SUPPLEMENT TO

Acton Free Press.

The Need of Women Doctors in India.

Punna is the capital of a native State in Bundelcund, Central India, a city of 12,000 inhabitants, situated above two hundred miles south of Lucknow and one hundred south of Allahabad. The sovereign of this State, the Maharajah of Punna, applied to Miss Beilby, a lady medical missionary at Lucknow, for medical attendance for his wife, the Maharanee, who had long been suffering from a painful internal disease. It would have been impossible for her to have obtained relief at the hands of any but a lady doctor, as native customs preclude an inmate of a Zenana from being seen by any man but her father, husband, or brother. The call was an important one, and Miss Beilby went to Punna to attend the Maharanee, residing many weeks in the midst of this heathen court, and in a native city where there is no other European. Her skill and care in the treatment of the Indian Princess were blessed and a cure effected. She was also able, while in attendance on the Maharanee, to relieve many poor patients in the city and in the native hospital.

When the time of her departure from Punna arrived she was desired to present herself at the palace to take leave of her royal patient, on Wednesday, the 18th of April last. The Maharanee received her in her private room, and almost immediately dismissed all her attendants and ladies, so that she might be quite alone with her. The Maharanee then said that she wished Miss Beilby to make her a solemn promise. Without knowing what it might involve she was reluctant to do this, and at length the Maharanee said: "You are going to England, and I want you to tell our Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the men and women in England, what the women in the Zenanas in India suffer when they are sick!" She explained that it was no social change in their condition she sought, but relief in their cruel sufferings. She charged Miss Beilby to give this message herself to the great Queen of England, not to send it through any other channel, but to take it herself, or her Majesty would think less of it.

Miss Beilby represented to the Maharanee the difficulty she would have in getting access to the Queen; that with us it is not as in the East, where anyone can go to the palace and lay a petition before the native sovereign. Besides, she told her she hardly knew what good it would do if she could do as she wished and take her message to our Queen. The Queen could not make lady doctors, or order them to go out. It was not in the power of even the great Queen of England to do this. "But," said the Maharanee, "did you not tell me our Queen was good and gracious, that she never heard of sorrow or suffering without sending a message to say how sorry she was and trying to help? Did you not show me a picture of a train falling into the sea, where a bridge broke, and did you not tell me how grieved our Queen was? Well, it was very sad those people should have been killed, but our condition is far worse. If you will only tell our Queen what we Indian women suffer when we are sick, I am sure she will feel for us and try to help us." Miss Beilby felt she could no longer refuse to promise to convey this message, if possible. The Maharanee next bade her write it down at once (giving her pen, ink and paper), lest she should forget it, and added: "Write it small, Dr. Miss Sahiba, for I want to put it in a locket, and you are to wear this locket round your neck till you see our great Queen, and give it her yourself. You are not to send it through another."

On Miss Beilby's return to England, the Queen, having being told by some of the ladies of her court of Miss Beilby's work and her message, determined, in spite of all difficulties and many engagements, to see her and hear all for herself, and accordingly sent for her. Her Majesty listened with great interest, asking many questions and showing the deepest sympathy. Turning to her ladies, she said, "We had no idea it was as bad as this. Something must be done for these poor creatures." The Maharanee's locket, with its message, was given to the Queen, and her Majesty intrusted Miss Beilby with a message in reply, which was intended for the Maharanee alone. But the Queen also gave Miss Beilby a message which might be given to every one with whom she spoke on the subject—"We should wish it generally known that we sympathize with every effort made to relieve the suffering state of the women of India."

The Maharanee, in parting with Miss Beilby, said in solemn and earnest accents: "If you forget your promise your God will judge you."

The Origin of Salutations.

A large, if not the largest, class of salutations can be traced to intercession. The deeply religious character of the Orientals shows itself specially in their salutations. The Hebrew word Barak, "to bless," had all the meanings of saluting, welcoming and bidding adieu, the person spoken to being in such case commended to God. "Blessed be thou of the Lord;" "The Lord be with thee;" "And Jacob blessed Pharaoh and went out from before him," are instances which illustrate the usage of the word. They are paralleled by the Arabian "God grant thee His favor;" "May God strengthen your morning;" "May your morning be good;" by the Persian "I make prayers for thy greatness;" and by the Ottoman "Be under the guard of God; My prayers are for thee;" "Forget me not in thy prayers," and we cannot be surprised that this kind of salutation is found to exist in some shape or other among all national greetings. Our religion has come from the East, and some of their religious salutations still survive; as, for example, in the Esthonian "God guide you," the "Adieu" of the French, the "Go with God, Senor," of Spain, and our "Good-bye," corrupted into "God-bye."

The Game of Life.

