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Hope's rainbows are ever abroad in the air,
Alluring us fools to pursue;
We follow and follow, and find nothing there
Save a sprinkle of glittering dew.
Earth's rainbows of promise, so fair to the sight,
Are but fictions, at best, of the mind;
Their gleams give at most unsubstantial delight
They fade and leave nothing behind.

Then what of the rainbow that gleams beyond death
The promise hereafter! Who is there can tell
If, after the parting of body and breath,
He is sure under *that* rainbow all will be well?
Can he certain it is the last bow to allure,
The one that stoops down on the bushel of gold—
The gold *he* at last shall possess? Who is sure?
Alas! 'tis a secret we can not unfold.

IN A POWDER MAGAZINE.

We had not been ten days at sea before my mind misgave me, and I began to dread an unfortunate termination to our voyage, for matters had gone wrong from the very beginning. There had been trouble with the crew, who seemed to have an idea that perennial drunkenness was the proper state of men's existence; and who, as long as a sixpence lasted, obstinately refused to go on board, in many cases having to be hauled from the wharf over the side like so much suspended animation. Then when we had been warped out into the river, and were lying awaiting the Captain, we found that he had been taken suddenly and violently ill, so that a week's delay followed, ending in a fresh appointment, and the coming of a new Captain—a man of a quiet, genial aspect, whose presence seemed to augur a termination of our troubles, and he was welcomed accordingly.

For a merchantman outward bound is by no means the paradise existing in the minds of ardent school-boys, bitten with a longing for a life at sea. Twenty-fours hours of the life on board and its discomforts effectually sickened me; but then I had chosen my vessel for reasons of economy, knowing that every five-pound note would be, perhaps, of priceless value in my new home; so I made up my mind not to be discontented, but to bear all that fell to my lot. I had taken my passage to Buenos Ayres, with the full intention of roughing it for some years to come, and therefore I argued that it would be cowardly to turn tail at the first trouble that fell to my share. But really it was trying work, in spite of the strongest determination. The sailors were soon in that pleasant state of despondent misery which succeeds a long debauch, and, as if giving the unfortunate passengers the credit of being the cause of their sufferings, lost no opportunity of visiting the said sufferings upon their heads. I said upon their heads, but the feet as frequently suffered, buckets of water being dashed upon them—of course accidentally—if we ventured on deck during holy-stoning times. We came to grief, too, over ropes, over the stowing of cargo, and in a variety of ways during those first days—our sea-going friends looking upon us as an inferior race of beings, whom, as lubbers, it was their duty to afflict. But by dint of good temper, this was all pretty well got over, in time for the rough weather we encountered down Channel, and right away across the Bay of Biscay; sufficiently bad to confine us all, sick and well, below hatches for many a dreary day of pitching and tossing, with the ship's timbers groaning and creaking to a degree that seemed to threaten falling to pieces.

Picture to yourselves, you who have not been on ship board, a gloomy, low-ceiled prison, with stout beams crossing every here and there, the light stealing feebly through the little windows, the air you breathe hot, foul, and stifling, the hatch above you battened down, so that, save at special times, there is no communication with the deck; and nearly every fellow-passenger either bemoaning his hard fate, or else groaning as he lies in the helpless misery of sea-sickness. I think that if all the miseries of a rough voyage could be foreseen, those who take trips to far-off lands would be greatly reduced in numbers.

A couple of days' respite came at last in the shape of fine weather: and in the reaction produced by the bright sunshine, and free brisk air we breathed on deck, the troubles of the past were forgotten. The Captain still seemed all that was pleasant; but there was a flushed and heavy look in his countenance that I did not like, and before long I had another opinion upon the subject; for, in conversation, I found that the second mate had been at the same school as myself; and together we went over the old days and compared notes, as I walked the deck with him far into his watch.

The weather turned foul once more, but this time, through the mate, I contrived to stay on deck, when, to my surprise, I found that the greater part of the duty was shifted on to the chief mate, the Captain seldom showing on deck.

"No, I don't think it's from cowardice," said my friend to me, as we walked the deck that night, when the gale had somewhat moderated. "Of course this is in confidence."

I nodded.

"Well," he continued, "I don't know what to make of him; sometimes I think he's mad, and sometimes that he is given to drinking. How he got appointed to this ship, I can't tell. Mr. Ray don't say any thing, but he is one of those men who think all the more; and of course he'll be particularly careful, lest the Captain should think that, as first mate, he is jealous because the command was not placed in his hands."

