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The Buried Seed.

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed lightly in a far-off land,
Two thousand years ago the seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Savior came to earth
That man had lived and loved and died,
And even in that far-off land
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set; years came and went;
The dead hand kept its treasure well.
Nations were born and turned to dust
While life lay hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand was robbed at last,
The seed was buried in the earth,
When, lo! the life, long hidden there,
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low,
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
And died two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watched the seed
And kept the life within its shell,
When those he loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will not He from 'neath the sod
Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye! though it sleep two thousand years,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we wear,
Only more glorious far will rise
To meet the Savior in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace
When called to leave this vale of tears;
For in my flesh shall I see God,
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

SUMMER SWEETINGS.

"You might take a basket of those summer sweetings down to Widow Small's, Bert."

"Yes, mother mine, if you say so."

"It won't take you ten minutes."

"No? Where does she live?"

"Follow the orchard wall, and turn down Lover's Lane, and it's the first cottage on your left—so the servants tell me; I've never been there."

Bert took the basket and followed directions, and just as he reached the first cottage on the left, the door opened and out tumbled ten or a dozen children of all ages.

"Is this the widow Small's?" he asked of a dimpled young person who stood just inside watching the children's gambols.

"Yes," said the sweetest voice in the world, while two luminous eyes met his—"yes, this is the widow Small's."

"My mother, Mrs. Greaterex, sends her these summer sweetings."

"Oh, thank you! Tell Mrs. Greaterex that there is nothing I like so well as summer sweetings."

"She sent them with her compliments," said Bert, fibbing awkwardly, but feeling that he owed an apology to this vision of loveliness for having thought of her as an old woman in a mob cap.

"Your mother is very kind. Won't you come in and see my flowers?"

"Yes, I will. Are these your children?" he asked.

"They are my little scholars. You must have mistaken me for the old woman who lived in a shoe!"

"Do you take care of all these flowers yourself?" he asked, while she pointed out her favorites. "What a poetical employment!"

"Oh, it is not poetry, it is poverty that moves me," she replied. "I make them into bouquets to sell. Let me give you these for your button hole."

"Thanks; and I will order a bouquet of you every day."

"Oh, I shall grow as rich as Cræsus. You are too generous. One of my little scholars shall take it to you."

"No; if you please, I will come for it myself."

"Certainly. It is time for me to ring my bell now; recess has been over these five minutes."

"I suppose that is a hint for me to be gone. I wish I was a little chap in your primer class? Good-by, you will see me to-morrow.

"Where have you been, Bert?" said Caroline; "the carriage has been waiting this half hour."

"I carried some apples to the widow Small's," answered the guilty Bert. "Mother sent them."

"Oh, did you? Has she any children?"

"There were half a dozen or more playing about the premises," answered Bert, smiling.

"Poor folks always have such a lot. Does she have to take care of them herself?"

"That seemed to be her occupation."

"It must be disagreeable to be old and poor too; to lose your color, and see your eyes retreating into your head, your skin growing yellow and wrinkled, and your hair getting gray. Is she an awful old fright, Bert?"

"You had better go and see for yourself, laughed her brother, "your taste is so different from mine. That new panier, for instance, which you wore yesterday, and thought so stylish, is simply hideous to me."

"Oh no. I hate the neighborhood of poverty and trouble; squalor gives me a qualm. No; I will send her some of my old gowns—without paniers—if you think she'd like them, but don't ask me to go and see her." And then they drove round and called on the Upton girls, and Caroline lost sight of the poor widow and her large family in discussing the new polanaise and the latest style of chignons. But Bert made amends for his sister's shortcomings. All the time that he chatted with Maria Upton, holding her scarlet yarns and saying gallant nothings, he was comparing her with the widow Small, and finding flaws in her beauty and demeanor. Only yesterday he had thought Maria Upton the prettiest girl in the world, with whom it would not be difficult to get madly in love, but just now she seemed full of affectations.

"What is on your mind?" she asked, suddenly. "Excuse me, but you don't appear like yourself."

"Nor you either," he might have replied. "So much the better, perhaps," he said instead.

"Allow me to judge about that. Come, what good have you done since yesterday?"

"Good? Oh yes; I carried a basket of summer sweetings to the Widow Small. Isn't that good?"

"Sweetings are good. She's quite an antiquity, this widow, isn't she?"

