my morning coat, nor put in a plea for my trousers," cried Winkler, laughing wildly. "One can see the sunshine through my coat; and leaving out such trifles as style and cut, my trousers, which were black ten years ago, are now of such a hue as to be totally indescribable. Man is always a laughable object when he is getting married, even at his best; but if I array myself as you suggest I am half afraid that Aurelia would say 'No' instead of 'Yes' when we meet at the altar."

"But what is to be done?" urged the groomsman. "What can you do? It is getting late. Did you not say that the tailor said 10 o'clock. See, it is 11:30," cried Charley Held, nervously.

"He certainly said 10 o'clock," the judge answered, solemnly.

"Well, suppose we send for your dress suit?" said Charley.

"What are you dreaming of?" returned the judge. "It would take more than an hour for any messenger to get from here to the tailor shop."

"You are right," sighed Charley. "But tell me what was your reason for ordering your wedding clothes so late? They should have been here a week ago. Why were you so foolish?"

"I was foolish to trust to that beast of a tailor. I always put off things until the very last moment, and now I am to be punished, I suppose," and Henry Winkler threw himself into an arm-chair.

"Look at my new dress suit," said Charley Held, smoothing his coat down in front of a long dressing glass. "Doesn't it fit me well? Oh, I was smarter than you, judge, for my dress suit was ordered in good time and sent home a week ago. I had it made expressly to wait on you."

"Your lecture may be very amusing," groaned the judge, "but it fails to keep me out of this muddle."

Suddenly the judge bounded up from the arm-chair, grasped the astonished Charley by the shoulders, and looked at him fixedly, while he cried:

"But you can help me if you will, old fellow. I see that you can be of the greatest assistance to me in this, the most threatening moment of my existence."

"I," answered the surprised friend. "What on earth can I do to help you now? I cannot see my way."

"But you will see your way. Look in the glass, my dear boy. See how we stand—as much alike in figure as two peas."

"Well, what of that?" asked Charley, as the judge devoured his figure with his large brown eyes.

"Don't you see, my dearest friend, how you can help me? Why, you must lend me your dress suit so that I can hurry and get married," the judge said, impetuously.

"What could Mr. Held do! He gave one long, despairing glance at his tall, fine figure in the glass, and thought of the charming Bertha, whom he, as best man, was to escort to the altar. Alas! he had contemplated this pleasure for weeks, and now he was to be undressed, like a naughty boy, in the middle of the day! He was angry with himself that he had strutted before the glass and called the judge's attention to his dress suit, but some one had to suffer, evidently, and so Charley resigned his new clothes to his enraptured friend.

It took Judge Winkler but a moment to slip into the dress suit, and soon he had arrived at the church, escorted by the faithful Charley, who had donned the perforated morning coat and the despised trousers. Winkler was the happiest of men, and Charley one of the saddest, as he walked up the aisle with the lovely Bertha on his arm, at whom he dared not look, for fear she would break off her engagement with him. An hour later the newly-married pair went in the cars steaming away to Greenwald, where they were to pass their honeymoon. The judge had bribed the guard to give them a separate carriage. He had thrown off his overcoat and sat with his arm around his wife, pressing her tight against Charley Held's dress coat.

"My dear husband, did you not assure me that you never smoked?" the newly-wed spouse demanded.

"You are certainly right, my little darling," the judge replied; "I never smoke."

"Well, what is that in your coat pocket?" the girl asked, smiling.

"It is nothing but my note book," the judge answered.

"A note-book, indeed," cried Mrs. Winkler. "I will bet anything it is a cigar-case."

About half a minute later the young wife had thrust her nimble fingers in her husband's pocket and had drawn out a real, true cigar-case, and such a cigar-case—all embroidered and perfumed, and bearing on its back this inscription: "To my dearest."

Casting an angry and astonished look at her husband, Mrs. Winkler said:

"What made you deny the fact that you smoked? Did you think I would be displeased? But tell me," she added, in a changed voice, "who embroidered this case for you?"

