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BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own.
Remember those with homes of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do,
Than talk of those who sin
Yes, better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young,
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
That find works full well,
To try my own defects to cure
Before of other's faults to tell.
And though I sometimes hope to shine
Nearer to my sister's side
My own a' ortcomings bid me be
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm our words may do
To those we little know.
Remember sometimes curses, like
Our chickens, come at home.
Don't speak of other's faults until
We have none of our own.

Trusted and True

"Kathleen, is it possible that you are crying again? Did I not tell you that I would discharge you if I found you indulging in that foolish whimpering any more?"

Poor Kathleen O'Neil had been dusting the elegantly furnished drawing room, and she stood before an exquisite little painting of one of the blue, sparkling Irish lakes, set in goldgreen shores, with a sky beyond like liquid amber—stood with her apron to her eyes and her ruddy cheeks deluged with tears.

"I couldn't help it, ma'am," she sobbed. "but it put me in mind of home."

"Home!" scornfully echoed Mrs. Arnott. "Your home! A shanty in a bog. It isn't likely you ever saw such a spot as that."

"Deed did I, then ma'am," answered Kathleen, "and many a time. For we lived beyant them same green shores when—"

"There, that will do," said Mrs. Arnott, coldly; "I don't care to hear about any reminiscences."

Kathleen did not understand the five syllabled word, but her quick nature comprehended the sarcastic tone. The tears were dried in their fount—the scarlet spot glowed on her cheek.

"She looks down on me as if I was a dog!" Kathleen thought to herself. "An' sure its the same flesh and blood God has given us both. How would she like it, I wonder, to be in a strange land, and niver a kind word spoken to. O, but if I could see mother, and little Honora, and Teddy, that's but a baby yet; but it's the blue sea that rolls between us, and it's all alone that I am!"

Poor Kathleen! the sense of desolation came upon her with sickening power just then as she stood before the sweet Irish lake, with wet splashes on her cheek; and Mrs. Arnott's cold, hard voice sounding in her ears.

"It's a great pity to be obliged to do with these wild, untutored Irish."

Kathleen was just bringing up the tray, and Mrs. Arnott's words sounded distinctly in her ears as she paused on the top step to get breath.

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Tudor Ardor sympathetically, "they're bad, thoroughly bad, the whole lot of them. I'd send them all back to their native country if it lay in my power."

"I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea," said Mrs. Arnott, "and then perhaps we would have a chance to employ Swedes, or Chinese, or somebody that would at least earn their bread. Is that you Kathleen? Why don't you bring in the ice-water at once, instead of standing there?"

Kathleen obeyed; but the dreary, homesick feeling that thrilled through all her pulses can hardly de described.

"If I was only at home again," she thought, "where the poorest and meanest have a kind word for each other! They scorn and hate me here; and sure, I've tried to do my best, but the lady has a heart of stone, and even the little children in the nursery, with their French maid, make fun of Irish Kathleen."

And the lone exile wept herself to sleep on her solitary pillow that night.

It was a mere closet of a room, without taste or ventilation, she decided. Mrs. Arnott thought that any place was good enough for Kathleen. The bed was hard, and scantily provided with clothing, but Mrs. Arnott carelessly observed, 'twas no doubt a great deal better than she was accustomed to at home. And she had just paid a large sum for draping her drawing room windows with lace and brocatelle—so, of course, there was nothing left for such a trifle as the comfort of her servants.

"Is Kathleen sick, mamma?" little Julia Arnott asked one day. "She cries so much and looks so white?"

Mr. Arnott, a stout built, good natured man of forty or thereabouts, glanced up from his paper.

"What does the child mean, Lucretia?" he asked. "I hope you look a little after your girls."

"Of course I do," she said sharply. "Kathleen is a silent, sullen thing, and I shall discharge her next month. Natalia has a sister who wants a place."

"Has she any friends in the country—Kathleen I mean?"

"Not that I know of."

"Seems to me I wouldn't discharge her then. It would be rather hard, unless she is guilty of some fault."

Mrs. Arnott bit her lip.

"Gentlemen understand nothing of the management of a household," said she, tartly. "These girls haven't our sensitive natures, either. They are quite used to knocking around the world. Are you going down town now?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd stop and ask Dr. Hart to stop here this morning; little Clarance is feverish."

"Anything serious?"

