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POETRY.

Things that Eve Missed.

"Poor Eve never knew what it was to be a girl,
To tease for patch work from her mother's dear,
To pull her sister's hair all out of curl,
To drop a bitter arbitrary tear,
Because her doll's taze nose had melted off."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Remarkable Dream.

An Old Story of a Disaster at Sea Retold.

Some of the residents in the city of New York may yet remember those days of private and public agony, in October, 1854, when the Collins' steamship was overdue and supposed to be lost at sea.

the chief officer and crew in charge of the Arctic.
"Any vessel may be lost," said Mr. Collins; "and while I am satisfied that as directors and public servants we have done all that human beings could do in such a matter, still I believe the Arctic to be lost. May Heaven have protected those on board!"

Here his voice faltered, and his eyes were suffused with tears. With his thoughts far out on the broad, dangerous ocean, he had seen the faces of his wife and children among those helpless ones, and for the moment he could say no more.

The scene was affecting in the extreme, and perhaps never had its equal in any counting room in the world. For some time there was an entire silence, and then Mr. Brown remarked: "Mr. Collins, you must have some reason for your opinion."

"None in the world," returned Mr. Collins, "except a dream."
"A dream!" repeated one and another in astonishment.

All sneered, and some almost laughed aloud.
"Gentlemen," said Mr. Collins with a dignity which was peculiarly impressive in him—"gentlemen, you no doubt regard this as a great weakness. Perhaps it is. Dreams are generally looked upon as foolish things, but I have had one under such circumstances that it has become to me a presentiment of evil to this ship, which no power on earth can remove."

Every person there listened with his ears wide open, and looked full in the face of the usually strong minded man, who spoke these words so seriously and impressively.
"Last Saturday night," continued Mr. Collins, "I dreamed of the Arctic. I saw her as perfectly before me as I ever saw her. It was her graceful model, her spacious deck, and her noble officers and crew—I saw all of this, and more. I saw a hole in her side; there was a panic on her decks; people were running hither and thither, and crying to be saved; and, gentlemen, I saw that noble ship go down!"

"But all this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.
"Believe it a reality," replied Mr. Collins; "and again I say may Heaven have protected those poor souls on board. However, I beg that neither my dream nor convictions may reach the public."

Soon after the several merchants went their several ways. Not one of them could shake off the impression made by what had occurred. Meanwhile the newspapers endeavored to sustain public confidence by all kinds of plausible stories. Three days later, the first of the survivors reached American shores with the harrowing tale of disaster by collision to the Arctic, and of the loss of most of those on board. When all the facts became known, they were exact in every particular with Mr. Collins' dream, and it may be properly regarded as one of the most striking and remarkable that ever occurred.

ADVENTURES OF A RAG.

A Pleasantly told story of the Manner in which paper is made.

You've seen, no doubt, a miserable, wretched girl picking dirty rags out of the gutter, putting them into a horrid-looking bag she has, and carrying them off. Well, the history of one of those rags, its adventures and wanderings, is more marvelous than any fairy story. And the best of it is, every word is true. I think you'll agree that it is marvelous when I tell you that, nice and neat and dainty as you may be, you may put that horrid rag among your choicest treasures. You don't believe it! Well, haven't I already told you lots of things you never heard of? And do you think I've told you all I know? Wait a bit and see. Let us follow the rag, going off on the back of the poor girl. Having filled her bag, she goes at once to an odd, dismal-looking shop, that you would not put your foot into, where a wretched-looking man buys old iron, rags, bottles, and in fact, nearly every thing other people throw away. He weighs the rags, looks them over, counts out her pay (generally a few pennies), and she takes her bag and goes out. Here we must bid her good-by, for from this moment the rag goes up in life, while she, poor child, will pick rags to-morrow, and perhaps all her life and there'll be very little going up for her. When the dealer has enough rags he puts them up in a bale, and sends them off to a paper mill. Oh, yes! you knew paper was made of rags, didn't you? Well, the first thing that happens to them in that big noisy place is to be taken out of the bale, pulled over by a lot of girls, and assorted. Silk rags go to one corner, bits of woolen to another, white cotton to a third, and colored cotton to a fourth. To follow the rag we saw taken from the gutter, we should have to go to the colored cotton corner.