Man's life is a game of cards. First it is "crib-age." Next he tries to "go it alone," at a sort of "cut, shuffle and deal" pace. Then he "gambols on the green." Then he "raises the deuce" when his mother takes a "hand in," and, contrary to rule, "beats the little joker with her five." Then with his "diamond" he "wins" the "queen of hearts." Tired of "playing a lone hand," he expresses a desire to "assist" his "fair partner," "throws out his hand," and the clergyman takes a $10 bill of him "an a pair." She "orders him up" to build fires. Like a "knave," he joins the "clubs," where he often gets "high" which is "low" too. If he keeps "straight" he is often times "flush." He grows old, "bluff" sees a "deal" of trouble, when at last he "shuffles off his mortal coil," and "passes in his checks." As he is "raked in" by a "spade," life's fitful "game" is ended, and waits the summons of Gabriel's "trump" which shall "order him up."

Curious if True.

Is there any sympathy between a mutilated arm and the body from which it has been taken? I am gravely assured that there is a man now living whose arm had to be cut off, and who for some time after continued to feel a pain as if the fingers of the lost limb were still with him, and were very much cramped. As the sensation was prolonged until it became intolerable, the arm which had been buried was exhumed, and it was found that the fingers were in the same uncomfortable position of which the man was unpleasantly conscious. When they were straightened out his discomfort ceased. I hope nobody will say this is a gooseberry.

A forlorn-looking American said: "I've tried everything I could turn my hand to, but couldn's make anything answer; and now I'm going up among the rocks, where they say there's a wonderful echo, to see if I can make that answer."

BURGUNDY WINES.

The Process of Making the Wine and the Men Who Make it—Resemblances Between the Irish and the Burgundians.

My kinsman had accepted an invitation for himself and me to be present at the opening of the vintage at "Nuits," which is a straggling little town in the heart of the famous "Cote d'Or," or "Golden Hillside." We arrived there the evening before the vintage in October and were received with great hospitality by our host, who was a regal proprietor. In appearance and manner he reminded me very much of an Irish gentleman of the "olden time."

I went to sleep on some of his grand wine ten years in bottle and was awoke at daylight next morning by the confounded hammering of some coopers who were preparing the vats and casks to receive the grapes. After a very slight first breakfast my friend and myself started for the vineyards, whither the whole population seemed to be *en route*. As the vintage of this whole section commences on the same day, the population of the small villages would be manifestly unable to gather it in, the result being that strangers, including men, women and even children from the surrounding country flock in for the grape gathering, and are hired each morning for the day only. The wages for adults is from one to two francs a day, their food, a barn to sleep in, and a "goute" or nip of brandy before they begin work in the morning.

GATHERING THE GRAPES.

These gatherers remind me, by their ragged attire, of the Connaughtmen who go every year to reap the English harvest. On reaching the vineyard they place themselves under the orders of the superintendent in a long line, in front of the vines, and while the women and children cut off the bunches of grapes, and drop all they don't eat into small baskets, the men gather these baskets when full and carry them to a part of the vineyard marked by high stakes, and there empty them into larger baskets, which when full are carried off into the carriage road. If what I am now about to describe will shock the delicate sensibilities of some people, I can only plead the facts as my apology for the plainness of the description. When the large baskets full of grapes are carried into the road they find there a horse and cart in waiting. They also find a carter, and it is this gentleman's performances with the grapes that are apt to shock some fastidious people. On the cart is a large oval tub, technically called a "ballonge," in shape like a bath-tub, and in this tub stands the carter, as if he was intending to take a bath which, unfortunately, he never does. Instead of taking the bath he (on the arrival of the baskets) merely takes off his boots—he never wears stockings—flings them into the cart, turns up his pantaloons, and prepares for action. The porters hand him up basket after basketful of grapes, which he empties into the bath-tub, and then with his dirty, naked feet he proceeds frantically to jump up and down upon them like an insane Shaker or an Irishman "spilin'" for a fight at Donnybrook Fair. When the tub is full, he swings down from his cart into the road, wipes his feet on the nearest tuft of grass, drives his cart home, and empties its contents into the vats.

This done, he returns to the roadside, again takes off his boots, fills up his tub as before, and, still with unwashed feet, repeats his saltatory performance. This, at the time I am speaking of, was the general mode of carrying home the grapes in Burgundy, but some fastidious people having suggested that a more cleanly method would be desirable, some of the proprietors were induced to try it. They were not very successful, however, for when it was proposed to the carters that they should wash their feet before jumping on the grapes, and to the vat men that they should take a bath before going naked into the vats, they sturdily resisted. They declared that it was simply a new-fangled idea, an invasion of their inalienable right to be as dirty as they pleased, that it had never been done before, and, in short, wound up by saying, in substance, as the Irishman did who was sent to Sing Sing, that "sooner than take a bath he'd lave the house."

A GENUINE IRISHMAN.

