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Too Old for Kisses.

My uncle Philip, hale old man,
Has children by the dozen;
Tom, Ned, and Jack, and Kate and Ann—
How many call me "cousin?"
Good boys and girls, the best was Bess:
I bore her on my shoulder;
A little bud of loveliness
That never should grow older!
Her eyes had such a pleading way,
They seemed to say, "Don't strike me;"
Then, growing bold, another day,
"I mean to make you like me."
I liked my cousin, early, late,
Who liked not little misses:
She used to meet me at the gate,
Just old enough for kisses!

This was, I think, three years ago—
Before I went to college:
I learned one thing there—how to row,
A healthy sort of knowledge.
When I was plucked (we won the race),
And all was at an end there,
I thought of Uncle Philip's place,
And every country friend there.
My cousin met me at the gate;
She looked five, ten years older—
A tall young woman, still, sedate,
With manners coyer, colder.
She gave her hand with stately pride,
"Why, what a greeting this is!
You used to kiss me." She replied,
"I am too old for kisses."

I loved, I love my cousin Bess:
She's always in my mind now;
A full-blown bud of loveliness—
The rose of womankind now!
She must have suitors; old and young
Must bow their heads before her;
Vows must be made and songs be sung
By many a mad adorer!
But I must win her: she must give
To me her youth and beauty;
And I—to love her while I live
Will be my happy duty;
For she will love me soon or late,
And be my bliss of blisses,
Will come to meet me at the gate,
Nor be too old for kisses!

MY DOG "NAP."

"Lie down, lie down, sir!"

"Oh, never mind him, Frank, he won't hurt you; go right in."

"Oh, yes," said I, "it is all well enough for you to say 'never mind him,' but, by George, he looks as if he would bear a great deal of minding.

"Nonsense," said Alick, laughing; "I tell you the dog will not touch you; but, if you will not believe me, wait a moment and I will go along with you."

I certainly was afraid to go into the room alone, and I think you, my reader, would have thought discretion the better part had you been in my place.

Alick was talking with his agent as I came to the hall door, and had walked toward his library to wait his leisure; but when I opened the door a large black dog that had evidently been lying on the floor started to his feet with a growl, and exhibited a row of teeth that would have made a good stock in trade for a first-class dentist. He was a villainous-looking brute, and I declined trusting myself to his mercy, as I have told above.

Alick finished his business; then took me by the arm and led me into the room—the dog slowly dropping on his haunches when he saw his master, and I paid no more attention to him until I had finished the business I had in hand.

"What in the world do you want with such a vicious dog?" I inquired, as I lit the cigar my friend gave me.

"I don't think much of your judgment if you call him a vicious-looking dog," was the answer.

"What breed is he?"

"He's a cross of several breeds."

"Yes, I should think from the way he showed me his teeth that he was all 'cross.'"

"Come, come, Frank, you must not run down old 'Nap.' He has been too good a friend for me to listen to anything but praises of him."

"What did he ever do that was particularly friendly?" I inquired.

"Nap? I'll tell you what he did; he saved me fifty thousand dollars during war-times."

I was about to give an unbelieving chuckle, but a glance of Alick's face told me that he was in earnest, so I begged for the story.

"It was about the middle of the war," said Alick, "when I was treasurer of the Grafton Drilling Company. Our office safe was as unsafe as a pine box would have been, and I disliked to leave a dollar in it. There were several burglaries about the place and all of them were skilfully planned and executed.

"One night our office was visited, the safe pried open with wedges, and the contents carried off. The burglars found but a few hundred dollars, but the worst feature of it was that they had hit upon a night when there ought to have been a large amount of money there. We had received a large cash payment the day before, but instead of trusting it to our old safe I had taken it home with me.

"We wondered if the burglars had any knowledge of this payment. If they had, then they must have extraordinary means of gaining intelligence, and would know whenever we received any large amounts again, and would they not come at once to my house, now that they had seen I did not trust the safe? The question was a very perplexing one, and I had an angry debate over it with some of our directors. I was in favor of getting a reliable safe and employing a night-watchman, but I was out-voted.