"I hope not," the mother answered, "but I always like to take those things in time."

Dr. Hart leaned over Clarence's little crib. He involuntarily uttered the name of some malignant type of fever, just then raging in the city.

"I wish that you had sent for me before, I fear that it is too late to secure the exemption of your little ones. But with constant care we may save the little fellow. You have a good nurse?"

"An excellent one. I can trust Natalia as I would myself."

"You are fortunate," said the doctor. He had acarcely closed the door, when Natalia came to her mistress.

"My month expires to-morrow, madam; will you pay me my wages, and let me take my departure at once?"

"But, Natalia, the baby is sick—"

"One's first duty is to one's self; I could not risk the infection for twice that you pay me."

And Natalia packed her trunk and departed without coming into the nursery to bid little Clarence good-bye.

The cook was next to give warning. Matilda, the laundress took herself off without any preliminary ceremony.

"I am going, too," said the seamstress. "Mrs. Arnott wouldn't have lifted her finger if we'ed been dying, and I believe in doing to others as they do to me."

And almost before she knew it, the stricken mother was left alone by the bedside of her suffering babe. Neighbors crossed on the other side of the street like the Priests and Levites of old; friends contented themselves with sending in to inquire; even hired nurses avoided the malignant fever.

"Is there no one to help me?" she moaned, wringing her white jeweled hands together. "Have all pity and womanly sympathy died out of the world?"

A slight noise caused her to turn, and Kathleen O'Neil was at her side, busy arranging the table.

"I thought you too, had gone, Kathleen!" she cried.

"Sure, ma'am, what should I be going for?" asked Kathleen, simply, "and the bits of children sick, and you in sore trouble! I nursed the little brothers and sisters at home, and I know just what needs to be done."

And she took little Clarence in her arms with a soft tenderness that went to the mother's heart.

"Are you not afraid, Kathleen?"

"What should I be afraid of, ma'am? Isn't God's sky over us all, whether it's the green banks of Ireland, or the church steeple of this great, confusing city? Oh, ma'am, he'll not take that bonny baby from us."

All Mrs. Arnott's children had the fever—last of all she was prostrated by it, and Kathleen watched over every one faithful, tender and fearless.

"Kathleen," Mrs. Arnott said, the first day she sat up, the Irish girl arranging the pillows about her wasted form, "Oh, Kathleen, I don't deserve this."

"Sure, ma'am, if we all had our deserts in this world, it's a sorry place it would be, I'm thinking," laughed Kathleen.

"But, Kathleen, I was cruel to you—so perfectly heartless!"

"We won't talk of it ma'am, dear," said Kathleen evasively.

"But, say just once that you forgive me?" pleaded the lady once so haughty.

"I forgive you, ma'am, as free as the sunshine," Kathleen answered softly, "And you'll stay with me always and be my friend, Kathleen?"

"If God wills it ma'am."

And Mrs. Arnott put her lips to kiss the fresh, cool cheeks of Irish Kathleen.

The years that have passed since then have made men and women of the little people that Kathleen nursed through the fever, and strangers visiting Mrs. Arnott scarcely know what to make of the plump, comely, middle aged woman who moves about the house apparently as much at home in it as the mistress herself—who is consulted about everything, that is trusted with all secrets.

"Is she housekeeper, or a servant, or a relative?" some one once asked.

Mrs. Arnott replied. "She is my true and trusted friend, Kathleen O'Neil."

A Gambling Incident.

I once found myself, on a steamer going down the Alabama River. These steamers have on the saloon deck, a very long cabin, and at one end of the cabin is a bar where liquor and cards are sold. One evening, for the voyage occupied several days, a passenger asked me whether I would play at whist. I assented, and a whist party was made up. I soon perceived that I and a decent-looking old man, who was one of the players, were being victimized by the two others, but I played quietly on until every one except the captain, who was seated at the other end of the cabin, had gone to bed; then my brother victim, after paying his losses, which amounted to several hundred dollars, went to his cabin. I took the cards in my hand and asked what I owed. It was two or three hundred dollars. "Captain," I said, "be good enough to come here; I've been cheated." Up jumped the gamblers and asked me whether I wished to insult them. The Captain, a sturdy looking man, was now by my side, so I handed him the cards and requested him to examine them. They were marked in the manufactory, the stars on the back of each particular color being made either higher or lower at the corners. The gamblers swore they knew nothing of it, and had bought them of the barkeeper. Half a dozen citizens were at once called to act as a jury, and the bar-keeper was interrogated. After some shilly-shallying, he owned that of the gamblers had given him some packs to sell. This was enough; the engines was stopped, and the gamblers landed on a swamp, where they probably died, for it was a long way from any habitation, and as the Captain said, a place where only snakes could live.