Speaking of Irishmen, the appearance of many of the laborers in Burgundy reminded me very much of them, and I was destined to meet in the vineyard of my host a genuine specimen of the race. Lever, in one of his novels, has stated that an Irishman turns up in the most unexpected places, and illustrates his saying by this brief story: The officers of an English frigate, having got permission to picnic upon an island in the Bosphorus, had a marquee erected there, and while enjoying themselves the Turkish swell who granted them the privilege sent one of his suite with a polite request that the aforesaid swell might be permitted to pass through their marquee and witness their entertainment. This, of course, was granted, and when the dignitary, with his staff, made his appearance all the officers rose and bowed to him.

The Captain further offered him a glass of champagne, which he declined with a polite negative shake of the head. A similar offer was made to each member of his suite, which was similarly refused, the last of them, a powerful bearded fellow, shaking his head in a very violent, not to say truculent, manner, and passed out scowling. While they were laughing at his indignation the curtains of the marquee were cautiously parted and the bearded face of the indignant Turk appeared at the entrance. After surveying the astonished company for a few moments in silence he caught the eye of the Captain, winked knowingly at him, and said in a most unmistakable Cork brogue, "Now, Captain, av its plasin to ye, I'll take that wine." "An Irishman, by —!" said the Captain, and sent him a tumblerful of the foaming beverage.

My adventure was not so ludicrous, yet I was quite startled to hear the "sweet Irish brogue" in such an out-of-the-way place as a Burgundian vineyard. I had been watching with some interest the carrying of the heavy baskets into the road by some powerful men selected for the purpose, when one of them, descending a small declivity, tripped and fell with full force again the man preceding him, who nearly toppled over. Recovering himself, however, by a supreme effort, he turned on his companion and said angrily: "Now, may hell purshue ye! Where in the divil are ye drivin' to?" The English Captain was not more astonished at his Turk than I was with my Burgundian, and I took occasion during the evening to learn the reason of his having strayed away so far into "foreign parts." I give his story as he told it.

AN IRISHMAN'S ADVENTURE.

"Well, yer honor, ye see I was a sailor on Mr. Smith Barry's yacht from Cork, and he tuck sick at say, and the Doctor ordered him here, and he tucked me for footman with him, as I was a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, and cud turn me hand to most anything, forbye bein' his own foot-scraper. Well, sir, we kept here a year and more. They did atin' the grapes and drinkin' the wine would do him good, but he pinid away, and wan night he called me to him to the bedside, and thrawin' a mighty heavy sigh, he sez: Mickey, sez he, I believe I'm near my end, and you an' I'll nivir see the Cove of Cork together again, *in this world anyhow*. 'Now,' sez he, 'you'll go back to where we left the yacht and help to take her home, and the lathers I'll give ye.'

"'Ah! yer Hanor,' sez I, 'shure you don't want me to lave you here all alone for to die?'

"'Oh, no, Mickey!' sez he, 'I mane whin all's over with me,' and thin he haved another grate sigh. 'Ye see, sir, it was a kind of imphrision he had on his chist, an' I always considered that av he drank plinty of ould Cork whisky that he was used to insted of the ould wine they gav him he'd be a livin' man this day. Well, sir, whin he died we gav him a beautiful funeral. All the gintlemin round the counthry attindid and we berried him beyant there in the churchyard forninst you, the Lord rest his sowl.'

"Well," said I, "all that was very sad, but how did you come to remain here and how do you get along with these people, who all speak French?"

"Oh! bagorra, sir, as to the remainin', that's say explained. I fell in love with a little colleen. They calls her a 'payvanne' in their lingo here—and I married her."

"Well, but how did you court her? She, I suppose, only speaks French, while you, I presume, could speak nothing but English!"

"Ah, love, yer Honor, is a great interpreter, and when I was bet entirely by the Frinch, I thried her in Irish, and it's wonderful how well she understood me thin. Why, sir, whin I'd put my arm round her waist an' say, 'Acushla mavourneen' she'd just put her arm round me nick and hug me."

"Oh! I dare say, but how do you get along with the men? You can't be hugging them and talking Irish blarney to them!"

"Oh! well, sir, afther we were married awhile, she began to tache me Frinch an the master was very good to me and helped me, with a word now and then, and so I picked it up and now I can jabber away with the best of them! It's only whin I get mad I forgit I'm not a reglar Frinchman." And, indeed, with his bronzed face, black hair, and peasant costume he looked every inch a genuine Burgundian.

HOW THE MEN WORK.

When the grapes are brought by the carters to the cures or vats in the bruised condition I have described, the ballonge, or bath-tub, is raised up on the edge of the vat, and the grapes pulled out by an instrument technically called a grappe, which crushes those grapes which the carter's feet have left untouched. The vats are between five and six feet high, are buried four feet in the ground, and are filled within a foot of the top. These vats are not provided with any hole at the bottom to draw off the wine, but a syphon is used for this purpose, and to facilitate the use of this instrument a narrow basket of the height of the vat is fixed to the inner side, which serves as a well, free from the skins, stems, etc., technically called "murk." In this "murk" is contained the color matter. The wine in the vats is now allowed to ferment until it is ready to be drawn.

