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THE PATRIOT.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Was Established in 1821!
F. DUFFY, Publisher and Proprietor.

The Greensboro Patriot.

OUR COUNTRY—FIRST AND ALWAYS.

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CHILD-LIFE.

HELEN ETHBERT.

took me to the coziest little room I had ever seen. A bright-hued carpet covered the floor, rich lace curtains were at the windows, a few rare paintings adorned the walls, and with the nicest little bed all draped in white. Ah, it was beautiful; and when she kissed me good night, I was happier than I had ever been before.

I awoke early next morning, and hearing sounds below stairs, arose, dressed, and went down into the hall. Seeing no one, I decided to go into the garden and examine the beautiful flowers I had admired the evening before. After walking about for some time, I entered a little arbor, which, to my astonishment, I found already occupied. A young man, who looked as if he was about eighteen, was lying on the little seat. I thought I would get a nearer view; but he sprang up, saying, "Ha, little bird, who are you?—queen of the fairies, or goddess of morning? You must be the latter, from the bright glow of your hair. Come hear and tell me to what genus you belong."

And he reached out his hand as if to catch me.

I shrank his grasp and fled; his unfortunate allusion to my hair roused my ire. I turned, only stopping to say, "I hate you!" Reaching my room, I threw myself into a chair, and found relief in a passion-ate burst of tears. Oh, my red hair! I felt inclined to pluck it out by the roots.

While in this amiable mood, Mrs. Henry came in, and asked me what was the matter. Between my sobs I told her. She told me my persecutor was her nephew, and that he was wild and thoughtless, but kind-hearted, and hoped we should like each other? Mentally resolving I would never forgive him, I went down to breakfast.

Mr. Henry greeted me with much kindness, and I should have been very happy if my acquaintance of the arbor had been in Jericho, or some other equally distant place. But there he sat directly opposite, and though he did not tease me, he would glance at me with mischief beaming from his black eyes, and I knew he was thinking of my rapid exit from the arbor. That afternoon he tried to make friends with me, but I stubbornly refused to accept his apologies.

After a brief stay, he left for college. When he bade me good-bye he placed a package in my hand, requesting me not to open it until he was gone. Upon opening it I found enclosed a ring, an opal set in dead gold. A card was with it, on which was written in a bold hand:—

"Peace offering from Herbert Devere. Will Helen wear it to show her forgiveness of my unlucky words?"

I took the ring and note to Mrs. Henry (or auntie, as I called her), asking her what I should do.

"I should wear it, my dear," she said. "Herbert would not wound your feelings intentionally, he is only thoughtless."

So the ring was placed on my finger.

After a week's recreation I was placed at school under the best of teachers. I took a deep interest in all my studies, but music had a special charm for me. Oh, how I delighted to go alone to the music-room, and sitting down by the grand piano, draw forth the sweet strains!

* * * * *

Six years, with their alternations of joy and sorrow, had flitted by—six happy years to me, for in that time I had drunk deeply from the cup of knowledge; and now that I had just entered my eighteenth year I was called a finished young lady. But ah! I had just learned enough to know how much was yet to be learned.

No one would have recognized the shy, yet hatred girl of six years ago. I was still small and slender, but my hair—it was now my pride—was a beautiful brown, and my former pea-nut quite a different hue from the one I had shown me years before. Uncle and Aunt Lyon son were both dead, and as they had no children I came into possession of quite a little fortune, for my uncle had been something of a miser, and had hoarded up for years. At the time of his death he was found to be worth about ten thousand pounds.

I had never met Harry Ellis in all these years, but had never forgotten him. Herbert Devere had visited his uncle several times, but I was at school, so did not see him. The ring—his gift—still adorned my hand. How I triumphed in the thought that he could not taunt me with the color of my hair now!

On the evening of my "coming out" party, I was seated amidst silks and laces, assisting to assist Mrs. Parton in preparing my costume, (or really more of a hinderance than a help. While thus employed, "auntie" came to me, and said, "Helen, will you please go to the arbor and get me a few moss rose-buds?"

I went to the arbor, thinking of a hasty exit I had made in the first morning after my arrival. I stepped under the vine, and beheld, to my surprise, and saw a tall, handsome gentleman, who, despite his mous-tache and older look, could be none other than Herbert Devere. Quickly rising, he bowed to me, surprise depicted in his countenance.

"Helen Ethbert! Can it be possible that you are the little girl I met here six years ago?"

I laughed maliciously.

"The same, Mr. Devere; only the gloss in my hair is not quite so brilliant as then."

His face flushed.

