

POETRY.

The Symptoms.

First notice if he sit alone,
And meditates or writes a lot,
Or walks about at night a lot,

And also note if he awaits
The postman's coming eagerly,
And if he often votes the fates

Hever and anon he groans
With sobs and sighs mysterious,
And mutters in abstracted tones,

Your treatment must at first be mild—
Don't rashly mar his "mooniness;"
A man's as hoarse as a child

"Je Monnal Seal."

The silent chariot standeth at the door,
The house is hushed and still from roof to floor,

No clamping bit, nor tramp of pawing feet,
All dark and silent up and down the street,

And thou too weak and agonized to lift
The cup to quench thy dying thirst, or shift
Thy pillow, now without our help must rise,

Thou, loved and cherished, must go forth alone
None sees thee fondly to the door, not one;

No panel bars thy white restless feet,
Our walls are hushed to the street

Alone, alone upon this awful way!
Do any show thee kindness? Any stay
Thy heart? Or does the silent charioteer

We know not. None may follow thee afar,
None hear the sound of thy departing car.

A Hungry Woman's Free Feed.

Among the passengers who went away
Saturday night was a woman. She was
poorly yet neatly dressed, her face wore
an expression of anxiety and care,

When Men Kiss Each Other.

An effusiveness pervades all classes of
society in Germany, and one sees old men
and boys saluting each other, if he haunts
the railroad stations and watches the
departures and arrivals.

A Long and Dangerous Walk.

George Ernest Morrison has just completed
a walk across the continent of Australia,
a distance of 2,000 miles, in 120 days.

The great iron gate of the barracks of the
Royal Irish Constabulary at Kilmee,
County Limerick, was recently taken off its
hinges and carried away by some persons
unknown, and the police have thus far been
unable to find it, or any trace of its purloiners.

RESCUED IN MID-OCEAN.

Thirteen Men Found Unconscious in a Leaky Boat.

A New York despatch says: A tale of
misery and suffering such as has not been
recorded in the history of sea life for several
months past came to light yesterday by the
arrival of the Italian barque Samuele, from
Palermo, with Captain Esposito and a crew
of twelve men of the Italian barque

The barque Umberto Galatola left Tor-
ravona, Spain, early in April last with a
cargo of salt, bound for this city. Fair
winds were experienced and good time was
made up to June 16th last at 10 o'clock

In the meantime the water was slowly
but surely filling the ship. It flooded the
hold and washed the salt forward, so that
the stern of the vessel was almost above
the water.

The men, who had been ready at any
moment to take to the boats, had scrambled
into one boat and were just ready to
row away when the stern of the vessel

At this discovery a cry of despair went
up, and as many as could do so frantically
began to bail out with their hats,
shoes and hands; but they only succeeded
in keeping the boat from filling up, and did
not gain an inch on the water.

There was not a mouthful of food on
board, and only a small canteen of drink-
ing-water with which one thoughtful sea-
man had provided himself. The supply,
however, was hardly sufficient for one man.

For two whole days the party drifted
about at the mercy of the waves without
any nourishment whatever. Four men
were kept bailing out until exhausted,
when four more would take their place.

These two fully realizing their position,
out of sight of land, in an open and leaky
boat, with eleven helpless men, with almost
superhuman strength began to bail out,

One seaman suggested that he had a dry
match, but the question was, what could
they burn? Suddenly a bright thought
came to Captain Esposito, and he made
them take off their clothes. This was
done, and everything that was partially
dry was piled up forward and set on fire.

And this was how we found them,"
continued the informant. "Thirteen naked
bodies laying as if dead, in four feet of
water, which was rapidly reaching the
sides of the boat. The weather was
exceedingly cold, and our hands were
numbed in conveying the unconscious
men to our ship. At first we despaired
of bringing the breath of life back to some
of them, but general glasses of brandy
were forced down their throats and slowly
one by one they came to and realized that
the great destroyer had once more been
cheated of his prey. But how they ate and
drank! We were compelled to use force
with some of them, for fear that they
would gorge themselves to death. It was
over a week before the poor men were able
to walk about without assistance, but from
that time they rapidly improved."