No more was then said; but before many days had passed, we found that the man who had been intrusted with a fine vessel, a valuable cargo, and, more than all, the lives of passengers and crew, was one of those unfortunate beings who, not content with the enjoyment of the good things of this life, are in the habit of having intemperate outbreaks, when the impulse to drink, commencing, perhaps, with the stimulants taken in some time of peril, grows perfectly uncontrollable, and culminates at length in one of those horrible fits of mania known as delirium tremens.

It was enough to make any landsman nervous as to our fate, should the heavy weather continue; but there was still the satisfaction of knowing that the two mates were thorough seamen, who would, no doubt, take upon themselves the management of the ship, should there be any real danger. These feelings did not trouble me long, for, the weather again brightening, hope rose, and day after day glided pleasantly by. We saw but little of the Captain, and only learned that he was confined by indisposition to his cot, the cause of this indisposition being only known to a few; but I could see that the first mate, Mr. Ray, looked more anxious than usual; and taking the opportunity of being on deck one night, I had a long talk with my friend, to learn that the Captain only recovered from one fit to seek the means for bringing on another.

"Pity we did not leave him behind altogether," I said at last.

"I've thought so a dozen times," said my friend, "for this sailing with a madman on board does not suit my book."

The days glided slowly by with varying weather. The hot latitudes were reached. There was a little horse-play as we crossed the line; then a shark was caught, and at times a dolphin or bonito; and at last, panting with the heat, we lay beneath the almost vertical sun, without a breath of wind to fill the sails as they hung from the yards, the vessel gently rolling in the swell as the sea heaved and fell without so much as a ripple visible. Rough coverings were rigged up; but in spite of all that could be done to mitigate it, the heat was unbearable, beating down upon our heads, and reflected from the sea, which shone like a vast mirror of polished metal. Gaping seams, with the tar oozing forth, rails and stanchions so heated that a hand could not be borne upon them, and the 'tween decks stifling as an oven, it was no wonder that we were constantly longing for the comparative cool of the night; but even then there was not time for the temperature to grow much lower before the sun once more rose, each day apparently hotter than the last.

We were seated one evening, watching the last glow of the setting sun, when Anderson, the second mate, made the remark that he thought a change was coming; and then our attention was taken up by Mr. Ray passing close by us, and descending as if to the Captain's cabin.

"How has he been to-day?" I said, as Mr. Ray disappeared.

"Worse than ever," was the reply. "If I were Ray, I'd make a prisoner of him, and take sole command. He'd be quite justified in so doing."

Further conversation was cut short by the reappearance of the mate, who beckoned hastily to my companion.

"Something wrong," he exclaimed, as he leaped to his feet; and quite as quickly I followed him to the hatchway.

"Good heavens, Anderson!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, "what's to be done? He's raving mad."

"Have you no medicines?" I said.

"Medicines? Yes; but how are we to deal with a man in his state? Just listen."

In effect, as he ceased speaking, there came from below the sound of breaking chairs, smashing glass, and a noise as of some one leaping from side to side of the cabin, followed by a tremendous battering at the door.

"I've locked him in," said Ray, "for he's not fit to come on deck. But get help, and we must secure him, and strap him into his cot."

A short consultation was held; and then it was decided to call one of the old seamen a sturdy, quiet man, and to do all as quietly as possible, so as not to alarm the rest of the passengers and crew.

Anderson fetched the old sailor, who came rolling up, turning the lump of tobacco in his mouth; and from his remark it was evident that he had been enlightened upon the business in hand.

"Ah," he growled, "what a thing it is as any one will go on wasting precious liquors, and turning blessings into pison! I knowed this would be the end of it."

"Don't preach, man," said Ray, angrily, "but come along. Now, look here," he whispered, as we descended: "as soon as I open the door, all step quietly in together. He'll dash at us the same as he did at me a while ago; but he can only tackle one man at once, so that while he is engaged, the others must secure him."

We had hardly nerved ourselves for our task, and the mate was holding up his hand as a signal as he unlocked the door, when we were staggered by the sharp report of a pistol, simultaneous with which there was a dull thud close to my ear; and I started back with the knowledge that a bullet had just passed through the cabin-door and whistled by my head. Then came a loud, harsh laugh, followed by a couple more pistol-shots, both of which passed through the panel of the door.

