

The Evening Star.

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Time's Panorama.

Needs no magic glass or mystic mutterings,
To read the prophecy of coming years;
No sage interpreter, to solve the utterings
Of Father Time, the patriarch of seers.
If all the world's a stage, and life a drama,
Whose actors come and go, but come no more,
Then is the future but a panorama
Of scenes to be, but seen in thought before.
Let the bright play flash on, but do not linger
In contemplation of its changing hues;
Follow instead where Time's prophetic finger
Points, and behold the pictures that he views,
A decade hence—nay, two, it does not matter—
Here are the self-same stage, the same old play;
New actors counterfeit the hollow clatter
Worn out long since by actors passed away.
Here Vice looks mockingly on Virtue slain;
There Youth and Beauty plight their troth
together;
Here Sorrow sighs and there broods cruel Pain;
There, shadow chills the friendship of fair weather.
Sincerity still shows the seed of hate,
Candor and Truth go cautiously in mask;
Honesty plods; Corruption rides in state;
Labor still bends, complaining, to his task.
"Stay!" you exclaim, in accents discontented,
"Is not your catalogue complete at last?"
This future, so minutely represented,
Is but the present, tempered with the past?
Ay, so it is! Youth dreams of bright successes;
Manhood begins to doubt, perhaps to fear;
While Age his weakness faltering confesses;
And so the world rolls on, year after year.
Year after year beholds the same endeavor
Of puny men for wealth or fame, and sees
How history repeats itself forever,
And Fortune still from her pursuer flees.
One life there is worth living, and its beauty
Transcends all charms that hopes fulfilled
can bring;
He who does trustfully his honest duty,
Alone is happy, he is self king.

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

Miss Arethusa Peppard was cut of temper. She said she was "mad." But it must have been a mild kind of madness, for her pleasant voice had only a dash of sharpness, and no fire flashed from her soft brown eyes. But she was out of temper; no doubt about that, and no wonder. She had left her mate of a cottage early that April morning, and gone over to New York to shop, and in the very first store she entered—a store crowded with people buying seeds and bulbs and plants—her pocketbook containing her half-monthly allowance, had been stolen, and she had been obliged to return to Summertown without the young lettuce and cabbages and onion sets and parsley and radish seeds that she had intended the very next day to plant in her mate of a garden. And every day lost in a garden in early spring, as every body knows, or ought to know, is a loss indeed, and there's nothing in the world so exasperating to an amateur gardener, as everybody also knows, or ought to know, than to hear from a neighboring amateur gardener: "Good-morning, Miss Peppard. How backward you are just showing, and we've had at least a dozen a day for three days past. And our parsley's up, and our onions doing nicely. And you used to be so forward!" So Miss Peppard, who was a dear little sweet-faced, wonderfully bright old lady, living in the neatest and most comfortable manner on a small income, with a faithful colored servant-woman a few years younger than herself, and a roly-poly dog, a tortoise-shell cat, and three birds, had two reasons for being sorely vexed: the loss of her money and the loss of the days which she had expected would start the green things a-growing. "All the money I had," she said to Petoeona—called Ona for short—as she rocked nervously back and forth in her rocking chair, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed. "I only wish I could catch the thief. I'd send him to jail as sure as grass is green."
"Dat's sho' 'ent," Miss Peppard said. "Petoeona always drolled the 'dat'—an 'it' 'd sarve 'em zactly right, w'en dey war ketcht, to be drug to de lockup by de heels." Then after a slight pause, which was Ona's way, she added an afterthought: "Dono, dough; s'pose dey might as well take de pore wretch by de head."
"All the money I had," repeated Miss Peppard, "I've had twenty dollars; and I can't get any more for weeks for borrow I never did and never will. And there's the garden all laid out and ready for planting, and Mrs. Brown sets out her lettuce and cabbage plants to-morrow morning, and she'll be sending them here with her compliments—her compliments, indeed!—before ours have begun to head."
"If she do, I'll from 'em ober de dough," said Ona. "Better eat them, dough, I gness. Her complimen's can't hurt 'em."
"And, oh! my conscience!" Miss Peppard went on (she could invoke her "conscience" thus lightly, dred old ady, because she had nothing on it), "baby's picture was in that pocketbook. And I can't get another. Polly said it was the last, and the photographer don't come that way but once a year."
"Well, w'en dey's a pore soul," sympathized Petoeona, "to go an' lose dat ar picture—dat lubly thing jus' like a boy's angel. An' yer sister's onliest chile—cept five. Wish I had dat robber yer sise minnit; I'd box his ears so he couldn't set down for a week."
"He wouldn't be here long," said her mistress. "Of all things in the wide world, I hate a thief. I'd have him put where he'd steal nothing for a year or two at least."
"Might be a she; dar's she robbers," suggested Ona; "an' dey's all w'en den caterpillars. Caterpillars takes yo' things right 'fore yo' eyes—don't sneak in yo' pocket. Take a cup of tea, Miss Peppard. Dar's no use of frettin' no mo'. An' de cat's ben a-settin' on yer skirt for half an hour, wantin' you to notice her, w'en she come. Jus' came in off de po'ch a minit ago."
Miss Peppard took the tea, and spoke to the cat; but she couldn't help fretting, and she slept but little that night, and awoke the next morning almost as

