A Year's Wooing.

'Twas Autumn when first they stood on the bridge;
Ripe pears on the pear-tree, ripe corn on the ridge;
Then swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue,
And, speeding still southward, were lost to the view.
Said he: "Can you love me as I can love you?"
She said, quite demurely: "Already I do!"

'Twas Winter when next they met on the bridge;
The pear-trees were brown, and white was the ridge;
The swallows were feathering their nests in Algiers.
She looked in his face, and she burst into tears!
His nose—it was pinched, and his lips—they were blue.
Said she: "I can't love you!" Said he: "Nor I you!"

'Twas Spring-time when next they stood on the bridge,
And white was the pear-tree and green was the ridge;
The swallows had thoughts of a speedy return,
And the midges were dancing a-down the brown burn.
He said: "Pretty maiden, let by-gones go by—
Can you love me again?" She said: "I can try."

'Twas Summer when next they stood on the bridge,
There were pears on the pear-tree, tall corn on the ridge;
The swallows wheeled round them, far up in the blue,
Then swooped down and snatched up a midget or two.
Said he: "Lest some trifle should come in the way,
And part us again, will you mention the day?"
She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing rill,
Then answered, demurely: "As soon as you will!"

The Singer's Reward.

Oh, once there dwelt a singer in a valley far away,
Who in the fields with loving art awoke his lute and lay.

Now though his song, nor loud nor long, was strangely sweet to hear;
One day he said, while on his cheek there gleamed a silent tear:

"My note is low, my strain is weak, my singing all in vain;
The little guerdon I desire I cannot hope to gain.

I do not care for lofty fame, for wealth I do not long—
I only wish my fellow-men to love me for my song!"

The kindly zephyrs caught his lays and bore them far and wide;
"Such songs were never sung before!" the people rose and cried.

The great king even listened in his palace by the sea,
And said, "Some day we'll send for him, and honored he shall be."

Alas, no herald ever came, the ancient legend saith;
But when he put his lute away and laid him down in death,

The people made a great ado, and reared a column high,
In honor of the singer they had left in want to die.

The Ring.

A band of burnished gold,
My fingers gently hold,
And through the magic circle of its rim,
Before my dreaming eyes
A thousand memories rise,
And fill my soul with longing, vague and dim.

I seem to see the gate,
At which I used to wait
For her who gave to me this token sweet;
I feel a tender thrill,
That calls to mind the hill
Where hours, like moments, fled on pinions fleet.

The form of youthful grace,
The smiling, tender face,
Is near me still, in spirit, though the years
Have slowly come and fled,
And cherished hopes lie dead,
Along my way too thickly strewn for tears.

Oh! little band of gold!
A wealth of joy untold,
Your shining circle conjures to my mind,
And will, until my breath
Shall meet the kiss of death,
And all the pain of earth be left behind.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

'Twas in the garden chatting
Amid the mignonette—
She with her snowy tatting,
I with my cigarette.
I still can see her fingers
Flit softly in and out;
With rapture memory lingers
To view her lips a-pout.

A happy sunbeam glancing
Upon a wayward curl
Set every pulse to dancing,
And turned my brain a whirl;
And when she looked up shyly,
I could not help, you see,
But stoop and kiss her slyly
Behind the apple-tree.

Strange that some mote forever
Should mar the rays of bliss!
Though conscious I had never yet
Won so sweet a kiss,
Alas! the act of plunder
So gracefully she bore,
I could not choose but wonder,
Had she been kissed before?

Practical Sermon to Young Ladies.

Rev. Fred. C. Iglehart, pastor of a Methodist Church of Buffalo, recently preached to the young ladies of the city, nearly 2,000 of them being present to listen to his sermon, in the midst of which he perpetrated the following: "The front door is open. The parlor is unswept and undusted. The door back of it is open, revealing the sitting-room in a state of chaos. The doors opening into the several bedchambers are open, showing the beds as the sleepers left them on rising. The door leading to the kitchen is open, and there, bending over the wash-tub, her brow beaded with perspiration and her arms reeking with suds, stands the mother of the family. In the parlor sits her daughter at the piano, pounding out an accompaniment as she sings 'Who Will Care for Mother Now?' Well, I will tell you, brethren and sisters, who would care for mother now, if I were the head of that family! It would be that same young lady who plaintively asks the question in song. She would use her arms more and permit her mouth to enjoy a much-needed season of repose. She would be playing on the zinc washophone, and her mother would be dusting the parlor and doing other light and agreeable work."

