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The Greensboro Patriot.

OUR COUNTRY—FIRST AND ALWAYS.

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SONG OF THE STREAM.

MAY SHOWERS.

"I am very glad. Have you heard lately from Rose?"

Rose replied in the negative, and we passed into the house. I sang a number of songs, and they were received with expressions of pleasure by all.

Ned and his cousin called to see us often during the summer, and when George was at home, he always took it upon himself to entertain Rose, kind brother that he was, and left Mr. Grantham to me. It was the same at the parties and pleasure excursions we attended. Ned would accompany Rose and I would go with George; but somehow the boys would always manage to change partners.

One evening when they called at the house Rose said: "I am going to leave much to-morrow, but aunt will give a party for me before I go. It is to be on my birthday, two weeks from to-morrow. George and you will be invited, of course."

Dear Rose! I thought how much I would miss her. She was such a good little thing, and so devoted to me. Next morning I could talk of nothing but the party.

"What are you going to wear, pray?" asked George.

An important question, truly.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said I. "My white is well enough for a picnic, but it is not thin enough for an evening dress. My silk is too heavy, and I have worn my pink so much this summer it certainly will not do for the party.

"I wish, my dear," said mamma, "that I could afford a new dress for you. But everything is so very dear this year; and your silk dress and summer bonnet cost much more than I expected; and besides——"

"Wear your pink, by all means, sister, for I heard Ned Grantham call you 'peach blossom' the evening you wore it last."

"George" was a terrible tease; but I heard him ask mamma how much it would take for the dress, before he went to the office; and when he came in to dinner, he tossed a bundle on my lap, saying, "There it is, sister; make it as pretty as possible."

The "long-looked-for" evening arrived. I was dressed at least an hour before the hired vehicle made its appearance. Grandpa and George admired my dress to my heart's content; and mamma remarked "it did sit beautifully, and was very becoming." She had seen some sprays of lily of the valley on passing a milliner's, had purchased them, and woven them into a wreath of natural grandfather leaves. I wore the wreath, and my dress was ornamented with sprays to match.

But, when I found myself in Mr. Grantham's saloon, I wondered whether mamma would think I looked so well if she could see my dress in comparison with some of the richer ones around it. There was considerable wealth in our town, and many of the ladies were richly attired.

Rose Haibert wore a delicate blue crape, the sleeves looped up with clasps of turquoise, set with brilliants. On her neck and arms were jewels to match the clasps. Her long, golden hair floated around her, and she looked very lovely. Of course she was engaged in receiving guests, and had only time for a word or two with me at first. George found a quiet corner for me, and then was carried off by a young lady who insisted upon showing him some beautiful engraving.

Mrs. Grantham soon came, and taking me by the hand, she drew me to a group engaged in gay conversation; introduced me to those with whom I was unacquainted, and left me to attend to other guests. When Ned came in search of me, a few moments after, I was the centre of the circle. He seemed pleased that I was enjoying myself, and only stopped to drop a few pleasant words, reserving, however, a couple of dances for me, later in the evening. Near the close, when, thoroughly wearied with gaiety, I sought the corner I had occupied soon after my arrival, Ned came and seated himself at my side, saying as he did so, "Do you know I am very proud of you this evening?"

My cheeks were scarlet; and looking up, I saw that several pairs of eyes were upon us. Ned observed it too, and I made haste to change the conversation.

"When does Rose leave?" I asked.

"The day after to-morrow. I am obliged to leave at the same time, on business, and shall probably be absent two or three weeks. Shall you miss me, little May?"

"Indeed I shall!"

"I will return as soon as possible; and I mean to call to-morrow afternoon to bid you good-bye. I have something to tell you. May I come?"

I gave an affirmative nod, for, somehow, I had entirely lost my voice. Soon after he left, I leaned back in the carriage, feeling, as I thought, perfectly happy. George, for a wonder, was quiet; but Nelly Forest and her brother were with us, and Nell talked incessantly.

"I heard a choice piece of news to-night," said she. "Rose Haibert is going to be married."

"To whom?" I inquired.

"Ned Grantham, of course."

I moved farther back in the shadow, for though I heard a stifled laugh proceed from the corner where George sat, I looked up hastily, but he appeared perfectly composed and asked, "Nell, are you sure?"

"Oh, yes! I heard Mrs. Grantham the doctor's wife say something in a low tone, and Mrs. Lane said, 'Indeed!' 'Yes,' returned Mrs. Grantham; 'Rose is to be married, but not immediately, they are both so young. She is going home on Thursday, and Edward will accompany her to see her safe.'"