"Old Evans, indeed, went so far as to say that, as lightning never struck twice in the same place, neither did burglars visit old safes the second time. And he was inclined to think our money would be safer if left in the office than if carried to my residence. And he talked so many of the others into his way of thinking that a resolution was passed declaring it against their wishes to have any of the company's funds kept anywhere except in the office safe!

"Of course, the effect of this was that if I carried the money home and lost it, the loss would fall on me individually, and not upon the company.

"I was angry enough to have resigned my place, but my interest in the concern was too large to be trifled with, though I determined there would be a change in that board of directors another year.

"About a week after this our secretary returned from Boston on the evening train and brought with him fifty thousand dollars, and all in greenbacks, the proceeds of our monthly bills receivable. He brought the money in bills because the day following was our pay-day.

"I was in a most perplexing state of mind when he handed me that money. I knew the office safe was no protection whatever, and yet if I carried the money home with me I was assuming a great responsibility. Without saying a word to any one I determined to keep the money with me. I found an old dinner-basket in the office and I carried it home in that.

"You may be assured that I did not feel very comfortable that evening. I thought of every nook and corner in the house, and wondered where would be the safest. At last I determined upon dividing it, leaving half here and the rest in my own room. I had not mentioned the matter at home, not even to my wife, but plead a headache when reminded of my preoccupied air.

"I came in here and placed twenty-five thousand dollars in that ottoman at your feet. See! the top is on hinges, and is fastened by this hook on the side. This ottoman I pushed near 'Nap.' The balance I carried to my own room and put it in the stove, thinking that would be the last place where any one would look for it. I went to bed, but it was nearly midnight before I fell asleep.

"I was awakened to find a man's hand on my mouth, and to be informed that he did not intend to harm me if I kept quiet. My hands were then tied behind me, a towel fastened in my mouth, and the muzzle of a pistol placed against my head. Another man was treating my wife in a similar manner. They had a dark-lantern and wore masks.

"After securing us they began to search the room. First my clothes, then the bureau drawers, under the bed—everywhere but where the money was. I began to think I had outwitted them, when one said to the other 'How's that stove?' Another minute and they were pulling out the money.

"Imagine my feelings if you can. Even if they left with this amount it was no small sum to lose. I could almost have cried right then and there. One ran over the amount and said to the other, 'Only half here.' My heart grew colder than before. They went to the easy-chair and cut open the stuffed seat; they picked up the ottoman, examined it, and went out of the room.

"I was trying to get up when one came back—the other had the money; he pushed me back into the bed, saying I had better be quiet. I heard the other man walk down stairs and I knew my money was gone. They evidently knew how much money I had, and from the way they had ripped open chairs and cushions in my room, they would not be long searching for that which was down stairs.

"The fellow must have come straight to this door. I heard him turn the latch, and then—a most unearthly scream! I knew that 'Nap' was doing his duty. In a flash I jumped to the floor, and in doing so gave a wrench to the band about my wrists that broke it, and then before the man on guard could fire, I caught his revolver. He made a stroke at me, I dodged it, caught him by the legs and threw him. As he fell he gave up his hold on the revolver.

"I cared nothing for him, I wanted the man who had the money; so I dashed down the stairs, only to see him going out the hall door. I fired, but missed him; I fired again and heard a cry of pain; I fired once more and broke his ankle and down he dropped. The other man jumped out of the window and escaped.

"Of course I secured my man, recovered my money, and old Evans had to admit that he had been wrong for the robbers had first gone to the office, and came to my house only when they found the safe empty. Another revelation that the morning brought was a confession from my prisoner that our book-keeper was one of their gang and posted them about our affairs. The book-keeper did not come to work that morning, nor have we ever seen him since."

And the dog?" I asked.

"Yes, the dog had all the credit. You see, the thief supposed by the silence that there was no dog about the premises, and he thought he was done for when he opened the door and 'Nap' sprang at him."

"But," said I, "he was frightened rather easily; these fellows usually do not care much for a dog."