French papers, in order to make their funny paragraphs acceptable, have recourse to wit of the following description: *La France* says General Gordon invited an Arab to breakfast and then amused himself by running a fork repeatedly into the body of his guest.

Smuggling is simply another name for thieving, but somehow or other nobody looks upon it in the same light.

Mustapha Ben Ismail has just arrived in Paris from Tunis. His retinue includes seventeen governesses for his wife and two children.

CONCERNING COFFEE.

Important Facts in Relation to the Aromatic Berry.

In spite of the unquestionable facts that the choicest coffees in the world are abundantly imported into England, says the *St. James' Gazette*, that the berry in its integrity is procurable without difficulty, and that its use is so general as to stand second only to tea, we have learned to tolerate the abiding existence of a warm, brownish liquid—flat, feeble and dull; a cup of which may have inspired the suggestion of Burton in his "Anatomy," that it was "like that black broth of the Lacedæmonians, and perhaps the same." The horse bean has been unjustly traduced as contributing to the "body" of this strange decoction; but in fact, if weight may be given to the assertion of an eminent vegetarian, there is just now a call upon the nourishing bean as a "base" in the manufacture of beef tea and other forms of "condensed" meat. Supposing, however, the makeweight of "mixed" coffee to be of no baser sort than chicory itself, this substance is totally destitute of the exhilarating and restorative properties of the former. How valuable these are is a matter very insufficiently understood. The Abyssinians—who probably used coffee long before the Persians or Turks—still make a composition of butter and the pounded berry, which in travelling they find more sustaining than either bread or meat. In Central Africa the bean is persistently chewed by the natives; and it is no uncommon custom in the east for the grounds of prepared coffee to be swallowed after the liquid. That the savage should thus realize a fact to which the Englishman is, as a rule, persistently indifferent, may be set down as one of the vagaries of modern civilization. Determined, however, to agitate in this useful branch of reform, and starting with the planter's fundamental maxim, "Old coffees, young teas," there is no reason why ordinary householders should not mature the berry in their own store closets. It must be kept raw, and preferably in small bulk, the piquant aroma being due to a volatile oil which is developed in the process of roasting. The common failure of a cup of coffee to attain a reasonable standard of excellence is due to more than once cause. If kept too long after roasting the fine flavor of the berry is dissipated; but even this may be to some extent revived by carefully heating the ground coffee before use. On the other hand, the aroma may be entirely driven off by treating as a decoction that which should be pre-eminently a simple infusion. But not only should coffee not be boiled, it should not even be allowed to "stand" for any length of time. Fresh and fresh is a *sine qua non*; and, again, it can hardly be made too strong. Ude may perhaps be considered extravagant in his artistic allowance of "one cup of ground coffee for two cups of liquid," but the great man admited the principle of subsequent dilution—with boiled cream for choice—though even hot water may be then added without injury to the flavor. As a digestive, strong "black" coffee has scarcely an equal; and it is in this form that the connoisseur deliberately approves the daintily brewed cup of pure Mocha. It must be said that this is a kind of "home comfort" most commonly accessable at a club or well appointed hotel; while as a club comfort—with some trepidation be it said—transplanted to the narrower arena of the domestic circle, it is oftener than it might be a bitter failure. Somehow or other lovely women will not stoop to the folly of putting in a whole cup of coffee for two people—"not for any one." Coffee must be brewed by man for man.

But even the beverage intended for standing use—which, of course, the "black" coffee par excellence is not—may be made bright, fragrant and exhilarating. Abundant, but not excessive strength may still be pleaded for as "cheaper in the end." We have only to inhale the steam of freshly-made coffee of good class and no mistake can be made as to its beneficent character. It repeatedly acts like a charm upon headaches or mental exhaustion, and accompanied with tobacco in any form will enable student or sentry to keep vigil till the dawn. For ordinary domestic use, however, a judicious "blend" is to be preferred to an individual kind. A mixture—uncontemplated by the act—of fine conditioned Mocha, with equal parts of "Telicherry" and West Indian "Plantation," may satisfy Oriental and Englishman alike.