Fordwich is an interesting English
borough. It is one of the three oldest in
the Kingdom. It was incorporated by
charter granted by King Edward the Con-
fessor, in the eleventh century. The juris-
diction extends twelve miles down the river,
as far on either side as a man standing
in a boat in a mid river can throw "a 7lb.
taper axe." The Guildhall is of the most
ancient description; there is also a ducking
chair for scolds, and two drums with the
borough arms emblazoned upon them,
which were beaten to summon the com-
munity to see the immersion of these
ladies.

A philosopher says: "In the economy
of nature nothing is lost. The inside of an
orange may refresh one man, while the
outside of the same fruit may serve as a
medium for breaking another man's leg."

LACROSSE.

The Game as Played by the Indians a Century Ago.

A game of lacrosse was commenced on
one occasion, in the year 1794, between the
Mohawk and Seneca tribes of Indians,
which was well attended with serious
consequences. The Mohawks were the chal-
lengers. After the game had proceeded
for a considerable time one of the Mohawks,
in a struggle with a Seneca for a stroke at
the ball, struck his antagonist a sharp
blow with his crosse. The occurrence
having been observed by the players, the
Senecas dropped their bats instantly, to a
man, and retired to their posts with silent
though evident resentment. Without
speaking a word, but with bosoms heaving
with indignation, they took up the stakes
they had deposited and retired to their
own country on the upper waters of the
Genesee River, towards the northern spur
of the Alleghenies. About three weeks
subsequent to the occurrence a Seneca
messenger arrived at the Mohawk village,

He delivered an inflammatory speech, lab-
oring with all his art and eloquence to
aggravate the insult, and urging his tribe
to avenge the insult by an appeal to arms.
But Captain O'Neil and some others of the
older Seneca chiefs were for the adoption
of a more conciliatory course. They were
little moved by the exciting philippic of
Red Jacket and desired nothing more of
the Mohawks than a reasonable and hon-
orable atonement for the wrong done to their
young warrior by the party offending. The
proposition was met with equal magnani-
mity on the part of the Mohawks, and the
result of the council was an adjustment of
the difficulty. The calumet was smoked,
and the chiefs—save the disappointed
demagogue, Red Jacket—separated upon
the most amicable terms.

Three years afterwards in the summer
of 1797, another match of lacrosse was
played between the two tribes. The Sen-
ecas were this time the challengers, but
the game was played at the Mohawk vil-
lage on the Grand River (two miles from Brant-
ford) and was commenced during the visit
to Capt. Brant by Judge Woodruff, of Con-
necticut, to whom Cap. Brant had related
the particulars of the foregoing unpleasant
occurrence. It was in fact the pending
match which led the Chief to speak of the
incidents connected with the former. The
playing was to commence at 9 o'clock
in the morning, and the invita-
tion of Capt. Brant to see the
amusement was accepted by his guest.

The place selected for the trial of strength,
agility and skill was a broad and beautiful
green of perhaps one hundred acres, per-
fectly level and smooth as a carpet, without
tree or shrub or stone to encumber it. On
one side of the green the Senecas had col-
lected in a sort of irregular encampment—
men, women and children—to the number
of more than a thousand. On the other side
the Mohawks were actively assembling in
yet greater numbers. The stakes deposited
by each party were laid upon the ground in
heaps, consisting of rifles, tomahawks,
swords, belts, knives, blankets, wampum,
watches, beads, brooches, furs and a variety
of other articles of Indian utility and taste,
amounting in the whole, according to the
estimate of Capt. Brant, to upwards of a
thousand dollars a side. By the side of the
stakes were seated a group of the aged
chiefs—"grave and reverend seigniors"
whose heads had been silvered by the frosts
of many winters, and whose viages gave
evidence of the toils of war and the chase.