A Dinner at the Sultan's Palace.

The guest is not incumbered by too much ceremony; no stiff, high-backed chair bewilders him and destroys his ease; may I say it?—he has not the care of a lady whom he must lead into dinner, and upon whose wishes he must attend. He crosses his legs upon the cushion which is spread for him, takes his spoon in one hand and his serviette in the other, and without a word, waits till the dishes come. A minute or so elapses, and then attendants bearing a huge round tray arrive, and deposit it between the convives. Upon this tray there is a large bowl of soup, together with a little plate, and one knife and fork for each guest. There are besides several tiny dishes, upon which are displayed sweetmeats, pickles, caviare and olives; some pieces of bread complete the array. For a moment the diners regard the tray and perchance taste an olive or a sweet. But the chief of the table, if he be an intelligent person, does not waste much time. With a wave of his hand to encourage his friends, he dips his spoon into the soup bowl, conveys the rich gravy to his mouth and in this is at once imitated by all his guests. Now and then one or other will drop a piece of bread into the bowl and fish it out again, either for himself or a very particular friend, and so the dipping goes on till the soup is finished—the bowl empty. A pause ensues while some call for water and others rest in anticipation of the next course and the next effort. Very shortly another dish makes its appearance; this time, perhaps, some kabobs, or a kind of hash, in which a good quantity of vegetables are used. In go the spoons once more, and the feast continues. Most probably the next plate will be cutlets or fowls, whereupon the various pieces are taken up with the fingers, and disposed of with some rapidity. And now comes the critical moment for you, if you are present at this feast as a stranger. You as a European, will have placed your meat on your plate, and will be carefully cutting it up, when suddenly a more than ordinary juicy morsel will be pashed into your mouth by a pair of very greasy fingers. You must not resent this; it is a token of loving kindness; a sign that you are respected, esteemed, beloved. Eat it; you are a favored mortal. A dish of vegetables, par et simple, very likely succeeds, and then one of pastry, in which chopped meat is concealed; and, lastly, what the Turks who speak English tell you is the Ottoman plum pudding—pillaw—with just enough meat in it to make it palatable. With your spoon once more you take your turn in the general scramble; you eat till the dish is empty, and then like your friends, lean back till a jug of water is brought; water is poured over your hands, a cigarette is given you, and the coffee comes. Your Turkish dinner in the palace of Sultan Abdul Hamid is finished.

Seeking strange Birds.