"Miss Ethbert, I have deeply regretted my thoughtless words, but I see you never-theless, so I know I am forgiven. I suppose you are a little surprised to see me, but hearing this was to be your golden eve, I came down and passed the arbor, it seemed so cool and inviting I could not resist entering. Allow me to get that rose for you. Is my aunt well? I met Uncle Henry just now."

Commenting on the beauties of the day, we sauntered to the house, where, leaving Herbert to find his aunt, I went to my room to complete my preparations for the evening. At last I was ready to go down, and my maid, after fastening some white roses in my hair, pronounced me lovely. My aunt wished me to wear blue silk and pearls, but I had substituted white silk and white roses.

The guests now began to arrive, and the rooms were soon filled. Herbert was quite the lion of the evening; and I could not help acknowledge I had never seen a more strikingly handsome face. As for myself, I entered into the gaieties with a childish zest, all was so new to me.

Later in the evening, when the Misses Chrysting were announced, I went to meet them, noticing their escort was an entire stranger to me. Nellie, the elder, with a smile, said, "Helen, I have brought an old friend of yours,—Mr. Ellis, Miss Ethbert."

I looked up, and wondered I had not recognized those dark blue eyes. He took my hand, saying, "We must not renew old acquaintance by being formal."

I was engaged for the next dance, but after that found an opportunity of talking with Harry, and giving him a brief sketch of my life since I had seen him. He had just returned from France, and hearing from Nellie Chrysting of my party had made one of the number. He only expected to remain a week, and was then going to London to commence his practice as a barrister.

The guests soon began to leave, and Harry, after asking me to receive him the next day, left also. The week passed swiftly with walks, drives, parties, boat-excursions, &c., and Harry's visit would terminate on the morrow. In the time we had been together I had made the startling discovery that my heart was no longer in my own possession, but acknowledged Harry for its king. We had renewed the vows of our childhood, and I had promised to be his "wee wife," as he called me. How unaccountably happy I was! I felt that

"In the fountain of my heart a seal was set,
To keep its waters pure and bright for him."

While I was musing on the future, Herbert came in, and asked me to walk with him. We walked through the garden, admiring the flowers, and by common consent went to the arbor. Here, to my utter astonishment, Herbert said, "Helen, my motive in asking you to walk with me was to tell you how madly, passionately, I love you." And I have dared to hope you would look favorably on my suit. Can you—will you share my name and fortune?"

"Oh, Herbert, I am so sorry. I do not love you—not in that way, I mean."

His face darkened.

"Then there is another; it is as I expected; that puppy, Ellis, is the favored one. By heaven, he shall repent coming between your love and mine."

My first fright at his vehemence turned to indignation; and I explained, "Herbert Devere, you forget yourself. I could never had been yours had Mr. Ellis not returned. I do not love you, and could not under any circumstances."

He sat down and buried his face in his hands, and for a few moments seemed in deep thought; then coming to me, he said, "Forgive me, Helen; my love for you was so great, my disappointment at finding it was not returned so bitter, that I indeed knew not what I was saying. I leave here on the morrow—we may never meet again; will you grant me one request?"

"Certainly, if it is in my power to do so."

"Will you tell me if Harry Ellis is your affianced?"

He is."

He grasped my hand.

—"May you be very happy!" And I was alone.

When I went down to breakfast the next morning, aunt told me Herbert had left by the early train. Harry came and bade me good-bye. In the autumn he was coming to claim me; and with promises to write often, he left me.

For a few weeks letters came regularly, brimming with love; but they grew less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. I wrote repeatedly, asking the cause of the long silence. At last, an answer came—short and cold, enclosing my letters, and asking for his. I sent them, and for a time thought I should die, but I gradually apposed myself, and once more resumed my place in society—not as a follower, but a leader. I flirted, danced, and was fast growing into a heartless woman. My faith in mankind had been terribly shaken, and I trusted no one.

I don't know how it all would have ended, but one day my aunt received a telegram from London, saying Herbert Devere was dying at Long's Hotel, and bidding her come immediately, and let me accompany her. We took the night train, and after a tiresome ride reached town. We were soon by his bedside, and knew that he was indeed dying. He was very weak, and could only speak with difficulty. The doctor administered a stimulant, and then left us alone. Herbert asked me to come to his side. Mrs. Henry was kneeling on one side of the couch; I knelt by the other.

Taking my hand, he said, "Helen, I know that the lamp of life has burned low, and I shall soon be in eternity; but I cannot go without first telling you of a great wrong I have done to you."

I opened my lips to speak, but he told me not to interrupt him.

