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FAR OUT AT SEA.

ar out at sea unsu llied breezes sweep,
For there alone the winds and waves are free,
Nature's unchallenged minstrels of the deep
Far out at sea!

Old rhythmic instincts are roused in me—
To ocean cadences my pulses leap.
I seem to lose the thraldom of the lea!

My heart forgets all shoreward hours that creep.
'Mid languid yearning for dull days to flee;
Song gains the dual power to laugh or weep,
Far out at sea!

—*William H. Hayne, in the Current.*

ON HIS TRACK.

Over twenty years ago, said Mr. Whitmire, a detective, with whom I recently had an interview, I was on the police force of New York. One summer night, a few minutes past 12, I was pacing my beat in a quiet part of C—— street, when a man called from a second-story window:

"I say, sir, are you a policeman?"

"Yes," I said. "What's the matter?"

"I heard a heavy jar in Mr. Bradley's house, next door, and he may have fallen and hurt himself. He just came in a few minutes ago. If I were you I'd ring the bell."

Mr. Bradley was a wealthy old bachelor who had lived entirely alone for years in an old-fashioned brick house. His riches were a subject for frequent gossip, and it was said that in his house, to which no outsider was ever admitted, he kept a lot of silverware and money. I rang the bell, but there was no response.

"Are you sure you saw him go in?" I asked.

"Yes, sure of it. He hadn't been in half a minute before I heard a heavy fall. I have heard nothing since."

"There must be something wrong," I said, after ringing the bell a second time and receiving no response. I tried the door, but it was locked.

"If I were you I would force the door," suggested the man at the window.

"I don't like to do that. Is there any other entrance?"

"Yes, that alley just beyond the steps leads to a back yard, but the gate is probably locked, as well as the rear door."

"I will go and see," said I; and walking up the narrow alley I discovered by the dim light of the street-lamp nearly opposite, that the gate was wide open. I looked in, and perceived that the rear door was also open, and a faint light shone out. All was perfectly quiet. I returned to the street and said to the man:

"The gate and back door are open. Come down and we'll go in."

In half a minute he joined me on the sidewalk, when I recognized him as an acquaintance named Henry Collins.

"Ah, is that you? I didn't know you lived here," I said.

"Yes, and I didn't recognize you when I first addressed you."

"Well, there may have been foul work here," said I; "so we'll go in."

We went into the yard and entered the house. The rear room had evidently been used as a kitchen; and guided by a dim light we passed into a narrow hall with a stairway. Near the street door was an old table, on which was a lighted candle, that had burned to within an inch of the candlestick. At the foot of the stairs lay Mr. Bradley, quite dead, and a frightful wound upon his head convinced me that he had been murdered.

At my request Mr. Collins hurried away to the police station to notify the captain, while I made an examination of the premises. A number of drawers in the second-story back room had been broken open and ransacked, and on the floor lay half of a fresh looking newspaper. Knowing that the old bachelor was not in the habit of spending money for newspapers, it struck me that the robber might have had it in his pocket, and probably used the other half to wrap up his plunder, leaving behind him, in his hurry, what might prove a most valuable clew. I therefore folded up the fragment and put it in my pocket. A moment later Mr. Collins returned, accompanied by several officers and a surgeon.

To make this part of the story brief, I will state that the usual formalities followed, the body being handed over to the coroner, and the case was put in the hands of detectives. I at first intended to give up the bit of newspaper I had picked up, but I had some ambition to be a detective myself, and concluded to keep it at least a day or two, to see if I could find a clew from it. It was lucky I did.

On the following afternoon, while off duty, and walking around in ordinary dress, I paused opposite a well-known hotel to watch some painters who were at work on a scaffold under the eaves, and my eyes happened to light on a man who sat by a third-story window, apparently packing a valise. The window was open, and, as he lifted some article to store it away, a piece of newspaper on which it had lain came fluttering into the gutter near my feet.

I might not have noticed this trifling circumstance but for the manner in which the paper had been torn—that not in a straight line, but almost in the form of the letter V, as though it had been done in a hurry. This corresponded with the piece I'd found in the murdered man's house, and I snatched it up and ran into an alley to compare them. What a leap my heart gave when I discovered that the two parts of the paper fitted exactly—there was no doubt about it.

"On his track," I muttered. "He must not get off with that valise."

Being familiar with the hotel, I crossed the street, went in, and was soon rapping on the door of room twenty-one, from whose window the paper had just blown.

"Come in," said a voice.

I opened the door and recognized, still seated by the window, the man I had seen packing the valise; a task he had completed. He was a muscular man of forty, with a clean-shaven face that wore an expression of craftiness. He seemed confused when I entered, and said:

"Ah, I thought it was the porter. Haven't you made a mistake?"

Without replying I deliberately locked the door, and put the key in my pocket, while he stared amazedly.

"I see you are getting ready to leave," I remarked sarcastically.

"Yes."