"I guess he never saw quite such a dog as 'Nap' was that night," said Alick, laughing. "I had rubbed his eyes and mouth with phosphorus, and put on the strong spring. I don't blame the fellow for imagining the evil one was before him."

"'Phosphorus' and 'strong spring!'" I exclaimed; "what are you talking about?"

"His eyes are glass, you know."

"Glass! Have you been drinking, or have I?"

"Why, old fellow, don't you see that 'Nap' is a fraud?"

I jumped to the dog, and sure enough I had been badly sold—the dog was *India-rubber!* Alick laughed loud and long at my sheepish face.

"Is the story as true as the dog?" I asked.

"Oh, the story is true as preaching. I bought 'Nap' when I was in Paris. I have springs fixed on the door and in the floor, so that when the door is opened the dog stands up, and when he is up there is an arrangement in his throat that makes the growl you heard. By putting on that upper lever he is made to jump as high as a man's head, and that jump was what frightened the burglars."

I sympathize with that burglar, and I hope he did not lose caste among his professional brethren, for certainly the dog was a villainous-looking brute as well as a most unmitigated swindle.

A Trick of the Zouaves.

We commend the following authentic story to the attention of the innumerable admirers of the French Zouaves, who have won such a conspicuous place in military history. The Arabs of the Beni-Snassen tribe are great amateurs of gunpowder, and never neglect an opportunity of prowling about the French camp, and offering the soldiers large sums of money for the coveted article. They pretend to be Arabs of the neighborhood, friendly to the French, and say they want powder for hunting.

One day it was discovered that the zouaves had been selling their powder. To paint the fury of the officer in command of the Arab bureau is an impossible thing, but he resolved to discover the culprits and punish them severely. An Arab in the service of the bureau went in a mysterious way in quest of powder. An old zouave brought him four cartridges, and asked him twenty francs for them. The bargain was struck, but the spy instantly disclosed his official character, and brought the cartridge vender before the commander.

"Is it you then," cried the officer, "coward and knave, who would have your comrades assassinated by the Benni-Snassens?"

"Yes, commandant, I did it."

"You have committed a base action."

"I admit it commandant; but with this same powder that I sold, I am going to blow my brains out; that will save the trouble of a court-martial, and the zouaves will not be dishonored by a public sentence."

With these words the zouave took a cartridge, loaded a pistol with it, dropped a round ball in the barrel, and with superb coolness, put the muzzle to his head and pulled the trigger. The weapon missed fire, and the zouave burst into a hoarse laugh.

"The Judge has acquitted me," he said.

"How so?" said the commandant.

"Why, you see, commandant, that the powder I sell to the Benni-Snassens is only ground charcoal; the balls are made of clay, the whole done up in genuine cartridges. You have just seen a proof of it."

It was true. The zouave had cheated his customer, and he added with an air of triumph:

"The first time the Benni-Snassens come into action, all their pieces will miss fire, and you will gain the battle."

"Then you have sold a good deal of powder?"

"Rather"—and the zouave exhibited a formidable pipe, set with solid gold. Though the Arabs may be pretty sharp fellows, they are no match in cunning for the zouaves.

In a Western Court.

"This 'ere case is a sad one," remarked Bijah, as he brought out Catherine Judy, a woman of fifty.

It was disturbing the peace. The officer says he won't swear that he smelled whisky, but he is willing to deed his house and lot to any one if he can't say that the echoes of her gentle voice reached him as he was leaning on a hitching post five blocks away. She was mad, ugly and stubborn, and she made awful threats against his life. She had, however, partly compensated for them by weeping all night long, and by oft repeated promises that her future life should be as full of sobriety as a sunflower is full of seeds.

"I hope so, Catherine—I hope so," replied his Honor, as she made the same promise to him. "You are aged and gray, Mrs. Judy. You are rapidly traveling toward that last receptacle of the human form, and it won't be long before the sod closes over you forever."

"I believe the same," she answered, trying to shed a tear.