I need hardly say that we beat a retreat directly; and as we stood once more on deck, the first mate wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and looked from one to the other, as much as to say, What shall we do?

It was, indeed a trying position; and for a few moments no one spoke. Then Mr. Ray seemed to recover himself, and spoke out firmly and quietly: "We should only be casting away our lives if we were to go in now. The only plan I can suggest is to watch him through the skylight, and go in when he is asleep."

"I don't think he can do any mischief in the meantime," I said; "but we must seize him soon."

"Mischief!" said the old sailor dryly. "Well, I dunno; but what if he keeps on popping off that revolver thing? We shall be having a bullet in among the powder, and a blow-up."

"Powder!" I said.

"Yes; in the magazine."

"Is there powder on board?" I said, with a strange tremor in my voice, as I turned to Anderson.

"Yes, a heavy lot of it," he said huskily; and as he spoke, his eyes glanced involuntarily in the direction of the boats.

Another shot made us all start; and now passengers and crew began to collect, eagerly asking what was wrong—questions, though, which, in dread of a rush at the boats, we forebore to answer.

The peril, though, was indeed great, for in one small cabin, especially strengthened for its reception, a large quantity of powder was stored; and if one bullet happened to pass through, the chances were that the heat evolved in its passage would explode it all, and in a moment the whole vessel would be blown to atoms.

There were two courses open to us; to seize the boats at once, and push off, or to make a bold and manly effort to subdue the madman, in whose hands our lives seemed to hang.

The same feeling must have pervaded all our breasts as we stood looking at one another, and then I saw the old sailor wet the palms of his hands and rub them gently together.

"We must run in on him, Master Ray," he said."

"Could we not shoot him down through the skylight?" said the chief mate; and then, as if blushing at his own proposition, he added hastily: "No, no; that would be like murder. We must dash in on him at all risks. But what's that? Look out; he's coming on deck."

As he spoke, we heard the cabin door unlocked; then the rattling of keys and the crashing of a door, when Ray cautiously peered down the hatch; and as he kneeled there gazing down, I could see a tremor running through his whole frame, and when at last he turned to us, his voice was so husky as to be almost inaudible, when he whispered: "He's got into the powder-room!"

I shall never forget his countenance as he gazed up at us, fixed—rigid to a degree. For a few moments, horror, and dread of impending death seemed to have robbed him of all power. Then he sprang up, the man once more."

"Quick!" he exclaimed, "for your lives!"

Then leading the way, he dashed down the cabin stairs, we following him, but only to find our progress arrested by the closed door, which resisted all our efforts.

"Listen!" whispered Ray; and then he continued: "Good heavens, if he were to fire now!"

The next moment there was a sound which seemed to make every nerve in my body thrill, and I frankly own that had my limbs obeyed my will, I should have rushed on deck, seized a coop or grating, and leaped over the side, for plainly enough to be heard came a sharp crackling noise, and it wanted not the mate's word to enlighten us as he hissed out "Lucifers!"

"Here, quick, for God's sake!" exclaimed Anderson. "Look here; we are forcing the wrong way at the door."

He dragged at it, but in vain, for a few minutes, till, running on deck, the old sailor returned in an instant with a couple of marline-spikes, which we were inserting just as we once more heard the crackle of a match.

"Quick! it's for dear life!" cried Ray, and the door crashed, gave way and flew open, to reveal to us, standing, perfectly unmoved by our forcible entry, the Captain, holding a lighted splint to an iron-bound chest, which was already blackened and charred at the edge.

For a few moments we could none of us stir. It seemed as if at the slightest motion on our part, the chest—which I afterward learned was filled with cartridges for the supply of one of the petty armies engaged in the Paraguayan war—would explode, followed by the other chests and kegs piled around. Then came the Captain's low chuckling laugh, and we heard him say: "This will drive you out, then, strong as you are."

Then, with a gesture of impatience, he threw down the burnt-out splint, took a fresh match from the box he held, and was about to strike it, when, with a cry that did not sound human, Anderson leaped upon him, and with one tremendous blow struck him down, trampling on him the next moment as he applied his moist lips to the charred and smoking edge of the chests.

The Captain was not stunned though; and directly after a fearful struggle took place amid these kegs, my part being confined to the securing of the match-box, which I tore from his hand, trembling as I did so lest it should, explode. Then came the loud panting breathing of the wretched man, as, held down by four strong men, he bowed his body up again and again with a power that was almost superhuman.