Tobacco and Eyesight.

For many years it has been known to ophthalmic surgeons that abuse of tobacco may lead to failure of sight. This fact has been made use of by the anti-tobacconists, who are mostly well-meaning but meddlesome persons, and whose actions have too close a resemblance to those of agitators in the cause of various reactionary measures for the impediment of scientific research and the obstruction of sanitary legislation. In the report of forty cases of tobacco amblyopia, by Mr. Shears, of Liverpool, it appeared that atrophy of the optic nerves is very rarely met with as the result of excessive smoking, although tobacco is the essential agent in producing failure of sight. Great moderation in smoking, and especially the employment of mild forms of tobacco, is all that is necessary to insure recovery. Mr. Hutchison has found that a very small proportion of smokers suffer from amblyopia, and that among those who do become subject to impaired vision are many who show an hereditary tendency to that infirmity, many of their relatives who do not smoke being similarly afflicted. Workmen in tobacco factories do not appear to be subject to deterioration of eyesight; in one large manufactory, where twelve thousand men and women are employed, Mr. Shears has found that not one single person on the premises suffered from failure of eyesight, although many of the hands had been working there for ten years.

The correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* (July 12th) says that the report of cholera having appeared in Paris was untrue. A landlord, wishing to get rid of a sick coachman in a hurry, reported him as stricken with cholera.

Dr. Seltzer, in the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, recommends beef tea made very hot with red pepper for *delirium tremens*. A London surgeon is stated to have treated 150 cases successfully with the remedy alone.

ENGLISH TARS.

How the Blue Jackets Get Away with the Egyptian Soldiers.

While at Port Said the passengers and crew of an English steamer which has arrived in the Thames within the last few days were eye-witnesses of an extraordinary fracas between some English sailors and a number of Egyptian troops and sailors. The mail steamer had occasion to wait at Port Said for a short time, but had scarcely come to her moorings when her passengers noticed a boat leave the side of the British war vessel Alexandra, which was stationed there. The boat contained four sailors and one marine and appeared to have left the vessel surreptitiously. It had got some distance from the Alexandra before the flight was discovered and immediately signals were passed to an Egyptian vessel which was near them to stop the fugitives. A boat was lowered from the Egyptian vessel and manned by nine sailors and an officer. When the English sailors saw that they were being followed they waited until their pursuers came up to them, when, with extraordinary quickness, they pitched the whole of the Egyptians into the water, afterwards capsizing their boat. The Egyptians, for safety, clung to the gunwale of the English boat, but were soon knocked off by the tars, who pulled for the shore. On approaching the side a force of Egyptian soldiers to the number of about fifty men was found to be waiting to stop the sailors. The English men were unarmed, but, nothing daunted they commenced to "pitch into" the Egyptians right and left, knocking them down like ninepins. Finding that even the fifty were unable to withstand the pugilistic onslaught of the five, reinforcements were sent for. Some fifty other Egyptians arrived, but many of the newcomers were also placed *hors de combat* before the tars were finally secured. The five fugitives, whose courage and ability were worthy of a better cause, were taken back to their ship, their clothes being literally torn from their backs, their white straw hats being the only portion of their apparel intact.

As the sailors were passing the mail steamer the passengers, in admiration of their pluck, forgot sheir breach of duty and gave them a hearty cheer, a compliment which was paid to the erring tars by their own comrades as they approached the Alexandra.—*Paris News.*

A BISHOP'S YARN.

Extraordinary Discovery of Civilized Nations in Africa.

Rev. William Taylor, the recently appointed Methodist Episcopal Bishop for Africa, at his farewell reception in Boston, made this statement: "It is reported that a most extraordinary discovery has recently been made in Africa in a tour from east to west. There have been found nations of people hitherto unknown, who number 50,000,000, and live in houses built of stone, with gardens in the rear and properly laid-out streets, who work in iron, copper and ivory, and are pretty well up in the industrial arts, many of them being well to do. This is a country never heard of before, and the Lord has furnished me a man. This man, William Richard Simmonds, was formerly an unbeliever and addressed great audiences in Belfast and Dublin, but he became convinced of his error and joined the Salvation Army. He has for years been studying all about Africa, with a desire to go there on missionary work, and he has offered to go with me. Our plan is to strike for these people."