"I believe you want to be good," he continued. "I believe so because you have said so fifteen or twenty times at this bar. You have promised and promised, and coaxed and begged, and my heart has every time been touched."

"That's nice," she said, smiling lovingly at Bijah.

"I want to let you off this morning," he went on. "I am certain that you would never get drunk again, and that I should never behold you at this bar as a prisoner. But I can't do it. The people of the great State of Michigan are at my back; they demand that you be sent up for two months. It's an awful thing to see a woman fifty years old going to the House of Correction, but I can't help it, I am only a middleman, and I must obey the law."

"Couldn't make it half an hour," she asked, anxiously.

"Couldn't be less than sixty days," he answered, and she went back and sat down on the stove hearth, and said she would be dead ere the rosy hues of sunset had commenced to gild the western skies.

New England Independence.

Burleigh writes to the Boston *Journal*: "In New York the restaurant keeper greets you with his coat off, sleeves rolled up, face red, and a breath indicative of lager. In New England, your caterer is probably a man substance. He is willing to accommodate you. He reads the paper while the coffee is boiling. The *Atlantic Monthly* lays on the book-shelf, and he can tell you all about the subjects discussed at the last scientific convention. The young woman who hands you your coffee is his daughter. She took the medal in algebra, and has been two quarters at the academy. It would be just as well if her tongue was not quite so sharp, but then she is as good as anybody, and only waits on you for your accommodation. I have been amazed to see a New Yorker give his order. He has been waited on in New York by girls—German, Irish, French, and Italian; but this is his first experience with a Yankee girl. She hands the guest a bill-of-fare, and waits like a school-teacher who has given a dull boy a hard problem. 'Can I have some hard boiled eggs?' 'I presume you can.' 'Have you buttered toast?' 'I believe it is on the bill-of-fare.' 'Can you get me a glass of milk?' 'I can.' In this matter-of-fact way the colloquy proceeded, to the utter astonishment of the man of Gotham.

Perils of Office Seeking.

The Hon. Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi, recently wrote a letter to a young lady friend, wherein he laments that he ever made a political speech or held an office. Ex-Governor Brown was for thirty-three years, previous to 1865, continually in high official and political station, and would therefore seem to have had as extensive and favorable an experience as any of his contemporaries and associates. We quote as follows:

True, as you say, I held many offices. Indeed, I may say that I never knew defeat in any of my aspirations. And it is just because I had success which people call wonderful, that I feel competent to administer a word of "caution" to the young men of this generation. My young friend, do not be deceived by the glitter of office, I am now past my three-score years, and am fast traveling into the ten. I have held almost every office in the gift of the people, and I can truly say with the preacher, "it is all vanity and vexation of spirit."

Looking back over a long, and I hope not unsucessful life, I can say, with a clear conscience, my greatest regret is that I ever made a political speech or held an office.

There is a fascination in office which beguiles men, but be assured my young friend, it is the fascination of a serpent; or to change the figure, it is the *ignis fatuus* which coaxes you on to inevitable ruin.

I speak of that which I do know. If my young friends will be governed by my advice, I have this to say, after all my successes as a public man, now, when my head is blossoming for the grave, I feel that it would have been better for me if I had followed the occupation of my father, and been a farmer.

The mechanical arts are all honorable. To be a blacksmith, a carpenter or an artizan of any sort is no discredit to any man. Better than to be a jackleg lawyer, a quack doctor, a counter-hopper, or worse still, a wretched seeker after office.

Of all pursuits in life that of a farmer is the most respectable. It may have its trials and its disappointments so do all others. The mechanic may lose the wages of his labor, the professional man his fees; the editor may weep over delinquent subscribers, but the honest, industrious farmer is morally certain of a fair return for his labor.

True, "Paul may plant and Appollos water, but God must give the increase." But where is the faithful cultivator of the soil, God's heritage to man, who ever yet suffered for bread?

Allow me again to "caution" my young friends against the beguiling influence of office, and to advise them most earnestly to stick to mother earth.

A Touching Incident.

