THE LEGEND OF STAR ISLAND.

The Only Monument to John Smith, the Friend of Pocahontas.

During the troublesome times before and subsequent to the revolution the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, were the resort and hiding places of the freebooters who haunted the northern coast, and these silent rocks, if they could speak, would tell many a tale of bloody cruelty and gloomy wrong. The pirates used to come here to divide and hide their booty, and melt up the silverplate they captured from the colonists along the coast. For a long time it was supposed that bushels of doubloons were buried in the gaping crevices of the rocks, or the little caves that have been eaten out of the ledges by the restless tide; but the place was thoroughly searched by several generations of fishermen, and nothing more valuable than a rusty cutlass or a bursted blunderbuss was ever found. The grandames tell how Capt. Kydd came here often, "as he sailed, as he sailed," and there are legends of other pirates quite as fierce and free as he. The Star Island used to be haunted by a beautiful spectre with long white robes and golden tresses reaching to her heels, who used to come out of some undiscovered cavern at dawn, and shading her eyes with a hand that was as white and beautiful as a lily's bosom, gaze off upon the sea in hopeless expectancy of the return of a clipper that sailed away and never came back again. The story goes that a bloody-hearted old pirate, being pursued by a cruiser, brought his beautiful mistress here and left her while he went out to battle, telling her that by dawn he would be back again, but he came not, not even till now. She died of starvation, but her faithful spirit still comes to the summit of the island as the sun rises each morning, to meet the corsair who never returned. There are eight of the islands, the smallest being as large, or rather as small, as a city building lot, and the largest containing only a couple of hundred acres—nothing but bare, lifeless rocks, carved by the incessant waves into strange grotesqueness, and covered by no vegetation except low, clinging vines and the New England blueberry. Four of the islands are inhabited, the largest, the Appledore, bears a hotel and a few cottages. Star island has another hotel and a small settlement of fishermen; a third has a few fishermen's huts, and the fourth has a bold, white lighthouse springing out of its crest. They were discovered by Capt. John Smith, the friend of Pocahontas, who in 1614 explored the New England coast in an open boat, and spent some time here making repairs and resting. On Star island stands the only monument erected in America to Capt. John Smith. It is a rude affair—a prismatic shaped shaft of marble, upon a pedestal of sandstone, inscribed at length with the record of his valorous deeds, and some cyclopedias say he is buried here, but that is a mistake.

WIVES WANTED ON TRIAL.

Eccentric Gentlemen with Matrimonial Intentions.

Daniel F. Shugone, the farmer who has spent considerable time and money in his efforts to free Ella Larabee, the pretty young female burglar of Brooklyn, for the purpose of making her his wife, has apparently given up all hopes of success. He entered the Labor Bureau in Castle Garden yesterday morning, and approaching Manager Connolly he said abruptly: "I want a wife. May I speak to some of the immigrant girls here and see if any of them would like to get married? I am not a poor man. I have got a snug little farm on the outskirts of Boston, and can support a wife comfortably."

Mr. Connolly gave him permission to plead his cause with the girls present. They all laughed at him. No one appreciated the offer of his hand and heart. He then took a seat on a bench and waited patiently until another ship came in and a fresh lot of young girls entered the Labor Bureau. He met with no success, however.

About 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon a *Journal* reporter entered the bureau and meeting Shugone asked:

"Have you broken with Nellie?"

"Well, yes; I guess I have. I think she is a little too naughty for me."

While the reporter was still speaking with Shugone a thin, nervous-looking man entered the bureau, and, sliding up to Matron Boyle, asked:

"Have you got a wife for me yet?"

"No, Mr. Martin, I have not," she replied.

The new-comer said his name was Michael Martin. He is 52 years of age, and was married once, and had a family of seven children—six sons and a daughter. His wife died about five years ago, and since then he has been travelling about searching for another wife.

"How have you succeeded so far?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I have had two or three ladies at my house on trial, but none of them suited."

"Did you marry them?"

"Oh, no. Just hired them first, to see if they could work. If they suited me I would have married any one of them."

"Where do you live?"

"I've got a fine farm out in Trenton, N. J. When I leave here I am going to a matrimonial bureau at the corner of Eleventh street and Sixth avenue."