"Well, I hope we may attend the wedding; don't you, sis?" said George as he helped me to alight.

"Indeed I do," I replied, with a laugh that almost choked me, for I was determined that no one should think that I cared.

"And Ned Grantham is going to bid me good-bye," I said to myself, as I walked slowly up-stairs; "and after that must to-night, too—I'm sure I consider it so now. Well, I hope he may find me at home."

"May! May!" called Kate Hale, as she came up the walk the next afternoon, "do come and take tea with me. I have the most beautiful song you ever heard, and I want you to try it."

"Wait a moment, until I get my hat and shawl. I'll be home before dark, mamma," and away we went.

It was just sunset when I returned, and found Ned Grantham at the gate, waiting for me.

"I was about to go in search of you," he said.

"You are very kind," I answered, stiffly.

"May, dear, what is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Have I offended you, darling?"

"Oh, not at all!"

"May, I cannot bear this. You will at least, tell me why you are angry with me."

He drew me to a seat under the pear-tree, whose drooping, fruit-laden branches, screened us from the street. I seated myself quietly, but, looking up and meeting his sad, earnest eyes, I buried my face in my hands, and burst into tears. He caught me in his arms.

"Will you not tell me what troubles you, darling, when you must know how I love you—how I have loved you ever since you charmed me so on that showery May afternoon?"

He smoothed the hair from my forehead until I grew calm, and then said, "You will be mine—my wife, little May?"

I cannot tell what I answered him. I made some sort of reply, I know, and afterwards, with many blushes, related the conversation Nelly Forest overheard the evening before.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed joyfully. "Is it possible that George hasn't told you yet?" But, seeing my look of surprise, he said, "Rose is going to be married to—your brother George."

I sprang to my feet.

"Dear Rose!—dear George!" I cried. Ned laughed so loud that grandpa came out to see what was the matter.

"I must ask your mother, dear," Ned said, "I cannot rest until everything is settled."

"Let me wait here for you; I cannot see any one just now," said I.

In a few moments he returned. He sat down beside me, took my face between his hands, and I saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"They have given you to me, dear one," he said, "and heaven knows that the fault will not be mine if they ever regret it!"

LITTLE ETHEL'S WORK.

Old Godfrey Harland, with the gray hair pushed back from his broad, time-marked brow, his keen eyes blazing with a fierce light, stood and watched the flames curl about the tiny white paper, and muttered:

"Burn! burn! I told you when you turned from me, that from that hour I disowned you. So shall it be."

She had written for money. She asked it for herself and child, and begged him, now that she was widowed and alone, to come to her. It was but a few houses down the street, and she prayed:

"Come to me, father, for I am starving—dying!"

But he, hard-hearted old man, smiled bitterly, and thought of Arthur Linden and the terrible oath he had taken on that night so long ago, when she passed out before him, clinging to her young husband with all her woman's strength and love.

He looked around him. The warmth, the rich light, the perfect elegance, pained him.

"Father, I am starving—dying!" seemed to ring in his ears; and it was all in vain that he smiled, and put on a hard, cold expression, and let the lines about his mouth come out sharp and clear. He could not forget the sweet face which had for so many years been the light of his home, and the tender hands forever ministering to his wants. He seemed to see her beside him, the golden hair shading a pale young face, and her great blue eyes, so like her dead mother's, ever fixed upon his own, Sweet Ethel, starving—dying!

He sought to find a tender place in his heart for her; but the great wrong she had done rose up and trampled down every thought of kindness, and bringing his hand down upon the table, making the sparkling glass and silver dance like things of life, he said:

"No! Let her starve and die! She chose her path, and now let her travel it. Not one penny of my money shall go to feed her."

And there the old man sat, wrapping his mantle of bitterness around him, until the fire smouldered down to a heap of ashes, as cold and gray as the heart of the watcher.

* * * *

"Mamma, won't my grandpapa come to us?"

"No, darling, I fear not. It is over a week since I wrote to tell him hoy poor and lonely we were, and I have heard nothing. Darling, heaven alone only knows what we are to do. May Providence watch over and protect you when I am gone."

The child drew close beside her, and wondered where mamma was going, and listened to the short breath and saw the blue eyes fading, and wondered if it would make her well, this "going away" of which she spoke.

"He's a naughty, bad grandpa, ain't he, mamma, to let us suffer here? Can't I go and ask him my own self for something?"

"By-and-by, when I am gone. Perhaps he would pity you, and let you live with him."

Little Ethel's eyes grew bright and wise, and she shut her lips close together, and watched for her mother to sleep. She had not long to wait; for Mrs. Linden had sat up nearly all the previous night, coughing, and suffering from the intense pain it caused; and, almost as soon as the chatter of her little daughter ceased, she sank to sleep.

Down from a nail in the corner came a little hat, and, not waiting for her cloak, she ran out.

Grandpa lived somewhere near; for mamma said so, and she knew she could find him if she tried. She ran down the long street, through the crowd, and looked all around for a house that looked like "grandpa's;" but she could not see one.

After a while, she grew tired, and sat down upon a doorstep, but there were boys playing a little further down, and she was shy, so she went on to another. This was a very broad step, with a great lion on either side; and, as she looked at them, they seemed so large and real that she was almost afraid they would jump at her, and eat her up. She began to think that they would, if they were as hungry as she was.

Pretty soon she began to think of mamma and grandpa. Dear me! what could she do? Well, she must begin at once, for it was getting quite dark. She looked frightened and bewildered, and, all at once, the tears came into her blue eyes. It would be dreadful if her mamma should awake during her absence, and go away, and she could not find grandpa after all.

"You must not sit on the steps!" called a loud, smart voice at the door; and little Ethel looked around.

"Run right away, unless you want to see some one."

"I do. I want to see my grandpa."

"Well, he don't live here. What is your grandpa's name?"

"Grandpa—Harland. Yes, Grandpa Harland, that's his name."

"Why, Mr. Harland owns this very house," said the smart maid; "but I don't believe he is your grandpa. He had a daughter once, but she ran away with a good-for-nothing; and, even if you are her child, I am not sure that I ought to let you in."

"I think he is my grandpa."

"Well, come in here. Mr. Harland is having his supper, and you can't see him until he is done."

She opened the library door, and Ethel sat very quietly upon a stool near the fire.

"I think you are hungry," said the girl, who seemed really kind-hearted.

"Yes, I think so," said Ethel.

So the girl brought a large sandwich; and Ethel took it, and wished mamma could have some. She resolved to put a piece in her pocket, since she gave her the whole; and, just as she was trying to get a big piece into her pocket, a gruff voice called out:

"Here! What are you doing? None of that!"

It was a terrible voice, and so frightened little Ethel, that she turned round with her eyes full of tears.

"What are you trying to do?"

"Nothing. I only wanted to take a piece to my mamma," she soon said; for Ethel was a deal like her grandpa, quite brave and firm.

"Your mamma! Well, who is she?"

"She is my mamma, sir; and you're my grandpa, I 'spose."

Mr. Godfrey Harland paused, looked at the thin little figure, the pinched, hungry face, and the blue eyes.

"What is your name, child?" he asked, the gruff voice growing soft and low.

"Ethel, and so is my mamma's. My mamma is very poor and ill, and very, very hungry. The maid gave me a piece, a big piece of this"—and she held up the sandwich—"and so I thought I would take part of it to her."

"Did your mother send you here?"

"No; she was asleep when I came. She told me that she should not long be with me, and when she was gone, she wanted me to come to you. But she ain't gone yet."

Godfrey Harland rang the bell; and when a footman appeared, he said: "Order my carriage!"

Then, while he was waiting, he took the strange little form upon his knee, and talked to her, asking many questions, all of which little Ethel answered.

"The carriage is ready, sir," said the footman.

"Haven't you a cloak?"

"No; I left mine at home."

"Here, Lizzie, bring a thick shawl or cloak. Bring two, while you are about it."

Lizzie brought the shawls; and while she was being wrapped in one, Ethel wondered what her grandpa was going to do with the other. He took her up in his strong arms, and carried her down to the beautiful carriage at the door, lifted her in, and tucked the warm wrappers around her, and away they flew down the street.

It was a very short distance to the house where Ethel's mamma lived; and Ethel was out of the carriage and in the little room in a moment after they paused.

"Is that you, darling?" called her mamma.

"Yes, mamma. Where is the candle? Oh, yes, I have got it. Here, grandpa," and by the time the dim light shone through the room, a gray-haired old man stood looking down at the pale, wasted face of Ethel's mamma.

"Father! father!"

"My child! Thank heaven, I am not too late!"

Ethel was called to bring the shawl and help her mamma; and before she clearly understood it all, they were in the carriage, and going back to the beautiful house, with its warm fires and rich furniture.

Mrs. Linden grew strong and well; and Grandpa Harland forgave her for the little daughter's sake, and all were happy and thankful for ever after.

FOXES AND SPIRITUALISM.

The Culpeper (Va.) *News* is troubled about an old fox whose wiles have proved too much for the huntsmen of all the counties round about. The peculiar method of mystification employed by this four-footed phantom seems to consist in walking rails and leading dogs and hunters round about promiscuously, and then vanishing into thin air, leaving everything at a dead loss. We confess that we can account for the phenomenon only by accepting the theory that this is not a real fox, only a shadowy semblance. We believe it to be the avenging spirit of some Virginia Reynard, who, in the flesh, suffered martyrdom by the shotgun; and not losing his brush in the time honored way prescribed by the precedents of all fox hunting, has now returned to avenge the indignity offered to his kith and kin. The huntsmen, horses and hounds of Culpeper County may follow the chase until doomsday, but we venture to predict that they'll never catch that ghost.—*Forest and Stream.*

THE EXECUTION BLOCK.

Of all the objects shown to visitors in the Tower of London, the most impressive perhaps are the block and axe formerly used for beheading persons convicted of treason. The block is a rough, heavy mass of wood, about two feet high, two feet thick and three feet long, with an excavation in the upper part to receive the breast of the sufferer, and a corresponding excavation on the other side for the chin. The marks of the axe are still plainly visible on the block, some of them showing by their depth, the needless force of the executioner's stroke. The axe is an ancient, awkward instrument—which seemed to me, when I handled it, to be very ill adapted to its purpose. There used to be shown, also, an awful-looking black mask, which the executioner wore when he performed his office, so that he should not be afterward recognized by the spectators.

—Mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes have but two eyes each, but the head of a horse-fly or dragon-fly is full of eyes. Besides which, in spiders, scorpions, star fish, scollops, etc., these eyes are not confined on the head but appear in various parts of the body.

UNA AND THE LION.

An unusual fancy that of Mrs. M. E. Lincoln, a Boston lady, who has for her household pets two magnificent African lions. Well behaved lions they are too; perform their mistress' bidding with unswerving obedience, but always with becoming dignity; go through a variety of tricks, and conduct themselves, in all respects, as civilized lions should do. Before the Boston police interfered, these pets had the free range of the whole house and the garden. Now they are confined to one room, with a run in the yard. Our ideals of pets are these two great, good-natured brutes. But we must confess we fear that some day their lion nature may arouse. Mrs. Lincoln has done a great thing for us in showing the influence of woman's kindness over the fiercest brute creation. Nothing excites in us greater indignation than the sight of the poor, scared beasts of the menageries shrinking and cringing before the hot irons of their keeper. We shall study with interest Mrs. Lincoln's experiment, of which she has kindly written us, as follows:

54 HOWARD ST., BOSTON,
March 16, 1878.

MR. EDITOR:

I have two African lions, male and female, named respectively "Willie" and "Marthy." I originally possessed four cub lions, but lost two in raising them when they were quite young. "Willie" was born in Houston street, N. Y., June 4th, 1876, and "Marthy," was one of another litter, born three days later, corner Eighth avenue and Forty-ninth street, New York City.

From the day they were born I have had sole charge of them. I at first brought them up on a child's nursing bottle, but they have long since changed from milk to fresh, raw meat, which they eat from my naked hand. They are now twenty-one months old, and good judges pronounce them the handsomest pair of lions ever raised in this country, and probably the only pair of African lions ever raised in America.

"Willie" weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds, and is a noble-looking king of the forest, and will be a large specimen of the rare black-maned lion.

As a general thing, a lioness is most fierce and ferocious looking; but "Marthy" seems to be an exception to the general rule, as she has a fine-looking face, although her eyes look a trifle roughish.

They have become very much attached to me, and are as well pleased to see me, after a few hours absence, as children. They are quite affectionate, and love to be petted, although they take but little notice of strangers. They have never shown any disposition to do me an injury of any kind.

Yours respectfully,
M. E. LINCOLN.

—*Forest and Stream.*

THE NUBIAN DESERT.

I soon fell into a regular daily routine of travel, which, during all my later experience of the desert, never became monotonous. I rose at dawn every morning, bathed my eyes with a handful of the precious water and drank a cup of coffee. After the tent had been struck and the camels laden I walked ahead for two hours, often so far in advance that I lost sight and hearing of the caravan. I found an unspeakable fascination in the sublime solitude of the desert. I often beheld the sun rise when, within the wide ring of the horizon, there was no other living creature to be seen. He came up like a god, in awful glory, and it would have been a natural act had I cast myself upon the sand and worshipped him. The sudden change in the coloring of the landscape, on his appearance—the lighting up of the dull sand into a warm, golden hue, and the tintings of the purple and violet on the distant porphyry hills—was a morning miracle, which I never beheld without awe. The richness of this coloring made the desert beautiful; it was too brilliant for desolation. The scenery so far from depressing, inspirited and exhilarated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to shout from morning till night from the overflowing of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life, as sweet and pure and refreshing as that which the first man breathed on the morning of creation. You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere, for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable matter, or the smoke and steams which arise from the abodes of men, to stain its purity. This air, even more than its silence and solitude, is the secret of one's attachment to the desert. It is a beautiful illustration of the compensating care of that Providence which leaves none of the waste places of the earth without some atoning glory. Where all the pleasant aspects of nature are wanting—where there is no green thing, no fount for the thirsty lip, scarcely the shadow of a rock to shield the wanderer in the blazing noon—God has breathed upon the wilderness his sweetest and tenderest breath, giving clearness to the eye, strength to the frame and joyous exhilaration to the spirit.—*Bayard Taylor.*

ATLANTIC WRECKS FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS.

We have before us a record showing the number of lives lost in crossing the Atlantic during the last thirty-seven years. In this period fifty-six fine steamers have been wrecked, and in twenty-nine instances more or less lives were lost. Nine vessels were never heard from after leaving port. These are the President, in 1841, the City of Glasgow, in 1854, the Pacific, in 1856, the Tempest, in 1857, the United Kingdom, in 1868, the City of Boston, in 1870, the Scanderia, in 1872, the Ismailia, in 1873, and the Colombo, in 1877. The number of lives which were thus blotted out aggregates 1,397. Of the remaining vessels, four were burned, five sunk by collision, two by colliding with icebergs, two foundered at sea, and thirty-four were wrecked on various coasts. This is a suggestive showing, for it at once calls into contrast the relative peril incurred by dependence upon human judgment and human handiwork. Of the entire total of steamers lost, in but two cases can the disaster be attributable to a breakdown of the machinery, namely, the Anchor line steamer Hibernia, which foundered through her propeller shaft having been withdrawn from its place after the propeller had been lost; and the other the Ismailia, of the same line, which was once spoken under sail, her machinery being disabled, and was never heard of afterward. Neither has any boiler explosion occurred on an Atlantic steamer during the period mentioned. So far as the record before us is authority, the inference, therefore, is, that the greatest loss of life is due, not to lack of safe vessels, but to failure in judgment, or the incompetence of those who handle them.

Thirty-four steamers, as above stated, have been wrecked, and an inspection of the localities where the wrecks occurred, shows that several have happened in almost the same vicinity. For example, the City of New York, in 1861, and the Chicago, in 1868, were both wrecked on Dasnt's Rock, near Queenstown. No less than twelve have been destroyed on the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. It may be asked if vessels cannot be built strong enough to withstand driving upon the rocks, as in the cases of the Atlantic and the Schiller, at least for a sufficient time to enable the passengers and crew to obtain assistance or make their escape; but here the question of cost obtrudes itself, and the answer of those who have considered the subject, is, that vessels cannot be so constructed and yet profitably used. Taking this into account with the aggregate number of lives lost, in all, 4,780, and it will be evident that the problem of reducing the dangers of the sea becomes, as we have frequently urged, one depending on the efficacy of life-saving inventions. Devices which will keep large numbers of people afloat for considerable periods, devices that will keep individuals above water, that can be rapidly adjusted to the person with no possibility of mistake, devices for making lines from wrecked vessels to the shore, devices for indicating the relative positions of ships to each other, new signals for fog and night, and contrivances of that nature; all are subjects for the inventor's skill in devising better modifications and improvements.

PAPAL TIARAS.

A HISTORY OF THOSE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

A correspondent writes: "The history of Papal tiaras during the present century is not uneventful. In 1805 Napoleon presented Pope Pius VII. with the earliest that is now supposed to exist. It was of pearl-colored velvet, with three costly gold rings, which were each set with precious stones of various colors. The stones were each surrounded with brilliants, and the three rings were each bordered by a single row of pearls, matching one another with extraordinary exactness. The apex of the tiara was of pure gold studded with pearls and rubies. In 1831 Gregory XVI. caused it, with several other valuable possessions of the Vatican, to be hidden for fear of plunder by the mob. And when, a few months afterwards, order was restored and the hidden articles were dug up, it was found that the velvet of the tiara was quite spoiled and that a great many of the gems were altogether lost. Gregory XVI. is said to have been extremely vexed at this, and he ordered the jeweler, Hannibal Rolta, in the year 1833, to repair the tiara as best he could. This was done accordingly; but the restored work of art was found to weigh no less than eighteen pounds, and to be too heavy for the august wearers. Accordingly it became the practice to wear only the imitation tiara, made by Lea, "A.L." which is of pasteboard, profusely ornamented with gold and silver embroidery, paste diamonds and some real gems. Gregory, was, however, never satisfied with the necessity of wearing this sham ornament, and toward the end of his Pontificate he caused another tiara to be made of pure gold, but much thinner and lighter. Its cost is stated by the *Unita Cattolica* to have been £300. The fourth tiara, made in the present century, was that which Queen Isabella, of Spain, presented to the late Pope in 1855, at a cost of £10,000. This, however, was sold by Pius IX., who devoted the proceeds to the sale to pious and benevolent purposes. Finally, inasmuch as the tiara of light gold made by Gregory XVI. was found too small for the head of Pius IX., the latter had another made on a similar plan, and this last seems to be the one which the new Pope, Leo XIII., will wear. There seems to be much doubt whether the tiara of Napoleon is now in the Vatican or is hidden somewhere, as it was in 1831, and again in 1848.

CREMATION IN SIAM.

During the last year or two much has been said in the papers of our country about the new method of subjecting the bodies of the dead to intense heat, which in a few hours reduces them to ashes—a process called cremation. The experiment has been tried in at least one instance in Pennsylvania. The Siamese employ this method of treating dead bodies, but they connect the burning with heathen rites which seem strangely out of place at a funeral service. A missionary at Siam has given an account of the cremation of the king's brother, the king personally superintending the services. On either side of the hall in which the dead man lay, stood long rows of idols, and near by, groups of priests praying for the dead. All about the hall were theatrical performances, a shadow pantomime, a "Punch and Judy" show, music of Siamese bands and Chinese gongs, men dressed in skins of animals dancing through the grounds, huge animals made of paper strewed over bamboo frames and illuminated, darting in every direction, carried by men, fireworks in every shape in all parts of the grounds. Suddenly the noise was hushed, when the king kindled the fire which in a very short time consumed the body to ashes. At a signal from the king the fire-works were fired, and the festivities recommenced with vigor and great noise. Such a funeral, conducted by the highest class of Japanese, costs hundreds of dollars, which the friends blindly believe will somehow purchase prosperity for the departed soul, and favor for the living.—*Congregationalist.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.

TWENTY-EIGHT TIMES BESIEGED.

Constantinople has been besieged twenty-eight times since its foundation. The first siege, according to an article in the *Fremdenblatt*, was in the year 447 B. C., when Pausanias marched to the town after the battle of Platea. In 410 B. C., it was besieged by Alcibiades; in 347 by Leo, general to Philip of Macedon; in 197 A. D. by Sepimius Severus; in 313 by the Emperor Maximus; in 315 by Constantine the Great; in 616 by Chosroes, King of Persia; in 626 by the chief of the Avars; in 656 by Moavia, general to the Arab prince Ali; in 669 by Tesid, his son; in 674 by Sofia Ben Aaf; in 719 by the two sons of Caliph Mervan; in 744 by Soliman, son of the Caliph Abdul Melek; in 764 by Paganos, King of the Bulgarians; in 786 by Haroun al Raschid; in 798 by Abdul Melek; in 811 by Arumus despot of the Slavonians; in 820 by Thomas the Slavonian; in 886 by the Russian Varangians, under Ascold and Diz; in 914 by Simeon, King of the Bulgarians; in 1048 by Tornicus the Rebel; in 1081 by Alexius Conenus; in 1204 by the Crusaders; in 1261 by Michael Palæologus; in 1396 by Bajazet; in 1402 by the same; in 1414 by his son Musa; in 1422 by Murad II., son of Mohammed I., and in 1453 by Mohammed II., who captured Constantinople on the 29th of May in that year.

AMERICAN WOODS FOR PARIS.

One of the most remarkable exhibits designed for the Paris Exposition is a tablet of native American woods, which consists of a mosaic tablet eight feet wide and twelve feet in height, and was designed expressly for Mr. William H. Lippincott, the well-known Philadelphia lumber dealer, by the best artists and architects of the Quaker City. The tablet is in the Egyptian style, and consists of a flat moulding on the outer edge, made of three-quarter circles of bird's eye and curled maple, with a triangular-shaped piece of bois d'arc and beech filling the blank portion of the circle. The main panel is of white and yellow pine, ash, striped and plain walnut, poplar, apple, chestnut and sycamore. The bottom is a broad piece of close-grained oak, skilfully carved. Resting on the oak rail is an antique vase of various woods, from which springs a lotos plant with a wide-spread flower and leaves, all carved with great delicacy from ordinary American building woods. At the right and left upper corners of the tablet are dragons, made of California red wood. The open spaces of the design are filled in with rosettes in relief composed of Florida, North Carolina and New Jersey cedar, with caps of white holly and locust, forming a most beautiful contrast to the deep red cedar. The tablet is suspended by large rings of black walnut relieved with hickory, from a handsome bracket with a polished hicory roller. On each side of the bracket is a flying bat carved from butternut wood. Forty-three different varieties of native American woods enter into the construction of the tablet, including, besides those already named, birch, elm, cypress, spruce, gum, hemlock and others. Two cross-bars bear the words, "Lippincott, Bois d'Amerique pour l'exportation." The whole affair has been pronounced to be the finest collection of American woods ever gathered together.

A PUNCTUAL DOG.

A correspondent of *Forest and Stream* says:

There is a dog in this city which appears to be gifted with sufficient intelligence or reasoning power to enable him to tell the time of day and night, but how he does it is something that is just finding out. The dog is the property of a saloon keeper on one of our principal streets, and is a very common looking animal, being a pretty fair specimen of the typical "yaller dog." He loafs about the saloon from the time his master goes on watch (5 P. M.) until 8 o'clock, when he invariably pushes open the door and goes home. This I have seen him do a number of times, yet I have never thought to notice whether he looks at the clock or not. What is remarkable about it is the fact that he never misses going precisely at 8 o'clock—not two minutes before or after the hand touches the exact spot. This he does regularly, night after night, and it matters not what may be engaging his attention at the time, this "yaller dog" is never seduced into staying beyond his regular time. Persons who frequent the saloon positively assert that the dog does look at the clock, and that his departure is governed entirely by the position of the hands of that instrument.

Perhaps some one who has studied the nature of these intelligent brutes will rise and explain by what probable method that dog learns when the hour of eight has arrived. I might add that the clock does not strike.

THE SPIDER.

One of the most singular facts in relation to this insect, is that it casts its skin once every year. In order to effect this, it forms, in one corner of the web, a kind of thick purse, similar to that in which it used to enclose its eggs. Placing itself then in the centre of its web, it begins to distend its body with all the violence it can exert, for several minutes, until it splits its skin the whole length of the back. This being accomplished, it gradually forces its body through the aperture, drawing out its legs one by one, until it is entirely free from its covering. The skin retains the entire form of the spider, and is perfectly transparent. The insect itself, after this great change, remains quite gelatinous, and is of a pale green color. In this condition it retires to the aforementioned purse or bag, leaving the skin suspended in the web. This shelter it is not able to quit for about three or four days.

THE PIRANTHA.

The fish which contends for the dominion of the Brazilian portion of South America, is one of terrible voracity; there is hardly an animal that ventures into the water but that suffers its attacks. The victim of the pirantha is generally surrounded by large shoals or swarms of them; they may be justly compared to a nest of water hornets. Horses and cattle do not venture to drink of the water below the surface, lest their snout should be bitten off—an accident which, however, sometimes befalls them. The cayman himself is forced to fly before this terrible enemy, and turns his unprotected belly towards the top of the water; the otter alone, whose hairy skin deadens the force of the bite, is proof against their attacks.—*Wilson.*

—A bill for abolishing actions for breach of promise of marriage is before the British Parliament, and there is not much opposition expected except from lawyers. Such a law should be enacted in every civilized State.

—Naturalists claims that some of the trees of the tropics give undoubted evidence of being over 5000 years old.

Varieties.

—A man may travel through the world and sow it thick with friendship.

—The divorce court is a popular resort for curious old maids in London.

—Though Kansas has abolished the death penalty, still horse thieves are universally hung to the nearest tree when they are caught.

—There was a time, it is said, within the last twenty years, when every eighth man in Massachusetts was a shoe or boot maker.