"Don't ask me; a lady's age is a sacred subject."

"How considerate! Does she wear a false front piece and glasses?"

"Is that an index of age? I know a heap of folks whom I never supposed aged who wear false fronts, if it means that they smile when they would rather frown, and say 'I am glad to see you' when they wish you in the Red Sea.

"Oh, how provoking you are, Mr. Greaterex! But perhaps you will tell me if this widow Small needs assistance—if she would like to go into the Old Ladies' Home which our society is about to establish."

"How benevolent minded you are, Miss Maria!" Bert lauged. "I almost wish myself an old lady to be provided for by your charity; but I don't believe that Mrs. Small would take kindly to it." And then the talk wandered into other channels. Yesterday their flirtation had been in danger of falling into a more tender strain; to-day the widow Small preserved the equilibrium. But Miss Upton had no mind to give up ground once gained. She fancied that he wished to withdraw from the half-conclusions of the day before—that he desired to balance the past account, which made up a pretty sum total of sugared speeches and half-uttered declarations, by crediting them all to friendship. There was an air of indifference about him which she greatly mistrusted; but she would not allow him to slip through her fingers so easily. Publicity of private affairs was the bugbear of the Greaterex soul: had she not received enough fragrant notes and letters from Bert to answer her purpose? Not that she would descend to the vulgur necessity of a breach of promise, but where was the harm of making him understand that he was compromised?

"I have been reading Madame Sevigne's correspondence," said she; "and it strikes me that you resemble each other in possessing the secret of fine letter writing, when most people run into twaddle."

"I don't know how to bear myself under such a burden of praise. I feel that it is undeserved.

"In order to convince you of its truth, perhaps I had better allow you to reperuse a few specimens that I have from one Mr. Berthold Greaterex. See! here they are;" unlocking a cabinet and showing a goodly parcel tied with ribbon.

"Did I write you all those?" said Bert, aghast. "Let me see them."

"What are they?" asked Caroline, withdrawing her attention from the styles for an instant. "Oh! love-letters?"

"Love-letters?" repeated Maria. "I don't know.—Were they, Mr. Greaterex?" aside.

"I don't remember," said Bert. "Let me read them, and I'll decide."

"I don't dare trust you. People have a way of burning up their old letters if they can lay hands upon them Now perhaps I'm silly and sentimental, but mine are worth something to me. By the way, Mr. Greaterex, did you ever go into court when there was a breach of promise case on? Jerome took us in once, when they were reading the love letters, and it was so funny? Everybody was convulsed. They were very nice letters too!"

Bert turned a little pale. He vaguely remembered that at different periods he had believed himself seriously "smitten" with Maria's charms, and had, no doubt, written in a strain becoming a lover, but how ardently or how explicitly he could not recall. He knew that there had been a breach-of-promise case away back in the experience of one of his ancestors; and the case had gone against him, yet he had never fully recovered the tone of his sensibilities, which had received such a shock.

"Give them to me," said Bert reaching his hand for them.

"Will you give me any thing in return of equal value? Will you give me the nosegay in your button-hole?"

"It is beginning to fade. No, Miss Upton."

"Come into the garden, and I will give you a fresh one.

"Thanks."

He followed into the garden, where she made a selection, and throwing Mrs. Small's gift aside, put her own in its place. When she had finished he picked up the faded flower and pressed it into his pocket-book.

"Oh," said Maria, a souvenir, some——" The words broke off in her throat. "Who gave it to you?" abruptly.

"The Widow Small," said Bert smiling.

"Come you are teasing me. You sha'nt see a single letter; and they are ever so interesting!"

"How could they be otherwise when you were the subject?"

And then Caroline called to them that she was going home, and the conference ended.

So it was that Bert temporized, with that dreadful hint of letters being read in court for the diversion of the towns-folk hanging over his head. Had he been quite certain of their contents he might have defied them; but he was aware that a young man in the first enthrallment of fancy allows his enthusiasm to run away with his prudence. But all this did not prevent him from going daily to Mrs. Small's for his bouquet, which, by-the-way, he sometimes carried to Maria Upton, a sacrifice to Nemesis; and these daily calls at the cottage in Lovers' Lane became like daily bread to the hungry. He lived for them, counted the hours till it was time to set forth, prolonged them till the hostess was fain to spread her little tea-table and invite her guest to drink nectar from china and to taste ambrosia home-made. Sometimes when the nights were warm they took tea in the little arbor, with roses nodding in at the archway, and honeysuckles climbing the lattice, and mignonette spicing the dewy air; and there the moon would find them, listening to the sleepy notes of thrushes in the hedge, or talking of the dim, delicious future as if it were some enchanted land toward which they were journeying together.