"Now I am in a predicament," the judge thought to himself, and laughed nervously, at which his wife seemed to regard him with increased displeasure.

"This cigar case belongs to a friend of mine," he stammered.

"This is a pretty tale," cried Mrs. Winkler, and she drew out of the side of the card-case a perfumed, pink-hued note, folded in a lover's knot. The cars stopped for a while, and Judge Winkler left the train that he might procure some fruit for his bride. While the judge was absent his wife utilized his absence in perusing the note, which ended with, "Your always loving Bertha."

This capped the climax. Here she was on her wedding tour, just beginning life with a man who could deceive her so shamefully. She was almost wild with anger and pain. When Judge Winkler returned with the lunch his wife would not speak to him. She had taken another seat and refused even to look at him. As the train approached a second stopping place Judge Winkler, almost beside himself, exclaimed: "Aurelia, you must listen—you must answer me! Speak, and let me hear how I have had the misfortune to offend my soul's idol!"

Aurelia seated herself opposite her husband. She looked him straight in the eyes and said: "I intend to leave you at the next station."

"Great heaven! you surely do not mean what you say. Tell me, I implore you, what has happened and how I have offended you!" Judge Winkler cried, now thoroughly astonished.

"I shall leave you and return to my parents in Berlin," the young wife said, bursting into tears.

"What for? What have I done?" asked the bewildered judge,

"You are a hypocrite, a traitor, a fiend. You have broken your poor wife's heart and made a miserable woman out of a trusting bride," the girl cried, weeping bitterly.

"My dear girl, calm yourself—tell me what is the matter. Only speak, I beg you," said the judge, trying to calm Aurelia's excitement.

"Dearest love—" he began.

"I am not your dearest love," cried Aurelia. "It is your 'always loving Bertha,' who is your dearest love, you vile wretch."

"But I have no 'always loving Bertha,'" echoed the judge. "You must be crazy, Aurelia."

"I wish to heaven I was crazy; then I would be deaf to your villainy," cried Aurelia. "Here, take your love letter and let me go," she said, handing him the rose colored note. The judge glanced at the note, and, laughing wildly, he struck his forehead with his open hand.

"I see it all now!" he cried. "This, of course, came out of the cigar-case, and the cigar-case came out of Charley's pocket. My darling wife, I have commenced our married life wrong by concealing something from you, which, perhaps, I should have acknowledged at the beginning. That wretch of a tailor failed to send my wedding clothes home in time. My packed trunk had been sent to the cars, and an old, torn suit was all I had in my rooms. This is Charley's coat; the cigar-case is Charley's, an i the 'ever loving Bertha' is also Charley's—thank heaven!"

"Then, my dear husband, I am your only love?" demanded Mrs. Winkler, smiling through her tears.

"You certainly are," the happy Judge declared.

Aurelia kissed the cigar case as well as her husband.

"You must always recall this event," she said, laughing. "And you must remember this, that a husband should never conceal anything from his own dear wife."

"And you must remember this, my little wife," returned the judge, "that a wife should never search her husband's pockets."

The young wife acknowledged her fault.

"It shall never happen again," she declared.

Will she keep her word? We doubt it.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A Plague of Monkeys.

The natives of Benares are suffering the results of monkey worship. The licensed beasts plunder right and left, they invade cake stands, and make raids in fruit stores, and no man may say them nay. The Brahmins of Benares have at last decided that the monkey must go. A pious old rajah offered an asylum across the river in the grounds of his palace. They were deported thither in boat loads. But they only took it as a day's picnic. For a steady life they preferred the town. So when the shades of night began to fall they went down to the wharf, where boats were always plying to Benares, and without showing any tickets or any nonsense of that kind deadheaded themselves home again. Then the Brahmins sought to make a contract with the English railway company to convey these descendants of Hanuman, the monkey god, to Saharunpoor. They wished to send 10,000 to begin with. And the company is considering the question, but incline to decline it.

LIFE IN PETTICOAT LANE.

A VISIT TO THE HAUNTS OF LONDON'S CRIMINAL CLASSES.