vexed as ever, and denounced the thief at intervals of about half an hour from breakfast until dinner, although Petoeona emphatically remarked: "Dar's no use cursin' an' swearin', Miss Peppard; can't do no good. Wish I had dat robber here, dough."
But after dinner, for which Ona served a soothing little stew and a cooling mint salad, the old lady became a little calmer, and retired to her own room to write a letter to her sister Polly, who lived away off in Michigan; and she had just written: "And I can't make a strawberry bed this summer, as I intended, and I'll have to wear my old bonnet, and dear! dear! how I shall miss baby's picture!" Petoeona opened the door *à la carentone*, as she always did, and walked in with a mysterious air. "Pussen want to see you, Miss Peppard—man pussen. 'Bout a boy's age, I gness."
"What does he look like, and where did you leave him?" asked the old lady, laying down her pen, and looking a little alarmed.
"On de po'ch. I look de do'. An' he's a dirty, ragged feller dat looks jus' like a dirty, ragged feller. Shall I broom him off, Miss Peppard? Looks as dough he ort to be broomed off—or gib sumbin to eat—pore, boy, dirty soul."
"I'll come right down," said Miss Peppard; and down she went. And there on the porch stood a dirty, ragged, forlorn-looking boy of about twelve years of age, looking exceedingly "bony" and half starved, sure enough. He put off his apology for a cap when Miss Peppard opened the door, but said never a word until the old lady asked him, in a mild voice—she never spoke unkindly to dirt and rags: "Well, my boy, what do you want?"
"Then you lost your pocketbook yesterday?" he blurted out.
"Yes," said she eagerly. "That is, it was stolen from me; for I felt it in my pocket a moment before I missed it. Do you know the thief?"
"I'm him," was the answer; and he raised a pair of dark eyes, that looked like the eyes of a haunted animal, to her face.
"My conscience!" exclaimed the old lady, and fell into a chair that stood near, while Petoeona darted out and seized him, shouting: "Golly! got yo' wish mighty soon dis time, Miss Peppard. Run for de constable. I'll hold him. Could hold a dozen like him—or two or free."
"Let him alone, Ona," said her mistress, while the boy stood without making the slightest resistance.
"Ain't he to be drug to de lockup?" asked Ona, with a toss of her turbaned head.
"Wait till we hear what he has to say," said Miss Peppard. Then turning to the boy, she asked, as mildly as over: "Of course you haven't brought me back."
"Yes, I have," interrupted he. "Here 'tis, money and all, 'cept what I had to take to fetch me out here. I found your name in it on a card, and where you lived."
"But, bless you!" exclaimed the old lady, more and more surprised, "what made you take it if you were going to bring it back? Come into the kitchen and tell me all about it. Ona, give him a drink of water."