From the sorting-room our dirty rag will be carried, with lots of others, to the cutting-room. This is a terrible place, where unfortunate girls sit at a sort of bench, on which are fixed sharp knives. The girls cut the rags into shreds, splitting open hems, and taking off buttons. This, as you can guess, is fearfully dirty work. The room is full of dust, and the girls look like quite respectable dirt-heaps themselves. As soon as the rag is shredded it goes through a trap-door in the floor, and falls into a big tub. There! Aren't you glad it has

come to a washing-place? It fairly makes me feel dusty to think about handling such things that tub, with plenty of lime-water, it boils half a day, and I'm sure it needs it. Lime-water, perhaps you know, takes not only the dirt, but every bit of color out of things. You girls who have made "skeleton leaves" know all about it.

From this very thorough bath the rag goes, white and clean, into the cutting-machine. This wouldn't be a very nice place to fall into—and it's right on a level with the floor too. It is a large round vat, with sharp knives revolving all the time. They cut the rags into threads, while clear water runs over them all the time for five or six hours. Don't think it's clean enough yet. After all this cutting and rinsing the water is drawn off, some chemical stuff put in and left for two hours. Then the water is turned on, and the knives begin again, and cut and grind for five or six hours more. Of course by this time, after all these knives and chemicals and washings, there's not a rag and hardly a thread left. It is a mass of pulp, looking more like milk than anything else. Now it's ready for a most wonderful change.

It is far more wonderful than any fairy story to see this pulp go in at one end of a machine, and sheets of paper come out at the other. Let me tell you how it goes: The machine is all open, and you can see the whole operation. The pulp goes from a box through a fine sieve—to catch any remaining threads—and falls on a belt of fine gauze, which is all the time moving. Of course it spreads out as thin as a can, and the water begins to drop through the gauze as it moves on. But there's too much water with the pulp, and to draw it out suddenly they have a curious arrangement. The water and pulp move on very comfortably together till they come to a certain box they must go over. The moment they reach that mysterious box every drop of water tears itself away and disappears in the box, leaving the pulp nearly dry and looking very much like paper. You won't be surprised at the funny behavior of the water when I tell you that a steam pump is all the time pumping the air out of the box, and the water is sucked in to fill the vacuum. Right here is put in the water-mark. If you don't know what that is hold a sheet of paper up to the light. You'll probably see straight or zigzag lines all over it, or the name of some man or paper-mill. That is the water-mark, and it is made on the paper by a roller on which the pattern is cut. Now the pulp, having become paper, runs off the gauze belt on to one of the rollers. It is between a pair of heavy rollers. The rollers squeeze it so dry that it don't need carrying any more, and it goes on alone between six or eight big rollers, which are hot, and which makes it smooth and almost perfectly dry. As it comes out from the last roller it runs against sharp knives which are set there, and is split into long ribbons just wide enough for the kind of paper it is to be.

Now comes another bath. Not to clean it, for it is white as snow, but to make it stiff and glossy. The bath is of gelatine. The paper ribbons run through the box of gelatine, and between rollers to dry them. On coming out they are chopped off into sheets by a knife, and hung on a frame to dry.

Here they rest for some days, and it's the first rest since the rag came out of the gutter and started on its travels. After this the new sheets go into a press for a few hours. Some kinds of common paper stop here, but the nice note-paper you are so fond of has another journey before it, through the hands of a string of girls.

The first girl feeds the sheets of paper to a string of rollers, which makes them beautifully smooth and shining. The second girl piles them up and hands them to the third girl, who puts them through a cutting-machine, which makes them perfectly regular in size. The fourth girl puts them through the ruling-machine. That is a droll machine; on a row of needles, fed by an ink-trough. The fifth girl looks at each sheet, and puts them into piles, perfect and imperfect. The sixth girl folds them. It's funny enough to see her snatch up six sheets, double them over with one hand, and press them down with a block in the other. She never makes a mistake in the number, and, working so fast, she almost looks like a machine. The seventh girl takes one of these packages of six sheets, puts it under a snapping little hammer that runs by steam, and in an instant it is ornamented with the little oval or square mark you see on commercial note-paper. The most elegant papers are not stamped here, for every one prefers his own initial or monogram, and that is done to order at a stationer's. The eighth girl puts the packages into reams and half reams, and seals them up.