The combatants numbered about six hun-
dred upon a side, young and middle-aged
men—nimble of foot, athletic and muscular.
Their countenances beamed with animation
and high hope. In order to the free and
unfettered use of their sinewy limbs, their
persons were naked, with the exception of
a single garment like an apron or kilt
fastened around the waist and descending
nearly to the knee. The area of the play-
ground was designated by two pairs of
"eyes" placed at about thirty rods distant
from each other, and the goals of each pair
about thirty feet apart. The combatants
ranged themselves in parallel lines on each
side of the area, facing inward, and leaving
a space between them of about ten rods in
breadth. Their crosses were three feet six
inches in length, curved at the lower end
somewhat in the form of a ladle, the broad
part for striking the ball being formed of
network, woven with thongs of untanned
deer-skin, strained to the tension of
tight elasticity. The ball, large
as a middling sized apple, was
also composed of elastic materials. On one
side of the area, near the centre of the
line and in a conspicuous place, were
seated a body of elderly sachems, of each
tribe, with knives and tally-sticks to score
the game. The rules governing the game
were somewhat intricate. None of the
players were allowed to touch the ball
with hand or foot, unless driven beyond the
"eyes" or landmarks. It was then thrown
back by hand toward or into the centre of
the area, when the game proceeded as
before. Their mode of counting the game
was peculiar, the tallies-men not being in
all cases bound by arbitrary rules, but left
to the exercise of a certain degree of dis-
cretionary power. Each passage of the
ball between the goals at the end of the
play-ground counted one, so long as the
contest was nearly equal; but for the pur-
pose of protracting the game, whenever
one party became considerably in advance
of the other, the tally-chiefs were allowed
to check or curtail their count in propor-
tion to the excess. For instance if the
leading party had run up a regular count
of thirty, while their opponents had num-
bered but fifteen, the tallies-men, at their
discretion and by consent of each other,
though unknown to the players, would

credit the winning party with only two
notches for three passages of the ball—
varying from time to time according to the
state of the game. The object of this
course was to protract the game and to
increase the amusement, while despondency
upon either side was prevented and the
chance of ultimate victory increased. Fre-
quently by this discretionary mode of
counting the game was continued for three
or four days. The game on this occasion
was commenced by about sixty players on
each side, who advanced from their re-
spective lines with crosses in their hands
into the centre of the play-ground. Of
this number about twenty were stationed
at the end landmarks, to guard the passage
of the ball. The players who were to begin
were apparently mingled promiscuously
together. All things being thus ready, a
beautiful maiden, richly dressed in the
native costume of the people, wearing
a red tiara, plumed with
eagle's feathers and glittering with brace-
lets and other ornaments of silver, came
bounding like a gazelle into the area with
the ball, which she placed upon the ground
in the centre. Instantly the welkin rang
with the shouts of the whole multitude of
spectators, and the play began; while the
bright-eyed maiden danced back and joined
her own circle among the surrounding
throng. The match was begun by the two
opposing players, who advanced to the ball
and with their united crosses raised it from
the ground to such an elevation as gave a
chance for a fair stroke; when, quick as
lightning, it was sped through the air,
almost with the swiftness of a bullet. Much
depends upon the first stroke, and great
skill is exerted to obtain it. The match
was played with great spirit, and the dis-
play of agility and muscular strength was
surprising. Every nerve was strung; and
so great were the exertions of the players,
that each set was relieved by fresh hands
every fifteen or twenty minutes; thus
alternating and allowing every player of
the whole number to perform his part until
the game was finished. The scene was full
of excitement and animation. The principal
Chief entered fully into the enjoyment, and
by his explanations to his guest heightened
its interest, which of itself, the latter
declared to have afforded him a greater
degree of satisfaction than any game or
pastime that he had ever beheld. The
contest was continued three days, at the
end of which, after a severe struggle, the
Senecas were proclaimed the victors,
sweeping the stakes, to the great mortifica-
tion of the proud-spirited Mohawks—the
head of the Confederacy.

Cremation in the Far East.