"I ain't doin' it. Speet robbers gits thirsty as well as odder folks, dough. And she handed him the milk, which he drank eagerly.
"Now go on," said Miss Peppard. "Why did you steal my pocketbook? Why, having stolen it, did you bring it back? Are you a thief?"
"S'pose—I am," he stammered; "but I don't want to be no more. I wouldn't 'a took it a year ago, when my mother was alive; but she died, and father he went to prison soon after for beatin' another man; and I hadn't no friends; and it's hard gittin' along when your mother's dead and you ain't no friends, and your father's in prison."
"Tain't so, dat's de fact," said Petoeona, softly.
"So I fell in with a gang of bad fellows, but they stole nothin' but things to eat last yesterday. I come out of the house of refuge two weeks ago."
"House of refuge!" exclaimed Petoeona, holding up her hands. "An' a-settin' in my clean kitchen, on my clean ol'olot! Wot nex?"
"I was there for breakin' a winder and sassin' a cop," said the boy, with a show of indignation, "and nothin' else, though they did try to make me out a reg'lar han. And then he put me under the influence of Miss Peppard's steady gaze: "And the fellers said I was a sofy not to have the game as well as the name, and so I went into that store 'cause I seen a lot of folks there, and I stole your pocketbook. And"—dropping his eyes and voice—"there was a picture of a little baby in it."
"My sister Polly's child!" cried Miss Peppard, her wrinkled cheeks beginning to glow.
"Her onliest child—cept five," said Petoeona.
"And it looks like," continued the boy, bursting into tears—"it looks like my—little sister."
"Your little sister?" repeated Miss Peppard, her own eyes filling with tears. "Is she—with her mother?"
"S' to be hoped she be," said Ona, with a sniff, "or some odder place wher she'll be washed. Her brudder's dirty nuff for a hull family."
"Well, w'en dey's in place ten miles or more from here," said the boy, "with a woman who used to know mother. Mother give her fifty dollars just afore she died. She managed to save it and hide it from father somehow, to keep Dolly till my aunt in California could send for her; but my aunt's dead, too, and I'm 'raid Dolly'll have to go in the orphan asylum after all. Father don't care nothin' 'bout her. But if she does, if I'm a good boy, I can go to see her; but if I'm a thief—And when I saw that picture I said I will be good. It seemed as though the baby was a lookin' at me and wantin' me to kiss her. Nobody ever kissed me but her and my mother. Here's your pocketbook."
Miss Peppard took it from his hand, opened it, found its contents as he had described them, and then sat for full five minutes in deep thought.
"You want to be a good, honest boy," she said at last, as to be a credit instead of a shame to your baby sister?"