"Suppose you stay in New York a little longer," I said.

"Why, what do you mean?" he exclaimed, rising from his chair.

"Oh, nothing of consequence," I replied, coolly. "Perhaps you wouldn't object to my taking a look into that valise, eh?"

"Perhaps you will do me the kindness to get out of my room," he retorted.

He had taken the valise from the floor and I quickly snatched it from him. I had hardly done so when he dealt me a blow near the temple, sending me reeling across the room, where I brought up against the door. He then threw the valise on the bed and angrily exclaimed:

"Look here, sir, are you drunk or crazy? Now hand me that key and get out of my room, or I'll throw you out of the window."

"Not so fast," said I, drawing my revolver. "I am an officer, and here to arrest you for the murder you committed last night."

He stared a moment, then a change came over his countenance, and he sat down and fairly roared with laughter.

"Come, you can't play that," said I. "This is no laughing matter. Where are the money and silverware you took from Bradley's house?"

"Are you really an officer?" he asked, growing serious again.

"Certainly I am. Perhaps you never saw this bit of paper, sir," said I, displaying the piece that had blown from the window.

"My friend," he replied, "I admire the earnestness with which you go about your business as detective, but you have got on the wrong track. I am sorry I struck you in a moment of anger, and I hope you will pardon me. I am Charley M—, a Boston detective, of whom you have probably heard. I arrived at daylight this morning, and have been taking a good sleep before attending to some business in Brooklyn. I registered as J. Brown, for a reason you will readily comprehend. Here is my card, and here are some slight evidences of my occupation." Here he took two pairs of handcuffs out of his pocket and jingled them before my astonished gaze. "By the way, if that is the piece of newspaper that fell from my window, and you think it has any connection with the affair you speak of, it will probably afford you an important clue. I found it here, where it was probably left by a former lodger. I think you will find a name on the margin."

I examined the margin over the title of the paper, and to my astonishment found written in pencil the name and residence of Henry Collins. It was a weekly paper, which I observed was published in a city he had formerly lived in, and its date was so recent that he must have received it on the day preceding the murder. I immediately took leave of Mr. M——, saying I thought I knew where the paper had come from, and, begging his pardon for having been so rude to him, I hastened down to the office of the hotel, where I examined the register, finding the name of J. Brown, with room 21 assigned. I knew the clerk, and I inquired:

"When did Mr. Brown take room 21?"

"Early this morning, when I was not on duty."

"Did any one occupy the room during the evening?"

"No—yes—let me see," he replied, glancing over the register—"Here is the name of Harvey Elton. I remember now. He was without baggage and paid for the room in advance, saying that he wanted to be called at 3 o'clock. The porter went up at that hour, but the door was open and the bed had not been slept in. The other clerk told me he gave the same room to Mr. Brown because he wanted a front room."

"Do you remember the appearance of Elton?"

"Yes—rather small man, with a very full black beard."

Henry Collins was a small man, but had no beard. Of course, my suspicions were fixed on him as soon as I discovered his name on the margin of the newspaper, yet I never dreamed that he was capable of committing a crime.

It was about midnight that Henry Collins told me that Mr. Bradley had been in but a very few minutes. I now remembered that the body was cold and rigid when I first went in, and I hastened away to meet the surgeon who had made the examination five minutes later.

I had the luck to find him soon, and in reply to my inquiry he stated that Bradley must have been dead two hours when he was called.

"Have the detectives found any clue?" he asked.

"Not that I am aware of," I replied, and took my leave.

My first step now was to go to an establishment in which Collins was employed and inquire for him. I did so, and was told that he had asked and obtained leave of absence to visit Trenton. I next started for his house, which was half a mile distant, carefully looking up and down every street I crossed. I had made half the distance when I caught a glimpse of the very man I was looking for. He was coming toward me on one of the cross streets, showing that he had come directly from his house. He carried a valise, and by his side walked a small, rough-looking man whom I did not know, and with whom he was conversing earnestly. I went a few steps to meet them, and was within a few yards of them before Collins saw me.

"Ah, how are you, Mr. Collins?" I said.

He started visibly, but on recognizing me seemed to regain his composure and answered my salutation. He would have passed on, but I detained him by passing in front of him and opening a conversation.

"Going traveling," said I.

"Yes; to New Haven."

"Wouldn't it be just as well to go to Trenton?" I asked significantly.

He turned pale, and in a voice that quivered perceptibly said:

"Great Heaven, Mr. Whitmire, what do you mean now?"

"I mean that you and your friend must go to the station with me."

With a look of despair on his white face that I shall never forget, he dropped his valise and staggered a few steps to an awning post, which he held to for support.

At the same moment his companion turned to dart away, but, luckily, two men, who had just stopped on the sidewalk to talk, stood directly in his path, and his movements became confused. I reached him in one bound and seized him by the collar, warning him not to resist. He was thoroughly cowed, while Collins had too little strength left in him to escape.