New crematories are still opened year by
year, and funeral processions daily vend
their way toward the last resting-place in
which for long centuries it has been the
custom to bury the dead. The first stir
about cremation has died away and would
be forgotten by many did not some eccen-
tric old lady or half-crazed idealist occa-
sionally leave a will deciding that their
remains shall be consumed by fire. But
for all the present indifference or even
revolt against the incineration in the west,
Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming's account in
the Contemporary Review of the custom of
cremation in its original home in the east
will be read with considerable interest.
Among the Hindus, as every one knows,
the process of cremation is common, and
at Benares its practice may be observed at
any hour, alike beneath the burning rays
of the noonday sun and by the light of the
pale moon. Many a poor sufferer strains
his last efforts to reach the shore of the
Ganges, there to die on hallowed ground.
The expense of wood for the funeral pyre
grows too great to secure the burning of the
whole body, it is partly charred, and then
sent to float down the holy stream into the
eternity of the sea. The wealthier
Hindoo is more formal in the disposal of
their dead. After bathing the body in the
river it is swathed in a shroud of white,
scarlet, or saffron-colored material; some-
times even covered with cloth of gold or
silver; some vermilion paint, symbolizing
the blood of sprinkling, is then thrown over
it, and the body is laid upon the pyre.
After adding some sweet grass, precious oil,
and more wood, the chief mourner bears a
torch three or nine times round the body,
touches the dead lips with the holy flame,
and lights the pyre. Then it is kindled in
several other places, and in a very short
time the body is consumed by the flame,
the ashes are gathered up, and the Ganges
bears them away. In Japan cremation is
not so publicly performed. A plain looking
house in the corner of the country com-
munity, with mud walls and earthen floor,
inside of which are seven or eight low stone
inclosures, serves as a crematory. The
body, in a sitting attitude, is placed on a
heap of dry fagots in one of the inclosures,
and when, after six or eight hours, the fire is
burned out, nothing is left but a few white
ashes; those are put into an earthenware
urn and buried with or without religious
rites. The burning of the bodies is not
compulsory in Japan, but Buddhists of the
Monto sect are nearly without exception
cremated. The town crematories only differ
from those in the country by their tall
chimneys, by which unpleasant odors are
kept from becoming troublesome to the
neighborhood. There is also a small room
kept separate for the wealthier people, in
which they have their dead burned apart.
For the use of this private apartment they
pay 20s., while those who prefer to be
burned in company pay about the fifth part
of this sum. The fuel only costs about 1s.
From 5 p.m. to 6 a.m. the fires burn on the
granite supports which are laid on the
earthen floor, and from each of these
hearths the ashes are gathered and put
separately into an urn. There is no smell
to annoy any one, and no nuisance. Ter-
rible as cremation may appear to some, the
process is far less hideous in its details
than that which has its slow course in the
deep, narrow bed in which the flower-
covered coffin is lowered from our sight.—
Pall Mall Gazette.

Weather report—A clap of thunder.
The heart is an astrologer that always
divines the truth.—Calderon.

Nothing great was ever achieved without
enthusiasm.—Emerson.

The only kind of cake children don't cry
for—A cake of soap.

One of the illusions is that the present
hour is not the critical, decisive hour.
Write it on your heart that every day is
the best day in the year.—Emerson.

THE FLORAL QUEEN.

Roses in History, and How the Famous Attar is Made.

A Turk can by no means endure to see
the leaves of roses fall to the ground,
because some believe that the first rose was
made from a drop of Venus' blood, and
others that it first came from the sweat of
Mohammed. The Ghebers believe that
when Abraham, their great prophet, was
thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the
flames turned into a bed of roses upon which
the child slumbered sweetly. This is
alluded to in "Lalla Rookh," by the lines:

When pitying heaven to roses turned
The death flames that beneath him burned.

Herodotus writes of roses in the garden
of Midas, the son of Gordius, in Phrygia,
that had sixty leaves, growing with little
trouble, and more fragrant than all the
rest. Lucullus, the Roman general, spent
fabulous sums in order to be able to
have them at all seasons; and in the
time of the Roman Republic the
people used not to be satisfied unless their
pups of Falernian wine were swimming
with roses. At the regatta of Baix the
whole surface of the Lucerne Sea used to
be strewn with this flower. At the grand
banquets which Nero gave he caused
showers of roses to be rained down on his
guests from apertures in the ceiling. Helio-
gabalus carried this to such an insane
length as to cause the suffocation of several
of his guests, who could not extricate
themselves from the heap of flowers. And
Antiochus, even in winter, slept in a tent
of gold and silk and on a bed of roses.

Cleopatra, when she entertained Anthony,
covered the floor of the banqueting room to
the depth of an ell, and Helio-gabalus was
not content with drinking a certain kind
of wine made of roses, but was extravagant
enough to bathe in the "wine of rose."