"Yes," answered the boy.
"It's mostly 'yes, ma'am,' in dese parts," corrected Ona.
"Well, I'll try you," said Miss Peppard.
"Yes!"—starting from his chair.
"You, I. I want some plants and seeds from the store where you took the pocketbook, and I am going to trust you to get them for me. But before you go there, do you know any place where you can buy a suit of clothes, from shoes to hat, for a very little money?"
"Yes, ma'am," answered the boy, in a voice that already had a gleam of hope in it. "Second-hand Bobby's?"
"Well, go to second-hand Robert's, buy the clothes—By-the-by, what is your name?"
"Dick Poplar."
"And, Dick," continued the old lady, "do you know any place where you can take a bath?"
"S' to be hoped he do," said Petoeona.
"Yes, ma'am."
"Take a bath, put on the new clothes, throw—with a slight motion of disgust—"the old ones away."
"S' to be hoped he will," said Petoeona.
"Then go to the seedstore and give them the note I will write for you. And here are two five-dollar bills."
"An' dar money is soon parted!" exclaimed Petoeona. "No matter 'bout de fast wad."
But the boy fell on his knees before Miss Peppard and sobbed outright.
"An' he'll neber come back any mo'," sang Ona, at the top of her voice, as she went about her work that afternoon after Dick's departure—"no, he'll neber come back any mo'."
But he did. Just as the sun was sinking in the west, a nice-looking, dark-eyed, dark-haired boy, dressed in a suit of gray clothes a little too large for him, and carrying a package in his arms, came up the garden path to the door of the mite of a cottage. It was Dick, so changed Petoeona scarcely knew him, and the package contained the seeds and onion-sets and young lettuce and cabbages, and before dark he had planted them all under the superintendence of Miss Peppard, in the mite of a garden, and Mrs. Brown had no chance of sending her "compliments" that season.
"And now, ma'am," said Dick, after supper, "I'll go. I thank you ever so much, and I wish my mother had known you."
"P'rhaps she knows her now," said Ona.
"And I will be a good boy—I will, indeed," said Dick.
"With the help of God," said Miss Peppard, solemnly.
"With the help of God," repeated the boy, in a low voice.
"But I gness you'd better stay here to-night," continued Miss Peppard. "You can sleep in the woodhouse. Petoeona will make you a comfortable bed there."
"Shan't do no such thing!" said Petoeona, defiantly.
"Ona!" reproved her mistress.
"Till my dishes is washed, I mean, Miss Peppard," said Ona.
"And then to-morrow morning you can start for that baby. I've always wanted a baby. Cats and dogs and birds are well enough in their way, but a baby is worth them all."
"Golly! now you're talkin', Miss Peppard!" shouted Ona. "I 's always wanted a baby—a white baby—too."
"And if you choose to stay in Summertown," said Miss Peppard, "you may have a home here until you can better yourself. There's plenty of work for you; and the youth upon whom we have depended for errands and garden help, etc., is smart."
"A dreadful smart, nice, perlitte boy!" chimed in Ona, who was the return assy as he can lie. "An' I'll call you in de mornin' w'en de birds arise, an' we'll hab dat ar angel here in a jiffy; an' we'll de cat an' dog an' birds look pale w'en dar noses is outer 'int. But dar noses 'll be as straight as ebberr."
The very next night a sweet baby girl with great blue eyes and fair curls sat upon Miss Peppard's lap, looking wonderingly about, as she ate her supper of bread and milk, at Petoeona and the dog and cat and the birds, whose noses, by the by, were as straight as ever.
And before long Dick Poplar became the most popular—dreadful, I know, but I couldn't help it—boy in that neighborhood, he was so clever, so obliging, and not a bit "sassy."
"De Lor' works in funny ways, sho' 'ent," said Petoeona, one April day about a year after the return of Miss Peppard's pocketbook. "Who'd 'b'lieve me and Miss Peppard 'ebber wanted Dick to de lockup by de heels! An' all the time he was a-bringin' me an' Miss Peppard de lubliest chunk of sugar, the sweetest honey-bug of a chile dat ebber coaxed ole Petoeona for ginger-snaps. She shall hab more, de Lor' bress and sabs her!"—pouring them from the cookie tin into the little uplifted apron. "Petoeona 'll bakes dem do hull liblong day, for ebber an' ebber, for de blue-eyed darlin'—wid a little time left over for odder work."—*Harper's Weekly.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