"Can any one go there and get a wife?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, no. You must be vouched for by some one who is known there. They run it as an employment agency."

"Are there many such places in the city?"

"I only know of one more, and that's in Nassau street. Well, good-day," and the loquacious old wife-hunter started up town for the matrimonial bureau. Mr. Shugone left shortly afterward, saying he would call again to-day.—*New York Journal.*

Down to First Principles.

Fashionable sufferer—"Doctor, what can I do to whiten my hands? I have been to every manicure in Detroit."

"What have you tried?"

"Oh, everything. Glycerine, lotions, washes and everything; but they still persist in remaining brown and spotted."

"Have you tried water?"

"Good gracious! What an idea!"

"Try water with soap in it. In fact, wash them. My fee will be $3."

NOVELTIES IN WATERMELONS.

Flavored With Vanilla, Made Into Salad and Eaten With Beans.

"There's no fear of a watermelon famine this season," said a dealer at Arch street wharf to a Philadelphia *Press* reporter, as he gazed upon a pile of the luscious, green-coated fruit. "They are coming in by the boat load. They come mostly from Jersey and Maryland just now. Early in the season they come as far south as Georgia and Florida. They range in price from $2 to $15 a hundred."

"Where do they go mostly?"

"To hotels and boarding-houses; to summer-resort hotels in particular. A few are bought for private families. But they can't be relied on to make an every-day trade. The poor people buy them a good deal on Saturdays for Sunday dinners. Young people buy them for what they call water-melon parties. After they eat out the red part they enjoy themselves by hanging the rinds on one another's heads. A good many times they supplement the rinds with their fists. The boarding-house and hotel trade is a pretty steady one. You see, twenty cents' worth of melon will make a big show and go a grea way as dessert."

"Any new varieties this year?"

"Well, we have the vanilla and the lemon-flavored watermelon. They are got by injecting the vanilla flavor or inserting a bit of lemon into the stem while the melon is growing. The flavor is taken up by the pulp and makes a delicious combination. Only epicures know of this wrinkle and we therefore have few of the doctored species on sale. You can get a toothsome dish by plugging a melon, injecting a little fine claret, restoring the plug and allowing the wine to be taken up by the fruit. But, beware, the combination is as seductive as Roman punch."

"Any new ways of preparing the melon for table

"Well, I've been eating melons for forty years, and I still prefer 'em plain. Some of my customers, however, like 'em mixed. One of my best boarding-house customers has watermelon salad every Sunday in the season. She prepares it, she says, as she does lettuce—cuts the red part of the melon up into bits, adds pepper, salt, vinegar and oil. It ought to make 'em sick, but she does say her boarders just fight for it. Another family that I know of pour molasses on their melons. A good many people, I believe, always add a squeeze of lemon to the fruit. A Boston family that deal with me are always particular to have their melons firm and just ripe and don't haggle about price when they get 'em to suit. They have the melons cut into little strips and eat 'em with cold baked beans. put, as I said before, for my part I like 'em plain."

LONGEVITY AND LABOR.

Work Preserves the Health, Idleness Weakens It.

Ericsson, the veteran inventor, was 81 years old recently. He is in excellent health, and works, it is said, sixteen hours a day, thus proving an exception to the general rule, like many others that are received without a question, that hard work kills is a fallacy. Perhaps it might be fairly asserted that busy men live longer than idle men; that work is, after all, the true elixir of life. Many noteworthy instances where longevity coincides with remarkable mental activity will easily occur to the reader.

Was not Sophocles more than ninety when, to prove that he was not in his dotage—as his heirs claimed, in order to get his money—he wrote one of his greatest tragedies? Did not Humboldt do more work at four score than many bright men do at forty? Goethe, as every one knows, died with pen in hand at the age of eighty-two. Von Ranke, the foremost of living historians, has just published another volume of his Universal History; he will be eighty-nine years old next December. Carlyle and Emerson lost none of their vigor until they reached three score years and ten.

And, to-day, who imagines that Oliver Wendell Holmes, already on the verge of seventy-five, is old? Longfellow did some of his best work shortly before his death, at seventy-five, and Whittier is now two years older than that. The vast energies, whose sum in many directions are known as Victor Hugo, show no signs of decrepitude, although it is more than eighty-two years since Victor Hugo was born. Historians, it may be remarked, have usually been long lived.