In five minutes I marched them into the station, together with the valise, and had them locked up in separate cells. I then told the captain the whole story. He was disposed to think, at first, that I had made a blunder; but on questioning the two prisoners, and especially on examining the valise and finding a large sum of money in it, he concluded that I had caught the right men, and so distanced the regular detectives.

It proved to be so, and the two men were duly convicted of murder on evidence that was beyond all dispute. Indeed, when Collins lost all hope of escaping the gallows, he was so broken down that he made a full confession, giving substantially the following account of the crime:

The stories of Bradley's great wealth had first put it into his head to rob him. By watching for a long time from a back window he had discovered the nature of the fastenings by which the back door and gates were secured. He was not bold enough to undertake the task alone, but he knew a certain bad character named Kevern, to whom he confided his scheme, describing the fastenings on Bradley's gate and door and asking him if he thought he could force them.

Kevern said he could, and readily entered into the plot. They went to work a little after dark one night, when they

suspicion.

Collins died before the day appointed for his execution, but Kevern paid the extreme penalty of the law.

It was in this case which I worked upon my own account, and in which I was largely assisted by mere chance, that gave me a place on the detective force, and I have been pretty successful ever since. Many a man has worked harder and displayed more sagacity than I did on that occasion without accomplishing so great an end.

Punishing the Patagonians.

The dividing line between the Argentine Republic and what was known as Patagonia was the River Negro, which flows along the forty-first parallel, about nine hundred miles north of the Straits of Magellan. The greater portion of this country is well watered pampas or prairie, extending in plainly-marked terraces, rising one after the other, from the Atlantic to the Andes; but toward the south the land becomes more bleak and barren, the soil being a bed of shale with thorny shrubs and tufts of coarse grasses, upon which nothing but the ostrich can exist. The winters are very severe, fierce winds sweeping from the mountains to the sea, with nothing to obstruct their course. These winds are called pamperos, and are the dread of those who navigate the South Atlantic. During the winter months the Indians were in the habit of driving their cattle northward into the foothills of the Andes for protection, and, leaving them there, made raids upon the settlements of the Argentine frontier, killing, burning, and stealing cattle and horses. Terror-stricken the ranchmen fled to the cities for protection, and year by year the frontier line receded toward Buenos Ayres, instead of extending further upon the plains.

President Roca was then a general of cavalry, and had won renown in the war against Lopez, the tyrant of Paraguay. He was sent with two or three regiments to discipline the Indians, and he did it in a way that was as effective as it was novel. While the Indians were in the mountains with their cattle he set his soldiers to work, several thousand of them, and dug a great ditch twelve feet wide and fifteen feet deep from the mountains to the Rio Negro, scattering the earth from the excavation over the ground with such care as to leave nothing to excite the savages' suspicions. Then when the ditch was completed, he flanked the Indians with his cavalry and drove them southward on the run. Being ignorant of the trap set for them, the Indians galloped carelessly along until thousands of them were piled in the ditch, one on top of the other, a maimed, struggling screaming mass of horses, men women and children. Many were killed by the fall, others were crushed by those who fell upon them, while those who crawled out were dispatched by the sabres of the cavalrymen.

Those who were not driven into the ditch fled to the eastward hunting for a crossing, which the soldiers allowed them no time to make, even if they had had the tools. Shovels and picks and spades are unknown among the Patagonians, and as they are the wards of no nation, muskets and ammunition had never been furnished them to do their fighting with. It was very much such a chase as Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces gave General Howard in the Northwest a few years ago, and finally ended in General Roca driving the Indians into a corner, with the impassable Rio Negro behind them, where the slaughter was continued until most of the warriors fell. The remainder were made prisoners and distributed around among the several regiments of the Argentine army, in which they have proven excellent soldiers. The women and children were sent to the Argentine cities, where they have since been held in a state of semi-slavery by families of officials and men of influence. The dead were never counted, but were buried in the ditch which encompassed their destruction.—*New York Sun.*

F. Houghton, of Corning, Tehama county, Cal., will soon have probably the largest poultry farm in the world. He has nearly 5,000 hens, and has his hen house built on sleds, so that he can move them from place to place on his wheat stubble.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Hungry Ancestors.

In an Italian garrison there was a private soldier by the name of Ugolini. One of the officers took the soldier aside one day and asked him:

"Are you a descendant of the famous Count Ugolino, about whom Dante wrote?"

"No," replied the soldier, "all my ancestors were poor people."

"I refer to Count Ugolino who was starved to death with his sons in the tower at Pisa."

"If he didn't get enough to eat very likely he was an ancestor of mine after all," replied the honest soldier.—*Texas Siftings.*

A New Silver Piece.

A good joke was played on two or three reporters at the county treasurer's office a day or two ago. The scarcity of small bills at the United States sub-treasury and in actual circulation, the comparative scarcity of silver money, and other matters of a like nature, were dwelt upon by Assistant-Treasurer Gardner and his clerks.