Five or six days is considered a favorable length of time for fermentation to take place in, but while the fermentation proceeds the "murk" rises to the top and forms what is technically called the "chapeau" or hat. This "chapeau" being permeated with gas rises above the level of the wine, but so long as it continues to rise or remain stationary, fermentation must be allowed to proceed. As the color of Burgundy wine is one of its principal charms, samples of the wine while fermenting are constantly taken by the vintager. If the color is not considered deep enough an extraordinary and very disgusting proceeding now takes place. The top of the "chapeau" or hat is taken off and two or three naked men enter the vat and mount to the top of it. So dense is it that the men can stand upon it for some time.

Each man works a hole with his feet through the crust and gradually his body sinks down to the bottom of the vat. They then work the "murk" and mix it thoroughly with the wine—in that stage called "must"—for about a half an hour. They then jump out, or are pulled out, looking like red Indians, wipe themselves with the shirt they pulled off and dress themselves. In a few hours the "chapeau" has arisen again, and the same men again descend into the "murk," and again mix it with the wine. During these operations the men perspire furiously, not only on account of the hard work they are performing but from the effects of the carbonic acid gas arising from the fermenting mass. They become deadly pale, or rather blue, and hang their heads over the edge of the vats gasping for air, and have to be well dosed with brandy to revive them. Fastidious strangers have objected to the above process, but some of the old proprietors still believe that two or three full-flavored Burgundians give tone to their wines at this crisis.

The adoption of this process is perhaps the reason why some Burgundies are said to have a great deal of body in them. In many instances sugar is added to the "must" while fermenting. It undoubtedly increases the headiness of the wine, but is said also to increase its power of keeping. Common wine may be drank at the end of one year, but the fine wines require to remain at least four years in wood, and several years in bottles before they develop their full qualities. During all that time the wine gives its owners such an amount of care and trouble that it has been well called "a child of anxiety."

BURGUNDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

The Burgundians are a very superstitious people, especially in anything connected with their wines. They will not allow the young wine to come into the same room with the old, as they consider its mere presence detrimental. A storm, the rumbling of a heavy cart, or thunder brings a cloud of care on the proprietor's face at certain stages of the wine's education. The Burgundians are good, "square" drinkers, and fully deserve the eulogy bestowed by an Irish gentleman on his departed friend, that "you might drink with him all night in the dark and he would never chate you." It is amazing the quantity of wine of all kinds a healthy proprietor will consume in a day, from the "Beasne" and "Chablis" at his second breakfast to the "Chambertin" and "Nints" in the evening, when the serious drinking begins. A genuine Burgundian has great contempt for Champagne wine, never willingly drinking it, and it is rarely seen on his table. He calls it factitious, manufactured, made-up stuff, would never think of getting drunk upon it, which he is fond of doing upon his own vintages, and if in his cups any allusion is made to it lets fly a Burgundian saying: "Il n'y a pas que les sottes et les putains que se grisent sur le vin de Champagne," or, to soften it a little in translation, "It's only fools and fast women who get drunk upon Champagne." The most famous of the Burgundians vineyards are very small. The Chambertin, the wine of which was the favorite of Louis XIV. and Napoleon I., contains only twelve acres. The Clos de Vougeot, inclosed within a wall from which the term Clos, and very celebrated, contains one hundred and twenty acres, not all vineyard, however, while Romanee Conti, a renowned wine of superb quality, comes from a vineyard of only six-and-a-half acres. Only royalty or enormous wealth can afford to pay the price demanded for these wines to-day. But there is an abundance of fine wine, both red and white, of the second class, such as Nuits, Pommard Volnay, Beaune, etc., of the red, and Chablis, Montrachet, etc., of the white all of which are delicious in flavor and fairly moderate in price. The Burgundians boast their wines renew youth, clear the brain, give long life and happiness while enjoying the clear skies and soft climate of their "golden hillsides" you are willing to agree with them.

Beneath the Waves.