Voltaire died at 84. Thieray and Michlet at 76; Mignet and Guizot at 87. George Bancroft is now 84, and George Tichnor lived to be 80. In public life we have had several recent examples of great men whose power for statemanship did not diminish through age. Gladstone is nearly 75, and Palmerston was Prime Minister at the time of his death, two days before he had completed his 81st year. Benjamin Franklin, in the last century, lived to be 84.

These instances suffice to show that there are constitutions which not only can bear, but which actually need the stimulus of hard work up to a very advanced period. Of course, on the other hand, might be cited the remarkable men who died young, but even from their experience the fact might be brought out, not that they were killed by overwork, but by irrational work. Usually, as in the case of Keats, early death is the result of chronic disease. Shelley, who is always mentioned among those whose lives stretched but a span, was drowned accidentally, and there is good reason to believe that but for this he would have lived to old age, because he was physically strong.

Raphael, Mozart, Boron, Burns and Schubert succumbed just at an age when most men reach their prime, but it must not be forgotten that the last three undermined their health by excesses. Shakespeare, Napoleon, Cæsar and Beethoven recognized as the unrivalled giants in their respective departments, died at between fifty and sixty. But on the other hand Michel Angelo, than whom no man ever expended more energy upon his vast achievements, lived to be ninety, and Titian was ninety-nine. It is evident, therefore, that while no strict law can be established, there is a relationship between longevity and labor. Work preserves the health, while idleness tends to weaken it.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Low tied—A married couple of short stature.

THE DARK CONTINENT.

Great Possibilities of the Vast Land that Civilization is Striving to Control

The great Dark Continent continues to attract the attention of the nations and Churches in an increasing degree. Our readers will be interested in the following brief account of its territory and people. Africa is almost an island, being united to Asia by the narrow isthmus of Suez; in fact, the Suez Canal makes it now an island. Its length is about 5,000 miles, and its greatest breadth 4,600. It contains an area of nearly 12,000 square miles and its sea coast is so extensive that to sail around it would be equal to two-thirds the circumnavigation of the globe. It lies in three zones; its grand central belt of 3,000 miles is in the torrid; and this is flanked north and south by about 1,000 miles on each side lying in the temperate zones. It thus presents within its vast area the most delightful variety of climate. The central belt of this great land could feed half the world. The seasons are so favorable that crops may be grown throughout the year, and already you find here the finest rice, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, beans, peanuts, melons, squashes, tomatoes, ginger, pepper, arrow-root, cotton, sugar cane, yams, cocoa, cassada etc., while Liberian coffee carries off the palm. "Africa will yet be the greatest cotton, coffee and sugar country" on which the sun shines; the world's market. Africa is one of the richest countries on the globe, in vegetable and mineral resources. There are indications that it is yet to prove the world's granary and treasury. Already wheat, sugar cane, cotton, silk, wool, olives, dates and other tropical fruits may be found there, and there is no variety of fruit or vegetable which could not be grown somewhere in its vast area. Copper, lead, iron, coal, gold and diamonds abound; and as to its timber land, its forests are so thick with all kinds of trees that they are now an impassable jungle. Fifty thousand elephants are supposed to be slain annually for their ivory tusks; India rubber, hides and gums abound, and as to ostrich plumes, the profit of one grown ostrich is $55 a year. More than one hundred and fifty books have been written in description of this grand continent; but the half has not been told, and in fact not yet known, for God's providence has for some wise reason kept this continent veiled for thousands of years, and even now it is only the corner of the veil that is yet lifted. When we think what historic events were waiting to find in America the theatre of their transaction, and what wonders of development followed the discovery of this hidden continent four centuries ago, who can tell what may yet be the glory of the civilization that shall robe the Dark Continent in the lustrous garments of enterprise, education, and, above all, Christianity? Here are mixed peoples, Arabs and Turks, Moors and Jews; various religions—Mohammedan, Papal, Jewish. The population is estimated at 200,000,000. Africa's sable sons have a peculiar religious aptitude, that makes this land a very hopeful, fruitful soil in which to sow the seed of the gospel. And then we must remember that the typical African is not to be found in the class that has been reduced to slavery and brought to other climes. The cradle of the grandest civilization of the ages past was in the valley of the Nile; and the heart of the Dark Continent to-day holds some of the manliest specimens of the human race. And then the African is naturally aesthetic. "The negro," says Mrs. Stowe, "is an exotic of the most gorgeous and superb countries of the world, and he has deep in his heart a passion for all that is splendid, rich and fanciful; a passion which, rudely indulged by an untrained taste, draws on them the ridicule of the colder and more correct white race." If ever Africa shall show an elevated and cultivated race—and come it must, some time, her turn to figure in the great drama of human improvement—life will awake there with a gorgeousness and splendor of which our cold western tribes faintly conceived. In that far-off mystic land of gold, and gems, and spices, and waving palms, and wondrous flowers, and miraculous fertility, will awake new forms of art, new styles of splendor; and the negro race, no longer despised and trodden down, will perhaps show forth some of the latest and most magnificent revelations of human life. Certainly they will, in their gentleness, their lowly docility of heart, their aptitude to repose on a superior mind and rest on a higher power, their childlike simplicity of affection and facility of forgiveness. In all these they will exhibit the highest form of the peculiarly Christian life, and perhaps, as God chasteneth whom He loveth, He hath chosen poor Africa in the furnace of affliction to make her the highest and noblest in that kingdom which He will set up, when every other kingdom has been tried and failed; for "the first shall be last, and the last first."—*Record.*