Now did you ever hear in any fairy story of a transformation more wonderful than from a disgusting dirty rag to a dainty sheet of note-paper? And if that sheet of paper contains a letter from your "dearest friend," wouldn't you put it among your treasures? But I want to tell you another thing. Do you know what droll things were used to write on before paper-mills were invented, or cotton rags thought of? The first writing was on fat stones, the words cut in. I don't think many letters were written in those days. After that the

skins of animals were used—dressed and prepared, of course. But that grew inconvenient in time, and often leaves were used. You think that is funny, perhaps; but some people use leaves to this day. The Chinese do, and the Hindus use dried leaves, like our palm-leaf fans, with the letters pricked in. But the first thing made to write on was papyrus. Papyrus is a water-plant, and was prepared for use by soaking the stem until it would unroll in layers. These thin layers being dried, were pasted over each other, and the whole smoothed with polishing stone. That made a very good paper for the first attempt, and gave us a name for our elegant "super-super," "cream-laid," etc., which fills our desks, and which some of us (not you or I) waste dreadfully.

The Fall Bonnets. One of the most distinguished bonnets is of steel blue velvet trimmed with loops and fringes of lighter blue. The crown is covered with black net, dotted with blue steel spangles. The brim flares upward all around, is faced with the darkest velvet, and against it rests a vine of blue steel leaves. At the back of the bonnet is a pink rose cluster. A second of deepest sea blue velvet and gros grain has a soft cap crown of velvet, with a high rolled crown of gros grain; below the coronet is a roll of velvet tied behind in a tiny bow without ends. A spray of blue steel leaves in front is the only ornament in this compact and tasteful bonnet.

An olive brown bonnet of the darkest shade of velvet has around the crown a scarf of wide ribbon in salmon and black gros grain on one side and olive green on the other; this laces behind, and has short square ends raveled as fringe. A wreath of tinted geranium leaves is in front, two long nodding cock's plumes on the left, and a cluster of pink and scarlet roses behind.

The prettiest bonnet is of chestnut brown velvet, with brown satin crown, and velvet brim turned straight up in front. Three pink and yellow roses are directly in front, with some upturned sprays of white velvet forget-me-nots. Still above this are pink and white heron feathers, while behind is a long looped bow of velvet and satin.

A black velvet bonnet is made double-faced ribbon—poucaun satin on one side and black gros grain on the other—being tied around the crown; a red and black bird, with head down and spread wings, is on the soft folds of the crown in front. Another black velvet has pink and black ribbon, with dangling ovals of jet all around the crown.

A mouse-colored velvet has a crown of pearl gray gros grain; the brim is pointed high in front, and supports up in front three pink and yellow roses. A scoop bonnet of myrtle green velvet has the crown formed of the green satin side of a double-faced scarf ribbon. A second of green velvet has the brim covered with leaves that are beaded with green; white heron's plume and three large full rose-buds, scarlet, pink and salmon, are the trimmings.

Hand Shaking. How did the people get into the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage was his own lawgiver, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety in default of all other protection, two friends and acquaintances, or two strangers and acquaintances, when they chanced to meet offered each to the other the right hand, the hand alike of offense and defence—the hand that wields the sword and dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapons of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he is a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left while giving the right hand and pretending to be on good terms with his victim.

The custom of hand shaking prevails more or less among all civilized nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and goodwill—just as a kiss is of a warmer passion. Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen, unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious: it is for them to receive homage—not to give it. They cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted, unless such persons are closely related to them, by family or affection; in which case hand-shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.

Simplicity in Language. Do not part with your common sense when you write. You need not make an idiot of yourself because you have a pen in your hand. Be simple, be honest, be unaffected in speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Call things by their right names; never mother your thoughts with a cloud of phrases; let a spade be a spade, not a well known long instrument of manual industry; let home be home, not a residence; a place, not a locality. Write much as you would speak; speak as much as you think. With your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual; with your superiors, no finer. Be what you say, and what you are.

Novels.