BURIED ALIVE.

Sad Fate of Three Children Near Kingston.

Last evening about 7 o'clock James Burgess, an employee of Chicago Granite Co., at Grindstone Island, near Kingston, had his attention attracted by an unusual noise. Remembering that his three little children had been playing about he rushed out to seek them. He ran down to an adjacent marsh and there met some children, who informed him that his little ones were at the river bank. Thither Mr. Burgess ran, and to his horror found that about fifty feet of the bank at that spot and eleven feet in depth had caved in, crushing his children to death. The foreman of the Chicago Granite Company was soon on hand with assistance, and they removed the earth where the children had been killed. The bodies, with the exception of one of the girls, were found to be terribly mangled. The little boy's head was crushed and broken. The little boy was nine years old, the eldest of the two, the other two being girls.

Wealth of Colorado.

Now comes to the front our cattle interests, says the Denver *Republican*, which today reaches, in good round numbers, over 1,500,000 cattle roamimg over Colorado's plains, with a valuation attached to them of not less than $40,000,000; and the field is open for many millions more. While we are unable accurately to give the figures on sheep and other live stock, such as horses and mules, we can safely place them at a nominal valuation of over $13,000,000. And accepting the records as correct for 1883, in agricultural products we will not fall far short of $15,000,000 in 1884. Then add to this the value of all our other industries, and Colorado finds herself a magnet of such power that if rightly used by her people cannot fail in securing for her all the wealth and immigration desirable.

Typhoid and Cyclones.

(From the Columbia S. C. Register.)

From reliable authority the *Register* learns that typhoid fever prevails to a great extent along the track of the cyclone which passed through Fairfield County last spring. Several deaths have occurred in families attacked by the fever, and physicians have noted it as a singular fact that the majority of typhoid fever cases are confined to the stretch of country visited by the cyclone.

The once despised saw-palmetto of the south is likely to become a very useful tree. The fibre obtained from the inner lining of the bud is manufactured into a substance so closely resembling human hair that it is employed as a substitute for the genuine article. Paper fibre, hats, fans and in all probability cordage and clothing, can be furnished by this tree, hitherto considered only an incumbrance to the soil.

HAGAR'S WELL AT MECCA.

Traditional History of the Kaaba Temple.