Seated upon one box of birds, with his feet upon another Fredrick Ober, the Naturalist related the story of his adventures in the Lesser Antilles. He has secured 18 birds of a species hitherto unknown, except in a very limited degree, to the natives of the islands on which he shot them. He sailed from New York in the latter part of December, 1876, in the schooner Francis A. Magee, intending to go to Martinique, but the schooner struck upon Bermuda reef, and he was detained in Bermuda. The real work of the expedition was begun in Dominica, where he spent five months, living the greater part of that time among the Caribs. He says there are only about 20 families of this singular people yet living on the island, and they are rapidly dying out. The language is hardly spoken at all, only the oldest members of the race knowing anything about it. The others speak an adulterated French. While in Dominica, Mr. Ober heard of a bird which the natives called the "soleil coucher," or "sunset bird." He could find nobody who had ever seen it, but every evening at about half an hour before sunset its solemn, weird note was heard in the mountains. The sound was of a soft, flutelike nature, and plainly sylabled the words "soleil coucher, soleil cocher." A vast amount of superstition is attached to this bird. Among other things, Mr. Ober was assured that it existed only in song, and had no visible body; that it was, probably, the voice of a departed spirit. Mr. Ober started to search for the mysterious songster, and hunted for two weeks without success. He, too, heard the note, however, and it was always his signal to prepare his camp for the night, for in those latitudes there is little or no twilight, darkness succeding sunset almost immediately. At last he saw the bird, and after some careful manœuvering managed to shoot a specimen. It belongs to the same family as the king bird, but is of an entirely different species. It has a back of drab color, and a breast of sulphur yellow. On its head is a crest, which it can erect or lay flat at pleasure. Mr. Ober afterward shot four other specimens, and sent them, with most of his collections, to Prof. Lawrence and Prof. Baird of the Smithsonian institution to be named. Soon afterward he received the information that the institution had named the species after its discoverer, calling it the "Myriarchus Oberi." Mr. Ober procured 250 other specimens of birds in Dominica, all rare, but not unknown to naturalists. He took many photographs of Caribs and Carib huts, rude structures, built of a kind of sugar cane. He secured also, fine pictures of the superb natural scenery, beautiful streams and waterfalls. On March 15, 1877, he took an excellent photograph of the great boiling lake never before seen in a quiescent state. "In Dominica," he said, "there are an immense number of boiling springs, and when camping out we used to put eggs in a bag, and lower them by a string into the water. In a few minutes they were completly boiled." The Carib men, the naturalist says, are a strong hardy race, and they used to carry his heavy boxes on their heads for hours with apparent ease. The women are not particularly preatty but they are remarkable for the extraordinary length of their hair, which frequently reaches nearly as low as the knees. Their love for jewelry leads them, when they can procure it, to embellish themselves lavishly." From Dominica Mr. Ober went to Aruba, where he shot a specimen of an owl not hitherto known. It lives in holes and rocks, and is about as large as an ordinary screech owl. Later in the year he returned to Dominica, and went thence to St. Vincent, where he secured seven specimens of entirely new birds. One of these the natives called the "Suffriere bird." The rumors about it were not dissimilar to the stories he had heard of the "Myriarchus Oberi." He could find nobody who had seen it, and it was known only by its voice. The natives assured him that it was invisible, and there was no use in his going after it. Certainly naturalists and others had searched for the birds for 50 years, but no specimens had ever been secured. Accompanied by an old colored man, Mr. Ober, despite of all discouragments, ascended the mountain and encamped beside the crater of the volcano of St. Vincent, which 60 years ago, was in eruption and covered the island with ashes. It is said that these ashes drifted more than 150 miles to the windward at that time, and descended upon an other island, a phenomenon which is accounted for by the theory that they rose above the current of wind close to the earth, and getting into a higher current were carried in a direct opposit direction. Mr. Ober and his attendant slept in a cave at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea level. The crater was 1,000 feet deep, and is said to be one of the most nearly perfect in the world. It is almost exactly round, and has a circumference of three miles. At the bottom is a beautiful green lake. At night the naturalist could hear the notes of the bird he was in search of; but although he watched carefully, three days elapsed before he saw a specimen. At last he was successful however, and shot one. "I had to imitate my own birds," he said, "for all around the crater the long thick grass was infested with serpents, and the old colierd man could not be induced to go into it. Luckily I had a pair of boots made of the hide of an alligator that I shot in Florida seven years ago, and I was not afraid of the snakes. Mr. Ober secured altogether six specimens of the "Souffriere," and when he brought them down from the mountains the natives flocked enthusiastically around him, and stared with amazement at his prize. For same time persons called upon him, and asked him to let them see the bird whose bodily existence they had long doubted.

Elephants.

Elephants have hitherto been shot down rather too freely in India, and rather too much so in Africa and Ceylon, and it is only of late years that their true value has been recognized. Within the last few months steps have been taken by Col. Gordon Pasha to acclimatize the Indian elephant to the region of equatorial Africa, and it appears not improbable that this experiment may lead to the removal of what has hitherto been the chief obstacle to the opening up of that wondrous continent—the question of locomotion. An idea of their value in India may be formed from the fact that a herd of 55, caught in one day, was estimated to represent a profit, after deducting expenses, of £4,000. After this the Government will do well in the interests of the Indian finances to prohibit the indiscriminate slaughter of this useful beast by roving sportsmen. Sir Samuel Baker's spirited books on elephant-shooting in Ceylon showed how far more exciting than lion-hunting such sport was, and what a much stronger claim to the title of the king of the beasts the elephant enjoyed. Mr. Sanderson has gone further; he has studied the habits of the beast with professional interest and even affection, and the pictures he draws give an insight into the idiosyncrasies of the Indian elephant which has never hitherto been obtained. English readers may probably be surprised to hear that twice round an elephant's foot is his height, and there is probably no elephant in India which measures as much as ten feet at the shoulder. On the other hand, what the elephant lacks in height he makes up in longevity. The general opinion of experienced natives is that in captivity he usually attains eighty years, and one hundred and twenty years in exceptional cases; but our author believes that the elephant attains at least one hundred and fifty years. The question, "Where do the elephants die?" is apparently as far from solution as ever, for Mr. Sanderson, like Sir Emerson Tennent, confesses that he never came across the carcase of one that had died a natural death.