One evening as she bade him good-night on her door step, he felt her hand tremble in his.

"What is it?" he asked. "Did you see a ghost among the plum-trees?"

"Something startled me. I saw—I thought I saw a face among the shrubberry."

"Whose face?"

"Oh, perhaps I was mistaken. It was a shadow projected from my fancy may-hap.'

"You are getting nervous, little one. You must not live here alone."

And the next evening when Mr. Greaterex loitered to the cottage, he found she had followed his advice; the doors of the house were closed, and play cards "To Let" were in the windows. The widow Small had vanished like the genius in a fairy story. Mr. Berthold Greaterex was beside himself, and ready to brave any thing in Maria Upton's power. What did a promise signify in comparison with losing his love? Let those laugh who win.

Somebody had seen a person answering to the description of Mrs. Small take the noon train for New York that day. Bert followed without more delay, wasted a week in hanging about the city before he betook himself to the house of his friend Mrs. Aberneth, in the suburbs. One afternoon, as he was turning over some engravings in the parlor with Kate Aberneth, little Charlie burst into the room in tears, sobbing out that,

"Miss Van Orme's gone and dead herself—in the school-room? Charlie didn't do it! Charley only said, 'Mr. Greaterex is courting sister Kate in the parlor, Miss Van Orme,' and Mary said, 'Hush, you silly boy;' and Charlie was mad, and told that ma said so herself, and threw the primer at Mary; and then Miss Van Orme looked all white like and shut her eyes, and won't talk; and Mary said, 'Now you've done it, Charlie!' Did Charlie?"

"Oh, you horrid boy!" cried Kate Aberneth. "You are always in mischief. I suppose Miss Van Orme has fainted. Go and tell mamma."

"Who is Miss Van Orme?" asked Bert.

"Only the nursery governess. We do have such a bother with them. One has a temper, another has headaches, and now, when we thought we had got a jewel, here she is fainting!"

"I think we ought to try and revive her," said Bert, taking Charlie's hand, while Kate led the way. But when they reached the school room Miss Van Orme had recovered her senses, and was sitting in an arm chair, while Mary vigorously fanned her pallid face.

"For mercy's sake, what made you faint, Miss Van Orme?" cried Kate. "You almost threw Charlie into convulsions."

Miss Van Orme stood up and looked beyond Miss Aberneth to Mr. Greaterex, standing in the doorway, who came forward to her relief instantly.

"You must not stand," he said, leading her back to her seat. "I think I have found a friend of mine"—turning to Kate. "Why did you run away from your friends?" he questioned, relieving Mary of the fan.

"I ran away from my enemies, if you please."

"Do you call me one?"

"Perhaps we had better withdraw," said poor Kate, tossing her head to conceal her chagrin. "Come, children!"

"Thank you," Bert answered her; "I should like a few minutes alone with Miss Van Orme, if you please."

"Oh you had better go back to Miss. Kate in the drawing room," said Miss Van Orme, when the door had closed upon them; "it will be a shame to disappoint Mrs. Aberneth; and, indeed, I can get on very well without you, Sir."

"But I can't get along without you."

"And yet you know nothing at all about me?"

"I am satisfied with my knowledge. I know that you are charming, and that I love you.

"You love a woman sailing under an alias? I am neither Mrs. Small nor Miss Van Orme."

"I don't care a fig who you are. I will marry you to-morrow, if you consent, under whatever name you choose."

"Generosity is catching. I will tell you my story."

"I will not listen to it except from the lips of Mrs. Berthold Greaterex."

"Please yourself."

"Thank you. Then I will come for you to-morrow, and we will be married in church." But when he returned to the drawing-room and told his story to Mrs. Alberneth, she insisted that the wedding should take place at her house.

Every body was taken aback at Greterex when Berthold wrote that he should bring his bride home the following week. "You may have seen her," he wrote, "when she was Mrs. Small, and lived in the cottage in Lovers' Lane. You remember, perhaps, that you once sent her some summer sweetings. I owe my happiness to those precious apples. Caroline will remember the occasion, because she offered to part with some of her wardrobe to the poor widow."