A Difference.

Sweeter than voices in the scented bay,
Or laughing children, gleaming ears that stray,
Or Christmas songs, that shake the snows above,
Is the first cuckoo, when he comes with love.

Sadder than birds on sunless summer eves,
Or drip of raindrops on the fallen leaves,
Or wail of wintry waves on frozen shore,
Is spring that comes, but brings us love no more.

—F. W. Bourdillon.

Fashions of the Season.

THE PANIER.—The most pointed surprise of the new season is the restoration of the panier, or the so-called Camargo puff, which was introduced in the eighteenth century along with Watteau dresses and garden theatricals. It is predicted that fashion will restore the very Camargo which was once called "a rage and a vertigo," but until it is safe to venture upon extravagance paniers will be of the same material as the dress, and procured more by loopings, draperies and trimmings than by separate puffs, wings, &c., applied to the costume.

For ordinary walking dresses a "trimmed" skirt—that is a skirt with the trimming arranged directly on it, is combined with a jacket more or less tight fitting, or an overskirt and short skirt, the latter either trimmed with a simple flounce or left plain, according to the goods used. Follies of simple design, but not so complete as the above-mentioned arrangements. For suitings the "tailor" finish—rows of machine stitching—is the accepted trimming, the vest, collars, cuffs and revers of some different material from the rest of the garment. For the costumes made of cloth and the heavier woolen goods used for early spring and traveling which for a long time frequently without trimming of any kind, excepting several rows of stitching near the bottom, and the overskirt is of some simple design, like the "Birens," or "Muriel" or the "Lulea," finished to match the underskirt.

FASHIONABLE COLORS.—Colors quite new and strange are the canaque, or canibal, a succession of copper shades, and a new green from the resemblance to the copper complexion of a tribe of cannibals. Blue is largely brought forward, and appears in many different shades; but, with the exception of the dark marine blues or the palest tints, mixtures of green are often more or less apparent. The most pronounced blue of the season is called sapphire, and this, but for an overcast of green, would be a revival of that favorite blue which for a long time has been consigned to oblivion. Gendarm is a dark shade of military blue, and other blues of milder type are Japonais and bleu de Severs. Baltic blue is almost gray, and the clear pale blues are so attractive to be relinquished. Yellow finds good representation in the new spring colors, but the shade most in vogue is of gold. Pale yellows are by no means ignored, and in new fashions excellent results are produced by shadings from pale yellow to reddish tints. The beige shades also appear frequently. Garnet and wine shades have taken a new lease of life, and are brought forward everywhere and in all shades, from such as are so deep as to run almost into black up to others resembling pale red of lighter wines. Pivoine (peony) is a combination of garnet and plum color. Viesty rouge is a new bright red. Dark plum is not extensively employed, yet serves as a fashionable color. The lighter shades of prune are not much seen. This place seems to have been usurped by the wine colors, but it is in the paon (peacock) colors of the day that the greatest mixture and changeable hues appear.

FRINGES.—Fringes are no longer considered fashionable, although very neat patterns are still sparingly used on all wool garments where there are no ends of pery to be trimmed. Plain hems and rows of machine stitching are the most stylish finish on all other parts of all wool costumes. Fancy ribbons are largely used for loops, and in some designs form a complete cascade down the front of a dress. These ribbons vary in width from a half inch to ten inches and are of all colors and shades of satin, with lizards, flowers, ferns, leaves and other devices composed of gilt and silver bullion, and fine silk floss woven into the ribbon. The price ranges from twenty-five cents per yard up.

BUTTONS.—Olive and barrel-shaped hand-crocheted buttons, either all silk or combined with jet, will be much used in the panier, or the so-called Camargo. Wood buttons, hand-painted in gold and colors, are very choice, light and effective, and cost from thirty-five cents per dozen up. French horn, both in the natural color and dyed, are inlaid with gold and pearl in raised designs, representing stars, flowers, birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes and fowls. Crystal glass buttons, sometimes called "Rhine pebbles," are introduced. These are cut in facets and set in platinum and have a most brilliant effect at night; the prices vary from seventy-five cents per dozen up. Medium sizes only, in any kind of buttons, are fashionable, and the quantity used is totally dependent upon the style of the garment, some requiring only what will fasten the vest, and others, a sufficient number to outline the cuffs, pockets, etc.

NEWEST STYLES IN PARASOLS.—Novelties are being brought forward in sun umbrellas and parasols. An entirely new style is the "polka dot borders," which are destined to share the honors with the "Pekin stripes." "Polka" dots were introduced in coaching parasols last season, but the "polka dot borders" are the latest novelty. They are of satin in a variety of colors, and the borders show alternate rows of stripes and polka dots. Those in ivory silk, the fashionable greens and black satin with white dots, with satin stripes

and "polka dot borders," are particularly attractive. These are all finished in choice handles of pearl or ivory in a variety of designs, tipped with gold and otherwise ornamented. A very pretty and economical parasol is in black satin, with satin stripes and satin borders. They are novel, tasty, serviceable, harmonizing with the Pekin stripes in dress material and decidedly superior to the all silk sun umbrellas that are made of poor quality of silk. These are handsomely mounted, and the most fastidious taste can find gratification from goods of this class.