—Manufacturing enterprises projected in Minneapolis, Minn., 1879, will involve an expenditure of $1,370,000.

How it is Done.

Scene in a library—gentleman busy writing—child enters.

"Father, give me a penny?"

"Haven't got any; don't bother me."

"But, father, I want it. Something particular."

"I tell you I haven't got one about me."

"I must have one; you promised me one."

"I did no such thing—I wont give you any more pennies; you spend too many. It's all wrong—I won't give it to you, so go away."

Child begins to whimper. "I think you might give me one; it's really mean."

"No—go away—I won't do it, so there's an end to it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes—father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny, and throws it at the child. "There, take it, and don't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks shy, goes out conqueror—determined to renew the struggle in the afternoon, with the certainty of like results.

* * * *

Scene in the street—two boys playing—mother opens the door, calls to one of them, her own son.

"Joe, come into the house instantly."

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come I'll give you a good beating."

Joe smiles, and continues his play; his compaion is alarmed for him, and advises him to obey. "You'll catch it if you don't go, Joe."

"Oh, no, I won't; she always says so, but never does. I ain't afraid."

Mother goes back into the house greatly put out, and thinking herself a martyr to bad children.

That's the way, parents; show your children by your example that you are weak, undecided, untruthful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority and regard your word as nothing. They soon graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your own sowing will not fail.

Wine from Oranges.

The constantly extending ravages of he phylloxera have induced the inhabitants of certain wine-growing countries to consider from what fruit might be obtained a product which, by appearance, taste, and bouquet would most resemble the juice of the grape. Experiments have been made, and the fact has been established that the liquid extracted from the orange would constitute a rescource on which to fall back. The first trials made showed that the oranges when they have attained their full development, are unfit for the purpose proposed, and they must be selected, not when they have become quite mature and superabound in the sugary principle, but before they are wholly ripe and still possess an appreciable amount of citric and malic acids. At present, four different sorts of wines have been obtained from that fruit. One called imperial, and a dry wine, are produced in January with the fruit of the season; another, the mandarin, is furnished by the orange gathered in April. These three sorts have a color pleasing to the eye, are perfectly translucid, have an agreeable savor, with a slight tinge of acidity, and an alcoholic richness of about 15 per cent. As to the fourth, a sparkling wine prepared by a special process, it possesses little more than 12 per cent of alcohol. However, the experiments made hitherto are still too insufficient, and the methods of fabrication too rudimentary for the article to be placed upon the market. Besides, another very important question arises, viz., if every success is obtained in the production, can a sufficient quantity of the fruit be produced to replace the grape, and, if so, what will be the relative cost of wine from the vine and the orange? Doubtless, attention once turned in that direction, we shall be provided with some sort of liquor, probably of exellent quality, but we vastly doubt whether the orange or any other fruit can ever compete with the grape.

Ballooning at the Pole.

During the past summer, acting under suggestions and directions from Captain Howgate, Pro. Samuel King had been actively at work making a series of experiments on balloons and balloon material, with a view to the invention of a substance that would retain hydrogen gas for an indefinite period. In the prosecution of this work he made several ascensions in the interior of this State, and, after months of arduous labor and research, his efforts were rewarded. He has discovered or invented a material which, when inflated, will retain the gas three or four times longer than any now known. The importance of this may be better appreciated from what follows:

"Certainly," said Professor King, in reply to the request made by the writer. "I shall be very glad to give any information on the subject that I posses. There (handing the reporter a letter) is the last communication I received from Captain Howgate."

The letter referred to speaks in the highest terms of the Captain's appreciation of the importance of Prof. King's discovery, and in substance says: "At such a time as this you owe it to your country, to science, and to yourself to accept the position of aeronaut to the expedition."