Ivy Lawns.

Ivy lawns are known to but few among the many who are interested in gardening economy. The consist, as the name implies, of ivy only, and they offer some peculiar advantages in cases where grass lawns are apt to occasion more trouble than they are worth. An ivy lawn may be well made in one season, and if the primary operation of planting be properly performed the lawn will make itself; it will want no cutting, no sweeping, no watering, no protection from the birds that eat the grass seeds to-day and to-morrow scratch up the tender plants, as though it was their mission to make grass lawns impossible. And when made, being, as it were, self-made, an ivy lawn will take care of itself for any number of years; but if in need of repair or trimming, the knife, the shears or the spade may be used with unskilful hands, and with the least imaginable cost of time, for it is not an easy thing to kill, or even to seriously injure, a lawn consisting of ivy solely. Such lawns are unfit for games, and indeed should not be trodden on. They will not, therefore, supersede grass in a country garden, which, perhaps, is a matter for congratulation; but they will give us the most delightful breadth of verdure in thousands of places where grass is more plague than profit, and, at the very best, tends rather to disgrace than adorn the position.

way that separates me from the rustic, ivy covered church.

Old World Gossip.

Admiral McClintock, the Arctic explorer, denies all the allegations of Dr. Rae regarding the cannibalism of the members of the Franklin expedition. Admiral McClintock and Dr. Rae are not friends.

Marshal Von Moltke, says a French paper, is said to be seriously ill. He has cerebral paralysis and is hardly able to walk. When he eats his servant is obliged to perform the most ordinary offices for him. He is gradually falling into a comatose state.

Two Foreign Office clerks passing along Whitehall: "Very sad, isn't it? I see by this morning's papers the Duke of Wellington is dead." "You don't say so; why, he must have been very old indeed—it's nearly a century since the battle of Waterloo was fought."

A correspondent of the London *Lancet* says that he has practised for eight years on steamers running between Liverpool and American ports. During this time he has had charge of 50,000 people, and the deaths were less than one per 1,000. Five of these were suicides and the remainder mostly occurred among children.

The Paris papers, though dull, understand a joke. They say "The American authorities must indeed be frightened about the cholera. They threaten, according to the newspapers, which always tell the truth, that if Bartholdi's Liberty arrives this summer she shall be quarantined and kept in the lower bay on the ground that she comes from an infected cholera district."

Ten days ago criers ran through the streets of Bethune, France, selling a newspaper extra which gave a detailed account of an Orleanist *coup d'etat* and a revolution at Paris. General de Galliffet, according to the despatches, had surrounded the Elysee, the Faubourg Saint Honoré was a scene of the greatest excitement and violence and the Come de Paris was about to put himself at the head of his troops.

It was at Ashieres, close to the margin of the virginal, the immaculate Seine. "Augustus," she exclaimed, "darling Augustus, do not venture into that boat. You know you might drown, my dear, and then—and then—" "Oh! pshaw, Clementine, I'm used to it. I shan't drown." "Well, anyhow, leave me your watch and chain, that's a dear."