"It's a good thing for the country," said Mr. Edwin S. Bogart, "that the new silver pieces have been coined."

"What silver pieces—how coined—when—where—let's see them?" almost screamed the anxious newsgatherers.

"Why, three pieces to a dollar. Haven't you seen them?" was the reply.

"No, let's see them," and three reporters rushed toward the safe.

"Let these gentlemen see the three silver pieces to a dollar?" Mr. Gardner was asked to do.

He exhibited two quarters and a half of a dollar, and three reporters rushed for the door.—*Brooklyn Union.*

Buried in Thought.

The young man held a position in a shoe store, and the other morning his girl's father, who had treated him with vigorous emphasis a few evenings before, came in to buy a pair of boots. The old man didn't recognize his late victim as he came forward to wait on him.

"What number?" asked the clerk in a shaky voice in response to the demand for a pair of boots.

He was fitted in a pair within a few minutes and went out with his purchase, leaving the young clerk buried in thought.

"Hello," said the boss, disturbing his reverie, "what's the matter with you?"

The clerk started.

"Oh, I was thinking."

"Thinking? This is no time to think. What's the trouble?"

"Why, that man is my girl's dad. He has just put on and worn away a pair of light No. 8 boots. I was up at his house the other night, and when I left him at the gate, I would have sworn in any court that he wore a No. 18, double-soled, with a steel toe."

All the rest of the day, the clerk was absorbed in thought, and the boss didn't bother him.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Consulting Her Father.

Young Mr. Ch. H. Isidore Coshingin, of Harlem, was plainly embarrassed. For some minutes he had rested uneasily in his chair, and Miss Smith, of Ninth street, near Second avenue, upon whom he was calling, knew what was coming—or thought she did—and her heart-throbs were as the ticking of a clock.

"Er—Miss Smith," he said, feverishly, "could I—er—see your father for a moment or two?"

"My father?" she repeated with a blush, "certainly, Mr. Coshingin," and excusing herself, she swept from the parlor.

Presently the old man came in, and, after a short conversation with Mr. Coshingin, he stepped to the door and summoned his daughter.

"It is getting late," said Mr. Coshingin, whose face was radiant, "and as I have a long ride before me, I think I will say good-night. Will I have the pleasure of finding you at home on Wednesday evening, Miss Smith?"

Miss Smith bl[ush]ingly assured him that he would, and [you]ng Coshingin was en route for Harlem.

"Oh, papa," she began, "did he—" and then she stopped.

"You must ask no questions," said the old man, as he smiled and stroked his daughter's hair fondly. "Mr. Coshingin wished to see me in regard to a little matter which for the present must remain a secret."

"I know, papa," pleaded the girl, "but you might give me just a little hint of what it was—just a word, papa—"

"Oh, well," he replied indulgently, "since you must know, Mr. Coshingin wanted to borrow five cents to get to Harlem with."—*New York Sun.*

Engaged for the Snake.

He got on a "bust" once, and when he come to the end of his tether he found himself sobering up in Carson. Having but one suit of raiment, he hung up his shingle outside the door of his room in the hotel and went to bed while his costume was being renewed for wear. He was in the depths of slumber when a knock aroused him. He requested the knocker to enter, and a Carson man, in somewhat rough attire, walked in.

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Yes," he answered, from the pillow.

"I've got a case for you."

He sat up in bed, drew the bedclothes around him in an instant, and assumed an interested air.

"State your case."

"Well, you see, I rented a field for grazing from a man. I put a horse on it and the horse died."

"Indeed! Well?"

"Well! Hain't I got a case against that man?"

"Unquestionably. But, tell me, what did the horse die of?"

"You see, a rattlesnake bit him, and he died."

"Ahem!"

"Can't I sue the man for the value of that horse? He hadn't any business to go and rent me a field with a rattlesnake in it, had he?"

"You're right, sir, perfectly right. Do you want me to take up the case?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Ahem! what—what amount—what fee do you propose to offer?"

"Well, haven't got any money. I'll give you—I'll give you half the value of the horse."

"Very good. What, may I ask—what do you consider the value of the beast?"

"It wasn't very young. It had been kicked by a mule, and the gophers had nibbled at it, and it had fallen down a shaft, and it had been fifteen or sixteen years drawing quartz from a mill. W[ell] it wasn't—well, I should say is ... worth about nine dollars."

The lawyer gently lay dow[n] ... ad prepared to go to sleep. ... one last look at the client.

"Good morning. I am engaged for the snake!"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

General Badeau's Account of Scenes and Conversations at the Bedside.