"Will you go?" asked the writer.

Professor King paused a moment, while his eyes lighted up with enthusiasm, and he replied:

"No, I cannot go—it is utterly out of the question. The fact is, I am making preparations for the voyage to Europe which it is contemplated to attempt next summer. You may remember that the *Press* published some time ago. Well, I am under contract to the gentleman who are interested in that project, and so it will be impossible for me, much as I should desire to do so, to accompany the Howgate expedition. But by referring to this letter you will see that Captain Howgate authorizes me to recommend some one for the position, and I am now looking for the proper man. The plan proposed by Captain Howgate is to take the apparatus which I have invented along to Lady Franklin Bay, where the preparations for the aerial voyage will be made. Observations will be made by 'captive ascensions,' and when the favorite moment has arrived a large balloon will be started toward the pole. The design is to cross over the pole entirely, and go over, as it were, into Asia. The material that I have prepared will retain the gas for a sufficient length of time for such a trip. There is the chance for some man to make his name immortal."

Neck-Twisting in Churches.

There are practicess which are tolerated in religious congregations which Christians, who are jelous of the honor of their Master's house, should utterly condemn. Decorum is the handmaid of devotional feeling, and for this reason a church should never be disturbed by the slightest approach to irreverence. "It is a part of my religion," said a pious old lady, when arked why she went early to church, "It is a part of my religion not to interupt the religion of others."

And we believe if many a congregation made it a part of their religion not to twist their necks out of joint to witness the entrance of every person who passed up the aisle of the church, it would be better for their necks and their religion. A gross abuse of religion, decorum sometimes needs a harsh remedy. We give that adopted by Henry Clay Dean, who was at one time the chaplain of congress.

Being woried one afternoon by this turnpractice in his congregation, Mr. Dean stopped in his sermon and said:

"Now, you listen to me, and I'll tell you who the people are as arch one of them comes in.

He then went on with his discours until a gentleman entered when he bawled out like an usher:

"Deacon A——, who keeps the shop across the way."

He then went on with his sermon, when presently another man passed up the aisle, and he gave his name, residence and ocupation; so he continued for some time.

At length some one opened the door who was unknown to Mr. Dean, when he cried out:

"A little old man, with drab coat and an old white hat; don't know him—look for yourselves."

The congregation was cured.

Night Workers.

Bats live their active lives in the night; when sunlight comes they fly away to their holes, there to sleep until twilight comes again, when they resume the occupation of insect killing. The female bat has rather a hard time of it, as she is the nest and the food of her young until they are themselves able to fly. Often have I seen a female bat, with her young clinging to her breast, flying about in search of food, and the little ones were not so small either. How else could they get along! The old ones make no nest; if they wanted to ever so much they could not, and the chances are that, from their wandering habits, they spend the day in one place and the next in another two or three miles distant, just as they happen to be when day overtakes them, and if they left their young behind them their exact locality might be forgotten. When the young ones are able to shift for themselves the mother's life is easier, and until winter comes, to kill their insect food, she lives luxuriously. Then, when all nature is prepared to put on the livery of winter, bats, instead of leaving the scenes where they have passed the summer, repair to their haunts in the caves and walls, hanging by their hind feet, in little groups of five or six together, pass the dreary season in one unbroken sleep.

Underground Curiosities

At the city of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly made well, which continues full and is affected neither by rain nor draught. But what is the most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet, large trees entire, such as as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—M. Meissonier, the celebrated French artist, has just sold his "Halte de Cuirassier," which was shown at the Paris Exhibition, to a Belgian for $55,000.

—The Fisk University, at Nashville, Tenn., had 338 students last year, and it has been ascertained that Alumni of the institution in 1877 taught 9833 students.

—The College of New Jersey, at Princeton, has been connected with the Washington Observatory by telegraph wires, and electric dials are to be placed in the buildings.

—Earl Dufferin assumed the seat of the President of the Royal Geographical Society in London a few nights ago. A distinguished company greeted him with great enthusiasm.

—The mean height of an American Indian is 67 834 inches; of the American white man, 68 672; Scotch, 67.066; English 66 673; Russian 66 393; French, 66.277; Mexican 66 110

—In less than thirty years, 72,000 miles of railroad have been constructed in the United States. The value of property in this country has in the same period increased from $8,000,000,000 to $30,000,000,000.