"Helen, I loved you—yes, idolized you—and felt confident I could win you. When you told me you loved another, and that other was Harry Ellis, it maddened me, and I vowed you should never be his wife. Leaving you, I came to town, and Harry soon after. I sought him out, and we became quite intimate. I managed to become his confidant, and so your name was a constant topic when we were alone. I intercepted your letters, destroyed them as they came, and prevented his from reaching you, all the while appearing to sympathize with him. He would not believe you false, and thought illness prevented your writing, and at last announced his intention of going to you. I knew that would never do. I had by this time learned to imitate your writing so well that it would have taken a very close observer to detect any difference. I wrote a letter purporting to be from you, telling me you were to be married in a few days, asking how Mr. Ellis was prospering, telling me you hoped he had enjoyed the flirtation as much as you had. I read the letter to him, telling him I was very sorry for your heartless conduct. Ah! it was almost a death-blow to the poor fellow. He was utterly changed. Your name was a forbidden theme. He then wrote you the note you received, sending you all the letters he had ever received from you. And now, Helen, can you forgive me?"

I bowed my head in my hands; it was a bitter struggle—I felt so hardly towards him; but my better angel whispered, "Forgive as ye would be forgiven."

"Yes, Herbert, I do fully forgive you."

"Thank heaven!" he ejaculated. "I can now die in peace, for Providence is surely not less merciful than mortals."

He soon sank into that deep slumber that knows no awakening. After seeing his remains interred, we returned home. Herbert had not told me where Harry was, so I knew nothing of him; I had not even the consolation of knowing he did not think me false.

When the roses had faded and gone, and the autumn leaves were falling, I was still alone. I had written to Harry, directing the letter to London, after returning from Herbert's death bed, telling him all, but had not received any reply. One evening aunt had gone out with some friends, and I went into the parlor, and opening the piano, I sang one of the old songs Harry and I had so often sung together. But when I came to the words,

"We have both been true to each other,"

I could not restrain the tears; I thought of Harry—of the many times we had sung it; and—two strong arms lifted me up, a dear voice saying, "Helen, my precious darling, at last we have met again!"

"Oh, Harry, do you know all?"

"Yes, Herbert wrote me a full confession; but I was then in France again, and come to you as soon as I could."

I will not dwell on what followed. Only, on a certain occasion, I wore a white dress and orange flowers, and, after a few magic words had been spoken, Harry kissed me and called me his "precious little wife." We are very happy, Harry and I. The dear fellow is peeping over my shoulder, and bids me add,—

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told;
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing, and love nevercold,
Love on through all ages—between till they die."

—A discharge of buckshot from a gun killed a man in the Capital Theatre, Austin, Texas, and made a hole in the wall. The fresh plaster has cracked in such a way as to present the outline of a man's face—a likeness of the murdered man, as some say.

HOW SIR WM. PHIPS FOUND THE TREASURE IN THE SEA.

While at the Bahamas, Phips was told of a Spanish vessel, wrecked off Puerto Plata more than fifty years before, with a very large treasure. His means not being sufficient for this expedition, Phips sailed for England and made direct application to the Admiralty to aid him in his search. So ably did this true son of the sea represent his cause, that he was given command of the "Rose Algier, a ship mounting eighteen guns and carrying a hundred men.

The exact position of the wreck was unknown, and the untrustworthy character of the crew added great difficulties to the undertaking. It should be remembered, also, that diving-bells, diving-armor, and the like, were then unknown. But the courage and indomitable perseverance of Phips now came into play, and he had a capital chance to show the stuff of which he was made.

Soon after they sailed, the crew came aft, armed, and determined to force Phips to yield to their wishes, which probably were that they should all turn pirates. Without giving them time to deliberate, Phips fled at their leader, hurled him on the deck and dispatched him on the spot—a deed so prompt and daring that it awed the mutineers into submission for the time. One who has never seen a mutiny at sea can form but little idea of its desperate character, and the rapidity of action and unflinching nerve required where men are shut up alone on the wide ocean with a quarrel so deadly in its nature that no compromise can be thought of for a moment, and no quarter can be allowed with safety to him who gives it.