ORNAMENTAL MEDLEY.—Crystal is the leading novelty this season in the way of ornament. The new crystal is, however, very different from that which has sometimes borne the same name, since it has nothing of pearly whiteness, but is clear like glass, being, indeed, nothing more than glass cut and fashioned into various shapes. It is conspicuous in millinery, on belt clasps and pins of various styles. New ornaments for the hair show heavy balls of crystal fancifully disposed, one of these being three globes set each on the end of a silver cross. Silver is the favorite metal employed in combination, and although gold with crystals is seen, it is used to a limited extent only when compared with the first-named material. New silver combs are finished by large crystal balls, and again is found a single ball of crystal, about the size of an ordinary marble, attached to a pin, which is run into the hair, while similar balls are set upon long gilt or silver hair-pins.

Chateaus for holding the fan are declining in popularity, ribbon being often substituted. A new fan conceals among its intricacies a powder-puff and powder, as well as a tiny ivory comb. An entirely new combination for scarf-pins, belt-clasps and pins for the hair is that of garnet, blue and crystal glass. Fine cut steel will be much used in the way of hair ornaments, and in view of the demand is brought out in a variety of novel designs, and made in the most very small bottles of heavy glass with gold tops, finished by a carbuncle, lapis lazuli, or some stone of like character. The tops open back by means of a spring, and the bottle is so small as to be placed in the glove of the left hand.

The "Sara Bernhardt" collar consists of a very full ruche of muslin and Breton lace, fastened with a bow. India rubber, in pale pink and blue shades, edged with soft Breton lace, makes the most becoming collar and neck garniture possible. Breton net veils, in black or white, are embroidered with gold or silver threads as fine as a spider's web. These veils are either round and short, or square and three-fourths of a yard long, and have a rich, wide hem all round.

MARRON RIBBONS, of as many as five different colors, are used, making up in three or four inch loops, placed one above the other, directly down the front of a dress, and the same ribbons, similarly arranged, form a garniture for the elbow sleeves. This is a very effective finish to a plain black silk, or a neat light mull or white dress.—*New York Herald.*

A True Hero.

The city of Marseille in France was once afflicted with the plague. So terrible was it that it caused parents to desert children, and children to forget the obligations to their own parents. The city became a desert, and funerals were constantly passing through its streets. Everybody was sad, for nobody could stop the ravages of the plague. The physicians could do nothing, and as they met one day to talk over the matter and see if something could not be done to prevent this great destruction of life, it was decided that nothing could be effected without opening a corpse in order to find out the mysterious character of the disease. All agreed upon the plan, but who should be the man to do it? In many cases, was made and refused. A correspondent of the *Globe* (London) relates that a certain American gentleman wearing a silk hat, was one day, the object of a vile persecution. He did not care to have his hat pelted with hard coals by the base rabble of Rome, and in company with a friend showed a disposition to use his fist and walking-stick. This only aroused a severer storm of contumacious words, so that the American and his friend were forced to leave the Corso. No protection was afforded by the police, and one of them who reviled the police for this negligence "in terms more forcible than polite," was arrested. The first prize this year was awarded to a representation of a medieval town defended by ancient Romans, the whole resting on the back of an enormous elephant which was drawn by four horses. The Roman warriors who filled the tower flung out in different directions flowers and bon-bons. The second prize went to a car full of young devils.

Curious Derivations.

The word pamphlet is derived from the name of the Greek authoress, Pampylis, who compiled a history of the world into thirty-five little books.

"Punch and Judy" is a contraction from Pontius and Judas. It is a relic of an old "miracle play," in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

"Bigot" is from Visigoths, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigoth conquerors of Spain had been handed down to infancy.

"Tabby cat" is all unconscious that her name is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called Atab, or taffeta; the wavy markings of the watered silks resembling pussy's coat.

"Humburg" is from Hamburg; "a piece of Hamburg news" was in German a proverbial expression for false political rumors.