A writer in Temple Bar says: "There are as many novels published as there are suns in the course of the twelve months, and something to spare. Gentlemen read them, and gentlemen's gentlemen read them. My lady peruses them, and my lady's maid devours them. They rule the court, the camp, the grove. Royalty intrigues to get a novelist to dine at his table. They fill the club library; and the hall-porter and the small-butlers in the lavatory while away the time between their conversations; or emptying basins, in turning over the bewitching pages of a novel. Novels divide with the newspaper and the rapidly passing landscape the discomforts of a railway carriage; they mitigate the horrors of a long sea passage; they swarm in the barracks and in the boudoir alike. Dramatists steal their plots; young ladies imitate their conversations; young gentlemen parody their heroes; statesmen write them, and our Prime Minister is a fashionable novelist. We are indebted to them in no small degree for our ill-cooked dinners, for our imperfectly-dusted grates, for the noble discontent of our 'maids' and the elegant indolence of their 'mistresses.' They come out in bits, in parts, in chapters, in serials, in one volume, two volumes, three volumes. They are thrown at our heads, they are stumbling-blocks at our feet; we fall over them, we quarrel over them, we weep over them. They are law, church and physic to us; for do they not preach sermons, anticipate causes, obligingly show us how to poison our enemies without being found out, at least for a very long time? They are the parents of Tichborne trials, and warm the aged bosoms of solemn Chief Justices into growing panegyrics. They are the soul and support of many a magazine; they even sustain the existence of those interesting publications, illustrated papers, which are the messengers who carry good words into many a home. Their name is legion; and so are their functions. They tell us both of the lunatic and the lover, and they illumine with a lurid light the negative atmosphere of blue-books. They make the industrious idle and the idle industrious. They abolish thought, and even compete with lumber. Directly over the table, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, the spontaneously-sent food of a literary desert."

Tricks of Gamblers. Recently according to the San Francisco Bulletin, the Mead House in that city was torn down. It was a celebrated sporting place. On knocking away a wall, concealed wires were discovered. An investigation of the walls of the whole house was now commenced, and the revelations were, indeed, of the most startling character. In one of the rooms of the upper floor was an arrangement which enabled a player to know exactly what his opponent held. Directly over the table, in the centre of the room, was a small hole in the ceiling through which the confederate watched the game. Wires ran along the ceiling to the floor, and terminated in levers beneath the carpet, upon which the cheating gambler placed his foot; as the wires pulled, the number of taps telegraphed the course of action to the confederate in the room below. The most ingeniously contrived thing in the house. In the first place, wires ran from the door so that a signal was given when it opened, and in an instant everything was in readiness for the drop. This was accomplished by two levers and a space left into the floor. In a second the gamblers withdrew from the table, each man of course grabbing his checks and money, and by a motion of the levers the yawning floor opened, and down went the whole "lay out." The carpet was then drawn over the spot, and when the officers hove in sight there was nothing in the shape of gamblers' implements to be seen. In the house there were taken no less than one hundred and fifty wires, and several contrivances for suddenly hiding implements.

Old Time Punishments. In Germany a dame who let her tongue wag too freely about her neighbors, used to be compelled to stand upon a block in the marketplace, with a heavy stone dangling from her neck, shaped either like a bottle, a loaf, an oval dish, or representing a woman putting out her tongue, unless she happened to be rich enough to buy permission to exchange the hateful stone for a bag of hops, tied round with red ribbon.

In 1637, a woman of Sandwich, in Kent, venturing to take liberties with the good name of "Mrs. Mayores," had to walk through the streets of the town, preceded by a man tinkling a small bell, bearing an old broom upon her shoulders from the end of which dangled a wooden mortar. Staffordshire scolds did not get off so easily. They had to follow the bell man until they showed unmistakable signs of repentance, debarred from giving any one a bit of their mind by the branks, or scolds' bridles, an ingenious arrangement of metal hoops contrived to clasp the head and the neck firmly, while the padlock behind remained locked, while a spiked plate pressed upon the tongue, so as effectually to preclude its owner making any use of it. The branks, however, was not peculiar to Staffordshire; it was in use in Scotland centuries ago.

How they Kill Cattle in Texas.