—The tower of the parish church of Week St, Mary, North Cornwall, England, has just been destroyed by lightning for the third time in thirty years. It will cost $10,000 to repair it.

—A new Synagogue, said to be one of the finest in the world, has been opened in Warsaw. It has cost, the *Jewish World* says, $240.000, exclusive of the cost of site, which was about $56,000.

—Col. MacPherson is enrolling a company of Highlanders in Ottawa, the requirements being that each recruit shall be at least 5 feet 8½ inches tall, and measure not less than 15 inches around the calf of the leg.

—A sea lion weighing 125 pounds, three feet eleven inches long and thirty-three inches in circumference, was captured on the west bank of the Hackensack river, in New Jersey, about two miles below the town, last week.

—The *Railroad Gazette* contains information of the laying of track on 9,207 miles of new railroad in the United States in 1878, against 1,977 miles reported for the corresponding period in 1877, 2,177 in 1876, 1,277 in 1875, 1,767 in 1874, 3,507 in 1873 and 6,885 in 1872.

—M. Paul Broca, the famous anthropologist, is authority for the statement that the tallest man ever actually measured was a Finlander, nine feet three and seven-tenths inches high, and that the shortest man known reached a decimal under seventeen inches in his stocking feet.

—Mr. E. Atkinson saw a gray crow flying across a field near Woodstown, the other day, and says the other crows were giving chase. It is said that a flock of these birds will kill one of their number happening to have lighter feathers than themselves, or any marked peculiarity.

—On New Year's Day the British railway companies inaugurated a new express system, issuing stamps to the denomination of four pence and six pence, to prepay to any point on their lines packages of two and four pounds. Such packages will also be insured to the amount of £1 each.

—The aggregate valuation of the prison property in Massachusetts, as set down by the Prison Commissioners of that State, is $3,099,421 50, divided as follows: Valuation of buildings, $3,086,-214.76; of land, $522,299.43; and personal property used in the prison and belonging to the county, $990,907 41.

—In an English county court, where a cook sued her mistress for a month's wages in lieu of notice, she having been dismissed because she refused to join in the family prayers, the Judge ordered the money to be paid, as there had been no stipulation that the plaintiff was to attend prayers; and she was engaged to cook, not to pray.

—The new catalogue of Bowdoin College, Maine, shows 140 students, including 22 seniors, 36 juniors, 45 sophomores and 37 freshmen. There were also 93 students in the medical department during the past year. The number of books in the college library is 19,500; medical library, 4000; peneinian, 7150; athenæan, 5950; total, 36,600 volumes.

—The annual report of the City Treasurer of Springfield, Mass., shows the total receipts of the year to have been $1,089,055, the disbursements $1,008,201, the cash in the Treasury to be $80.854, the amount due to the city $72,779, and the amount due from the city $25,983, leaving a surplus of cash assets of $127 651. The surplus a year ago was $277 379. The total interest-bearing debt is $1,927 734, an increase during the year of $7734. the total indebtedness $1,953,717, and the net indebtedness, after deducting the cash assets, $1,800,083, an increase of the net indebtedness of $157,461.

—For thirty years or more the family of Mr. A. Sawtelle, of Augusta, Maine, have drawn water from a well in their cellar. The well was forty feet deep, and the water therein never failed. The other night, during a severe storm and gale, the bottom of the well dropped out. During the night they heard a tremendous noise in the cellar, resembling a miniature earthquake. The next morning the cellar was visited, and it was discovered that the well had vanished; it must have sunk to a considerable depth, as the pump was nearly buried out of sight. A portion of the underpinning of the house was undermined and will have to be rebuilt.

—The Buffalo *Commercial* prints its annual statement of the lake trade of that city, showing that the receipts of flour have been heavy, reaching nearly 1,000,000, barrels, but that they were not so large as in several preceeding seasons. The arrivals of grain, however, were far ahead of anything on record. This year's totals reach 83,547,-233 bushels, or nearly 11,000,000 bushels in excess of the best previous year. The lumber trade also shows a marked improvement over the two previous years, the aggregate receipts being 175,880 000 tons to 139,731 000 in 1877, and 114,582,-000 in 1876. But, outside of grain and lumber, the down lake movement shows a general decline, which accounts for the low rates of freights that prevailed last season.