From General Adam Badeau's account of the last days of General Grant, in the *Century*, we quote the following: "On Easter Sunday he seemed a little easier, though there was still no hope. I went into his room and found him able to listen and even to utter a few words without much effort. I had been greatly struck by the universal watching of a nation, almost of a world, at his bedside, and especially by the sympathy from former rivals and political and even personal adversaries; and I recounted to him instances of this magnanimous forgetfulness of old-time enmities. When I told him of the utterances of General Rosecrans and Jefferson Davis he replied: 'I am very glad to hear this. I would much rather have their good-will than their ill-will. I would rather have the good-will of any man than his ill-will.'

"On the 3d of April several newspapers which had followed General Grant with a persistent animosity down to the very beginning of his illness, recalled in touching and even eloquent words that twenty years before he had captured Richmond on that day. I told this to my chief, for I had been with him on that other 3d of April. I said the nation was looking on now, watching his battle as it did then, and that his fight with disease was as good a one as that he had made with the rebels twenty years before. 'Ah,' he answered, 'twenty years ago I had more to say. I was in command then.' 'But even then,' I replied, 'it took a year to win; perhaps you may win still.' He brightened up at this and told the physicians the story of General Ingalls' dog. Ingalls was the chief quartermaster of the armies operating against Richmond, and had been a classmate with General Grant at West Point; they were always on intimate terms. He had a peculiar dog that often came about the campfire at headquarters. One day during the long siege General Grant said, 'Ingalls, do you mean to take that dog into Richmond?' 'I think I shall,' said Ingalls; 'he belongs to a long-lived breed.'

"After this Dr. Shrady sat down to write the bulletin for the morning.

"'What shall I say, general?' he asked. 'How shall I tell them you are this morning?'

"'More comfortable,' replied the general.

"And the doctor wrote a line about the physical condition of his patient, and read it to General Grant, who approved. I was still greatly impressed by the public emotion, and I interrupted:

"'General, why not say something about the sympathy of all the world, something to thank the people?'

"'Yes,' he exclaimed willingly, and dictated these words: 'I am very much touched and grateful for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my many friends, and by—those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends.'

"Toward the last he stammered and hesitated, evidently unwilling at this moment to call anyone an enemy; and finally made use of the circumlocution, 'Those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends.'

"Dr. Shrady wrote out the bulletin, and read it aloud, when the general added: 'I desire the good-will of all, whether heretofore friends or not.'

"I urged the doctor to stop just there, to say nothing about physical details, but give this Easter message from General Grant to the world in his own language. Mrs. Grant, however, wished the word 'prayerful' to be used before sympathy, and General Grant consented to the change.

"Another morning, only a day or two after his improvement began, he said to me, evidently with a purpose, that it was strange how undisturbed a man could be when so near death. He supposed he had been as near the other world as one could be and survive. His feeling had been at the time that every moment might be his last; but he had not suffered one particle of apprehension, or fear, or even discomposure. He evidently wished me to know this, for we had once or twice in the winter talked of religious beliefs. 'Yet,' he said, 'at such a time it hurt, no one to have lived a good life.' He had been undisturbed—he repeated this emphatically—but he believed any one would be more comfortable at such a moment with a conscience that could not reproach him. A good life would certainly contribute to composure at the end.

"The 9th of April came, the anniversary of Appomattox, and recovery was still not assured. One of the sons had a presentiment that his father would not survive that day, but it would have been hard to have General Grant surrender on the anniversary of his greatest victory. Then came another jubilee. His birthday was the 27th of April, and by this time he was so far restored as to be able to join the family for a while at dinner. There were sixty-three lighted candles on the table to celebrate the sixty-three years, which a month before no one had hoped would ever be completed, and the house was crowded with flowers, the gifts of thankful friends. By the 1st of May he was so well that he sent for a stenographer and began to dictate matter for his book. * * *

"The secret of this partial recovery is not far to find. It was after the great expression of public sympathy that General Grant began to improve, after his place in the affections of the people was restored or resumed that his whole nature, moral and physical, became inspired and renovated. For this it was almost worth while to have suffered—to have the world recognize his sensitiveness, and to receive himself its appreciation in return. Few men indeed have known in advance so nearly the verdict of posthumous fame. No death-bed was ever so illumined by the light of universal affection and admiration."

Origin of the Word "Glutton."

From the Latin "glutto," one who eats voraciously; a gormandizer. Vitellius, the Roman emperor (born A. D. 15, died 69), was called "The Glutton." Visiting the field after the battle of Bedriac, in Gaul, he exclaimed: "The body of a dead enemy is a delightful perfume." Charles IX. of France, when he went in grand procession to visit the gibbet on which Admiral Coligny was hanging, had the wretched heartlessness to exclaim, in doggerel verse:

Fragrance sweeter than the rose
Rises from our slaughtered foes.

Gabius Apicus, who lived during the reign of Tiberius, was also called "The Glutton." He spent £800,000 on the ...xuries of the table, and when only ...000 of his large fortune remained, ...ed himself, thinking death pref... "starvation on such a miserable

TIMELY TOPICS.