But the next plot to slope the ship was even more dangerous. The "Rose Algier," being in need of repairs, was taken to a cove in a small uninhabited island, careened on one side in order to reach the damaged place. Most of the stores were moved on shore, the ship was hove down, and a bridge was laid between the deck and the land. Under the pretence of pastime, most of the crew now betook themselves to the woods, and there plotted to return at seven in the evening, seize the ship, force Phips and eight faithful men on shore, leave them there to perish, and themselves sail away on a piratical cruise. But the carpenter was one of the few who stood by the captain, and yet they could not risk putting to sea without him. They sent for him, therefore, on some pretext, and, having him in their power, offered him the choice of instant death or of joining his fortunes with theirs. He begged for half an hour to think about it, and said that at any rate he should have to return on board for his tool-chest. They granted his request, and sent two men with him to watch his movements. Soon afterwards he was suddenly taken with a pretended cramp or colic, and in great seeming agony rushed into the cabin for medicine; there he found Phips, and in a few rapid words revealed the plot. In less than two hours the mutineers would be marching on the ship. Not an instant was to be lost. Immediately the guns were loaded and trained to command the shore and all the approaches to the stores; the bridge was taken in, and when the mutineers appeared they found themselves caught. In tones of thunder, Phips bade them not to stir or he would mow them down with his batteries; nor did they dare to disobey. The bridge was again laid down, and the eight loyal men brought back the stores to the ship. When all was safely on board again, the mutineers were told that they were to be left to the fate they had intended for their commander. In despair at so terrible a prospect the miserable men threw down their arms and protested their willingness to submit if Phips would but relent and not sail away without them.

After a long parley, he agreed to let them come on board, they having first given up their arms. But, with such a crew, further search after the treasure was useless. Phips, therefore, sailed for Jamaica, changed the crew, and again weighed anchor for Hispaniola. There he was lucky enough to find an old Spaniard who told him that the wreck was somewhere about a reef a few leagues north of Puerto de la Plata. Phips immediately went to the spot. But his search for the wreck was long and unavailing, the season was changing, and the "Rose Algier," now but half manned and in unseaworthy condition, was unfit to prowl around a dangerous reef in the hurricane season. So, without having accomplished the object of so much exertion and anxiety, Phips was obliged to return to England, baffled but not a discouraged man.

Very naturally, it was impossible for our adventurer to obtain another English ship-of-war, although he received much credit for the courage and skill shown in controlling the mutineers, and one would conclude that the treasure of the old Spanish galleon would after this have remained at the bottom of the sea, the exclusive possession of the sharks, the turtles and the barracudas. But with rare pertinacity Phips returned to the charge, and at last persuaded the Duke of Albemarle and several other wealthy noblemen to his views. They formed a company and obtained a patent from King James II., giving them the sole right to all wrecked treasure they might find during a certain number of years. Then they fitted out a ship and tender, the latter to cruise in coves and shoal water, and Phips invented several rude contrivances for dragging and diving, far inferior to the means now used for such purposes. Thus prepared, he sailed once more for Hispaniola. There a small, stout boat was built, and with it and a crew of Indian divers the tender was despatched to the reef where the wreck was said to be.

The tender was anchored in good holding ground at a safe distance from the reef, and the men then rowed slowly in the boat around it, carefully examining the depths below for signs of the wrecked galleon. The waters in the West Indies are very clear, and during a calm objects can be seen at a considerable depth. The rocks were of singular form, rising nearly to the surface, but with sides so steep that any vessel striking them would be liable to go down many fathoms below the reach of the most expert diver. The only hope was that the wreck might have lodged on some projecting ledge. But the closest observation, long continued, failed to reveal any sign of the object so eagerly sought, although the water was perfectly calm.

At length, a curious sea-plant cropping out of a crevice in the side of the reef caught the eye of one of the crew, and he sent down an Indian to bring it up. When the diver returned to the surface he reported that he had seen a number of brass cannon lying tangled among the sea-weed on a ledge. That was enough. Inspired with the greatest enthusiasm, diver after diver plunged below to be the first to discover the treasure, and ere long one of them brought up an ingot of silver worth several hundred pounds. Transported with success, they left a buoy to mark the spot, and made all sail to carry the glad tidings to Phips. He would not credit the tale until he had seen the ingot, when he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God, we are all made!"

Every man was at once enlisted in the service of fishing for the treasure. The bullion was discovered first; after that, in the bottom of the hold, the seamen found the coin in bags, which had been so long under water that they were encrusted with a stony shell hard as rock. This was broken with crowbars, revealing gold, jewels and "pieces of eight," in glittering abundance. The last day's work brought to light twenty massive silver ingots, and the whole amount recovered was somewhat over three hundred thousand pounds, a sum equal in the values of our time to five million of dollars.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE FAMOUS PORCELAIN TOWER.

The celebrated Porcelain Tower, near Nanking, China, is described by a traveler, who says:—In the quiet evening we made our way out of the city by the south gate, through a well-constructed tunnel, and shortly stood upon an eminence over whose surface was a mass of *debris*, consisting of broken bricks, tiles and plaster several feet thick. This was all—all that was left of that which, for its historic beauty, the ingenuity of its construction and its great cost, took rank with the wonders of the world—the famous Porcelain Tower. It must have been very beautiful in its perfection, if we can accept the statements of its various historians, who differ so little in their accounts, that one does for all. From them we learn that its form was octagonal, nine stories high, tapering as it rose to the height of 261 feet from the ground; the circumference of the lower story being 120 feet. The body of the pagoda was of brick, but its face was composed of porcelain tiles of many colors. Each story formed a kind of saloon, through which ran a staircase, the spiral leading to the summit, and whose walls were covered with small gilded idols resting in niches, the entire apartment being richly painted and gilded. Each story was defined by a projecting cornice of green tiles, from whose points gilded bells were hung. The roof was overlaid with copper, and above it rose a mast thirty feet high, capped by a golden ball, and coiled about by an immense band of iron, appearing like rings from below. The base of this shaft was an iron ball formed of two halves, the outer surface of which is magnificently embossed. I say is, for one-half rests where it fell, the only tangible thing in the mass of ruin. The other half, weighing twelve tons, being broken by the fall, was recast into a temple bell. Standing before the half which is left, we query who were they that fashioned this beautiful casting, worthy of the hand of a master? Whose writing and inscription embellishes its face, unlike any Chinese workmanship? Whose skill was great enough A. D. 1430, to place a ball of iron thirty-six feet in circumference, weighing twenty-four tons, upon a pedestal 261 feet high? This ball was the receptacle for various treasures calculated to ward off evil influences, among which were "night-shining jewels," pearls, books, gold, silver, thousands of strings of cash, satin, silk and priceless medicines. The number of bells on the structure was 152, and the interior was illuminated by several hundreds of lamps, while the exterior required 128 to light it. It took nineteen years to build it, and cost $3,313,078. Of all this, not one story rests on the other; lightning, fire and war have laid their hands upon it and it fell, its final destroyers being the Taeping rebels, about twenty years ago.

It stood in the grounds of a large Buddhist monastery, which fell at the same time a prey to the fanaticism and rapacity of the invaders. One work of art within the grounds escaped destruction, a pure white tortoise, bearing upon its back a perpendicular tablet with an inscription. This, with one solitary priest, keeps watch and ward over the ruins of bygone glory.—*Crockery and Glass Journal.*

AN ARTIFICIAL VOICE.

HOW A MAN CAN HAVE A WHOLE ORCHESTRA IN HIS THROAT.

Any man who is dissatisfied with his voice can become an orchestra, with woods, brasses, strings and a big drum, if he likes. In September of last year Dr. Foulis, of Glasgow, found himself under the necessity of proposing the complete removal of the larynx of one of his patients. The man consented, chiefly with the view of escaping the lingering death which threatened him. It was accordingly done; and now, at the end of four months, a fair share of health has been regained, the windpipe and other parts implicated have healed so as to admit of the introduction of voice tubes, and the man has been shown at the University and before some of the scientific societies of Glasgow, where the professors and others were enabled to satisfy themselves of the reality of his speaking powers. For the sake of easy adjustment it consists of two tubes, which are placed in the wound, separately, and fitted to each other by slipping the lower a little way into the upper one. A framework holding a vibrating reed is passed into a hole in the front of this tube, like a drawer into his grooves. When pushed home the reed-plate slopes downwards, and the current of air from the lungs, impinging upon its free end, throws it into vibration. A continuous musical note is thus produced, which becomes modulated into vowels, consonants and words by the action of the mouth. All the reeds remain silent in ordinary breathing. The vowels are perfectly clear and distinct, both in whispering and in intoning with the reed out and in uttering with the reed in the tube, proving that the vowels are the product of changes in the shape of the mouth cavity, and not formed by alteration of the glottis. The question of the reeds to be used was one of much interest. The first tried in Glasgow were of brass. Experiments have shown, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that many other materials, such as ivory, horn, cane, silver or steel, will answer the purpose, and the patient, who is an ingenious mechanic, amuses himself in getting them up. He has thus a variety of voices at command, and with one of his reeds made of vulcanite can positively roar. The softest and most natural notes are given by the non-metallic reeds; but the richest tone comes from a reed composed of an alloy of silver and brass.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Marriage observances differ in outward form with the nations, and perhaps on own whimsicality in the honeymoon which intermediate period is not open celebrated by the Russians who entirely abjure this sentimental custom. Their weddings generally take place toward evening. During the ceremony the bride and bridegroom hold a lighted taper in their hands in front of a small altar placed in the center of the church. Rings are placed on their fingers, and their hands being joined, they are married three times around the altar. Two highly-ornamented gilt crowns are placed on their heads, and held over them by the groomsmen during part of the services. They drink wine out of a cup three times, and kissing one another, the ceremony is finished. The married couple then make a tour of the church, crossing themselves at, and saluting each saintly Icon in the way. Immediately after the ceremony dinner commences at the house of the bride's father. At a marriage feast lighted candles are placed in every position and corner possible. No other wine but champagne should be drunk, and the quantity consumed of this beverage is remarkable. The dinner is followed by a ball, and the feasting is usually kept up for twenty-four hours. The married couple spend the first few days of their wedded life with the bride's father. After the marriage the bride and bridegroom must call upon every one of their relations, friends and acquaintances, and after this ceremony is finished they settle down to their ordinary life.

ORIENTAL TRAFFIC.

WHAT SAN FRANCISCO AIMS AT.

A correspondent writing from Boston says:

But very little gold is sent to China. The shipments are confined mostly to silver bullion. The amount sent this year will not fall much short of $15,000,000. One half of this has been in trade dollars, the remainder in silver bars mostly. The total amount does not include what Chinamen who have returned to their native land have taken with them upon their persons, which must be considerable, as every one of the thousands who have gone back has carried with him more or less coin. The amount of silver bullion shipped the present year is considerably in excess of last year. Since shipments of bullion to China and Japan commenced eleven years ago, over 88,000,000 have been exported from this port of which record has been made at the Custom House.

Previous to the last four years Mexican dollars were principally exported, for the trade dollar had not been coined; but with the introduction of the trade dollar that coin has come to be shipped largely in excess of the Mexican dollar, although not interfering with the movements in Mexican. It is evident, from the increased shipments of bullion, that the trade relations between this port and China, Japan and the East Indies, are rapidly gaining ground, and yet the trade of San Francisco with the Orient is yet in its infancy. The great ambition of San Francisco business men is to wrest the China and East India trade from Boston. They want this city to become the manufacturing centre of this country. They claim that on account of its geographical position it has an advantage over Boston and other Eastern ports, and is really the natural depot of the United States for Oriental traffic. Already they are ecstatic over which, while shooting on a moor in Argyleshire, had on one occasion severely lacerated for eating some carrion, part of a dead and putrid sheep. Passing to leeward of the same carrion about an hour afterwards, the pitch evidently remembered the former scolding, and, giving her master an expressive look, continued to hunt. The stench from the carrion was so great as to be almost insupportable, and hurrying past it her master was surprised to observe the pointer, generally a most obedient animal, make a sudden wheel and draw directly upon the carcass, from which no whistling or command could prevent her. An advance to check her led only to her steady and regular approach, making point after point to the dead sheep. Annoyed at this, her owner seized her by the neck and drew her away, when at that moment a cock grouse rose from the very mass of carrion, where it had possibly been feasting on maggots, and gaily crowing flew down the hillside, but was in a few minutes afterwards safely bagged. After the bird had gone, the pointer at once cheerfully resumed her hunting. The sense of smell was so powerfully discriminative as to detect the presence of one small bird from amid the 'horribly tainted air' from the dead sheep."

CONCERNING CUBA.

The island of Cuba has about 1,500,000 inhabitants, and contains from 21,000,000 to 25,000,000 of acres, less than 15 per cent. of which is cultivated, and about 35 per cent. being woodland. It has an innumerable variety of productions—copper, iron, gold and silver and agate abounding in immense quantities—while the export of sugar alone is about 700,000 tons annually, while that of tobacco reaches 7,000,000 pounds a year. The export and import trade amounts to about $100,000,000 annually, of which the United States gets 35 per cent.

The present rebellion in Cuba was started in 1868 with 147 enrolled men; in two days the number had swollen to 4,000; in a month to 12,000, and at one time the insurgents claimed to have 30,000 men, though poorly armed. It is claimed that, if proper ammunition could be provided, an army of 90,000 or 100,000 could be placed in the field. When the rebellion broke out, Spain had an army of 19,000 men and a fleet of 128 guns; in two years she had sent over 40,000 men and increased the fleet to fifteen vessels, aggregating 400 guns. Now the army of Spain numbers 100,000, and that government has been allowed to build thirty gunboats on American soil, a fact which the speaker thought a curious commentary on our professions of neutrality.

CHINESE ARITHMETIC.

A correspondent of the *London Athenæum* says the Chinese have a most ingenious method of reckoning by the aid of the fingers; performing all the operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, with numbers from one up to a hundred thousand. Every finger of the left hand represents nine figures, as follows: The little finger represents units, the ring finger tens, the middle finger hundreds, the fore finger thousands, the thumb tens of thousands. When the three joints of each finger are touched from the palm toward the tip, they count one, two and three of each of the denominations as above named. Four, five and six are counted on the back of the finger joints in the same way; seven, eight and nine are counted on the right side of the joints from the palm to the tip. The fore finger of the right hand is used as the pointer. Thus, 1234 would be indicated by first touching the joint of the forefinger, next the hand on the inside, next the middle joint of the middle finger on the inside, next the end joint of the ring finger on the inside, and finally, the joint of the little finger next the hand on the outside. The reader will be able to make further examples for himself. The writer alluded to asserts that the correctness of Chinese computation thus performed is proverbial.

WHAT MAY BE DONE BY TEMPERATE MEN.

A wager was decided in a restaurant at 783 Sixth avenue yesterday, where a man completed the task of eating a roast quail at noon for thirty consecutive days, thus deciding a bet of $250. The winner said that the thirtieth quail was relished as much as the first, and ascribed his success to temperate habits, the variety of sauces and other accompaniments to the meals, and care in being hungry at the right time. His friends were of the opinion that he had accomplished a difficult, if not unprecedented undertaking. Attempts of this kind, they say, were first suggested by the Bible, where, in Numbers xi, 32, it is recorded that "there went forth a wind from the Lord and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp; and the people stood up all that day and all that night, and all the next day, and they gathered the quails;" and that "while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague." This plague, it is urged, was nothing more than a nausea and billious fever, arising from prolonged quail diet. The chief cause of the failure of those essaying the eating of a quail a day for thirty days, is that they are generally dissipated men, whose digestive powers are not good.

SAND-FLIES.

In our ride through the Iron-Bark woods here, our horses were tormented with one of the greatest nuisances of the colony, the sand-flies. These are a kind of midge—small, like many things, like the midges at home, but they are not only extremely keen, but excessively venomous. They are as numerous as the grains of sand in the sterile Iron-Bark ranges. They cover the whole ground in Spring; and as you advance, they rise up, and cover your horses' legs and chest, and pepper them in such a manner, that their legs are totally covered, in a very few minutes, with blood. The horses, of course, become quite frantic with them, not being able to stand still for a moment; so that it is no trivial matter to go into a wood with them at this season. As the summer proceeds, I expect the birds eat them up; but in the Spring they are countless. Their effect on men is much worse than on horses. Wherever they bite the part swells excessively, and becomes a great, livid boil, as large as a walnut. I was bitten on the wrist last Summer, in riding on the Sydney border, by one. The next day my hand was enormously swelled; and the swelling settled into one of these boils, which are very sluggish and difficult to cure. It took more than a month, and would not heal till treated with caustic. Another this Spring, has bitten the other hand, and the venomous white has gone through exactly the same process; and they have left two great scars, which will no doubt remain for life.

POWER OF SCENT IN DOGS.

Regarding the wonderful power of scent displayed by some sporting dogs, *Land and Water* tells the following story: "A well-known West-end sporting gunmaker, visiting in 1875, furnishes an instance of a black pointer bitch which, while shooting on a moor in Argyleshire, had on one occasion severely lacerated for eating some carrion, part of a dead and putrid sheep. Passing to leeward of the same carrion about an hour afterwards, the bitch evidently remembered the former scolding, and, giving her master an expressive look, continued to hunt. The stench from the carrion was so great as to be almost insupportable, and hurrying past it her

BIRDS.

Birds may be divided into three classes, viz: those which pair for life; those which pair annually; and those which never pair, but are polygamous. Swallows, rooks, martins, starlings, magpies, and several of the Falconidæ and Paridæ, are examples of the first class. All birds which return every season to their old nests or nesting-sites, to rear their broods, belong to the class that pair for life. The greatest number of birds pair annually, and these desert their nests for aye as soon as their young are fledged. When their duties to their offspring are fulfilled they become strangers for life. The members of the third class are included almost altogether in the tribe of the Gallinaceæ; and in this arrangement we can observe one of the wisest provisions of nature; the flesh of all these birds form a wholesome and substantial article of food for men, from the savage in his bandiless wilds to the man of civilization. But what can keep this demand supplied? Clear-thinking readers will at once assert that to keep up this supply the birds must multiply quickly; the only way is by polygamy. It is well known how prolific all birds are which, endowed with this particular instinct, can propagate their species equal to the demand made upon them. There are exceptions to the general rule among the three classes named, as a matter of course.

—"Were all men to bring together their burdens of sorrow to be equally divided, each on reflection would choose his own."—*Socrates.*

Varieties.

—Five thousand bees weigh a pound.

—There were 2400 miles of railroad constructed in this country during 1877.