A sad tragedy happened at Bettlach in Alsace. A farmer had returned from the fields with a load of dried clover. His little son fell asleep among the hay, which covered him from sight. The father did not know of his presence and proceeded to unload. He plunged his pitchfork with great force into the hay and was horrified by the terrible cry which followed the act. The unfortunate child was pierced through and through, and died almost immediately. The father's despairing agony can only be magined.

London in a Historical Sense.

London has been, since the conquest, the real centre of government, of the thought, the growth, the culture and the life of the nation, says *Macmillan's Magazine.* No other city in Europe has kept that prerogative unbroken for eight centuries until our own day. At the very utmost, Paris has possessed it for not more than four centuries, and in an incomplete manner for at least half of these four. The capitals of Prussia, Austria, Russia and Spain are merely the artificial work of recent ages, and the capitals of Italy and Greece are mere antiquarian revivals. England was centralized earlier than by any other European nation; and thus the congeries of towns that we now call London has formed from the early days of our monarchy, the essential seat of Government, the military headquarters, the permanent home of the law, the connecting link between England and the continent, and one of the great centres of the commerce of Europe. Hence it has come about that the life of England has been concentrated on the banks of the Thames more completely and for a longer period than the life of any great nation has been concentrated in any single modern city. When we add to that fact the happy circumstance that at least down to the memory of living men, London retained a more complete series of public monuments, a more varied set of local associations, more noble buildings bound up with the memory of more great events and more great men than any single city in Europe (except perhaps Rome itself), we come to the conclusion that London is a city unsurpassed in historic interest.

A CONVICT ESCAPES.

Hugo Cline, the Hamilton Horse Thief Walks Out of the Central Prison.

A prisoner named Hugo Cline, under sentence of 23 months in the Central Prison for horse stealing in Hamilton, escaped from the Central Prison between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday. He had been in the prison hospital for some time past under treatment for disease of the heart. He had been in the prison about a year, and some time ago made an adroit attempt to escape by sawing a hole in the floor of a carpenter shop. A guard happened to kick away some of the shavings with which he had covered the place of his concealment, and seeing the marks of the saw, lifted the piece and discovered Cline lying face up in the lining of the floor. Since that time he has evidently been watching his chance to escape. Yesterday a guard happened to leave the grated doors of the hospital unlocked and Cline coolly walked out, and by the assistance of a board scaled the fence and cleared off towards the west. He is a German, about 23 years of age, fresh complexioned, with brown hair, weight about 150 pounds, and height 5 feet 9 inches. He has been a thief from his infancy, and has been in many of the prisons of the United States.

An Unpleasant Task

"What are you going to do with the dog?" asked a gentleman on the street of a friend who was carrying a small poodle under his arm; "take him down to the river and drown him?"

"I wish I might," was the sad response; "but he belongs to my wife. I am taking him over to the barber's to have his hair cut.

High tea: "Which part of the cake will you take, Johnny?" "Oh, I'll take the soprano, I guess." "The soprano—What do you mean?" "The upper part, of course, ma."

PIE PHILOSOPHY.

A Plea for Palatable Pastry—The Origin of a Noted Pie Shop.

In this sublunary existence it is not good enough simply to live, pull through life as a tired horse pulls a load up hill. Life is the best thing we've got, and it behooves us to make the best of it in the few years that are allotted to us. How are we to go about doing this? "Eat pie" is the quiet admonition that comes back to us like an echo from some far beyond, and in those two words we may find all that is needed to produce in humanity those tender qualities so much in demand, because so scarce. They say, *They*, that pie means indigestion. Who are "They?" A dyspeptic does not enjoy life to any great extent, and where is the grumbler who loves pie? Mirthful is the adjective that should qualify our existence, for in the jolly compound of fat men and laughter do we find the sunniest side of what many choose to call a hard and cruel world.