"Gauzo" derives its name from Gaza, where it was made.

"Old Nick" is none other than Nikr, the dangerous water demon of the Scandinavian legend.

What is the difference between an editor and his wife? One writes things to set and the other sets things to rights.

During 1878 about 8,000 Irishmen left the old country for the United States and Canada.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The largest bill ever introduced into a legislative assembly was the new code submitted to the Ohio senate. It contained 3,200 pages, and, as it was insisted that it should be read in full, the senate sat up till midnight to hear it through; even at that, hundreds of pages were slyly skipped.

The Peruvian government, having become somewhat alarmed at the rapid destruction of the cinchona trees in gathering the bark for exportation, has passed laws to repress the evil. Hereafter the gathering of bark will be restricted to certain seasons, and in no case will the cutting down of trees be permitted. This is a matter in which the whole world is interested, because cinchona and quina are remedies of such importance that the source of supply ought not in any way to be endangered.

T. S. Tucker and Louis Sedan, Colorado miners, have reached New Orleans, after spending five months working their way down the Arkansas and Mississippi rivers. They had no money to pay their way, and building a flat at Canyon City, they started down the Arkansas river about the middle of September, floating by day and tying up at night. They had to push their craft over shoals, dodge hostile Indians, and were frozen up for seventeen days, but finally swapped their awkward flat for a skiff, and reached New Orleans in safety.

The most striking fact with regard to the French working classes is that nearly all are possessed of money. However little they earn they save something. Thrift is their great characteristic; in fact, it is said of the French operatives that they spend less in proportion to their means than any in the world. Many keep their accumulations in an old stocking secreted in their houses; others—a daily-increasing number—invent in various securities, the most popular investment being the purchase of land. Every Frenchman, when he can, becomes the owner of the house in which he lives. Of course he is greatly aided in this way by the French land laws and laws of inheritance, which cut the whole country up into small holdings. Savings banks with government security, building clubs, sick clubs and friendly societies are also in favor; but no money is tied up in trade unions.

A striking example of the sanitary effects on body and mind of work as compared with idleness, is given from the records of the New Jersey State prison. In 1874, when all the convicts were employed, there were only three deaths. May 31, 1875, when they were still at work, only twenty-one out of 664 were idle because of illness, and four were insane. December 31, 1875, after six months of idleness, fifty out of 717 were unfit for work, eighteen were insane, and there were thirteen deaths in the year. In 1876 only a few were busy, and there were twenty deaths. In 1877, when 600 out of 855 were at work, there were only eight deaths; and on December 31 there were thirty-eight unfit for work. In 1878, when only 270 busy, there were nineteen deaths. In January, 1879, with the same number busy, there were 107 in the hands of the doctor.

The Carnival at Rome.

The carnival at Rome has this year been the poorest known since 1870. When it began the sky was cloudy, and uncertain weather continued to prevail. The king for several days was not seen upon the Corso, and only once did the queen and the young prince of Naples appear in the window of the Fiano palace. On the Piazza Navona the night illumination was prevented by a storm of rain. The conduct of boys and men on the Corso, in many cases, was rude and unbecomingly. A correspondent of the *Globe* (London) relates that a certain American gentleman wearing a silk hat, was one day, the object of a vile persecution. He did not care to have his hat pelted with hard coals by the base rabble of Rome, and in company with a friend showed a disposition to use his fist and walking-stick. This only aroused a severer storm of contumacious words, so that the American and his friend were forced to leave the Corso. No protection was afforded by the police, and one of them who reviled the police for this negligence "in terms more forcible than polite," was arrested. The first prize this year was awarded to a representation of a medieval town defended by ancient Romans, the whole resting on the back of an enormous elephant which was drawn by four horses. The Roman warriors who filled the tower flung out in different directions flowers and bon-bons. The second prize went to a car full of young devils.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A hen with a clipped wing has a defective flew.

A French physician says drinking boiled water only will prevent yellow fever.

Paris has a municipal laboratory where wines, beers and brandies offered for sale are tested.

A fashionable belt for the feminine waist, says the *Wheeling Ledger*, is called the Huss band.