"Petticoat Lane" and the People Found There—One Man who is Always Protected from Harm.

One of the very worst districts of London (probably the very worst, now that Hatten garden is no more), writes a London correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, is that long, narrow lane, with its neighborhood, known to the initiated as "Petticoat" lane—to the uniniated as Middlesex street.

The dangerous classes of London and Paris differ in one most essential respect from the same kind of people in America. Probably the very worst slums of New York contain no creatures whose criminal genealogy dates back beyond one or two generations.

London, on the contrary, was a great city prior to the discovery of America. Its slums reckon their age by centuries, while the inhabitants are the result of long generations of depravity, and could, were it fashionable in those localities to keep a family tree, trace their descent in crime back from father to son for many generations. Petticoat lane has one feature peculiar to itself. That is the great Sunday market from which Rag Fair takes its name. On week days the neighborhood is nearly deserted, at night almost equally so. The criminal tendencies of Petticoat lane are not of a noisy or demonstrative sort. This is the great criminal manufactory of the world. Here the most dangerous thieves, housebreakers, and murderers graduate and serve their apprenticeships, live, and die. Many of them are utterly unknown to the police save by name and the effects of their life work. Scores of them have never been seen by mortal eye other than their "pals." Here the Fagins of London society ply their trade.

In all appearances Middlesex street is one of the quietest streets in London. Occasionally, however, a knot of villainous-looking men will gather in some corner of the street, talking in low tones, and in a language as unintelligible, to ordinary mortals as Sanscrit. At night the whole neighborhood is dark, silent, and deserted. Now and then the sound of a scuffle is heard in one of which the dark, blind alleys, leading nowhere, with which the neighborhood abounds. Ere the police can reach the spot all is again silent, though frequently the blood-stained sidewalk is a silent witness to what has happened. But few lights appear in the windows, and no suspicious character is ever seen issuing from the doors.

Into the houses which line each side of Middlesex street, and fill the courts and alleys within the arms of that great cross, no one save the inhabitants or the police in trios and quartettes have ever set foot. Yet, stay, there is one person who is always welcome, and whom the vilest and most murderous ruffian would protect with his life, and that is the doctor. The inhabitants of London slums have learned that in the epidemics which now and again—almost every year, in fact—rage with the fury of the plagues of old among the denizens of those filthy and overcrowded houses, a doctor is a necessity. When wounded and bleeding, as the result of some unholy midnight raid, the modern Bill Sykes flies, like a wounded stag, to his covert, death will surely ensue unless a doctor can be persuaded to take the case in hand. It is a religion with London heathens—the only one they know, save the honor that exists among thieves—to protect the doctor.

Protected by two policemen in uniform and a detective in plain clothes, the writer of this article once made a pilgrimage through all that was visible of five of these houses. They were not the worst, for into those nothing short of force could gain admission, but they were very bad. In two of them the police showed a large trap in the floor. It was so built as to be quite invisible. At the touch of a spring in the wall some distance off the slab flew downward, disclosing a well, whose depth we had no means of ascertaining. A stone descended in silence for many seconds, and then came a loud splash! The fiendish contrivance is for the benefit of spies. A person entering a house whom the inhabitants suspect, or wish to be rid of, is enticed on the invisible slab.

But Middlesex street on week-day, and the same thoroughfare on Sunday, possesses stronger points of difference than Broadway, New York, when a procession is passing, and when it is not. For many months, though as well acquainted with the neighborhood as is safe for a non-resident to be in its week-day dress, the writer was not aware that this great fair was held in those parts. At last I did hear of it, and the following Sabbath beheld me divested of the garments of respectability and arrayed, pro tem, in those as nearly resembling disrespectability as I could fashion in clean materials.