When Hagar and the infant Ishmael were abandoned by Abraham for domestic reasons which every family man must approve, observes the London *Lancet*, they wandered into the valley of Mecca, or rather where Mecca was afterwards founded, and Hagar, oppressed by the heat, began to search for water to relieve the thirst from which she and the child were suffering. She ran backwards and forwards between the hills of Safa and Marwa, seeking in vain; but, returning to the spot where she had left the infant, found that Ishmael had himself discovered the spring they both needed by a simple expedient familiar to babies of all nations and periods. Kicking out against the ground, his infantile efforts had laid bare one of those springs which in Arabia are frequently concealed by a light layer of sand. This spring, which saved the life of the ancestor of the Arabs, is the well Zemzen, so called (by obvious onomatopœa) from the murmuring sound of its waters. Such at least is the Arab tradition of the origin of the well that now forms one of the most sacred objects within the precincts of the Kaaba, or Holy Temple of Mecca. The Kaaba itself—a cubical building covered outside with hangings of rick black damask, and famous for the sacred stone in one of its corners, which is said (and not improbably, as it seems to be an ærolite) to have fallen from heaven, and which has therefore been kissed black by centuries of adoring pilgrims—was, according to the same authority, built by Abraham after the pattern of a temple which Adam had seen in Paradise, and of which he had transmitted the design to his descendants. Without professing absolute faith in this interesting history, it is certain that the Kaaba and the well Zemzem are among the most ancient of the antiquities of Arabia. They both were connected with the oldest rites of the pagan Arabs, and existed in very much their present form, and were applied to very much their present uses before the time of Mahomet. It was the prophet's grandfather who reopened the well, of the position of which he had been warned in a dream, while he was trying to devise some convenient means of fulfilling his special duty and privileges of supplying water to the tribes who flocked annually to worship at the Kaaba. Digging in the appointed spot, he found two golden gazelles, and some swords and suits of armor which had been buried there three centuries before, and further excavation revealed the remains of an ancient piece of masonry inclosing a copious and never failing spring, which was at once accepted as the traditional well of Hagar. It is probable at least that the masonry dated from the old days of the mercantile prosperity of Mecca, perhaps even from pre-Christian times. Ever since this rediscovery of the well Zemzen has held a prominent place among the holy things in the Arabian temple. The millions of pilgrims who have followed the steps of Hagar and run naked from Safa to Marwa, and have performed the circuit of the Kaaba seven times, as their pagan ancestors did before Mahomet made the Meccan pilgrimage a part of his religion, do not leave the "Haram esh-Sherif" without washing in, or at least tasting, the water of the well Zemzem, and most of them carry away a flask of the holy water. No more valuable present can be offered to a returned Hajjy to his friends than a bottle of this miraculous, though admittedly brackish, fluid. Its properties are quite unique in the eyes of the faithful. It can cure disease; sprinkled on grave clothes it produces the most salutary results in the future state of the deceased; while a single sip is the best cordial that a host can offer to his most distinguished guest. One famous traditionist, whose memory was proverbial, ascribed his retentive powers entirely to the copious draughts he had taken of the waters of Zemzem, which Sale gravely remarks appears to be really as efficacious in its own province as the spring of Helicon has proved to the inspiration of poets. Professor Heaton's analysis of this miraculous water will cause a severe shock to all true believers who read the *Lancet*, though from what one knows of the sanitary methods of the East there is is nothing surprising in the discovery that the well of Zemzem is as foul as a good many other saintly springs. The water in the fountains of mosques never strikes the eye to nose with any very pleasing expression, and Zemzen is in the midst of a thickly-built city, where drainage is of a peculiarly primitive description, and the well is almost necessarily affected by the drainings from the countless carcasses of beasts which are annually sacrificed by the pilgrims in the neighboring valley of Mina. It is, however, some satisfaction to remember that muddiness in a source of inspiration has never been held a bar to miraculous effects, and that the impious Wotton, if we are to believe the "Battle of the Books," found slime even beneath the limpid waters of Helicon. Zemzem will doubtless work wonders in spite of the "completion of the putrefactive process."

Hunting Condors.

The Chilian Government has declared a war of extermination against the condor. It offers a reward of $5 for every condor killed. The hunting of this bird of prey has, under the circumstances, become a lucrative business, though it seems doubtful, if one considers the astounding powers of the bird and its wonderful habits, that the Government can or will ever succeed in destroying the species at any price. A Southern paper, in speaking of this matter, says: "Shooting the condor on the wing is almost out of the question; for it sails at altitudes far beyond the reach of the human eye, and roosts on peaks immeasurably above the clouds. It has been seen at altitudes of 20,000 feet. It haunts the whole western slope of the Andes—not only Chili, but Peru, Bolivia and Patagonia. Latterly the birds have so increased as to form a veritable scourge—notwithstanding the fact that the female lays but two eggs at a time, and that condor-killing has been a regular and lucrative calling for more than a century."—*New York Tribune.*

—No wonder American travellers are avoiding Marseilles. Not a watermelon is to be sold there this season.

—A sower trial—testing an agricultura implement.

A ONE-LEGGED BOY

"Hanged Because He Was Sassy!"

Last fall there came to Victoria a one-legged tramp—glib of tongue, impudent in demeanor, and low in association. He hopped about on a crutch, and sold songs to whoever would buy. He was quite young—scarcely 17; but was no novice in the dark ways of this sinful world. When he failed to effect a sale by coaxing he sometimes "cheeked" persons into buying a song or two. From here he returned to the Sound and Oregon, and this place saw him no more. While passing over the Northern Pacific Railway the other day a conductor said to the writer of this sketch:

"Right below here, if you look sharp as we flash along, you'll see four graves. There rest four men who were hung a short time ago by a vigilance committee and buried there as a warning to other murderers and thieves. At one of the graves a pair of crutches are sticking in the ground. They belonged to one of the men who was hanged."

"Why, you don't mean to say that they hanged a cripple!"