Statistics show that the wheat trade of California, Oregon and Washington Territory with Europe give employment annually to more than four hundred sailing vessels going around Cape Horn. The average passage for each vessel is about 16,000 miles, in an average time of a little over four months.

The Japanese government constituted a mixed commission of native and European scholars, with the object of finding the way of expressing the immense mass of Japanese written symbols in European letters, and of fixing rules for spelling Japanese words in our alphabet. They have so far succeeded that they have compiled a Japanese dictionary printed in Roman characters.

Soldiers guilty of desertion during the Civil war, who afterward voluntarily returned to the army, and finally were honorably discharged at its close, were not considered as being entitled to arrears of pay or bounty. A recent decision of Second Comptroller Maynard changes all this, and such soldiers will hereafter be considered as having as valid a claim to such compensations as if they had never deserted.

Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon, who shares with Mrs. Lockwood the honor of being admitted to practice law before the United States supreme court, is the pioneer in securing the admission of women to the California bar. She and Mrs. Faltz secured the repeal of the State law which provided that only men should become lawyers, and they afterward secured a mandamus compelling the law department of the California State university to open its doors to them. Mrs. Gordon was admitted in 1879, and her first case was the defense of a man accused of murder, in which she made a jury speech and secured her client's acquittal.

The Indian chief, Red Cloud, is evidently a born aristocrat. He is the only chief who refuses to allow his children to attend school. His contempt for labor is almost inexpressible. It was lately suggested to him that his men should learn to cultivate the soil and support themselves. To this he replied that the instructor of agriculture furnished by the government was by no means satisfactory to the noble red man. "He comes here and wants our warriors to work. What we want is for the great father to send us white men to plant our corn, hoe it, reap it and put in barns, which they should build us. We are warriors, and don't work. Only squaws work."

California and Oregon are liable to the ravages of three species of locusts, the most dangerous of which is the great Rocky mountain locust, whose attacks several years ago came near starving out the people of two or three Western States. The locust is remarkable for its power of flight, and travels in dense swarms high up in the air, darkening the sun, or filling the sky with the glistening light of their wings. Observers have stood on the highest peaks of the Rocky mountains, and, straining their eyes upward, seen the sky filled with clouds of these tiny insects, so high up as to be barely discernible. After devastating one region, they rise into the air to look for fresh fields and pastures new.

Some of the opium dens in the large cities are owned by Americans, it is now said, while seemingly the enterprises of the Chinamen who conduct them. The practice is to bring men in through the enticements of fellows who pretend to be like the victims, bent on seeing the vices of the town. Pretense is made of inquiring out a den, and of difficulty in gaining admission. Then the two smoke, and when the dupe is unconscious his pockets are rifled. He discovers his loss on awakening, but his companion pretends to have been plundered too, and they conclude that to make any report to the police would expose them to ridicule. In this way robberies are committed in the mock opium resorts very extensively.

About the most curious item of news coming from "the other side" is the formation in Dresden of a society of painters who oppose the wearing of the modern garb, and are to wear nothing but ancient costumes. The society consists of some eighty members, all of whom took their oath never to put on modern habiliments again, and as the Germans are famous for not only binding themselves by all sorts of oaths, but for sticking to their compacts, the streets and lager beer saloons of Dresden must occasionally present a curious appearance. The figures of the old masters collected in the famous gallery of that city serve as patterns of dress to the new association, and the strange costumes that are to be met with look like so many suddenly animated pictures which have just jumped out of their frames.

The average American probably does not realize how dangerous a great crowd is, remarks a city paper. In this country, even in rough neighborhoods, thousands of people often get together in close quarters without harm. So orderly is everybody that the fear of death is the last thing one thinks of when he starts out to see a great spectacle. In Europe, however, a large crowd is seldom collected without some one being hurt or trampled to death. So simple an incident as a gathering to give a serenade to Nilsson in Stockholm resulted in the death of seventeen persons and serious injuries to twenty-nine others. The reason for the difference between Continental and American crowds may possibly be found in the fact that the American carries his habit of self government always with him.

This is how Chicago strikes a New England woman who writes about it to the Hartford *Times:* "But the city gives an expression of mixed vulgarity and magnificence. For one example, in the hotel where we stopped the floor of its gaudy barber shop was partly inlaid with silver dollars. Between 600 and 700 of these large coins were cemented in marble blocks. This inexpressibly vulgar ornamentation is looked upon with awe by thousands of mistaken American people. It is no doubt a paying advertisement. It is also the worst example of depraved taste that America can show. All the more when the hotel that can afford to pave one of its floors with silver dollars apparently cannot afford to furnish the bedsteads of some of its bedrooms with comfortable pillows. No bolster, and very small flat pillows that bring the head almost on a level with the mattress is a discomf... have to bear at a fi...

when paying the regulation high prices. If you ask the chambermaid if that is the general rule in the hotel, she replies: 'some of the rooms have larger pillows.' And this hotel explicitly advertises that it is a 'homelike haven,' where every comfort will be provided for the 'weary traveler.'"