The debt of the city of Paris is now nearly \$400,000,000, and the interest about \$20,000,000 a year.

On leaving a room make your best salaam to persons present, and retire without saluting the door.

The hair-spring of a watch weighs 1-15,000th of a pound Troy. In a straight line it is a foot long.

From the debris of their coal mines France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel, and Belgium 600,000 tons.

"He lived above his income,"
Was the dark reproach he bore,
Till at last it was remembered,
That he lived above his store.

In Copenhagen there is manufactured from the blood of cattle a chocolate, which is said to be the most nutritious article yet known to science.

The man who married a whole family lives in Traverse county, Michigan. His first wife died, and he married her sister. She too died, and then he married the mother of his two former wives.

The body of Philip Dunnell, buried at Dallas, Texas, in 1862, was lately disinterred and found to have literally turned to stone, and being fully double its weight when it was buried!

The editor of the Cincinnati *Saturday Night* discovered that his girl wore two sets of gold mounted false-teeth, and he set down and wrote a poem entitled, "Rich and rare were the gums she wore."
"Come, now, stupid," said the school-master, "you don't know how much two and five make. Now listen. In one pocket I have two dollars, and in the other five dollars. Now, how many dollars have I got?" "Let me see them, and I will tell you." School was dismissed.

At one of our schools recently, in answer to the question: "What is the difference between an island and a continent, and upon which do we live?" a bright little shaver replied: "The difference is that a continent is much larger than an island, and we live on bread and meat and other things."

Mr. Edward King, who has been writing some interesting letters from the South to the *Boston Journal*, makes the broad assertion that the prettiest women in the world live in New Orleans. He says: "At the grand ball given by the 'Mystic Crews of Comus,' in the Varieties theater, several years ago, I saw twenty-five hundred ladies gathered together. It would not have been an exaggeration of the truth to say of any one of them that she was beautiful."

There is in France a powerful society called "The League of Instruction," formed in 1876. The league gives special attention to the propagation of intelligence among the population of the rural regions. It holds that mere schooling is not education; and hence it seeks to establish all through France village libraries largely made up of books on agriculture and the various industries. It also furnishes special libraries for soldiers. The league has become a center of educational societies, the number of which runs over four hundred, with thirty-five thousand members. Thus far the league has established 246 libraries for the villagers, and 171 for soldiers, and it has also made contributions to 226 libraries that were previously in existence. The success of the league has been aided by the fact that each member has the right to introduce any motion or proposition, and by the publication of the proceedings at all the meetings.

Words of Wisdom.

He who is starving does not look to see if the proffered loaf be fresh or stale.

Those who have made mistakes and suffered for them are the ones to help others; to show that any error can be atoned for.

You may mind a rent in a damaged reputation so that it may not show, but you can never make the reputation quite whole again.

Beauty may attract love at first, but it alone cannot retain affection. It is the sterling qualities of the heart and mind that win in the long run.

We love our friends all the time—when we are absorbed in working for them that we seldom think of them, as well as when telling them of our regards.

We do not, in our own minds, have a secret contempt for the work of the great man we do not know intimately, but we have for the work of the one we do know.

How beautiful is youth! A little moonshine, a few musical water-drops, the strain of a song, and the young heart experiences poetry as it never could be entrusted to paper.

It is a dreary sensation to find one's self wholly forgotten by mere acquaintances; but to find that we have no place in the thoughts of those we love, seems in a certain sense like being annihilated.

The profoundest calm always seems to come just after the most terrific storm. The exaltation of spiritual rapture follows fast after a far descent into the gloomy Hades of the soul. Life is a series of alternations at best; and he who mounts highest to-day sinks deepest to-morrow.

The advertiser eats and sleeps, printers, steam engines and printing presses are at work for him, trains and steamers are bearing his words all over the land, and thousands of men are reading with more or less interest the messages he sends them through the columns of his local paper. No preacher ever spoke to so large an audience, or so eloquently as you may do with the newest paper-man's assistance.—*Friars Point Gazette.*