—There are some 5000 gold and silver mines in actual working condition in Mexico.

—California and Nevada produce about 200 tons of borax each month of the year.

—Wisconsin has 20,000,000 acres of land, which have never been broken or felt the plow.

—There are in Prussia 51,398 teachers, but out of this number only 6538 are women.

—Great Britain imported last year 54,162,888 hundredweight of wheat for home consumption.

—The American residents of Rome have presented the new king with a complimentary address.

—The Russian peace terms will reduce the control of Turkey over about 15,000,000 people to 6,000,000.

—Siam is about to send a lot of young men to be educated in this country, as the Japanese have lately done.

—The annual income of the church of England is $36,000,000. The church has 16,000 religious edifices, including thirty cathedrals.

—There have been expended upon the Albany State House $8,000,000, and we are told that $5,000,000 more are required to finish it.

—The mosquito gum of Western Texas is almost identical with gum Arabic, and considerable quantities are regularly exported.

—The Ashtabula accident cost the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway Company $493,000, and all the claims under the accident have been settled.

—Since Dom Pedro's return to Brazil, last September, he has entered vigorously upon various, reformatory measures for purifying his government and for the general good of his people.

—The wild boar is the parent of the common hog, but smaller, less gluttonous, and living chiefly on vegetables. They are only dangerous when attacked; and then their means of defence are tusks ten inches long.

—The Emperor of Germany is the greatest existing patron of the turf; the Empress of Austria is distinguished in England's hunting field. Napoleon III. delighted in the gun, and Victor Emmanuel dearly loved field sports.

—Diamond digging in South Africa has now settled down into a paid industry. Companies have been formed, dividends are declared monthly when there are any, and there is something like a fixed trade of findings from this claim or that.

—Opium Eaters. The total amount of opium imported into the United States for 1877 was 2,589,924,383 grains. Deducting one-fifth for medical purposes, there remain for opium-eaters 6,125,383 grains daily. If thirty grains are taken as a daily dose, there are in the United States over 200,000 persons who eat the drug.

—There is to be a narrow-gauge railroad laid on the banks of the canal between Buffalo and Albany. Locomotives will be used to tow the boats, and sure-footed horses will be unknown. This is said to be a fact; but will locomotives, especially on a narrow-gauge, answer? They would not on the Delaware and Hudson canal some years ago.

—Enoch Hayes, of Cleves, O., married last spring and died last fall. Just before the latter event he was sued by Elizabeth West for a breach of promise of marriage. The suit is continued against Mrs. Hayes as the heiress of the estate, and the fight of the two women is incidentally bringing out all the particulars of Mr. Hayes' double courtship.

—There's nothing like giving absolute satisfaction when he wants it. The Hon. Nestor Mixdin, who fought a duel at Matamoras with M. De la Pena, was not satisfied after two rounds had been fired, and he had come off with a whole skin. He demanded another round. He was accommodated, shot through the body, and died almost instantly.

—For every week lost in a strike a certain number of weeks' work at the higher wages struck for is required in order to avoid positive loss to the workmen. Thus in the case of a strike of six months' duration for advance of ten per cent. in wages, five years' labor at the high rates will be required in order to make up the positive loss incurred in the strike.

—The *Mark Lane Express* thinks it very strange that, while many other forms of sport are condemned as cruel and barbarous, fishing, even with live bate, should be generally commended as gentle and humane. "In the whole realm of sport there is no operation that requires greater callousness than that of twisting a hook in and out of the body of a writhing worm."

—The English army has long enjoyed the reputation of being the most expensively dressed in Europe. The most costly uniform is that of a staff sergeant in the Foot Guards, to clothe whom entails upon the country about $70 per man per annum, and the cheapest man to equip is the negro private of the West India regiments, whose picturesque zouave uniform costs about $12 per annum.

—A Presbyterian clergyman, living near Montreal, has to cross a wide stream in going to and from his church. On a recent Sunday, the ice being hard and smooth, he skated, instead of riding as usual, in his sleigh. He now finds himself arraigned for breaking the Sabbath. He argues that skates were the easiest and quickest conveyance he could have employed, yet, when the question is put to him squarely, he does not deny that he derived pleasure from the skating.

—It may perhaps not be generally known that Queen Victoria is especially fond of Indian shawls. The stone which is her specialty is the sapphire. The Empress of Russia has an unrivalled collection of turquoises and pearls. The ex-queen Isabella of Spain has the most valuable collection of laces in the world, one of her shawls being worth $20,000. The Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar is said to possess the finest set of rubies, and the Empress of Austria the best emeralds and opals in Europe.