Drinking in Washington.

It is said that drinking is decreasing at Washington. I do not believe this to be so, writes a correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader*. Fewer people drink at the saloons, perhaps. But it has come to be that every public man has his cellars stocked with wines and brandies, and liquors are sold by the quantity instead of by the glass. All of the grocery stores at Washington keep large stocks of liquors, from Mumm's extra dry champagne down to a very cheap article of whisky, and you will find wine stores in nearly every block. In no city of the United States, except, perhaps, New Orleans, is there so much wine drank in proportion to the population. Many families never sit down to a meal without having wine on the table, and at a Washington hotel, where public men stop, it is the rule to take a bottle of wine with your dinner. Within the last two years punch has become very popular at Washington, and you will now find a big punch bowl at almost every fashionable gathering. It is quite an art to make a fine Washington punch, and it takes very little of the regular article to cause the knees to quiver and the head to swim. One recipe contains the ingredients, whisky, rum, claret, champagne, sugar, and lemons. A little water added to this, and you have a drink that will put an old toper under the table after half of his usual allowance. Still, this stuff is given to young men and maidens.

There is a good deal of difference in the United States as to drinking. Men from the North and East and from California drink wine, while those from the West and South take whisky or beer. Kentuckians usually take whisky straight, and Wisconsins are fond of their own Milwaukee lager. Senators Frye and Blair are said to be the only Senators who are tetotallers.

There was a Congressman named Jadwin in the Forty-seventh Congress who never sat down to a meal without having a teacup of hot water placed before him. He seasoned it with cream and sugar, and drank it as other people do coffee. Congressman Hatch of Missouri is also a hot water drinker, and Breckenridge of Arkansas takes it with every meal. These hot water drinkers advocate the practice as a cure for dyspepsia and indigestion, and they say they become as fond of the drink as of tea, coffee, or whisky.

Japanese Flower Gardening.

Among the Japanese the love of flowers and plants is an absorbing passion. In the smallest of dwellings there is an altar-like niche, in or upon which flowering plants are arranged, but they have in some districts a most remarkable custom in connection with window gardening.

In houses wherein reside one or more daughters of marriageable age, an empty flower pot of an ornamental character is encircled by a ring, and suspended from the window or veranda by three light chains.

Now, the Juliets of Japan are of course attractive, and their Romeos as love-sick as those of other lands. But instead of serenades by moonlight and other delicate ways of making an impression, it is etiquette for the Japanese lover to approach the dwelling of his lady, bearing some choice plant in his hand, which he boldly, but, let us hope, reverently, proceeds to plant in the empty vase. This takes place at a time when he is fully assured that both mother and daughter are at home, and I need scarcely say neither of them are at all conscious that the young man is taking such a liberty with the flower pot outside of their window. It is believed that a young lover so engaged has never been seen by the lady or her mamma in this act of sacrilege; at any rate, a friend tells me that, during his long residence in Japan, he never heard of any one being detected in the act or interfered with in any way.

The fact is, this act of placing a pretty plant into the empty flower-pot is equivalent to a formal proposal to the young lady who dwells within. The youthful gardener, having settled his plant to his mind, retires, and the lady is free to act as she pleases.

If he is the right man, she takes every care of his plant, waters it, and tends it carefully with her own hands, that all the world may see and know that the donor is accepted as a suitor. But if he is not a favorite, or if stern parents object, the plant is removed from the vase, and the next morning finds it withered on the veranda, or on the path below. In a word, if you are not the right man, it is evident that this phase of window gardening must be a difficult and disappointing one to carry on in Japan.—*F. W. Burbridge.*

Intelligence in Animals.

The London *Field* tells of a pair of swallows that built a nest inside of a school room where more than 100 children were in daily attendance.

A goose was seen fluttering on the surface of one of the Wisconsin lakes, and investigation proved that a forty-two pound turtle had it by the leg. Both were drawn into a boat.

When ostriches are breeding they are very savage, yet a colley dog will tame them completely, and at the cape of Good Hope the dogs do the work of herding with great sagacity.

A dog belonging to Charles Porter, of Parkersburg, W. Va., goes regularly to the postoffice and brings back the mail, gets the milk from the milkman daily, and has delivered a deposit at the bank correctly.

An immense Newfoundland dog, belonging to a gentleman of San Francisco, snapped at a child who was plaguing him. The child's mother upbraided the dog, who slunk away, but soon returned with a rose, and, with very extravagant capers, laid it at the feet of the child. Then it hurried to its mistress for a caress.

John H. Osborn, of Belleville, N. J., tried breeding quail in an immense wire cage. The third day after the female had begun sitting she died on the nest. The cock was greatly distressed. He dragged the dead bird to a corner and buried it, leaving only the long feathers on one wing exposed. This done he returned to the nest and sat on the eggs, and eventually succeeded in bringing out a brood of ten young quail. The young birds are now alive.—*New York Sun.*

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the ...