"Oh! oh!" cried Caroline, "he has married the widow Small and all her children! How could he? She's old enough to be his grandmother. Oh, dear! dear! dear! I shall never want to see another summer sweeting as long as I live. I wish you would order Spades to cut down the tree, mamma. No wonder an apple brought trouble into the world, and shut folks out of paradise! It keeps its reputation up finely! To think that the heir of Greaterex should marry a hideous old widow!"

Guess her surprise when Berthold opened the carriage door, and there descended a little person, who threw aside her veil, and disclosed a dazzling skin of rose and lily hues, eyes, like summer brooks, brown and liquid, hair a ripple of sunbeams—the semblance of an angel in flesh and blood!

"Where—are—the—the children?" gasped Caroline.

"Yes," laughed Berthold, "and where are the wrinkles, and the gray hairs, and the sunken eyes? *Is* she an awful old fright, Carrie?"

"Summer sweetings are not so sour after all, mamma," said Caroline, later. "I guess Spades may spare the tree."

The next week Berthold overtook Maria Upton in his walk.

"I saw Mrs. Greaterex in church," said she.

"Did you see an antiquity with a false front piece?"

"Now don't be disagreeable; how could I know? By-the way I have some news to tell you: I am engaged."

"Allow me to congratulate your lover. I suppose you mean to entertain him with those precious old letters of mine?"

"Your letters? Oh, I haven't the ghost of one left; I curled my hair on them long ago; it was only the empty envelopes with which I teased you. But tell me about Mrs. Greaterex. I hear it is like a story."

"Yes; perhaps you have heard of the Prudhomme heiress? I remember when the affair was much talked of, and thinking it sad enough. You see, Pauline was the last of her family—she, and a cousin who inherited in case of her death. The common report was that her loneliness and sorrow worked upon her mind till she was pronounced insane, and carried to an asylum; and the cousin, being guardian and next heir, was left in irresponsible charge of the fortune, which was very large."

"Yes, I know it," she answered, glibly; "the Prudhommes lived in great magnificence while they did live."

"Well, Mrs. Greaterex was Pauline Prudhomme. It appears she was no more crazy than you are; but having refused to marry her cousin, and he, fearing that she might marry elsewhere and will the fortune away from him forever, represented her as insane, bribed two physicians to serve his turn, and dispatched her to the asylum. One day she made her escape, and came here under the name of Mrs. Small, widow, to support herself by her own exertions, thinking the title of Mrs. would prove more protection than that of Miss, and insure respectability. But she was discovered in her seclusion. She took flight immediately. She met the keepers getting out of the train in which she took refuge, but they passed her unsuspecting. I followed on the next day, and the rest you know. I don't suppose that you ever heard of the cousin; but in case you should ever chance to meet him, his name is Lucien Thornton."

"Lucien Thornton!" cried Miss Upton, turning deadly pale, and supporting her self on the arm of Mr. Greaterex. "I thank you. There can be but one Lucien Thornton. You have done me a great service, Mr. Greaterex, in marrying Miss Prudhomme. I am engaged to her wicked cousin, but you have saved me the ignominy of becoming his wife. Will you please call a carriage and send me home?"

And it was the summer sweetings that brought it all about.

An Instrument of Torture.

The knout, says a writes who saw it used in Russia' consists of a handle about a foot and a half long, with a piece of twisted blue of about the same length. To this blue is attached, by a loop piece a thong, prepared to almost metallic hardness, in length about four or five feet, perfectly flat, and a little more than an inch broad. It is changed after every six or eight blows, as it is considered unfit for use when it becomes at all soft.

The principal executioner, having placed himself within five or six feet of the prisoner, with the throng of the knout on the ground, rather behind him, then drew it forward, raising it slowly and steadily till it had attained the proper elevation, when he brought it down with tremendous force upon the middle of the criminal's back leaving a deep crimson mark of nearly an inch in breadth, extending from his neck to the waistband of his trowsers. Upon receiving the blow, the wretch uttered a scream, or rather a yell of agony, the intensity of which I never heard approached, while every fibre of his body seemed in a violent and instantaneous contortion. With scarcely any interval, the blow was repeated, followed by the same result, the same frightful yell, the same appalling shudder. The second mark appeared about an inch from, and parallel to the first; a third, fourth, and fifth blow followed in quick succession, when the operator stepped aside and resigned his place to his assistant. The blows from the latter were light, when compared with those inflicted by the elder executioner, more so, indeed, than the difference between their size and strength, great as it was seemed to justify.