There was no need of a police escort this time. "There is safety in numbers," says an old truism, beside which, on Sunday morning, picked constables, the flower of the force, are distributed through the fair at intervals of fifty yards. I arrived at my destination at 8:30 A. M., and found pandemonium in full swing. Up the narrow roadway are placed stalls three deep, on which are to be found every kind of salable article from meat to mouse traps. Petticoat lane is devoted to general merchandise, and the cross-streets to second-hand clothing exclusively. The stolen goods of the week from all quarters appear in tempting array. Every species of merchandise, food, clothing, books and live stock, every style of clothing, from a priest's surplice to a seedy frock coat, from a duchess' toilet to a child's pinafore, may be seen on these stalls.

And the crowd! the motly cosmopolitan crowd! who throng and surge on the narrow footpath, forming a solid, moving mass of humanity. Human rats who vegetate underground for six days of every week emerge on the seventh for one single hour like moles in wet weather, with a coin in their skinny hands, to purchase the necessities of life.

At 12 o'clock sharp all Sunday fairs close by act of parliament. As the melodious bells from various churches chime the hour of noon there is a general stampede. Barrows are wheeled away, stalls are cleared, merchants vanish with their goods, and the surging crowd melts like the mists of a summer morning or clouds before the rising sun. The whole picture vanishes in five minutes, like the scenes in a panorama, the tavern doors (closed by law during Sunday morning) are thrown wide open, and rag fair becomes a memory of the past until next Sunday awakes it into fresh activity.

Lakes of Solid Salt in Asia.

Yar-ollan means "the sunken ground," and no word can describe the general appearance of the valley of these lakes. The total length of the valley from the Kangnuli road on the west to the Band-i-Dozan, which bounds it on the east, is about thirty miles, and its great breadth about eleven miles, divided into two parts by a connecting ridge which runs across from north to south, with an average height of about 1,800 feet, but has a narrow, which rises to some 400 feet above the general average. To the west of this ridge lies the lake from which the Tekke Turcomans from Merv get their salt. The valley of this lake is some six miles square and is surrounded on all sides by a steep, almost precipitous, descent, impassible for baggage animals, so far as I am aware, except by the Merv road, in the northeast corner. The level of the lake I made to be about 1,430 feet above sea level, which gives it a descent of some 400 feet from the level of the connecting ridge, and of some 950 feet below the general plateau above. The lake itself lies in the center of the basin, and the supply of salt in it is apparently unlimited.

The bed of the lake is one solid mass of hard salt, perfectly level, and covered by only an inch or two of water. To ride over it was like riding over ice or cement. The bottom was covered with a slight sediment, but when that was scraped away the pure white salt shone out below. How deep this deposit may be it is impossible to say, for no one has yet got to the bottom of it. To the east of the dividing ridge is the second lake, from which the Saryke of Penjdeh take their salt. The valley in which this lake is situated is much the larger of the two. The valley proper is itself some fifteen miles in length by about ten miles in breadth. The descent to it is precipitous on the north and west sides only, the eastern and southeastern end sloping gradually up in a succession of undulations. The level of this lake is apparently lower than that of the other. I made it out to be some eight hundred feet above sea level. The salt in this lake is not so smooth as in the other, and did not look so pure. It is dug out in flakes, or strata, generally of some four inches in thickness, is loaded into bags, and carried off on camels for sale without further preparation.—*Sir Peter Lumsden.*

Approaching Earthquakes.

The earthquake shocks which were felt last week over a wide area in Yorkshire remind us that an authority on the subject of those phenomena, M. Delaunay, of Paris, is of opinion that next year will see the recurrence of upheavals of the earth's crust in an intensified form. M. Delaunay is a prophet of evil, but unfortunately all his prophecies have hitherto come true. His specialty is earthquakes, and he predicts them only too surely. In 1877 he announced that that year would not conclude without disturbances of the earth, and as a matter of fact, two frightful catastrophes on the coasts of South America followed. In 1883 M. Delaunay again pointed to approaching earthquakes, and soon after the volcanic eruptions in the Indian archipelago occurred, by which thousands of human beings lost their lives, and hundreds of square miles of terra-firma were engulfed by the sea. Toward the end of last year M. Delaunay once more raised his warning voice, and the earthquakes in Spain proved how well founded were his warnings. Quite recently he has prophesied very severe volcanic disturbances for 1886. Having acquired a well-merited notoriety in foretelling earthquakes, some weight ought to be attached to M. Delaunay's utterances. He affirms that next year these natural phenomena will be of a very intense character, and that they will show themselves either when the earth is under the direct influence of a planet of the first rank, such as Jupiter, or under that of a group of asteroids, or at a time when sun and moon are nearest to our planet at the same time.—*Iron.*

Swedish Manners.