But the danger was now passed; and without losing a moment, we dragged him out into his own cabin. Water was abundantly applied to the charred side of the box; and Mr. Ray's first act was to make the carpenter screw up the door in a way that restored confidence as every screw was driven in. I say his first act; for his second was to sit down on the deck and cover his face with his hands, and remain in that position for fully half an hour.

Constant watching, binding, and the use of patent drugs placed the Captain out of the reach of means to place us again in peril. But though a breeze sprung up the next day, and our well-managed ship prosperously finished her voyage, I never lay down to sleep the rest of the time without a shudder, and never once dropped off without waking with a start from a horrible dream of seeing the Captain, match-box in hand, applying a light to the edge of the cartridge-chest.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Arsenical Ornaments.—A few days ago a little girl had a bunch of artificial grapes given to her. After amusing herself with the toy she gave it to a playmate of her own age, who presently picked a grape off the bunch and sucked it. The next day she was a corpse. An eminent physician, who analyzed the fatal plaything, deposed that ten of the grapes yielded three grains of arsenite of copper—a deadly poison—and that each vine-leaf on the bunch contained enough to kill a child. Another child's cupboard, in which its toys were kept, was lined with green paper. The poor little thing sickened and died, obviously from the effects of poison mysteriously imbibed. Dr. Letheby analyzed the paper-hanging of the cupboard, and found that a piece of it only six inches square contained nearly thirteen grains of the deadly compound—enough to kill two grown-up persons!—*London Inquirer.*

A New Enemy.—A new and mysterious enemy of sheep, more fatal even than the murderous dogs, has made its appearance and dreadfully ravaged the flocks of Manitowoc, Wisconsin. The animals being found dead, no marks of violence are to be observed, save a small hole behind the ear, from which the blood has been sucked. This has led to the conclusion that the destroyer is a kind of bat, or, more properly speaking, a vampire—a creature which even men may fear, since it may not have an exclusive taste for the vital fluid of the muttons. This, the curculio and potato bug, renders our present assortment of noxious vermin very complete.

Spots on Mahogany.—Stains and spots may be taken out of mahogany with a little aquafortis or oxalic acid and water, rubbing the part by means of cork, till the color is restored, observing afterwards to wash the wood well with water, and to dry and polish as usual.

One.

One hour of the new day gone!

One more car, with its sixty soundless wheels—laden with records of human life, swept, with no ringing of bell, across the highways and around the curves of Earth into the depot of Eternity, whose keeper is Jehovah!

One!

The little ormolu clock from its festooned bracket above the mantle heralds the tidings throughout the silent room; and the canary, asleep in his ivory ring, leaps at once, full-throated and open-eyed, into a jubilate that floods the air with the tender trills of song.

One!

We turn off the gas—the bird-song ceases.

We draw aside the curtains, throw back the shutters, open the windows, and lean across the casement into the night.

How silent it is! And yet, the silence, as we lean and listen, quickens with voices whose ebb and flow made *once* the low dorons of our life to bud and blossom as the rose; make *still*, and will make forever, the Alpha and Omega of love's sweetest dream.

The moonlight lays its bands of silver across the looseness of our hair, and upon our temples, burdened with fever-throbs of fancy overwrought, the fingers of the wind are pressing, as the mother's lips, through a night so long ago.

The wing of sleep covers the city, as the wings of a bird her brood; but the lights of heaven shine through, illuming cathedral spire and cloister-wall—the high halls of the rich and the low roofs of the poor; and, over all, is the banner of God's love: His protecting care, and the heaven of His holiness.

The "voiceless night" grows voiceful.

A sound breaking from wine-red lips, floats from the sweet soul of the past to the fountains in the still aisles of our being, and lo! a shower of glittering drops over the blooms so dark with dust of dreary days, and a song through all the stillness like the singing of the sea.

An odor of violets from the wet ways of an old, old woodland is folded under the plumage of the night, and the calm leaves of life's first lilies seem rustling to the buds, storm-shaken, but haply spared for the sweetening of later days.

One!

One voice above all others from out the sepulchre of the past! One hand—fairer than all others—reaching across the urn whose very rim is under the ashes of a burnt-out hope!

One face with its frame of carven locks, and lips like palest primrose—its delicate cheeks, and lids with fringe of amber—its brows where no red blood is, and its temples with no purple of living!

One day discrowned and desolate, the life of all its hours face to face with the death of all its dreams, and something sweeping through its stillness like sound of ships going down to the black heart of the sea, and sound of waves closed closely up above and sealed with seal of thunder.

One faith, fair and fruitful, that not the laboring of years, nor men, nor gods, nor doom, nor death can alter!

One gleam of the far-off silver of repose over all the waters of waiting.

It is enough!

We close the window and its shutters, rearrange the damask and the lace, put back the stand with its basin and ladder of ivy, and just as the clock is telling the passing of another hour, go silently to the sweet heart of our slumber, and to a sacred dream of—One!

Society and Fashion.

Satin is to be used largely in trimming for silk dresses this year.

Visiting cards for next season are to be small and very nearly square.

It is considered very bad taste to wear jewelry in the street, even bracelets being thought a superfluity.

Very pretty costumes for Winter morning wear are of gray merino over crimson underskirts, with sleeves, and pointed vest of crimson.

A great change has been noticed at Saratoga this Summer, where ladies used to make five toilets a day, two very simple ones are all that is now necessary.

For the benefit of young persons afflicted with freckles, we would inform them that powdered nitre, moistened with water, applied to the face night and morning, will soon remove all traces of them.

Lovers are not aware, perhaps, that it is asserted that there is a vein which runs from the ring finger of the left hand straight to the heart, and that when a lady offers you her left hand at parting there is a meaning in it.

The fashion of dressing the hair after the style practiced by our great-grandmothers has revived. It is drawn up to the top of the head in what is called a French twist, surmounted by a heavy braid like a coronet, and is becoming to nearly every style of face.

The old idea that persons could not entertain their friends without turning their house into a restaurant is beginning to die out among sensible people, and entertainments where only cake and lemonade are passed around will be considered more select than the big supper affairs.

We hear an attempt is to be made to make crimson gloves fashionable when worn with black toilette. We sincerely hope not, as at a distance the hands look as if they were bleeding, and the color will certainly not be a favorite among French people since it was worn by the Communists.

Potatoes vs. Carrots for Milch Cows.—R. A. Hunt, Euclid, O., has been feeding a milch cow potatoes and carrots with dry hay and water, with the following results: While 36 quarts of carrots were fed daily, 32 pounds of milk were received in return; and while the same quantity of carrots and potatoes, equal parts, were fed, 36 pounds of milk were given; and when potatoes alone were given, 40 pounds of milk were received.

The bark Courier has been lost in a typhoon in the China sea. Her crew, composed entirely of Chinamen, went down with the vessel.

The New York Democratic State Committee met at Albany, and decided to hold their State Convention on the 4th of October. This is one week after the Republican Convention.

The latest election returns from Wyoming territory give the Republicans a majority of 2 in the Senate, and the Democrats a majority of 2 in the House.

Algeria in Africa.

Algeria, surrounded by the Mediterranean, Tunis, Morocco and the Desert of Sahara, is about 500 miles from east to west and 200 miles from north to south. Besides the Kabyles, believed to be the original inhabitants, the country is peopled with Arabs, Turks, Jews, Negroes and the French. The Kabyles are an industrious race and pursue the usual avocations of civilized society. The Arabs lead a nomadic life. Of all the inhabitants, except the negroes, the Moors are the least respected, though they assume a luxurious mode of living. These three races—the Kabyles, the Arabs and the Moors—are called the "indigenes," and number two million four hundred thousand, of whom the Kabyles number six hundred thousand. The Mussulmans alone number 2,000,000, without counting the tribes of the Desert. The Arabs number 1,391,812, and these are divided into 200 tribes, and these tribes are divided into 10,000 among themselves.

During the wars of Napoleon the Algerine desperadoes, owing to the fleets in the Mediterranean, were compelled to desist from their customary depredations upon commerce. But when peace was restored the piratical incursions were recommenced. In 1795 the United States refused to pay tribute to the Dey. In 1815 Commodore Decatur sailed into the Bay of Algiers and compelled the Dey to release the American prisoners and give a pledge of never again exacting tribute. In 1816 the English reduced Algiers to ashes. The Dey continued to act almost with impunity, until one fine day the Dey slapped the French Consul's face and spoke disrespectfully of King Charles X. The face-slapping scene, which led to the conquest of Algiers, is thus amusingly described by Mr. Samuel S. Cox, in his "Search for Winter Sunbeams:"

"Hussein, the last Dey of Algiers, received the French Consul, who came in full uniform to remonstrate against the non-payment of a debt to the French proteges. The old Dey lost his temper and slapped the Consul in the face with his fan. It was "all Dey" with him then. The Consul retired without saying "good Dey," and if I may be permitted, the prospects of that Dey were not afterwards brilliant. In fact, they were clouded. The French went after him and got him."