The ordinary plan of drawing the steer down to the block and striking him on the head with an axe is too slow for the wholesale butchery carried on here. About one dozen head are driven into a pen, just sufficiently large to hold that many closely packed, and a gate forced to behind them. The pen has an open slat platform across the top of it upon which two men are stationed with poles and sharp-pointed knives fixed on the end of them. With a rapidity acquired by long practice they plunge their spears into the necks of the affrighted and struggling animals, cutting the jugular vein, and each successively falls, if struck with an axe. The blood spurts out in streams as if from a dozen fountains, and in less than a minute the whole penful are down, quivering in the throes of death and covered with blood. The door of the pen leading into the rendering room is then thrown open, and the animals drawn out successively, and a knife rapidly slits open the skin around the neck and down the stomach. A rope is attached to the upper part of the hide by a clamp, to the other end of which is a mule which leisurely walks off down the yard carrying the skin of the animal with him, and leaving the carcass still quivering with animal life. The spears strike the body to a level with one of the immense caldrons, and in less time than we have taken to describe the process it is in the seething and boiling mass. There are four or five of these caldrons, each large enough to hold a dozen beaves, and they are kept constantly going during the killing season. The tallow is drawn off into large hogheads and the remains of these great soup-kettles are carried out on what is called the "hash-pile," consisting of bones, horns and the animal matter from which the fatty substance has been extracted. — Baltimore American.

Cause of Sleeplessness.

Dr. Duckworth, in the British Medical Journal, calls attention to some causes of insomnia which he thinks are hardly sufficiently recognized or adequately met by the resources of practical medicine. Recent researches have clearly shown that the brain is comparatively anemic during sleep, and that the blood thus removed from the head is more freely supplied to the viscera and integuments. The most constant cause and certainly the most frequent accompaniment of sleeplessness is an opposite condition, or one of active and increased cerebral circulation. A species of nocturnal dyspepsia, mild in its character and producing no actual suffering, may sometimes give rise to persistent insomnia. There may be no symptoms beyond dryness of the mouth, burning of the soles of the feet, and heat and throbbing in the head, and these are probably due to a too acid condition of the contents of the stomach, and upper part of the small intestines, caused generally by excess in fatty and highly-seasoned food, in fruit, and in various wines. Sleeplessness may be due to bodily and mental over-exhaustion, which results in an increased flow of blood to the brain, consequent upon vascular paralysis. Again, it may be the result of a morbid habit, as in those cases where there has been a long course of broken rest; it may be caused by persistent odors, by certain effluvia, by the absence of moisture in the air of a sleeping apartment, or by an improper elevation of the head. The treatment in most of these cases is of course to be directed to the removal of the cause, but when it is found necessary to give drugs, bromide of potassium and chloral hydrate are probably the best, both having been shown to diminish the amount of blood circulating through the brain.

CAPTURE OF A SEA MONSTER NEAR ATLANTIC CITY.

Quite an excitement was produced at Atlantic City, N. J., last Saturday, by the arrival at the landing in the Inlet, of a fishing sloop, having on board a veritable sea monster, which the oldest fishermen and watermen are a great deal to define. It is of the species with a head similar to a cow, with white spots on the top. The body is black in color, and from the tip of the tail six feet long. It has four flukes or flippers, and is five feet seven inches in breadth. The diameter of the body is two feet and a half. It is estimated that its weight is about seven hundred pounds. The monster had been seen in the neighborhood for two or three weeks past and numerous fishermen had at different times pursued it with darts and spears, endeavoring to capture it. On Friday, about half-past five o'clock, Captain Dan Champion and crew cast a large seine off Brigantine Shoals, about five miles out at sea, and were successful in getting the animal entwined in the meshes of the net. A rope and tackle were slipped under its body, and it was raised into the sloop and deposited in the hold, where it was kept until Saturday afternoon, when the rope and tackle were again called into requisition and the monster transferred to a large barge, and finally placed in a tub, which had to be built for the purpose, near the New Inlet House. There it was visited during the day by hundreds of persons who expressed the greatest surprise at seeing what may truly be termed a wonder, and which will no doubt engage the attention of zoologists and showmen. — Philadelphia Press.

A Poor Musician.

Chicago has a beggar woman, who is fast becoming a local favorite, and whose musical attainments are of no mean order. She is described as being a swarthy looking creature, with hair as black as night, flowing down below her hips, and wears great golden bands in her ears. She carries an organ, which seems to be more musical than hand organs generally are, and as she plays she sings airs from popular operas in a manner which speedily gathers interested crowds around her; her voice, a mezzo-soprano, gives evidence of early cultivation. Occasionally, when she sees about her some few ladies, she bursts forth into quite a thrilling love song. Her open air concert concluded, she reaps a rich harvest of nickels; then, carrying her instrument in a manner which speedily gathers interested crowds around her; her voice, a mezzo-soprano, gives evidence of early cultivation. Occasionally, when she sees about her some few ladies, she bursts forth into quite a thrilling love song. 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