A remarkable shower of earth lately created quite an excitement at Quito, South America. People thought the "end" drawing near.

—Insect were once given as medicine and by regular physicians. Three gnats were given at a dose, just as three grains of calomel might be given now.

—When a person becomes sick in Africa it is believed that he or she is bewitched, and some one has to be killed for doing it! Ignorance and superstition rule supreme.

—On draining a lake near New Amsterdam, Ind., large quantities of bear and deer bones were exposed, and other evidences found, showing that the bed of the lake was once a camping ground.

—According to Boston's boiler inspector there are about 2,000 steam boilers in that city located beneath sidewalks and elsewhere. He has found that in ten years there has been 976 boiler explosions, costing 700 lives, and the destruction of $5,000,000 of property.

—The Smithsonian Institution has lately received some Indian relics from the mounds in Florida, and with them a piece of gold rudely beaten into a representation of the head of a woodpecker, which is said to be the first specimen of gold found among the remains of the aboriginal tribes of America.

—A lumberman's circular estimates that the railways of the United States consume annually about 150,000 acres of timber for ties, about 300,000 for the manufacture of rolling stock, and near 500,000 acres for fuel, making a total of 1,000,000 acres, or 1,500 square miles of timber stripped off for the railway alone.

—"Man came," said Professor J. S. Newberry in Association Hall, New York, "we don't know when or where. It was after the ice age, however, and he was nearly contemporaneous with the reindeer and musk-ox, which he hunted. He was a savage, and the nearest approach we have to the primitive man is the Esquimaux."

—[illegible] received from the Rocky Mountains the skeleton of a gigantic reptile, nearly complete, thirty feet long, which was found briskly imbedded in rock. According to Prof. Marsh, it was probably an aquatic animal, and of an order heretofore unknown to scientific men.

—Oysters, it is said by a statistician, furnish fifty millions of the seventy five millions of the products of American fisheries in 1876. This must be a mere approximation; but as an English traveller has observed that the leading occupation in American cities is eating oysters, it is probably as near to the truth as oysters are near to the heart of the people.

—The Chicago people are sanguine that they at length see a way out of the bankruptcy that has overtaken their city. The *Inter-Ocean* states that the city has 2800 saloons, in which are sold, in the aggregate, 427,000 drinks per day. Only tax these drinks one cent each, says the *Inter-Ocean*, and from this source alone we shall receive a million and a half a year, or ten times as much as is now received under the license system.

—An unusually large number of wolves infest Hungary and especially Sclavonia this year. On the outskirts of Miskelez, a large town, one attacked a traveler, who escaped with serious wounds. There have been grand wolf hunts, and seventeen wolves fell at one of them. In the military frontier district, the Government gives five florins for an old and two for a young wolf. Rewards for 388 wolves were paid last year.

—Comparison of ancient records with modern observations tends to show that diphtheria is an old disease with a new name. It made great havoc in New England, especially in New Hampshire and Maine, at three different epochs—1735-38, 1786 and 1832. The disease seems to have spread slowly from its first centres of outbreak in the attack of 1735-38, taking four months to reach Boston and two years to arrive on the banks of the Hudson river.

—The Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, has received in an envelope, post-marked Cincinnati, Ohio, three $1000 coupon bonds, accompanied by a memorandum indicating that this amount should be credited to the Treasurer of the United States. The bonds have been so thoroughly cancelled that their serial numbers cannot be ascertained, which will temporarily delay their redemption, as requested. Eventually the amount will be credited to the conscience fund.

LOSS OF LIFE IN INDIA CAUSED BY WILD ANIMALS.—Sir J. Fayrer asserts that in 1875 no less than 20,816 human beings and 46,805 head of cattle were killed in India by elephants, tigers, alligators, buffaloes, bears and snakes. Snakes alone caused the death of 17,070 persons. It is proposed to establish a sort of department, having a responsible chief and subordinate officers, the duty of which shall be confined to abating the loss of life by wild animals. It seems that the Hindoos have a religious prejudice against killing snakes.

—The U. S. Frigate Constitution (Old Ironsides) will serve as an American exhibit of ship building at the Paris Exposition. Although built on an old model, there are few modern sailing vessels that could beat her record of a voyage from the Capes of the Delaware to Havre in nineteen days. American frigates earned a reputation for swift sailing during the war of 1812-15, and the Constitution, rebuilt on the lines of the old frigates with some of the timbers of "Old Ironsides" in her hull, has fairly maintained, while on a peaceful mission, the good name won by the early American navy in time of war.