The Chicago *Times*, has the following: A little incident like the following will tend more toward bringing about a healthy feeling of kindness between the North and the South than all the formal reconciliations that officious and ingenious minds can devise. A New York lady, noticing that Major Jones, of Montgomery, Ala., in pronouncing an oration over the Confederate dead, had none but kindly words for those who fell on the other side, and expressed himself eloquently and feelingly in favor of reconciliation, commissioned a jewelry firm to send him a silver cup, suitably engraved, as expressive of her appreciation of the sentiments he expressed and the regard for him which they gave rise to. Her name was withheld, at her desire, but her letter to the jeweller was forwarded with the testimonial. In it she said, "The war widowed me and took away my two sons. For a long time I felt as if I could never forgive those who slew the defenders of the 'Stars and Stripes,' but when I think of the war-widowed mothers of the South, and see such language as this, it makes me tenderer and juster to the South. I feel that men like this Major Jones must be noble and true in heart, and fought and died because they thought it was right. I want them to feel that such sentiments echo in the Northern heart, and in truth 'tend to draw the whole country together for its sealing.'" The cup, as received by the major, was inscribed as follows:

To
MAJOR THOMAS G. JONES,
The Orator on Confederate Memorial Day,
April, 1874;
from
A Northern woman, widowed and bereft of her two sons by the War,
As a token of her appreciation of the Soldierly words, spoken in kindness of The Northern Dead.

The Gardener's Lesson.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient under the loss, and fretted about it very much. The other went patiently to work at once to plant a new crop. After a while the impatient, fretting man went to his neighbor. To his surprise he found another crop of peas growing finely. He asked how it could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"Yes, I do, but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done."

"Why then you have no need to fret at all."

"True," said the friend, "and that's the reason I put it off."

Honest at Last.

A countrywoman went into a store on Hanover street, Boston, the other day, and putting, four dollars on the counter, remarked to a clerk: "There: fourteen years ago, 'twill be fifteen this fall, I bought something next door and gave them a dollar bill, but they couldn't give me the change; so they sent a boy into the next shop, and he brought me back the change for five dollars instead of one dollar. I took it; but 'taint no use, I ain't agoing to keep it any longer; so there it is, all back again." And before the astonished clerk had time to make any inquiries she was gone.

What He Wanted.

Stephen Decatur was most emphatically a "sailor's man." When, on shipboard, we would say of an officer that the sailors respect and love him, we say he is a "sailor's man." Decatur was every inch a sailor, and every inch a hero. He inspired his men with a love that was devotion, and came near being adoration. In one of Decatur's actions before Tripoli, while engaged in a hand to hand conflict with a powerful gun-boat captain, he was attacked from behind by one of the Turks, and would have been cut down, had not an old sailor named James, who had already been severely wounded in the right arm, rushed in and received the blow of the Turk's sabre upon his head. Being so near to the striker, the blow did not penetrate the skull, and the honest fellow survived. When James had recovered from his wounds, and was able to come on deck, Decatur called him aft, and having, in the presence of the crew, expressed the deepest gratitude for his heroic devotion, bade him say what reward he would have. The old salt hitched up his trowsers, and knew not what to say. His messmates gathered around him, and whispered to him that now was his chance. One advised him to ask for a boatswain's rate; another for double pay; another for a double allowance of grog; and so on. But James elbowed them aside, and said he wanted none of their counsel. He would not lose entirely the privilege of being the commodore's creditor to the amount of his gratitude. Still he would not venture a request. And he informed his commander, after much deliberation, that he would like to be excused from holy stoning and scrubbing deck. The whimsical request was cheerfully granted, and from that time forward, when all hands were piped to "scrub deck," James perched himself clear of the sand and water, and looked on in dignified ease and comfort. He sailed with Decatur while they both lived, and upon the untimely death of his patron a goodly pension was granted him by the Government, and he was allowed to retire upon his laurels.

The Bandit and the Red Boots.

The chief of a very desperate gang of banditti who had amassed considerable wealth was taken by a soldier and conducted to the governor of the province of Ekalerinoslaf. Great reward had been offered for the person of this man, and it was supposed that he would, of course, be immediately knouted. To the astonishment of the soldier who had been the means of his apprehension, a few days only had elapsed when he received a visit from the robber. He had been able to bribe the governor sufficiently to procure his release, in consequence whereof he had been liberated from confinement. "You have caught me," said he, addressing the soldier, "this time; but before you set out on another expedition in search of me, I will accommodate you with a pair of red boots for the journey." Boots made of red leather are commonly worn in the Ukraine; but to give a man a pair of red boots, according to the saying of the Tartars, is to cut the skin round the upper part of his legs, and then cause it to be torn off by the feet. This species of torture the banditti are said to practice, as an act of revenge; in the same manner the American Indians scalp the heads of their enemies. With this terrible threat he made his escape, and no further inquiry was made after him on the part of the police. The undaunted soldier finding the little confidence that could be placed in the commander, determined to take the administration of justice into his own hands, and once more ventured in pursuit of the robber, whose flight had spread terror through the country. After an undertaking full of danger, he found him in one of the little subterranean huts in the midst of the Steppes. Entering the place with pistols in hand, "You promised me," said he, "a pair of red boots; I am come to be measured for them." With these words he discharged one of his pistols, and killing the robber on the spot, returned to his quarters.

Hard for the Farmer.

Two Kansas farmers, guileless of city ways, arrived at Chicago loaded with money, and were speedily enticed into a gambling house, where they were fleeced. They had the gamblers arrested and fined. But the gay "knights of the card" appealed from the judgment, and the farmers were required to furnish bail as witnesses. They, having no friends in town, of course could not secure the proper bail, and were therefore sent to jail, where they were kept two weeks. When they emerged, they were informed that the man whose punishment they wished to secure "was said to have left Chicago," and that the loss of their money, their two weeks' imprisonment, and their chagrin, were looked upon as good jokes by the city authorities. The gambler had taken advantage of his acquaintance with a "professional bailer" to place himself beyond the reach of the reluctant justice of the Chicago city authorities, and, while the Kansas farmers were sweltering in jail, was probably haunting his accustomed corner in New York.

A Mild Man and Terrible Inventor.

The Indianapolis correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes as follows: "In appearance, Dr. Gatling would be taken for a Prussian officer. He has unusual precision of gait and manner, joined to strong indications of keen perceptive powers. The eyes are particularly fine, and there is a pleasing show of humor and kindness in the lines about his mouth. He is in the prime of life, and there is no sign of his inventive genius being on the wane. As much as twenty-five years ago he invented a method of applying compressed air as a motive-power to machinery. His applications for a patent were defeated on the grounds that it was a discovery, not an invention. Now the Gatling gun is recognized as the greatest invention of the age, and what is of more account to the inventor, generally adopted, the Doctor can turn his attention to the motive-power of compressed air.

The Coming Horse.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: "We have here a banker who in a quiet way has been gathering for some time the speediest horses of the country. He has a quiet stable out of the city, about an hour's ride away. Here he has a track, and without observation he is recording some marvellous speed. He says nothing about his stud on the street, and will not be questioned. No one can get access to his horses without a written permission from himself, and that is rarely given. Among his treasures is a brother of Dexter, a gamey, speedy horse, of which marvellous things are told. This out-of-the-way stable is just now the centre of a good deal of interest. Among horsemen it has been known for a long while that a Methodist minister owned a colt of which marvellous things were told. The animal was black as a raven and bore the name of Blackwood. The value of the horse, in the estimation of the owner, may be seen by the pleasant little price that was put upon him. The horsemen on the street laughed that a plain Methodist parson, in the wilds of Kentucky, offered his animal for $60,000! The banker alluded to heard so much of this colt that he took a trip down to Kentucky to look at him. He saw him move. He describes him as a marvel. His nostrils become red as fire; his eyes dilate, and he seems transformed. The captivated New Yorker offered $30,000 for the colt. The owner received the proposal with disdain. He did not even reply; ordered the horse back into the stable, and went into his house. Another visit was made, and the horse changed owners, $50,000, it is said, being the price."

Japanese Tea Cultivation.

Tea culture is very simple. First the seed is deposited in hollows four or five inches deep and eighteen inches wide, made in the ground at intervals of four or five feet; then the earth is sprinkled lightly over the seed. The sowing is usually done in November or December, and after the spring rains have fallen the plants rise in clusters from each seed-bed. Manure is occasionally applied to them, but aside from this they require little care except to be kept free from weeds. The first crop of leaves is not yielded till three years after the planting. They are then transported in order to give each plant more space for growth, and are placed in rows six or eight inches apart. Sometimes the bushes are kept low by pruning and to prevent their spreading and overgrowing each other. After seven or ten years they are cut down, so that the young and tender shoots below may have a chance to grow. The critical season in tea-culture is when the leaves have to be picked, the time for which, in two or three pluckings between March and August, varies in different districts and with different plants. The picking is generally done by women, children, and old men working in gangs of ten or twelve each, hired for the harvest, and paid according to the amount of tea picked. With hard work forty pounds per day may be gathered, which quantity will yield ten pounds of tea when dried. First, the leaves are placed in broad sunlight; they are then browned and roasted over a furnace.

Locusts in China.

In China, where locusts are wont to ravage the country, the authorities, whether civil or military, are held responsible for the stamping out of these insects as soon as their appearance has been reported. They are required to summon a large body of men, and at once surround and destroy the locusts; the expenses of the maintenance of the men and compensation for the crops trodden down during the chase being supplied by the Provincial Treasury. Should the local authorities succeed in stamping out the locusts within a limited time their services are favorably reported to the Emperor; but should they fail, and the locusts spread and do damage, they are liable to be deprived of their posts, arrested, and handed over to the proper board for punishment. A certain sum per bushel is paid to the peasants bringing in unwinged locusts, and half that sum when the locusts are able to fly, while compensation is given for crops trodden down in the chase. The locusts are swept with besoms into trenches dug at the sides of the corn field, in which a vigorous fire is kept up. The best time to capture locusts is when they are feeding at dawn of day, when their bodies being heavy with dew and their wings wet, they are unable to jump or fly.

How the Carlists Get War Material.

A letter in the London *Times* gives some curious information as to the mode in which war material is smuggled into Spain by the Carlists. By far the greater portion of arms that enter Spain bp the seacoast proceed from Bordeaux, concealed in wine barrels, or from Nantes, hidden among sardine boxes, and consigned to merchants dealing in wine and sardines at Bayonne, St. Jean de Lux, Passages and San Sebastian. The largest consignments are effected by land, and are received by merchants and private persons. The writer has seen thousands of cartridges arrive at a hotel packed up as Swiss cheese, boxes of rifle barrels labelled macaroni, hollow iron pillars, stuffed with bayonets, and last, but not least, bales of dry cod, containing considerably more steel than fish.

A Cancer Cure.

And now another cancer cure is heralded. A Bavarian physician, observing that cancer patients on drinking the mineral waters of the Tyrol, became much worse, made an examination and found that the mountains whence the streams flowed were principally composed of gneiss, and minute particles of that rock were also found in the water. On the homeopathic principle, that like cures like, he tried the experiment of triturating gneiss, and applied it as a dressing, the results being eminently satisfactory, as of his patients some seven or eight have completely recovered, while all the others have improved noticeably.

A LETTER FROM BAZAINE.

He tells Why He Escaped—His Hopes for the Future.