To dream of roses denotes happy love,
but not unmixed with sorrow from others.
It typifies an artist and is the emblem of
love. The rose as a symbol of silence gave
rise to the phrase, "Under the rose,"
from the circumstance of the Pope's pre-
senting consecrated roses which were placed
over confessionals to denote secrecy. It is
also said that the phrase is of Greek origin,
originating from the old custom of sus-
pending a rose over the guest table as an
emblem that the conversations should not
be repeated elsewhere. Cultivated roses
were first planted in England in 1522, the
damask rose being introduced from the
south of France some time prior to A. D.
1753, the moss rose in 1724, and the
China rose about 1787. There are four
ways of writing it, Attar, Attar,
Uttur and Otto of Roses. The last is
the least correct. In India, where there
are immense rose forests and where most of
the attar comes from, the rose harvest
commences on the 1st of March, and lasts
to the end of April. Early in the morning
men, women and children swarm about the
rose trees like a colony of bees, plucking
the flowers and carrying them in bags to
the contractors. The "still" is of the
simplest and rudest construction. Its
boiler will hold from eight to twelve gallons,
into this are cast from 12,000 to 16,000
roses; about fifteen to twenty quarts of
water are added, and the result will be
about one quart of rose water from each
thousand roses. After distillation the rose
water is placed in a glass carboy and
exposed to the sun for several days to
ripen or mix well the floating attar with
the water.

This is the pure, unadulterated rose
water. When adulteration is necessary,
oil of sandal-wood is used. To secure attar
the rose water is transferred to a large
metal basin, and tied over with wet muslin
to keep out the insects; the vessel is then
let down into a hole in the ground about
two feet deep, and allowed to stand quiet
all night, for the attar is always made early
in the season, when the nights are cool. In
the morning a little film of attar has risen
to the surface of the rose water; this is
skimmed off with a feather and placed in
a bottle. When only two or three days old
it is of a pale greenish hue, but in a few
weeks' time it subsides into a pale yellow
color. It requires the product of 1,000 rose
trees to obtain a tola, or 180 grains of
attar.

The attar obtained in the Indian bazaars
is always adulterated, as not even the rich-
est native will give the price for pure attar,
which is sold only to Europeans and costs
from \$65 to \$105 per ounce. The origin of
this delicious perfume is thus chronicled in
the romantic stories of the East: Moore-
jehan Begum, the favorite wife of Jehan
Geer, was once walking in her garden,
through which ran a canal of rose water,
when she remarked some oily particles
floating on the surface. These were col-
lected, and there aroma found to be so
delicious that means were devised to pro-
duce the precious essence.

New York's Big Taxpayers.

"Who are the largest personal taxpayers
in the city?" I asked at the tax commis-
sioner's. "The late Moses Taylor was the
largest. He paid tax on \$1,800,000 of per-
sonal property without grumbling, and his
widow now pays the same. On the other
hand, W. H. Vanderbilt came here last
year and swore off every dollar, but soon
after came back, and said that as the
papers and the public were raising such a
h— of a row, he would pay tax on \$1,000,000. Jay Gould only pays tax on \$100,000, and Mrs. A. T. Stewart on \$500,000. Mrs. Catharine Wolfe pays on \$400,000. The Lenox estate pays on \$1,000,000, the late ex Gov. E. D. Morgan's widow on \$1,000,000, and the Astor family, all put together, on \$3,000,000, which is the largest assess-
ment under one name. The number of
taxpayers is steadily and rapidly decreas-
ing. Last year there were 11,666 personal
taxpayers, and this year there will not be
more than 10,000, and the amount levied is
decreasing at a like rate."—New York Letter.

It is a curious fact that so firm in texture
is the paper of a genuine Bank of England
note that burning alone can hardly destroy
it. The authorities have in a little glazed
frame the remnants of the note which was
in the great fire of Chicago. Though com-
pletely charred and black, the paper holds
together and the note is sufficiently legible
to establish its genuineness and to be cashed.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the
heart of man in strong health as color to
the cheeks; and whenever there is habitual
gloom there must be either bad air, un-
wholesome food, improperly severe labor,
or erring habits.