This insult to the representative of France resulted in a French expedition against Algiers. In 1830 France landed 38,000 men from twenty-five ships in the bay at Sidi Ferruch and fought the battle of Stavneli on June 19. About forty thousand Arabs were driven from the field with the bayonet, and the victory of the French was crowned by the conquest of Fort l'Empereur and the Casbah, which commands Algiers city.

On July 4, the same year, the French achieved the capitulation of the besieged city, the Dey and his troops being forced to abandon the city. In 1831 the celebrated chieftain Abdel Kader, placed himself at the head of the Algerines. He sustained defeat after defeat; but he harrassed a powerful enemy perpetually. At length, Abdel Kader seeing further resistance useless, surrendered to the French, on condition that he should be sent to Egypt or St. Jean d'Acre. The chieftain arrived in Paris on the 29th of January, 1848; but Louis Philippe broke his pledge, and Abdel Kader was not released until Napoleon III. ascended the throne. The struggle in Algeria has been continued since at intervals with undiminished fury. The colonizing family of the French is not very great at the best, but in Algeria they have had almost insurmountable difficulties to contend with. The nomadic habits, instincts and traditions of the Arabs are opposed to European civilization. The Algerines are impatient of foreign domination, and from the utter want of sympathy between the people and their rulers have sprung all the sanguinary wars that have cost France so much blood and treasure.

Japanese Fireworks.

A correspondent who witnessed an exhibition of fireworks in Japan says:—The day fireworks beat anything of the kind I ever heard of. Out of a wooden mortar bound with iron is sent high in the air what looks like a marble in size. As it goes up it bursts, and out of it come parachutes of bright lines, and hanging from them firecrackers that are continually going off. Balloons of various sizes, some of them quite large, and of course inflated; open umbrellas; ribbons yards long, and at least eighteen inches wide, floating and twisting themselves in the air; men riding on fishes, muszmes, jinrikiskas, all made of paper, reminding me of the bon-bons at parties for the German cotillion, only these out here far surpass those at home. Sometimes these bonds burst in the air, and streamers of smoke with a dense body from which they radiate, resembling huge many-legged spiders, shoot out, and sometimes it is countless serpents twisting and turning, about three hundred feet in the air—the smoke being of several colors. All this should be seen to be appreciated. The night fireworks also were beautiful. Around the race-track, on bamboo poles, had been hung some kind of firework, and when the time came to set it off, suddenly a light flashed with inconceivable rapidity from one end, and in an instant all was burning, presenting the aspect of an immense waterfall of liquid fire, the effect of which was really grand. Another favorite piece was this: A few Roman candles went off, and a wheel or two, when all at once was seen a graceful tree, its branches all of fire waving in the air; this piece was exceedingly pretty and graceful. There were many others, but these struck me particularly.

Unlucky.—August is said to be an unlucky month to be born in, as we are told that the man born in the month of August will be courageous and ambitious, but too apt to cheat. He will have several maladies and two wives. The woman born in this month will be amiable and twice married, and her second husband will give her good cause to regret her first.

Four Good Habits.—Punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities for advantages are lost which it is impossible to recall.

The Bursting of Steam-Boilers.

The terrible accident on the Staten Island ferry-boat, by which a hundred lives were lost, and a hundred persons crippled or injured, still continues to absorb the attention of the whole community, who demand greater safety in steam-boilers, or in the management of them.

From the contradictory views expressed by persons who are considered experts, it is apparent that compartively little is in reality known about the causes of boiler explosions. The opinion prevails generally that the most essential thing in safety is, that the boiler should be very strong.

A different and novel doctrine on this subject was recently advanced in our hearing by a practical engineer. He expressed, with great confidence, that there is only one cause ever, for the explosion of a boiler, and that is, letting the water get too low. He says you cannot explode a boiler in a way to cause any considerable loss of life by any other means.

But the most curious point in his theory is, that the stronger the boiler, if the water is allowed to get low enough to explode it, the more disastrous will be the consequences.