"Oh, yes, they did. You see, he was a bad man, too, and a little while before he was strung up he and another fellow shot at each other. He killed the other fellow and got wounded in the leg. Well, when people of the town below here—Weeksville—got tired of harboring gamblers, murderers, thieves and ——, they just turned loose one day and seized three of the worst and warned the rest to leave by the first train. When the three men were seized the fellow with the lame leg was limping about the gambling houses on crutches. Being lame he didn't think the vigilantes would trouble him. So when the three scoundrels (chums of his) were seized and marched down to the spot we'll come to presently, the man on the crutches just hobbled along after the crowd to see the fun. When he got there the three men had been hanged and the crowd were coming away; but the moment they saw him coming they set up a yell and started for him. He couldn't run, so they just gathered him up in their arms and rushed him along to the trees where his friends were swinging. Some one got a piece of rope and before he could say a prayer he was swinging from one of the limbs. He died game, though; only asked time to write to his mother, which they didn't give him. When the men were hung long enough the bodies were cut down and buried, and some one took the lame man's crutches and stuck them in the grave. There they are now," cried the conductor pointing towards the side of the track.

And there, sure enough, were the four graves with the pair of crutches standing—one at the head and one at the foot of the resting place of the lame gambler.

"I'd as soon think of hanging a woman as a lame man," quoth one of the passengers. "There's something cowardly about it."

Some of the company defended and others condemned the act, and the discussion was growing warm when an odd-looking, elderly man who had not previously spoken a word, said:

"Talk about hanging a cripple! These vigilance committees will hang a child when they warm to their work. Let me tell you what I saw with my own eyes at ——, a town half-a-day's journey back here. A little, one-legged ragamuffin boy came into the town one day. He was foul in person and tongue. Sold songs for a living, and if you didn't buy he'd abuse you terribly. Well, gentlemen, he hadn't been there a week before nearly the whole town got down on him, and he was told to leave; but he wouldn't go—said he'd come to stay and no — — — couldn't drive him off. It was a fine evening two months ago that a lot of the best citizens of the town just turned out and snatched that boy up and carried him off towards the bridge, just outside the limits. He wasn't much of a load. I guess he was half-starved and sick. He cried a good deal as they carried him through the town, and promised if they'd let him go he'd be a good boy and go away. But they said 'No; you've sassed the best citizens of the place, and you've got to die.' I didn't follow them; but they hanged him from one of the rails of the bridge, and after he was dead they buried him near by. The next day some of the people who didn't think it was right to hang the poor boy went out and found his crutch lying by the roadside and the little stock of songs he'd tried to sell scattered about."

Silence prevailed in the smoking-room for full a minute. Then one of the company asked—

"But why did they hang him?"

"Because," replied the stranger, deliberately, "*he was sassy!*"

Veterah Statesmen.

To-day (Friday, July 11th) says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Gladstone has been Prime Minister for nine years and 154 days, eight days longer than Lord Palmerston, whose tenure of power, like that of Mr. Gladstone, was divided into two Administrations. The only two statesmen who, since politics assumed their present shape—say within the last hundred years—have governed the country for a longer period than Mr. Gladstone, are William Pitt (18 years and 10 months) and Lord Liverpool (14 years and 10 months.) It is needless to say, however, that the wear and tear of the Prime Ministership must have been very much less in their time than at the present day, when that office is combined with the leadership of the House of Commons. The following table gives the services of the most experienced statesmen of both parties as they now stand:

	Service in Parl't	In Office.		In Cabinet	
	Years.	Yr's	M't's	Yr's	Mth's
Lord Granville...	47	28	1	21	2
Mr. Gladstone....	51	22	10	20	9
Duke of Argyll...	37	18	4	18	4
Lord Kimberley..	37	16	5	9	6
Lord Derby.....	36	13	0	12	3
Lord Hartington	27	12	9	9	9
Mr. Childers.....	24	11	9	9	6
Lord J. Manners	40	10	8	10	8
Sir S. Northcote	28	9	0	8	7
Lord Salisbury...	31	6	10	6	10

"This book is of no value whatever," said the literary editor to the managing editor of a Provincial daily. "But we get so much advertising from the publishers that I dislike to cut it up. What shall I do?" "Well, you might say that the binding is remarkably handsome," was the reply.—*Boston Globe.*