The schooner Mary D. Leach, owned by the fortune-hunter who set out three months ago to find the lost treasure of the Brask, says the Philadelphia *Press*, has attracted the notice of Senor Don Francisco Barco, the Spanish minister at Washington, one of whose secretaries came to Philadelphia to inspect the vessel and the costly diving apparatus with which she is stored. It is understood that the errand of the Spanish minister was to secure the services of the American divers to bring up the wreck of eight Spanish men-of-war sunk in the Bay of Biscay by the Dutch and English fleets in 1808. An English diving company was organized four years ago to search for the treasure of the Spanish galleon, but failed on account of the depth of the water at the head of the bay. The American divers believe they have overcome the difficulty by the invention of a diving-bell capable of sinking to any depth, carrying requisite machinery for handling anything that shall be found, electric lights, telephone, and other modern conveniences calculated to make the diver's lot a happy one. The vessel presents a strange appearance, with her tall, rakish masts, her sharp bow and black smokestacks and amidships. She was built for a whaler, but afterward reconstructed by the divers, who put in an engine powerful enough for a small steamship, and masts and spars tall enough for a yacht. Forty tons of coal were taken in for the engines by which the diving apparatus is operated. The weight of her boilers, diving-bell, and other wrecking paraphernalia is about eighty tons, and, as the vessel was built for 110 tons burden, she has now all that she can carry. The old traditions which surround the search for $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 in gold, which have lain at the bottom of the sea for nearly a century, are destroyed in a measure by the modern ingenuity with which the present utopian search was to have been conducted. A diving-bell large enough for a man to live in for a week, and furnished with half the luxuries of a ship's cabin, was invented by Supt. Pike, and is now stored away in the hold of the schooner. The diving-bell is eight feet in height and about twelve feet in circumference. Cylindrical in shape, with heavy metallic sides, the top widens into a globe, with glass windows or dead-eyes through which the explorer looks out from within. The interior is supplied with air by a one and one-half inch hose, which may be lengthened to any extent. The air is fed by a steam pipe on the vessel, and, unlike the ordinary armor, the diver is enabled to breathe without effort at any depth under the sea. He moves about as freely between the brazen walls as an servant is enabled to do in the car of a balloon, and his observation is almost as unrestricted as the latter's, for the bottom of the sea is lit by an electric lamp attached to the diving-bell, having a power of 6,000 candles, the direction of which may be turned by reflectors to as to penetrate 50 yards of water. The diving-bell had been worked satisfactorily in 350 feet of water. The engineer showed the reporter the machinery by which it is raised from the hold of the vessel after the diver has dropped in through the hole in the roof, and the lead cap has been screwed down over his head. "After that," said he, "the air-pump is set in operation, and communication is had with the man on the inside by means of the telephone. The diving-bell, weighing more than a ton, is hoisted by four wire cables, swung out from one of the yards and slowly dropped into the sea. In the diving-bell he talks through the telephone and describes all that he sees. Our main engine is about 80-horse power, and is used for hoisting. Then we have a cleaning-engine, which is used in washing away deposits of sand or mud from the bones of shipwrecks. Salt water is pumped and forced down through an 8-inch hose. The pressure is 150 pounds to the inch, and the nozzle at the end is less than an inch in diameter. You can estimate, if you care to, what force the stream has that is turned on the wreck. We carry two electric lights, which are inclosed in glass and lowered into the sea after the diver."

Tasting Pure Champagne.

There is very little champagne that goes abroad from France that is not fixed or doctored or sophisticated in some way to suit foreign tastes. And I have heard Englishmen and Americans complain that they could not get as good a wine in France as they had been accustomed to drink at home. This opinion, I believe, was the result of getting a purer wine than they usually drank. It does not do, however, to be too great a stickler for an entirely pure wine in all cases, as I learned by a little practical joke played upon me at M. Moet's table. In my vanity I had been speaking of pure and impure wines, a subject I know very little really about, and wound up my diatribe against all makers of wine by saying that they all doctored their wine to a greater or less extent. This was not denied, and I was asked what I desired. I said I would like, for once in my life, to taste a perfectly pure wine, without any addition or supposed improvement—nothing but the pure juice of the grape. They politely said if I were to fix upon any of their brands they were then making they would give me next day at lunch a glass of perfectly pure wine, without any admixture. I selected the imperial wine which they were then making for the Russian court, and it was promised, although it was said I would not like it. Next day at luncheon the butler picked up from the ice-pail a bottle of the imperial wine in all its gorgeous trappings of goldfoil and scarlet paper, and filled our glasses, our host remarking that this was gotten up expressly for me. Being very thirsty after bowing to my host, I tossed down nearly the whole contents of my glass, expecting to enjoy a most delicious treat when, to my horror, my mouth puckered up and felt all the sensations of having chewed upon an unripe persimmon. I ran to the window, threw the remaining contents of my glass into the garden, turned round, and found all my friends with their glasses untouched, and laughing heartily at me. I was then explained that it was all pure wine! I was given, but that all champagne is undrinkable until it has received a certain portion of candy syrup, the wines that go to its manufacture being all of the most acid. This little episode has made me ever since modest in my demands for a strictly pure vintage.

Litta, the opera singer, who made an artistic success in Europe, and then seemed to have failed to turn her fame to financial account, She is now at her home in Bloomington, Ill., in impoverished circumstances. After repaying the money advanced by friends for her musical education and supporting her mother and several sisters, she says that all her earnings on the stage have been absorbed.

AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

The Much-Buried But Unhappy De Laynes—Domestic Infelicities.