THE VILLAGE ORACLE.

Beneath the weather-beaten porch
That shades the village store
He sits at ease, an aged man
Of three-score years or more;
That ample seat for him is placed
Beside the open door.

His face is very keen and shrewd,
And piercing are his eyes,
As with an air of prophecy
He scans the cloudy skies,
And children look with awe on him,
For he is weatherwise.

And jolly farmers riding by
On fragrant loads of hay,
Call out: "Good-morning, Uncle Dan,"
And "Will it rain to-day?"
While boys who would a-fishing go
Await what he will say.

"Wall, ef the wind should change about"
—They listen eagerly,
But he is very slow and calm,
For thus should prophets be—
"Mebbe them clouds will bring us rain,
But I dunno," says he.

And ever as the seasons come,
And as the seasons go,
The oracle is asked the signs
Of wind, or rain, or snow;
But still he never hesitates
To answer: "I dunno."

—*Texas Siftings.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Like truth, cheese is mite-y and will prevail.—*Life.*

"The most important thing in connection with a house is the haul," remarked the burglar.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Parlor croquet has been succeeded by baseball at cards in the library, and we may expect to hear of "Cricket on the Hearth."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Lilla M. Cushman, the poetess, says: "My back is almost broken with this weary, weary load." She ought to make her husband carry up the coal.—*Hawkeye.*

The railroads of the world are said to carry 6,500,000 passengers a day. It takes all this vast army to down the railway eating house sandwiches.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear, and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sons of great men all remind us that, to make their lives sublime and appreciative to find us, they must manage, every time, to fulfill a hard condition; for no fortune is so sad, in a youth of high ambition, as to own a famous dad.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Oh, hubby, I've had such a dreadful accident!" "What is it, my dear?" "I've broken the hall mirror, and you know it is a sign of bad luck to break a mirror." "So it is, my darling, especially when the mirror costs fourteen dollars."—*Chicago News.*

The winds come back from their paths on the sea.
The eagle flies home to his nest,
And the child returns to its mother's knee,
And hope to the sorrowing breast.
The summer returns with blossoming cheer,
"The clouds return after the rain."
But the old umbrella I loaned last year
Will never come back again.
—*Lynn Union.*

A Boston writer thinks that the sexes are "drifting apart." The reason of this drifting is very likely in the fact that the representatives of the male sex find it impossible to "raise the wind" sufficiently to sail in company down the harbor to places of popular resort.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The latest scientific whim is a surgical operation for the benefit of piano-players—clipping a cord between the third and fourth fingers. What a long-suffering public demands of science is something that will benefit the entire neighborhood wherein the player resides.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Moscow Cathedral.

The great Moscow Cathedral, lately completed, has cost more than $11,000,000, and will accommodate 10,000 worshipers. It is, says the London *Times*, one of the most remarkable churches in Europe:

"Not many cathedrals can boast of having been built in a lifetime, but there are Russians still living who saw the French army depart from Moscow, to commemorate which event the church of St. Saviour has been erected. In less than three months after the retreat of the foe a decree went forth from Alexder I. that a memorial temple should be built, and five years later the foundations were laid, but not on the present site. The emperor accepted plans which, had they carried out, would have given to Russia the highest building in the world—namely, 770 feet, on the Sparrows Hill, between the routes of the entrance and departure of Napoleon; but the undertaking for a while collapsed, and the architect and building committee, after expending or misappropriating upward of 4,000,000 roubles, were banished and their estates confiscated. The Emperor Nicholas adopted new plans, and chose the present site, which has cost, with embankments, and terrace, etc., upward of £180,000, and where, at the outset, a nunnery had to be removed and 70,000 cubic feet of earth to be displaced before, on July 27, 1829, the laying of the foundations was commenced. The building continued slowly to rise for twenty years, and in 1858 the scaffolding was removed, this latter item alone having cost 177,000 roubles, or upward of £40,000 (reckoning the rouble, that is, at 3s, as throughout this article). A quarter of a century has been expended on fittings and decoration. The style is ancient Russian or rather Graeco-Byzantine, the most striking feature of which, to a western eye, on the exterion is the five copper cupalos, for the gilding of which were required 900 pounds of gold, their total cost being upward of £170,000. The domes are surmounted by crosses, the centre one, nearly thirty-nine feet high, standing 340 feet from the ground. The building covers an area of 73,000 feet. The bells, as usual in Russia, are of ponderous weight. The largest, or 'holy, day' bell, weighs twenty-six tons, or half as much again as 'Great Paul'. Even the second, or 'Sunday' bell, is within a ton's weight of our bantling; while the smallest of the 'everyday' bells descends to about thirty pounds. The cost of the peal was upward of £13,000."

Only three years during the last fifty have the revenues of Brazil exceeded the expenditures.

German geologists estimate ... Dead Sea will be a mass ... years hence.

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