After giving eight blows, the assistant retired in his turn, when his principal, who in the meantime had fitted on a fresh throng, resumed the dreadful task. He was again succeeded by the young man, who in like manner had renewed the efficacy of his weapon by a similar process of renovation. In this manner did they continue mutually relieving one another, and, at each relay adding a new throng, till the destined number of blows were inflicted on the lacerated back of the parricide. About the fifteenth stroke, his struggles having partially losened the fastenings, it was found necessary to stop and have them fixed more firmly.

From the first to the twentieth blow each was followed by the same scream and convulsions; from the twentieth till the fiftieth both gradually became weaker—the latter had, indeed, degenerated into a sort of shivering. After the fiftieth, both ceased, the criminal's head fell to one side, and though each touch of the knout brought with it a convulsive shudder, he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of pain.

The punishment concluded, the chief executioner took some instruments from his bag and with them marked the malefactor on the forehead, on each cheek, and on the chin. This, I understand, was merely a form typical of branding, which, as well as slitting the nostrils, was always inflicted upon a knouted criminal until the humanity of the Emperor Alexander prompted him to abolish both practices. The marks are now made with a cold instrument, and are, I believe, easily effaced.

The criminals back now exhibited a most horrid spectacle. It was one mangled bloated mass, of a deep crimson hue; yet, still mangled as it was, no blood ran from it. A common cart having been drawn up into the square, the executioners untied the strap by which the malefactor was bound to the stake, and, with the assistance of the guards, carried him to and placed him in the cart, throwing his shirt lightly over him, then his cafton, then, over all, a mat. When removed from the stake he was quite insensible; so much so that I did not suppose he would survive until he reached the hospital; but I was mistaken, for upon observing him attentively, after he had been placed in the cart, I perceived he had so far recovered as to attempt to move one arm. I could not observe any surgeon attending the execution, nor indeed would it have been of any consequence, as the number of stripes is specified, andwhatever happens, they must be administered.

He was driven off to prison with the same guards and attendants as at first—the whole affair from the arrival till departure of the prisoner, not lasting twenty minutes. What became of him afterward I could not learn, but I have little doubt that he died in a few days from the fever and mortification that were likely, or certain, to follow such severe injury. On the event of his recovery, he would be sent to end his life in the mines of Siberia, and this could scarcely be called the least part of his punishment. Such is the knout.

A miss asserts that when gentlemen eat warm maple sugar it gets into their moustaches and makes them scratchy.

An English Manufacturer.

An interesting incident, illustrative of the strong practical sense and keen business judgment of Sir Titus Salt, the English manufacturer, was some time ago related by Charles Dickens in "Household Words." A huge pile of "dirty-looking sacks, filled with some fibrous material which bore a strong resemblance to superannuated horse hair,' was landed one day at Liverpool. Where they came from, what vessel brought them, whom they were intended for, or what purpose they were destined to serve, no one, not the oldest warehousemen in Liverpool, could imagine. There they lay, unclaimed and in the way, week after week; merchants would have nothing to say to them; dealers sneered at them; all voted them worthless and a nuisance. The consignee agents seriously thought of shipping them off again. One day "a plain, business-looking young man, with an intelligent face and quiet, reserved manner" (thus Boz describes Titus Salt), was walking through the warehouses, when his eye fell upon a bunch of the supposed horse hair which projected from one of the neglected bales, gnawed by the rats. He took it up, rubbed it, felt it, pulled it to pieces; then he simply put a handful of it in his pocket and walked quietly away. A day or two afterward he called on the consignees and offered eightpence per pound for the lot of three hundred and odd sacks, which offer amazed the head of the firm, who, as soon as he could recover his presence of mind, eagerly accepted it. Titus departed with what the warehouse clerks were pleased to call "the South American stuff," carried it to Bradford, and began to manufacture from it those alpaca-wool cloths which are the envy of modest housewives everywhere, and which have gradually become one of the chief manufactured products of England. The "superannuated horse hair" was the wool of a Peruvian sheep called the alpaca, its staple being remarkably long, soft, and glossy. It had already become somewhat known in England before the incident narrated by Boz took place, but to Titus Salt is due the introduction of its manufacture and its adaption to its present use, and the story as related is literally true. It was the tide in his affairs which rapidly swept him on to fortune. His mills had to be enlarged, and then new and extensive ones built, until he was forced at last to move to some distance from town, erecting his present mills some two miles off. Stories are told how he sometimes made a thousand pounds sterling before he ate his breakfast, for he was an early riser, often being found in the mills by the earliest of his workmen, and not breaking bread until he had seen the work of the mill fully under way.

An Anecdote of Balzac.

When he traveled abroad—as he often did to verify the most trifling particular which he might be introducing into one of his romances—some money, of course, was necessary. His mode of paying the postilions in a country where he knew neither the language nor tariffs, is thoroughly characteristic of him. "I did not know a word of the language of the country," "nor did I know the value of its current coin, but I do know the human heart, which is the same all the world over, and I understand very well physiognomy; so this is what I did: I had a bag which I filled with small silver money, and each time the horses were to be changed, I took this bag in my hand; the postilion then came to the door of the carriage; I looked searchingly into his eyes while I dropped into his hand one coin, two coins, then three, four, or ever so many, until I saw him smile. Now as soon as I saw him smile, I understood that I had given him a coin too many. Quickly I withdrew that coin, and my man was paid." This anecdote shows us Balzac as he was—possessing the simplicity of a child, united with the profoundest insight and the deepest philosophy. But in small things wisdom is apt to overreach itself, and we fear that had he tried a second time this original mode of settling the score, our worthy postilion—supposing him to be equal in wit to the ordinary run of his class—would have refrained from smiling for an unconscionble time. —*London Society.*

RESPIRATION IN FISH.—M. Grehaut, in the course of a lecture on respiration in fishes, states that, as shown by previous writers, fish are able to live in water until almost the whole of the oxygen it contains in a state of solution has been exhausted. This was shown by a chemical examination of some water in which live fish were preserved, and which, after the expiration of a certain time, showed an entire absence of oxygen, no change in the amount of nitrogen, and double the amount of carbonic acid. Another curious fact noted by the lecturer was that fish breathe by their skin as well as by their gills, nearly as great a change in the composition of the gasses contained in the water being observed when the animals were suspended up to their branchiæ as when the whole body was immersed. He also stated that the presence or absence of the swimming bladder had little effect on the product of respiration.

CHEAP DINNERS.—Sheep are actually selling in New Zealand at a price as low as from thirty-seven to sixty-two cents each! One late writer there says: "I sold four thousand store wethers this week at 2s. 6d. each (English money.) I am offered old ewes at 1s. 6d." What a contract to prices here and in England! Fifteen cents for a whole leg of mutton! Ten cents for a whole fore quarter! If the cost of mutton, of excellent quality, figured at so low a mark in this city, we fancy that thousands of persons would be delighted. It is those that dine on mutton who get fleeced in this quarter, as well as the "critters" that supply the substance of the dinner. Good mutton is worth in London from twenty-five to thirty cents a pound. It is something less in New York. But only think of two cents a pound for a roasting leg in New Zealand! One's mouth waters.—*N. Y. Paper.*

WHAT IS WANTED.—To be a successful mechanic, you must be a mathematician. Unless you can conquer the mathematics of your trade, you will always have to drudge at the hardest work done. With a thorough prattical knowledge of the work and the principles underlying it, you will soon rise above the lathe and file. Study and work together.

The Food of the Thibetans.

During the summer months they use very little fresh meat. They do not like it boiled, and are not partial to it raw, unless it has been dried. In November there is a great slaughter, and a wealthy man, who has perhaps 7,000 sheep, will kill 200 at this time for his year's consumption. The animal after being killed is skinned and gutted and then placed on its feet in a free current of air. In a couple of days it becomes quite hard and is then ready for eating. It is kept in this way for more than a year without spoiling, even during the rainy periods. When long exposed to the wind of Thibet it becomes so dry that it may be rolled into powder between the hands. In this state it is mixed with water and drunk, and used in various other ways. The Thebetans eat animal food in endless forms, and a large portion live on nothing else. The livers of sheep and other animals are similarly dried or frozen, and are much prized but to strangers they are very distasteful for their bitterness and hardness. The fat is dried, packed in the stomachs, and then sent to market or kept for home use.