Don't envy anybody! We all have our cross to bear as we struggle up that Calvary, life, and they whose cross is golden have a heavier burden than those whose cross is wooden only. One had thought that if the earth held an enviable family 'twas the family of De Laynes. Their income is reckoned by millions. They are, the De Rothschilds only excepted, the richest family in France. All the sons of the family are dukes. They own the most splendid mansions in France. The last but one Duke de Laynes was a shy man. He never appeared in public because he necessarily was the object of attention, and he disliked to see eyes turned toward him. He was an ardent student and deeply learned. He visited Rome. He saw an old beggar in the street, the beggar shivered with cold; he gave the beggar his cloak and walked home insufficiently clad. He woke that night with a pleurisy, which proved fatal in a few days. He had an only child, a son. This son, Duke de Chevreuse, was fond of horseback exercise. One morning, surprised by snow and rain, he returned home wet to the skin and chilled to the marrow. A servant gave him a bowl of hot wine. He found it so much to his taste he insisted on having it daily. The habit of stimulants grew upon him. He died untimely, a confirmed drunkard, his life lacerated his father's heart even more than his death, for he left a charming widow and three children, two sons, one daughter, who filled grandfather's heart with joy and home with radiant faces and merry laughter. The war came. The eldest boy, man then, and by grandfather's death Duke de Laynes, fell at Lorigny, a hero's end. When peace came the daughter married Marquis de Sabran (now Duke de Sabran), and was laid in the grave before the first anniversary of her wedding came round; her coffin was shared by an infant who had come to earth only to carry mother to heaven. Duke de Chaulnes, the last survivor of the three children, had some glorious but unwounded out of the war. His mother, Duchess de Chevreuse, watched over him as the apple of her eye. When he attained man's estate she sought most anxiously to find him a suitable helpmate. She did not ask an heiress (though there were many eager to become her daughter-in-law), for she had wealth and to spare; but she did ask *sangre azul*, beauty and fervent piety. After long, anxious search she found the wife she wanted; she silently studied the maiden, and, sure she had read every recess in the girl's heart, she asked if she would marry her son. The offer was jumped at. No wonder; 'tis not every day a poor girl if offered millions, splendid mansions, ducal crown, and alliance with the noblest families of France. Duke de Chaulnes' bride was Princess Sophia Galitzin. She was marvellously beautiful, grace herself, had quitted the Greek for the Romish church, and seemed to have taken Mme. Swetchine for her model; if she were not at sermon or in prayer, she was sharing her pittance (for she was not rich) with the poor; then she was so modest, so unassuming, so contented, so unambitious, so discreet in all her longings, she grew more lovable as acquaintance became intimacy. Dear me! dear me! If a wife, a widow, a mother, a lady who from her cradle been constantly in society be deceived in a maiden as Duchess de Chevreuse was in Princess Sophia Galitzin, how is it possible that a boy just from college, with no counsellor but blood in its heyday, no experience except as a base-ball player, should be able to choose a wife or to make a marriage aught but a lottery. When Princess Sophia Galitzin found herself a Duchess, mistress of great wealth, the queen of drawing-rooms, of balls, of festivities of all sorts, adulated in every quarter, her head became turned. Home, husband become distasteful to her. She could not live out of an endless round of gaiety. She was wretched if she did not everywhere engross attention. Her dress was daily more eccentric and extravagant. She appeared one day at the Hippodrome in a close-fitting but short amazon dress of black velvet with a long Gainsborough bonnet, from which long feathers in masses hung, while in her ears and on her breast were the most valuable family diamonds. Paris talked for a whole week about that dress. She would stay long nowhere. She was conspicuous at every European court. She was seen on every fashionable strand. There was not a medicinal spring in vogue whose waters did not reflect her face. Then graver rumors got into currency. She was charged with infidelity to her marriage vows. Duke de Chaulnes loved her with all his heart. He quarreled, then forgave; quarreled again to forgive once more. His home was hell. "Whither I fly is hell, myself am hell." His life wore away in this furnace. "He dotes, yet doubts; suspects yet strongly loves." Consumption set in. He with his wife and children spent last winter in Italy; they took Alberti palace in Florence. In early spring he suddenly quit Tuscany, returned to France, carried his wife to her family, and instructed lawyers to bring suit for divorce, but death advanced so rapidly, that the last of earth was evidently so near at hand, he cancelled these instructions—was not the great divorcer, glanced at even at the bridal altar, hard by with uplifted shears? He died, leaving his children, one 5, the other 3 years old, with his mother at Chateau de Sable, and requesting that she should take care of them, and that they should never see their mother. The day after the burial, Duchess de Chaulnes, accompanied by a commissioner of police and a sheriff, went to Chateau de Sable and demanded the children. Duchess de Chevreuse refused to deliver them upon the ground that her son's dying request was that she should keep them. Duchess de Chaulnes brought suit. Duchess Chevreuse and Duke de Sabran replied that they could not, disobey the last request of the Duke de Chaulnes, especially as his widow is a foreigner, who, were the children once in her power, might go abroad and defy all French courts. The judges have decided that the Duchess de Chevreuse shall keep the children for the present.

Our Vegetables.