One great peculiarity of traveling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedish are a taciturn and noiseless people. They do much by signs, and never shout; a Swedish crowd makes singularly little sound. Swedes, even of the lowest class, never push or jostle. It is the custom to do so much bowing and hat lifting that one is obliged to move more slowly than in England to give time for all this courtesy. When a train leaves a platform, or a steamboat a pier, all the lookers-on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travelers. If you address the poorest person in the streets you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee room you must bow to all the occupants. Passengers on board the little steamers which ply about Stockholm invariably raise their hats to the occupants of any other boat which passes near them. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through. Imagine English bargees indulging in such amenities.—*London Society.*

The Age of Niagara Falls.

Mr. Bakewell, an eminent English geologist, gave personal attention to the problem as early as 1840, and, from everything he could learn at that time, estimated that the falls had receded about a hundred and twenty feet in the forty years preceding. He recurred to the problem again in 1846, 1851, 1856, and was each time confirmed in the belief that the apex of the horseshoe fall was receding, on an average, three feet a year. On the other hand, Sir Charles Lyell, upon his first visit, in 1841, "conceived" (upon what basis he does not tell us) that at the utmost the rate could not be more than one foot a year, which would give us thirty-five thousand years as a minimum time. But as it appears the result of the recent survey is to confirm the estimate of Mr. Bakewell, thus bringing the period down to about seven thousand years.—*Science.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Disease germs are probably much less affected by extreme cold than might be expected. Experiments have been reported to the Glasgow philosophical society in which 120 degrees below zero was insufficient to stop processes of putrefaction.

A remarkable property of the ice-plant is its absorption of salt, a fluid exuded by its leaves having been found to contain about thirty-three per cent. of sea salt. For this reason it is suggested that the plant may be advantageously grown on lands made unproductive by an excess of salt.

Professor Young says when you consider the brightness of the sun's surface you find it to be about 150 times as bright as one of our calcium lights, and about four times as bright as the brightest of the points in one of our electric lights. The electric light is very bright, but the solar surface is about four times as bright as that.

Recent investigations show that at Hockst-on-the-Main, while aniline is poisonous, none of the men employed in the aniline works who became ill died, and those who have been engaged in the magenta house eighteen years, though reddened with the dye even to the inside of the mouth, were not in bad health.

Men employed in lead works, according to the London *Mining Journal*, who eat largely of fat meat and other fatty matters, are much less susceptible to lead poisoning than others. At an establishment on the Continent, where a great deal of work was done, there were the usual attacks of poisoning, but a change in the food—cheese, butter, bacon, pork, lard and similar articles being thereafter the principal diet—soon put an end to the attacks, and no one was troubled with lead colic for more than fifteen years. The free use of milk is said to have the same effect.

The wood of the cork elm is heavier and stronger than that of the white elm or slippery elm. It is close grained, susceptible of fine polish, and useful for agricultural implements, wheel stock, bridge timbers, etc. It is quite distinct in form from the other elms, and deserves to be planted largely for ornament and use. It ranges from Southwestern Vermont through Western New York, Ontario and Southern Michigan to Iowa, and South through Ohio and Central Kentucky, reaching its best development in the southern peninsula of Michigan.

The ordinary dwellings of the Japanese are not firmly attached by foundations to the earth, but rest loosely on squared stones or boulders buried in the ground, the result of which is to partially prevent the transmission of momentum from earthquakes. An Englishman has made an improvement on this plan and rests the house at each of its piers upon a handful of cast-iron shot. These shot, of the size of buckshot, so increase the frictional resistance to rolling that the house is practically astatic, and the motion is in most earthquakes only about one-tenth of what it is outside.

The new process of sugar-making brought forward in Berlin by Trobach is purely chemical, differing materially from the mechanical process now in use. This method dispenses with crushing and pressing altogether. The cane is cut into slices by means of machinery, and the water extracted from it by alcohol vapor, which having an affinity for the water, absorbs it, but leaves the saccharine in the dessicated cane; this is then treated with liquid alcohol, which extracts the sugar, and afterward the sugar is extracted from the alcohol, or the alcohol from the sugar, by filtering through lime and chalk. The effect, it is said, will be to cheapen the cost of sugar.

How Kit Carson's Life Was Saved.

During the last war the great Navajo tribe of Indians were on the warpath. The First regiment N. M. volunteers, commanded by the great scout and Indian fighter, Colonel Kit Carson, was ordered to subdue and bring them into subjection. Major Joe Cummings, who had organized one of the first companies of the regiment, and as brave a man as ever lived, was one day riding at the head of the command with old Kit, when the following incident took place: Kit was dressed in his old suit of pepper-and-salt, while the major was in full regimentals, even to epaulettes. While Kit hated dress and tinsel, the other lived to dress. They were now nearing a canon, and Kit's well-trained eyes were the first to discover the smoke of the red-skins ascending from the neighboring mountain, telegraphing the approach of the soldiers. It was then that the big-hearted old trapper and patriot turned to his friend and said: "Joe you had better change your coat and hat, and put on a blouse and slouch hat, for we will soon have hot work, and the varmints will surely aim for the commander, and as you have on your regimentals they may take you for me; at any rate you make a splendid target." The major answered: "Colonel, it is no time now to go to the rear." They were the last words ever uttered by the brave Cummings. Bang! went a rifle, and as the smoke curled up beside a rock the brave major fell mortally wounded, pierced between the eyes by the unerring aim of a hidden foe, amid the wild yells of the savages, hidden from view, who imagined they had killed the greatest scout that ever lived.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

How Arabs Live Without Much Water.

How is it that Arabs contrive to live in the waterless deserts of that much-talked-of region. They are, to begin with, abstemious in their habits, and know every crevice and hollow in the hills where water will collect. They regard this fluid more, perhaps, in the light of a luxury than as a necessity, and use it with wonderful economy. They would never think of wasting it on the exterior of their bodies, and consider that once in forty-eight hours is often enough to replenish the inner man. General Colston tells us that when Bedouins came to his camp water would be offered them, but often be refused with the remark that the visitor had drunk yesterday. By cultivating this habit of abstemiousness they are able to cover immense distances, which would be impossible for a European, unless he were accompanied by baggage animals.—*Chambers' Journal.*

WISE WORDS.

Every path hath a puddle.
An idle brain is satan's shop.
Years know more than books.
The best mirror is an old friend.
Opportunity is the cream of time.
Never light your candle at both ends.
A man of words, and not of deeds, is like a garden full of weeds.
Virtue is a flower which blooms only in the garden of righteousness.
Regret is the water with which we sprinkle the plants of our folly.
Publicity is the barn door upon which fools love to chalk their names.
Revelation is the sunshine that dispels the shadows of mystery and doubt.
Humor is the clear, sparkling water that bubbles from the spring of good nature.
Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.
A woman may be true as steel, but then you know some steel is too high tempered.
If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.
The rose has its thorns; and beauty is never found without one or more. They may be blunted at the points, but cannot be extirpated without killing the tree.
There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for it in earnest; the knowledge of what he ought to do, and a plausible pretext to do what he likes.
Microscopic holiness is the perfection of excellence. If a life will bear examinations in every hour of it, it is pure indeed. To live by the day and watch each step is the true pilgrimage method.

A Fall of Half a Mile.

The greatest balloon feat that I ever witnessed, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Times*, was in September, 1857. Upward of 15,000 people were at Lemon hill and along the banks of the Schuylkill to see M. Godard go up in a balloon along with his brother and drop the latter out from among the clouds in a parachute. It is said that the feat had never been attempted before in the history of ballooning, it was a startling novelty, and the people crowded to see it. When the balloon sailed gracefully upward outside of the inclosure M. Godard and two friends were in the basket, while below M. E. Godard, his brother, was seated upon a small bar of wood attached to the parachute. It looked like an immense umbrella. The balloon went over the Schuylkill in a southwesterly direction, and after it had reached an altitude of about 6,000 feet began to slowly descend. Then the parachute began to expand. When within about 3,000 feet of the earth the cord was cut and the parachute rapidly descended, with Godard hanging on the bar. The balloon shot upward again. The descent of the parachute was keenly watched by the thousands of spectators, and many expected to see the daring man dashed to the earth in the twinkling of an eye. It was observed, however, that the nearer to earth the parachute came the descent was slow and easy. At last the man and his big umbrella faded out of sight over the hills, and we learned next morning that he came down all right on his feet, like a cat, about a half mile west of the old Bell tavern on the Darby road. The balloon landed in Delaware county, near the Philadelphia line. Godard and his brother were Frenchmen. They returned to their native country, and, I believe, were valuable to their countrymen during the Franco-Prussian war. Gambetta sailed out of Paris to Tours in one of their balloons.

Making Cigarettes.

"How many cigarettes can a girl make in a day?" was asked of a manufacturer recently.

"That depends upon how nimble her fingers are. A smart, quick girl can make about 3,500. The pay is from seventy to eighty cents per 1,000, according to the grade of cigarettes made. There are very few girls who can make more than 2,000 per day. Making the cigarettes looks easy enough, but if you should try it you would find it very hard and tedious. When a girl goes to her work in the morning she receives a small bundle of papers and two and three-quarter pounds of tobacco, from which she must make 1,000 cigarettes. A small piece of extra heavy paper about twice the size of a cigarette paper is used in rolling a cigarette. One edge is pasted fast to a piece of marble or smooth flat stone about one foot square that is on a table. A stick about a foot in length and about as thick as a match is used to paste with. The paste is made of pure starch and water. The cigarette paper is laid on the heavy paper, and a small quantity of tobacco is put on it. Then the edge of the heavy paper is turned over, and, by sliding the flat of the hand over it, the cigarette is rolled. Then the paste stick is run over one edge of the cigarette paper, and one more roll completes the cigarette. After the ends are cut off it is ready for the trade.

Great caution must be used when rolling and pasting, for if any were pasted crooked or soiled in any manner, or made too hard or too soft, the thousand would be returned to the maker, who would have to make them over again. This happens very often, and is a loss of several hours to the maker. There may be plenty of enjoyment in smoking cigarettes, but there is none in making them.—*New York Sun.*

Soup Before Meat.

The stomach will not so readily digest solid substances when these are taken alone as when they are preceded on the digestive journey by soup. The bread which is eaten with the soup will be converted into dextrin in the mouth, and the essentials of the soup, on reaching the stomach, will apparently supply the little glands of the organ with the power to manufacture the pepsin of the gastaic juice in due quantity. It would seem, in truth, as if these glands demanded nourishment and stimulant in their own turn; and the soup, through its containing an abundance of dissolved matters, presents them with the wherewithal from which to derive the necessary energy.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Once on a time a beauteous maid
Of figure most divine,
Of graceful carriage, high-toned air,
Just cut out right to shine,
Had for a husband, such a man
As women most do crave—
A million dollars and a cough,
And he her abject slave.

'Tis true he wasn't very old,
Nor either very young,
But he was strong in solid cash,
And very weak in lung.
He furnished all that wealth could buy,
A palace for a home,
Her summers, where she might select,
Her winters all in Rome.

The rarest jewels, finest silks,
And viands fit for queens,
All these and more were at command,
Because he had the means.
But strange to say, the girl refused
The proffer of his hand
With haughty scorn, and wed a lad
Who kept a peanut stand.

L'ENVOI.

You think this strange? Well, so do all
Until they've been told why—
That poet was to get a prize,
Who told the biggest lie.

—*Merchant-Traveler.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sound a sleep—A snore.

Generally (w)reckless—Careful sea-captains.

"It is not always May," sings a poet. You are very right; it is sometimes must.

A rosebush is thought to be exceedingly modest, but yet it wants the earth.

The only muffs which have not been packed away for the summer are the base ball muffs.

It seems a little singular that a man's face is generally the longest when he is himself the "shortest."—*Chicago Ledger.*

In the morning, cool and early,
Ere it's time to rise,
What a blissful, sleepful season,
Were it not for flies.

—*Merchant-Traveler.*

A little miss noticed the gold on her aunt's teeth, and exclaimed in flattering admiration: "Auntie, dear, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."—*Boston Beacon.*

It is remarkable what a difference there is in the sensation when you get a letter enclosing a ten dollar bill and when you get one enclosing a bill for ten dollars.—*Somerville Journal.*

Wiggins predicts a very mild winter. This shows where the professor lacks in tact. What this country demands just now in the prophecy line is a winter cold enough to freeze the tail off a cast iron dog.—*New York Graphic.*

MOON-BURNT.

One moonlight night a happy boy
Of cherries stole a pailful.
The farmer quickly turned his joy
Into a sorrow baleful.
And while he roared, it came to pass,
A settled fact the boy learned,
That being tanned by moonlight was
Far worse than being sun-burned.

—*Life.*

A piece of laundry work—"Now, then," said the captain of police to the janitor of the station house, "give the prisoner a bath, and when that is done, let him be handcuffed and sent off to the jail." "In other words," remarked the janitor, "you desire the prisoner washed and ironed and sent off?" "Precisely," and it was done.—*Boston Courier.*

THE HYGIENE OF KISSES.

"Chawley, dear," said a lovely maid,
As they sat in the house one night,
"It's unhealthy to kiss the doctors say,
So, of course, it cannot be right,
Not right."

"Well, darling," spoke the noble youth,
As the color mantled high,
"I never thought being kissed to death
Such a horrible death to die.
Let's try."

Men Who Drag Carriages.

Trot, trot, trot, along the smooth, sunny, but bamboo shaded high road, I have a little leisure now to observe these astonishing rickshaw coolies. They wear the enormous traditional mushroom Chinese hat, suitable in case either of beating rain or fierce sun, under which are tucked their hard-plaited pigtails—for even a coolie would feel himself disgraced were he minus a pigtail. They are bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-armed, and wear just sufficient rags to save themselves from the charge of indelicacy. Their skins are sallow, their Mongolian faces are pinched, their stature is small, their limbs seem attenuated and loosely put together. And yet these demonical looking wretches, to call whom "brethren" is indeed a heavy demand on our charity, throw themselves forward into the shafts and drag their carriages with their passengers, who may be ten or may be twenty stone, not at a walk or a shuffle or an amble, but at a good round trot of about six miles an hour. They neither flag, pant nor perspire, but keep up this pace for two or three miles at a stretch. Would not the most renowned European athlete or pedestrian be but a feeble coney in comparison? Moreover, these coolies have to content themselves at the end of their journey with five cents—a cent is a fraction less than a half-penny. They exult if they receive ten cents, and consider the donor an utter fool if he gives them fifteen cents.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

"The Good Old Times."

Must that vague period in the past which we call the "good old times" be sacrificed, like so many other pleasant things we were once taught to believe in, upon the altar of historical truth? We fear it must. There were old times beyond a doubt, but they hardly deserved the epithet "good." The belief which most Americans cherish from childhood that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries upheld a standard of virtue and goodness far above that of our own much abused age proves to be founded upon delusions, as, little by little, students bring to the surface long buried accounts of the habits and morals of our ancestors during the colonial period. Beneath the stern exterior which is popularly supposed to have been the characteristic of the first settlers and of their earlier descendants beat a heart not wholly impervious to desires of the world, the flesh and the devil.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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