A MIRTHFUL MAN LOVES PIE,

a lover of pie loves mirth, and the mirthful man goes through life to get all the good out of it he can. Life is not a serious thing that we should hang our heads and mope. We are not to blame for existing. We did not put ourselves here, and we need not bother our brains about getting away. That will be all attended to at the proper time. All that is expected of us is that we have a good time, and by our daily life show that we thank the Lord for giving us the chance to glorify Him in our happiness. But what has this to do with pie? Pie is the substratum of our average sweetness of disposition, and if you were as great a philanthropist as you should be, if you really had the good of the nation at heart, it would be your self-instituted task to establish pie factories in every city in the land, and you would sell pies by retail at wholesale prices to men, women and babies; in fact you would give them away—that is if people couldn't buy them; any way, they should all eat pie. Who knows of a city that loves pie better than New York, unless it is Boston? There, we are told, they have pie for breakfast, pie for dinner, pie for supper, and

SIT UP NIGHTS TO EAT PIE.

Both are good cities, in their way. There are some chronic pessimists in each, but investigation proves that they do not eat pie. No pie eater can be truly wicked in disposition. Show us a city that eats pie and we will show you a city with a happy population. Away down on the eastern end of Long Island forty years ago, a boy was dropping potatoes for his uncle. He got tired of dropping potatoes, and one morning he found himself at Catharine street ferry with one cent in his pocket. The ferry master took the one cent and trusted the boy for the rest of his fare across the East River. He found a job with a baker for his board and clothes before night, and that boy has been baking ever since. He is to-day the President of a New York Pie Baking Company and claims the distinction of having baked and sold more pies than any man in America. He has educated the people up to their present fondness for pies, and therein he has built for himself a monument. He sold pies to Mr. and Mrs. Niblo, when the "Garden" was a vacant lot surrounded by a high board fence, and the simple couple stood day after day in their caps and white aprons and resold them at a big profit.

When P. T. Barnum was his own ticket-seller and doorkeeper at his museum, then situated where the *Herald* building now stands, his dinner every day was one of Thompson's pies and a piece of cheese. This company now sells 20,000 pies every day, and its business is rapidly increasing with the appetite of the community. It uses 300 barrels of flour a week, and every day works into pie 25 barrels of apples, other fruits in proportion, 6,000 pounds of sugar, 840 dozen eggs, 2,640 pounds of lard, 1,400 quarts of milk and 100 bushels of berries. The loss in pie plates alone is $5,000 a year. The business is established on a strict cash basis, and under no circumstances are its principles departed from. In the face of such facts as these, who dares to say that it is not good to eat pie? When a man reaches that point where he turns up his nose at sweet things, he is pretty far gone.—*New York Confectioner.*

Empress Eugenie and Her Son.

I have seen the ex-Empress Eugenie at table perhaps a dozen times, and I never saw any one eat so little that seemed to be in as good health as she did. Her son (poor boy!), however, made up for her, for he had a very healthy appetite. While at Shoeburyness Military School he had several photographs taken by one of the soldiers, who had some talent that way, and he gave me a copy with his autograph on it. Another embryo artist at Shoeburyness wished to make a plaster bust of the young Prince, and accordingly they arranged the sand and mud to take the mould, and he got down on his knees and bravely pushed his greased face into the mud, but not far enough to suit the artist, who put his hands on the young Napoleon's neck and pushed it still further in. When the plaster caste was taken out there was a nose like a gourd squash about a foot long, as the plaster had somehow forced a channel for itself. This remarkable bust now stands on a pedestal in the mess-room at Shoeburyness, and is marked Napoleon IV. To think of the brave, bright young man as I knew him, full of life and boyish earnestness, as having died as he died, makes my heart ache for him, and more for the mother who loved him so. After my visit to Chislehurst, I never saw either of them again.—*Olive Harper's Reminiscences.*

Canadians for the Nile.

A Winnipeg despatch says the full complement of *voyageurs* for the Egyptian campaign has been secured. There were 200 applications. They leave on Saturday.

Lord Wolseley has telegraphed to Col. Kennedy, of Winnipeg, for a canoe similar to the one he used during the Red River expedition.

Capt. Aumond, of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, and Capt. McRae, of No. 7 Company, 7th Batt., London, have been appointed as Lieutenants under Major Denison, in command of the Canadian *voyageurs* for the Nile.

Several French papers announce that the real object of the King of Sweden's visit to England was to settle the preliminaries of a marriage between his second son, Prince Oscar, and the Princess Louise of Wales.