Our vegetables are not so progressive as they might be. Fruit culture has been brought, upon the whole, to a higher degree of perfection than vegetable culture, and there is still much to be desired in the way of growing vegetables. We believe that much fault lies in the manuring of vegetable grounds. The soil is often allowed to get too poor and it is believed that vegetables can be grown anywhere. Many vegetables require a rich, moist soil, and wherever droughts are feared particular care should be taken to give the earth a good dressing of manure. Those dried-up beans want moisture; so do many carrots that we find now in the markets. The carrots we have examined have not half the sugar in them they should have and are poor in color. Turnips are woody, and that delicious vegetable, the salsafrabis, is not possessing in a doubt about the growth of it, we want much teaching in the growth of vegetables, and those small farmers who tell their jokes about "Yankee notions" should encourage the growth of vegetables. There should be more attention paid to all agricultural societies, colleges and meetings should be given to all agricultural societies, colleges and meetings should be given to give their very best attention to the vegetable market.

GERMANY'S TREASURE HOUSE.

Inspecting the Millions Stored in the Julius Tower at Spandau.

American Engineer.

The "prescribed verification" of the cash treasure in the Julius Tower is to take place again. It is an important, still an easy piece of work. One hundred and twenty millions of marks constitute the good round sum, which the German Empire holds in readiness for any unforeseen case of war. The actual way of "compelling" the treasures within the walls of the Julius Tower is rather an expeditious one. This is the modus operandi: First of all, the tower itself can only be opened in the personal presence of two members of the Imperial Amortisation Commission (one of whom is appointed by the Imperial Assembly for the term of its legislative period), who with their respective keys simultaneously open the principal lock. There is no fixed day put down for the verification, which, however, is to take place twice in the year. As soon as the two gentleman in question have entered the tower, the men and guards placed at their disposal are ordered to follow them into the stillness of the vaults. The wooden repositories ranged around the walls are divided into compartments and alphabetically lettered. Each larger compartment is again divided into smaller pigeon-hole-like cases, every one of which contains a million of marks in coined gold, about two-thirds of which sum are in double eagles (20 marks), the remaining third in eagles (10-mark pieces), put up in ten packages containing 100,000 marks each. When the actual work of revision is to begin the afore-mentioned Commissioners simply point at any one of the larger compartments, from which the competent official draws forth at random one of the smaller cases, and out of this again chooses any one of the 100,000-mark packages, which latter is closely counted. A second—rarely a third—of the million cases from some other compartments is proceeded with in the same way, and, when found correct, a protocol is drawn up, duly signed, and the solemn act considered closed for the nonce, as far as the War Fund is concerned. Besides the latter, there are other funds deposited within the tower, namely, the Invalids' Fund, the Parliament Building Fund, and the Imperial Fortification Fund.

COWPER'S HYMN.

"God Moves in a Mysterious Way."

There is a sublime sermon in this composition; every verse, aye, every couplet and line, can furnish a text for an entire discourse. There is something interesting and pathetic in the origin and composition of this hymn which is not generally known, nor have I ever seen it mentioned in the biographies or sketches of the life of the author. It was told me by an old clergyman who was well acquainted with the circumstance. Cowper, it will be remembered, was of a melancholy turn of mind, and his mind became morbid on the subject of religion. In fact, at times he had fits of insanity. In London, while ruminating on the uselessness of human life, he was seized with the sudden impulse to destroy himself—to go at once and drown himself. He ordered a hackney coach to be brought to the door. When it arrived he rushed down-stairs and into it without giving orders where it was to be driven. Waiting some time, the driver asked where he would like to be taken. "To the Thames." The manner and look in which these words were uttered convinced the driver, who appears to have had more than the usual intelligence of men of his class, that his occupant was deranged. He drove off, but not to the river where Cowper had ordered him. He drove up one street and down another for a long time, while Cowper sat back in his seat in mental abstraction, which convinced the driver that he was crazy. After a long, roundabout drive, he drove up to the poet's lodgings, and told him he had arrived "where he was ordered." Cowper descended from the vehicle, entered the house, and went to his room. Then in his returning consciousness the truth of the entire transaction entered his mind, and he found that he had not seen the river at all, nor had he drowned himself, as he intended when he left the chamber two hours before. In this he saw the hand of Providence, and he immediately composed the hymn:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,

which will be sung as long as hymns are sung in religious worship.

Cheek.

Among the many mental disorders which may be regarded as the outcome of our modern civilization, "Cheek" is, perhaps, at once the most widely spread and strongly developed. It permeates all classes, and is found in the very best society; and has literally become a power in the land.

Cheek is oftentimes mistaken for self-confidence; but they are easily distinguished by the thoughtful or discriminating mind. Cheek, no matter in what form we find it—and it is to be found in many—is, and can only be, repulsive. The quiet consciousness of power, from which springs the self-confidence we all so much admire, will, under all circumstances, prove attractive.