With regard to edible vegetables, it is stated that wheat, barley, and buckwheat sown in April or May and irrigated, are reaped in September, barley in Thibet taking the place of potatoes in Ireland, four-fifths of the population living on it. Besides, these the other crops are composed of peas, turnips, and a little mustard. The grain is ground in water-mills. The bread is all unleavened, and cooked on heated stoves or gridirons. The sweet, pure farinaceous taste of the fine flour equals the best American produce. The staple food of the country is *champa*, called *suttoo* in India; it is a finely-ground flour of toasted barley. It is much eaten without further cooking; mixed up with hot tea it is called *paok*, and when prepared with tepid water it is known as *seu*. If any of our readers wish to enter upon "pastures new" in the breakfast department, they may try *tookpa*, which, to be properly appreciated, should be taken at daybreak before any matutinal ablutions. It is a sort of broth made with mutton, champa, dry curds, butter, salt and turnips.

Goats are also reared in considerable flocks, but for their milk rather than their flesh. The milk of yaks, cows, sheep and goats is used alike for making dried curds and the various preparations of milk used by these people. Mares' milk is not used in Eastern Thibet.—

Cattle in Texas.

Cattle-raising in Texas is characterized by features peculiar to that State. The business is principally in the hands of comparatively a few men, who conduct their operations on a scale of great magnitude. In 1860 10,000 head of cattle constituted a large stock; now 25,000 and 30 000 are not uncommonly owned by one man, while in the brands of some individuals are included as many as 50,000 and 60,000. It is said that an unassuming Irishman named T. O'Conner, living in Refugio county, is the largest cattle-owner in Texas. He does not know precisely how many he owns, but his stock is estimated at about 60,000. In Texas when a calf is weaned from its dam and cannot be identified as the property of anybody, it becomes the chattel of whoever first brands it. This gives a great advantage to the large owners, as small stock raisers are not able to employ the necessary labor to keep their stock branded up, and what they lose usually becomes incorporated in the herds of wealthier men. During the war, when nearly all the able-bodied men in the State were in the army, the wealthy stock owners employed Mexican vaqueros, who were exempt from the draft, to look after their herds, while the cattle belonging to poor men strayed wherever they liked. The consequence was that the small stocks became to a great extent absorbed in the larger ones. Over one million cattle were shipped or driven from Texas during the past year, but the trade is in a very depressed condition now. Owing to the low rates paid in the Northern markets, a great proportion of the droves started last year have been held over and wintered in Kansas, waiting improvement in prices. Several million dollars' worth of cattle, it is estimated, have been driven over the line into Mexico by organized bands of thieves.

A SORE TEMPTATION.—A gentleman of Newtonstewart, in Scotland, had a choice collection of birds, some of them of rare breeds, many of them prize-takers, and all of them more or less valuable. He tended them with great care, was exceedingly fond of his pets, and talked about them in the most enthusiastic manner. Some one, however, having reproached him with worshiping his birds, and having told him that it was a sin to set such a high estimate on anything below the heavens, serious thoughts were aroused in the bird fancier's breast, and, influenced by a zeal for his soul's welfare, he resolved to get rid of the temptation to greature worship by destroying them *en masse*. He therefore arranged with the owner of a pony cart to come early in the morning with his cart and carry the birds and their cages to the bridge, over which they were to be thrown, cages and all, into the river. In vain the man entrusted with this painful mission remonstrated, offering to sell the birds for their owner's benefit. The bird fancier was determined, and accordingly on a certain morning the cartload of temptation was discharged into the river. Some of the cages, which were of value, have since been recovered; the birds were drowned. The case of one or two of them, who had young ones and eggs, has excited much sympathy, and a general opinion appears to prevail that no great loss to the community would have occurred had the owner, instead of the birds, been pitched into the river and drowned,

MOVEMENTS OF STARS IN SPACE.—General Dufour, of Switzerland, in the course of a recent investigation, attempts to show that in the case of the movement of two stars around a point supposed fixed, this point must be in motion. He also concludes that the curve is plane, and that the stars remain in the same plane during their translation; and the inference is that these stars have both received one impulse and a parallel movement, also that the movement of the apsides proves that the centre of gravity of the system is displaced not according to a straight line, but a curved one.

Facts and Fancies.

Does it hurt a joke to crack it?