He contends that if cold water is let suddenly into a heated boiler, an explosion is inevitable, no matter how strong the boiler may be; and the greater the force employed to confine the steam, the more terrible will be the explosion.

Familiar facts seem to sustain this doctrine. If you fire powder in a gun without any wad over the powder, it explodes with very little force and scarcely any noise; whereas, if you put a tight wad over the powder, ram it down hard, then put shot and another wad over that, the powder explodes with great force and a loud noise. Moreover, it often causes the gun to recoil, and sometimes bursts the gun-barrel. Sportsmen are very careful about too tight wadding, or too heavy charges of shot, which confine the powder too strongly, as the powder, when ignited, must force whatever confines it assunder,

And yet how in principle, are the tight wadding and heavy charges of shot different from the *strong* steam-boiler?

Another thing: men engaged in blasting rock know that the success of their operations depends, in a great degree, upon the thoroughness and strength of the tamping.

Drill a round hole in a rock, and fill it up with gunpowder; apply a match to the powder; you produce a flash and a little smoke, and that is all. The rock remains unmoved and unbroken.

But place a few pounds of powder in the bottom of the hole, tamp it down hard with broken stone and other substances very difficult to remove, then light the powder, and you have a loud explosion, sending the small stones high up in the air, and frequently breaking in pieces tons of the rock into which the hole has been drilled.

These views are thrown out as worthy the consideration of men of science.

One conclusion we are obliged to come to, and that is of great practical importance: Whether steam-boilers are strong or weak, they are very dangerous unless closely watched, and faithfully and wisely attended to.

Baby Farming in England.

A Select Committee of the British House of Commons has been inquiring into the subject of baby farming and "adoption." Some of its statements will have an interest for readers in this country:

According to the evidence, which seems to be indisputable, there are in all parts of London a large number of private houses, used as lying-in establishments, where women are confined. When the infants are born some few of them may be taken away by their mothers; but, if they are to be 'adopted,' as is usually the case, the owner of the establishment receives for the adoption a large sum of money, sometimes as little as £5, sometimes as much as £50 or £100, according to the means of the party who goes to be confined. The infant is then removed (generally immediately after birth) under an arrangement with the lying-in establishments, by which the owners of the baby-farming houses are remunerated, either by a small round sum, which is totally inadequate to the permanent maintenance of the child, or by a small weekly payment, varying from 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., which is supposed to cover all expenses. In the former case there is obviously every inducement to get rid of the child; and, even in the latter case, unless the mother should come to look after it, (which she seldom does,) improper and insufficient food, opiates, drugs, crowded rooms, bad air, want of cleanliness, and wilful neglect, are sure to be followed in a few months by diarrhea, convulsions, and wasting away.

It will thus be seen that nothing can be worse than this class of houses, or more reckless than the conduct of those by whom they are kept. The children born in the lying-in establishments are usually illegitimate, and so are the children taken from elsewhere to the worst class of baby-farming houses. In many cases they are abandoned by their mothers soon after their birth, and in addition to the loss of a mother's care, which is alone sufficient to increase the mortality of infant life to a great extent, they are soon culpably neglected, so ill-treated and so badly nurtured that, with rare exceptions, they all of them die in a very short time. Nobody, except the owners of these houses, knows anything about them; their births are not registered, nor are their deaths; some of them are buried as still-born children, some are secretly disposed of, many are dropped about the streets.

A Frightful Disaster.

A terrible explosion occurred in a coal mine near the town of Wigan, in Lancashire. Some fifty persons who were in a seam of the mine at the time of the catastrophe were cut off from communication with the outer world, and were all suffocated by foul air. A party sent down to ascertain the condition of the men who had been buried alive suffered, and many of them perished. The neighborhood of the disaster was thronged with the relatives and acquaintances of the supposed victims, and the scenes were of the most heart-rending description. Over 70 persons were killed by the explosion.

It is said that square toed shoes are coming in fashion again, and that ladies' shoes are to be made with what is known as box-toes.

The Cloud and Fire.

A HYMN.

In cloud by day, in fire by night,
Jehovah's pillared symbol hung;
And day and night, in Israel's sight,
Its heaven-sent token earthward flung.

It rested o'er their sacred tent,—
And in their camp the host abode;
It lifted thence and onward went,—
And they its desert pathway trode.

They saw it rest, they saw it rise,
The signal of Jehovah's will;
They watched it with unfailing eyes,—
And struck their tents, or waited still.

Not now in columned shade or flame,
Our steps, O God, Thy glory leads:
But signs divine Thy will proclaim,—
Thy banner still thy church precedes.

Thy light is on our pathway shed,
Thy counsel on our hearts impressed,—
And by thy guiding spirit led,
Thy watching host move on, or rest.

Scribner's

Facts and Fancies.

The last cup of a frolic is generally the hiccup.

Some musicians put on more airs than they can play.

The potato blight is doing great damage in Ireland.

A horned rooster is the latest production of North Carolina.

A forger was discharged by a Racine Judge because the forged note had no stamp.

A word unspoken is a word in the scabbard; a word uttered is a sword in another's hand.

Sun-baths are an effectual remedy for many diseases if taken during a smart two hours' walk.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, in answer to a friend who asked her why she dressed so plainly, replied, "I can afford to do so." One of the advantages of being rich you see.

Saloon licenses, in Utah territory for the sale of ale and beer, are $50 per month. Saloon licenses, for the sale of liquor to be drank on the premises, $300 per month.

A correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* who has been sailing along the Massachusetts coast, wonders why Gloucester is spelled the way it is, and if that is right, why shouldn't lobster be spelled "lobcester?"

Among the lamp-lighters in Milwaukee, Wis., is a little girl, ten years old, who makes her rounds in all kinds of weather, and runs up the ladder like a squirrel, while her elderly mother watches for her safety below.

The Great Joiner: The lawyer; he can replace a tenant, empanel a jury, box a witness, bore the court, chisel his client, auger the gains, floor a witness, cut his board, nail the case, hammer the desk, file his bill, and gouge the whole community.

An insane Wisconsin woman threw three of her children into a forty-foot well, and was about to cast the rest of the family after them when she was discovered and the act prevented. The three were all taken out alive, and only one was seriously hurt.

A little boy in Yorkville, Canada, came to his death a few days ago under most singular circumstances. He was one of a party of children who were playing together, and kissed one of the little girls. This so enraged another little girl that, in a fit of what may be called jealousy, she struck him with a stick, inflicting an injury from which he died in a few hours.

Fight between a Cat and a Snake.

A few days ago a gentleman who is engaged in farming in Tennessee was walking through his field, near where his hands were plowing, when he discovered a cat at some distance coming toward him. Presently the cat turned aside, and squatting very low, appeared to creep stealthily along, as though in search of game. He quickened his steps to see if he could discover what was up. He soon discovered a snake about a foot and a half or two feet long, and as the cat approached, the snake coiled and put himself in a striking position. The cat instantly walked directly up to the snake and held out one foot near his snaukship's head, as if daring him to strike. Master snake, being full of spunk, was not the chap to take a dare; consequently he responded with his full strength, but when his head should have been in direct contact with the cat's paw, the paw, like the Irishman's flea, wa'n't thar; and before the head could be withdrawn, it received a heavy blow from the cat's foot, and the paw was again presented, with similar results. About four rounds of this sort occurred, when the snake seemed to remember "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," and with this understanding uncoiled and started to quit the field. "How vain are all our earthly hopes"—his snakeship had no sooner commenced his retreat than pussy pounced upon him and bit him entirely through the body in three or four places, each of which, our observer thinks, was a fatal bite. After this the cat appeared to be satisfied, and quietly withdrew.

Housekeeping in Canada.—A Canadian mistress, a correspondent says, gives her servants such a thorough overseeing, both up stairs and down stairs, as would astonish the languid American housewife who is usually too much afraid of Biddy to inquire closely into her way of doing things. There seems, however, to be almost as great a dearth of good domestics here as there is in the States. Girls seem to prefer factory work to domestic service; though I think that as a rule they are treated more considerately than with us; the mistress being generally more willing to lend a hand in lightening the work when necessary and to employ extra help when occasion demands it. Canadian women usually think more of the ordering of their household affairs that they do of planning tasteful costumes and of having an elaborate and extensive wardrobe, although they are extremely sociable and there is no lack of sprightly gatherings and of both large and small gatherings, where there is not too much formality to allow of natural and unaffected gaiety and enjoyment.

Sharp.—The youthful Clerk of the County Commissioners in Harrisburg, Penn., has created an excitement by writing in the official list of taxables, after the name of the Mayor, and under the head of "occupation," "Has dogs caught."

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