Marshal Bazaine, the French General whose escape from imprisonment has caused something of a sensation, has written a letter to the New York *Herald*, in which he speaks of the kindness and sympathy he has experienced at the hands of American travelers in Europe, who have gone out of their way to meet and express their kindly feelings. The Marshal says in his letter: I should not even have attempted to escape from prison had my former comrade seen fit to lessen the severities of my captivity. During my trial I should have employed the same weapons that MacMahon used against me. I should have shown in my defence how MacMahon had been beaten, and had evacuated Alsace without endeavoring to defend the Vosges, without resisting the march of the enemy, without utilizing the railroads, leaving my right uncovered and turned, notwithstanding the order he had received not to repass before Nancy. I should have shown his ignorance of the numerical strength and the movements of the enemy; his presumption in accepting battle blindfolded; his impudence in risking the reputation of the old African troops which he commanded in one battle. I could have shown clearly how, in forgetting the first duties of a general in order to play the part of a fighting soldier, he must be regarded as one of the first authors of our disasters.

The loss of Alsace has been imputed to me, but the truth is that Alsace was lost after Reichschoppen. Even after the disaster, and after the precipitate retreat of the army, Metz could have been saved when Thiers, who alone retained his common sense, came to propose peace; but the struggle was continued in order that the dictatorship might be retained and the organization of a definite government prevented.

The enemy could never have been crushed with raw levies without discipline or ardor; defeat followed defeat, and when nothing remained we were completely in the power of Germany. The pretended motive was to save the national honor, but the Army of the Rhine had saved it before the demagogues thought of doing so. In one day it had inflicted more loss on the Germans than did all the force of Paris in four months.

MacMahon and I have been unfortunate, but never ridiculous. No German ever laughed while fighting me. Such sights as were seen at Paris and at Tours could only compromise the national honor. For myself, I am an old soldier, and do not understand politics. I make war, not speeches, and do not allow myself to be frightened by big words.

Jules Favre flattered me; Gambetta called me a traitor; but that did not move me.

As regards Mexico, the Emperor had to choose between evacuation and a war with the United States. To avoid a conflict he gave the order to return; but Maximilian was unwilling either to return to Austria or to abdicate, although he well understood that Napoleon could not sustain a struggle with the United States. Maximilian, in spite of wise counsels, preferred to seek an honorable death. That is the truth, and that is the extent of each one's responsibility. For my consolation the thought remains that even Washington did not escape injustice and that Lafayette passed through ordeals more terrible than mine.

I am far from being rich; but, besides my liberty, there still remain to me immeasurable treasures. For companions I have an American lady who gives me the strongest proofs of devotion; I have children I adore, a brother and some friends who have remained faithful. My position is not hopeless; if need should be I would follow the example of the conquered Richmond and take refuge in labor. Simple soldier, I carried a musket; labor does not dishonor. I do not look on my military career as ended; I enjoy health and bodily vigor. Some duties remain to be fulfilled, and I shall fulfil them when the time comes; I hope fortune will grant me a last smile, as she often does to old soldiers.

Thoughts from the Talmud.

The thought of the sin is worse than the sin. The older the wise man gets the wiser he grows; the fool, when he ages, becomes but an old fool. He who studies for a good purpose, to him his study becomes a blessing; to him who does not, it grows into a poison. A bad wife is like a hail-storm. Do not dwell too long on your friend's praises; you will end in saying things against him. Do much or little, so that you do it for a good purpose. Refined music is liked by refined people; weavers do not much care for it. Three cry out, but get no pity, viz: He who lends out his money without witness, the henpecked husband, and he who cannot get in one place and does not try another. Even the common talk of the wise should be pondered over. One goose generally follows another. Bad servants first ask only when they have committed a blunder. The load is laid upon the camel according to its strength. If a word is worth a pound, silence is worth two. A pig is the richest animal, everything is a piece of good to him. Whoever does too much does too little. The greater a man, the greater his passions. He who presses the hour, the hour will press him. May our future reward be like that of him who remains silent under a false imputation. One peppercorn is better than a hundred gourds. A learned man whose deeds are evil is like a man who has a door and no house. He who prays for his neighbor will be heard first for himself. He who marries his daughter to an uneducated man throws her before a wild beast. He who throws out suspicions should at once be suspected himself. Three keep good fellowship—strangers, slaves, and ravens. A fool always rushes to the fore. Do not cry out before the calamity has really happened. If a man says something strange, beware to mock at it wantonly. Passion is at first like a thin reed; by and by it becomes like a cable.