Silk culture is attracting much interes in Florida.

A western poet calls the dew the "perspiration of the moon."

Sweet Vengeance is the classic name of a town in Yueba, Cal.

The largest things about ladies' bonnets at present is their price.

With the majority of mankind forgiveness is but a form of forgetfulness.

The present cost of living in Paris is nearly twice what it was previous to the war.

Chemists detect vile adulterations in importations of Chinese tea of the highest cost.

The strike of the Liverpool cartmen ended by the masters granting the demands of their men,

The soldier's great risk is that of becoming extinguished before he can become distinguished.

An English lady is willing to make affidavit to the fact of finding a frog in the centre of a boiled potato.

Johnny Varden, a brother of Dolly's, it is intimated, will supply the name for the latest in gentlemen's suits.

The latest revolting absurdity in fashionable society is a visiting card with portrait of the visitor on the corner.

Josh Billings says that slander is like a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail—very good fun as long as it isn,t our dog.

A baby in Detroit swallowed a watch last week, and the doctor says its symptoms are like those of tick douloureux.

There was a little maid,
When their neighbor's hens had laid
Their eggs in her father's garden,
She used to sell them, so
She bought some calico,
And made herself a howling Dolly Varden.

A good old man, who died in New Hampshire, left $1,000, the interest to be expended in warming the church he had attended.

"Gone where a white man can open on Sunday" is the inscription left in the window of a deserted barber-shop in New Bedford, Mass.

Why is a man who makes addition to false rumors like one who has confidence in all that is told him? Because he relies on all that he hears.

If you have been on a street car when it ran off the track and was dragged over the cobbles, you may easily know the sensation of a California earthquake.

It is said that spinsters have a better chance of success against widows in the race for husbands than bachelors have against widowers in the race for wives.

Two hundred thousand persons, on an average, through the year, each Sunday, resort to the various lager-beer gardens and other places of recreation and refreshment in and around New York city.

A Burlington, Iowa, baby is immortalized by the following epitaph:

Beneath this stone our baby lays,
He neither cries nor hollers;
He lived just one and twenty days,
And cost us forty dollars.

A lady writer says, "If women were as particular in choosing a virtuous husband as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin, which would be something more than froth and foam."

A young man asked a young lady how old she was, and she replied "6 times 7 and 7 times 3 added to my age will exceed 6 times 9 and 4, as double my age exceeds 20." The young man thought she looked much older.

A Stillwater hen has gone into the peanut business. After laying two eggs, each measuring 6 1-2x7 3-4 inches—large enough for a goose—she produced a couple of pigeon eggs, and finally concluded her efforts by laying a *fac simile* of a peanut.

A New Hampshire clergyman recently attached twenty-five hens and three turkeys, the property of a member of his congregation, to recover the sum of $10, subscribed by him for the support of the minister. He won his case, but an appeal was taken.

A man a hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made. The shopkeeper suggested that he might not live to wear them out, when the old man retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one.

A Tennessee electrician claims to have invented a method of propelling railway trains by electricity at the rate of 100 miles an hour. It is to be hoped that the road on which such an experiment is tried will keep both its tracks and its switch-tenders as straight as possible.

While indulging in a tremendous yawn lately, Anton Ochler, aged twenty-three years, a wood engraver, residing in Williamsburgh, threw his jaw out of place. He was taken to the Park Hospital, where Dr. Hardy, with a good deal of difficulty, yanked his jaw back into place.

During the conference at Worcester, the following dialogue was heard between two newsboys: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being all here together?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year to exchange sermons with each other."

When you find a newspaper on a ball room floor, it isn't always proper to pick it up and wonder where it came from and ask unnecessary questions concerning the peculiarity of the folds. We know of a young man who did that not long since, and he couldn't get another girl to dance with him during the evening.

A Philadelphia editor, who exclaims against people calling on him who have nothing to do and nothing to say, and think that he has nothing to write, and are fond of nothingness in general, puts the following in the front page: "We have rented an office in the top of the shot tower, and have planted torpedoes and spring-guns all the way up the stairs."

Many persons who wear reading glasses are sorely annoyed at the difficulty of keeping them in their proper position on the nose. To all such it will be inteasting to know that a rising young optician has devised a very ingenious expedient by which that end can be accomplished. It consists in driving a tack into the bridge of the nose, and hanging the glasses upon it.

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