Nothing, perhaps, is more painfully offensive than cheeky children; and the calm self-assurance (a very different thing from self-confidence) of Canadian and American children must have frequently caused a sorrowful feeling in the minds of those who have been accustomed to more childlike children. It is so utterly at variance with the native frankness and innocence of children, so utterly at variance with all pre-conceived notions of what a child should be.

The most offensive specimen of cheeky development is, possibly, to be found among those of our rising "manhood," who think they know a thing or two, bully the "gov'nor," sneer at the "mater," tyrannize over their sisters, and otherwise exhibit their "manly" proclivities. They are well matched by their female prototypes, who consider themselves young ladies before they leave the nursery, simper at and ogle their young gentleman acquaintances, make slaves and servants of their mothers, and by their general assurance attract the wondering attention of those under whose notice their vagaries may have come.

But not alone in our children and our youths do we find this same ever offensive, ever repulsive cheek. It is in the professions that we find it most fully developed. Every profession has its typical men of cheek. You cannot mistake them. Their impudence and egotism are painfully apparent, offensively obtrusive. The personal pronoun "I" is their alpha and omega. They delight in talking of themselves and their doings. It matters not whether they are philosophers or lawyers, doctors or politicians, they are all the same, all alike.

There is a pretty general belief among a certain class that to be successful one must be cheeky. The sooner their minds are disabused of such an idea the better. The men in cockatals who constitute society, not only the low, degraded, but the great society of the undeserving will never attain it by the aid of cheek, although they may certainly gain a notoriety which will prove as unpleasant as their cheekiness is offensive.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a look that lowered his head, and he walked on a tip-toe tread shook the whole hall. "And so it's a, my dear."

Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled faintly and Spoopendyke looked at his heiress.

"It's the image of you," he said, regarding with some dissatisfaction Mr. Spoopendyke's method of handling the baby fast.

"I don't see how you make that out," said Mr. Spoopendyke gravely. "I don't know when my nose looked like the thumb part of a boiled lobster claw. Do I understand you that my wife bears any resemblance to the head of a screw?"

"I mean the general features," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"The general features seem to be all mouth," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, examining his acquisition. "If our general features are at all like, my visage must remind you of an earthquake. Hi! kitchee! kitchee! What makes her hold up her legs like that?"

"She can't help it," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They'll straighten out in time."

"No, time like the present," quoted Mr. Spoopendyke, and he took his daughter's feet and commenced pulling her limbs. "I don't want any bandy-legged first in this family while I'm at the head of it."

Naturally the baby began to cry, and Mr. Spoopendyke essayed to soothe it.

"Hi! kitchee! kitchee! kitche-he-he!" he chirruped. "Great Scot, what a cayenne! Any idea how much this mouth weighs? Hi! kitchee! kitche-e-e! You'll have to get that mouth roofed in before cold weather. What's the matter with her, anyway?"

"Perhaps you hurt her. Let me take her, please," pleaded helpless Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"She's doing well enough. Hi! you! hold up! Haven't you anything to catch this mouth in? It's spilling all over the neighborhood. Hi! Topsy, Genevieve, Cleopatra, dry up! I'm going to have trouble breaking this young one's temper, I can see that. Here! bend the other way, opos!" and Mr. Spoopendyke tried to straighten up his offspring without avail.

"Let her come to me, do, please," moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke, and Mr. Spoopendyke was forced to hand her over.

"Well, that's quite a baby," said he, nursing his knee, and eyeing the infant. "What's those bumps over its eyes for? What preponderance of intelligence do they represent?"

"You mustn't talk so," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She's the handsomest child you ever saw."

"Well, she's got to stop biting her nails before she goes any further with this proceeding. Here, take your hands out of your mouth, can't you! Why don't you put her hands down?"

"Why, all babies do that," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You can't stop that."

"I'm going to try," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "and I don't want to be interfered with in bringing up this child. Here, you Maud S. Bonesetter, put your hands in your pockets! Don't let me see any more nail-chewing or you and I'll get mixed up in an argument. She gets that from your family, Mrs. Spoopendyke."

"Say, dear, don't you want to go and order some things?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"No," rejoined her husband. "I want to see this youngster. Where's her chin? Do babies always have their upper jaw set right on their shoulders? Kitchee! kitchee! Her scalp comes clear to the bridge of her nose. I don't believe she's quite right. "Where's her forehead? Great Moses! Her head is all on the back part! Say, that baby's got to be pressed. That's no shape."

"Get away," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, indignantly. "She's a perfect angel. There's nothing in the world the matter with her."

"Of course you know," growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't want anything more than a foghorn and a misspent appropriation to be an orphan asylum. If I had your faith and the colic I'd make a living as a foundlings' home! She'll be old enough to spank in a week, won't she?"

"No, she won't!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She'll never be old enough for that."

"I'll bet she will," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke; "if she isn't she'll get it before she matures up to that period. That's all. Let me take her. It let's have her."

But Mrs. Spoopendyke flatly refused.

"Keep your dod gasted baby then!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke.