

SO GOES THE WORLD.

When I wear the cap and bells,
Many friends have I;
Unto careless, merry hearts,
Merry hearts reply;
Just as this earth of ours
Dimples in a hundred flowers,
When above in slumber's hours,
Laughs a summer sky.

When grief abides with me, alas!
Not a friend have I;
Sad hearts meet on every side
With a cold "Good-by."
Just as this old earth of ours
Parts with all the drooping flowers;
When above in autumn hours,
Gooms a somber sky.

—Margaret Eytlinge.

FORGED TOGETHER.

A Wild Tale of the Mutual Hatred of Two Convicts.

I am French by birth, and my name is Francois Thierry. I will not burden you with my early history; but will begin by stating that I was sent to the galleys, and find myself to-day in exile. Branding was not out of date at that time, and until my death I shall bear some fiery letters on my shoulder.

I was arrested, registered, condemned, and sent to Paris. As I left the court of justice my terrible sentence rang in my ears. On the long road from Paris to Bicetre—all day and all night—till we arrived at Toulon, the dull rolling of the prison wagon on the pavement repeated it to me. When I look back to that time, I think I must have been stunned by the unexpected severity of my doom, for I have not the slightest recollection of the particulars of that journey. "Hard labor for life!" "Hard labor for life!" I heard nothing else, I could think of nothing else. Late in the afternoon of the third day, the wagon stopped, the door was unlocked, and I was led through a paved court into a hall that was but faintly lighted. Here an officer asked me my name, which he entered in a large book, banded with iron as though it were fettered.

"No. 207," cried the officer, "green." Then I was led into another room, where I put on the uniform of a galley-slave. From this moment I lost my individuality. I was no longer Francois Thierry; but No. 207. The officer was present while I was dressing.

"Hurry up!" he said; "it is getting late, and you must be married before dinner."

"Married?" I repeated. He laughed as he lit a cigar. I was again led through another corridor into a damp court, where wild-looking men with clanking chains were walking up and down before the muzzles of cannon.

"Bring No. 206," cried the officer, "and then call the priest." No. 206 came in, dragging a heavy chain behind him, and with him a robust blacksmith.

The ring of an iron chain was put round my ankle, and forged together with a single stroke of the hammer. A like ring bound me to my companion. Each stroke re-echoed through the arches like the scornful laugh of demons. The officer drew a small red book from his pocket, and said:

"No. 207, listen to our prisoners' laws: If you attempt flight and fail, you will be bastinadoed. If you succeed in getting to the harbor and are there captured, you will, doubly chained for three years. As soon as you are missed, three cannon-shots will be fired and signals of alarm will be hoisted on each bastion. Telegraphic messages will be sent to the harbor-guards and to the police throughout France."

After the officer had read this with a terrible satisfaction, he re-lit his cigar, put the book away, and left the hall. I was now a prisoner forged to another prisoner. As I looked at him I found his eyes turned toward me. He was a sinister-looking fellow, about forty years old, not any taller than I, but of herculean build.

"Then you are in for life?" he said. "How do you know that?" I exclaimed angrily.

"I can tell by your cap—green is for life. Why are you here?"

"I conspired against the government." He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "Then you're an elegant one. We other prisoners hate such aristocratic company."

I made no answer. "This is the fourth time that I've been here," continued my companion. "Perhaps you have heard of Gasparo, the counterfeiter?"

I had heard of the daring criminal, and drew back tremblingly from his gaze. An uneasy look in his eyes told me that he had noticed my shrinking. From that moment he hated me. Gasparo and I, with two hundred other prisoners, were put to work in a stone-quarry on the other side of the harbor. Day after day, and week after week, from sunrise to sunset, the rock resounded to our blows. Thus spring and summer passed, and autumn came. My fellow-prisoner was a Piedmontese. He had been a thief, counterfeiter, incendiary, and when he had led from prison he committed a murder. Heaven alone knows how my sufferings were intensified through this terrible comradeship. How I shrank from the touch of his hand! What loathing took possession of me when I felt his breath on my face at night! I tried to overcome this aversion; but in vain. He knew it as well as I, and took every opportunity to revenge himself in such ways as only a depraved mind can think of. However, it would have been of no avail to put myself in opposition to him, and any complaint to the overseer would only have provoked the wretch to worse tyranny. At last there came a day when his hate seemed to diminish. He allowed me my night's rest, and seemed to be in a hurry. The next morning, shortly after we had begun work, he came close to me, and whispered in my ear:

"Do you want to escape?" I felt the blood rush to my face, and could not say a word.

"Can you keep a secret?" he went on.

"Until death!" "Well," then, listen: To-morrow Marshal d'Anverge will inspect the harbor, docks, prison, and stone-quarry. Salutes will be fired from the walls and ships, which will make it difficult to hear the guard's signal for two escaping prisoners. Do you understand me?"

"Yes." "What, then, will be easier than to knock off the fetters with the pick-axe, and escape when the overseer is not looking our way? Will you dare?"

"With my life!" "Your hand."

"I had never before touched his blood-stained hand, and could not refrain from shuddering as I clasped it. The next morning we had to undergo an inspection before going to work. An hour before noon the first salutes from the harbor reached our ears. The dull report went through me like an electric spark! Gasparo whispered to me:

"When the first shot is fired from the barracks, strike with your pick-axe on the first ring of my chain close to the ankle."

A sudden suspicion came over me. "And if I should do it, how can I be sure that you will free me? No, Gasparo, you must strike the first blow."

"As you say," he answered, smilingly, but with a muttered curse.

At that moment a flash came from the barracks, and then a report that reverberated a hundred times from the rocks. As the echo rolled over our heads, I saw him get ready to strike, and felt my chain fall. Hardly had the thunder of the first shot died away before the second came. Now, I was to free Gasparo. I was less dexterous than he, so it took several strokes to free the chain. At the third shot I threw away our caps, climbed up the rock, and struck for a path that led into the valley. Suddenly, at a sharp bend in the road, we stood before a little guard-house, in front of which were two soldiers. They pointed their guns at us, and ordered us to surrender. Gasparo turned toward me, struck me heavily, and said:

"There, stay, and let them capture you. You always were a thorn in my path."

As I fell, I saw Gasparo throw down on a soldier, and rush toward the other. Then a shot, and all was dark and still around me.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself lying on the floor of a little unfurnished room, but faintly lighted by a small window. I arose with pain, and, leaning against the wall, tried to think. The recollection of my last adventure soon came to me. Probably I was in one of the upper rooms of the guard-house. I crept to the door and found it locked. The little window was about four feet over my head. I succeeded in reaching it, and looking out. The rock rose about forty feet from the house, and a brook ran between me and the cliff. To stay here would be ruin, whereas in daring further lay a possibility of escape. I forced myself through the small window, dropped down, and crept toward the brook. The water in the stream came to my waist; but as both banks were high, I could walk along in it without my head showing. I soon heard distant voices, and raising my head carefully over the bank of the stream, I saw dark figures moving toward me. Suddenly a dark lantern was turned on the water close by my hiding-place. I dived under the water and held my breath until it seemed that the veins in my head would burst. When I could bear it no longer I rose again, took breath, looked around me, and listened. All was still. My pursuers had gone. I then climbed the bank on to the stony path. Wind and rain in my face, I strode rapidly on with no other leader than the storm.

About five o'clock in the morning, as day began to dawn, I heard bells ringing and saw a large city in front of me. Not daring to go any farther, I sought shelter in some thick shrubbery near the road. When night came on I continued my journey; but hunger soon drove me into a small village on the road. I crept softly between the cottages and knocked on the minister's door. He opened it himself, and I told him my story. He gave me something to eat and to drink, an old coat in exchange for mine, and a few francs.

On the fifth day after my flight from Toulon I reached Italian ground. I begged my way from place to place until I arrived in Rome, where I hoped to find occupation, if not friends. I hired a small room, rested a few days, and then eagerly sought work. Evening after evening I returned disappointed. The little money which I had begged melted away. At last I could not pay my landlord, and he turned me out into the streets. Mechanically I followed the stream of passers-by, which led me to St. Peter's. I crept in wearily, and sank down in the shadow of the large doors. Two men stood near me reading a poster that was hanging on one of the columns.

"Merciful heavens!" said one; "how can a man risk his life for a few lire?" "And with the certain knowledge that out of eighty men eight or ten fall and break their necks?" said his companion.

"Horrible work!" They passed on, and were lost in the crowd.

I sprang up eagerly and read the notice. It was headed, "Illumination of St. Peter's," and made known that eighty men were wanted to light the lamps on the dome, and three hundred to light those on the columns. I went to the manager, had my name put on the list, received half my money down and was to present myself there at eleven o'clock the next morning. I was there promptly, amid a crowd of miserable-looking men. The doors of the bureau were soon opened, and we crowded into the hall. My eyes seemed to be drawn toward one corner of the room. My heart stood still—it was no mistake—I had recognized Gasparo. I went over toward him, and touching him, said:

"Gasparo, don't you know me?" He raised himself up lazily, and said:

"Ah, Francois! I thought you were in Toulon."

"I can't thank you that I'm not there. Listen to me; if we both outlive this night you shall give me satisfaction for your perfidy."

He looked indifferently at me, and lay down to sleep. At seven o'clock we were all called up, and climbed the stairs that led to the dome. My place was about half-way up, and I saw Gasparo go up still higher. When we were all ready, we crept through the windows up to small boards hanging by ropes. Each one was given a lighted torch, with which he was to light the lamps that he passed as the ropes were let down. After I had lit all my lamps, I looked around at the scene. Suddenly I felt my rope shake, and looking up, saw a man putting his torch to it. Almighty God! It was Gasparo. With the agility of a cat I climbed up the rope, put my torch in the villain's face, and caught hold of the rope above where it was on fire.

Gasparo, blinded and wild with pain, gave a terrible yell and rolled down like a stone. Through all the humming of the living ocean beneath I heard the dull thud as my enemy struck the pavement. I had hardly recovered my breath, when we were drawn up again.

I told the director what I had gone through. The truth of my story was proved by the half-burned rope, and I was given money enough to leave Rome.

Since then I have had many adventures, but never found myself in such terrible company as on the dome of St. Peter's on that fatal Easter.—Translated from the German by H. Morse.

Personal Items.

Fair, of Nevada, it is reported in Washington, will shortly resign his seat in the senate on account of ill-health.

Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, is earnestly in favor of transferring the Indian bureau to the war department, and will make an effort in that direction next winter.

Mr. Yung Wing, formerly the assistant Chinese minister in Washington, who has been in China over two years, is expected to return soon. His American wife, the niece of Mr. Bartlett, of the Chinese legation, and their two children, have remained in Hartford, Conn., their former home, during his absence.

A western paper recently contained the following advertisement: Personal—An eastern lady of forty-eight years, smart, industrious and a Christian wishes a correspondent from Colorado, from a gentleman of from fifty to sixty-five years, with like ways and habits, must be able to support a wife. For further particulars, address, etc.

Card-receivers stand about the tomb of Robert E. Lee, and reverent southerners and foreigners leave their cards there with the corners turned down to show that they called in person. An irreverent Northerner has occasionally turned up the end of his card to show that the visit included Mrs. Lee, who lies buried by her husband.

The Prince of Wales's son George struck up a violent "middy" flirtation at an Australian ball, with a lovely little girl of fifteen (looking older as girls do there). It was artlessly open and frank, but the authorities took him in hand, bringing him back to the dais to be portioned out properly. The boy was not to be baffled. He slipped into the crowd and secured his "girl" again. Recaptured, he was brought back to the platform and confronted by an indignant lady, the much respected daughter of the governor of the colony, who assured him with emphasis: "If you do that again I will box your royal ears." The boy, seeing that she evidently meant what she said, did not do it again.

Jim Elliot, the bruiser, had few personal friends. In point of fact, he was not just the kind of a man one would long to be friendly with. He was a bruiser and a brawler. About one-fourth of his life had been passed in prison, and he hadn't been there as often nor as long as he deserved. All the crimes in the calendar nearly he was guilty of. In the face of these unsavory facts, Jim Elliot was followed to the grave by a greater crowd of people than any other man who has been buried in New York in a score of years. It is a sad comment on the moral condition of the great metropolis that such a mighty outpouring of scamps unhung could have been recruited within its borders.

The following anecdote of Alexander H. Stephens is related in the Louisville Courier Journal: "The wife of a western congressman was one day sitting by Mr. Stephens's bedside, when he was so very ill in the winter of 1877, and he spoke quite freely to her of his mother and his early life. 'Why did you never marry?' she asked. 'That's my secret,' he replied evasively. 'But we would all like to know it,' was her response. 'Well,' said he, grimly and reluctantly, 'I never saw but one woman I wanted to marry, but she did not want to marry me. That's a good reason, isn't it?' I hope she lived to regret her mistake," remarked the kind heart. "Y-e-s," responded Mr. Stephens slowly, "I think she did, and so did I."

Sleep the Strongest of Medicines.

From the St. James Gazette.

It is reported of Lord Brougham, that when he returned home after his brilliant and exhausting defense of Queen Caroline, he went at once to bed with orders not to be disturbed, however long he might sleep—orders which his household obeyed, though with astonishment deepening into terror, as the young lawyer's may prolonged itself for nearly eight-and-forty hours. His physician afterward declared that his sleep had saved him from brain fever, and though probably only the marvelously recuperative powers of youth enabled him to take Nature's remedy in one such mighty dose, his extraordinary capacity of work up to extreme old age may not improbably have been due to a constitution endowed with such means for repairing at night the waste of the day.

HOUSE AND FARM.

Farm Miscellany.

A fat hog is no test of good pork. Flesh must be healthy to be good. As a general thing fat hogs are not healthy animals, nor is the pork the best quality. The wise buyer would prefer, for his own use, the hog that is not so fat as to be unable to help itself to its food. The blood ought to be pure, and to have this so the hog must be able to move about easily. The over-fattened hog has impure blood, hence impure flesh. Besides, no one wants all fat to the sacrifice of the lean.—City and Country.

Two Hereford steers, age not given, owned by Mr. E. Corning of Albany, N. Y., have lately been slaughtered. The beef of the two weighed 3,370 pounds. The per centage of beef to live weight of one was 63 per cent, and of the other 69 per cent, and of valuable products, beef, hide, tallow, etc., 80 and 87 per cent, respectively. This is a high proportion, the latter quite equal to any at the fat stock show. The live weight of these steers was 2,310 and 2,375 pounds.

Did any one of our readers ever think how many steps a farmer takes in a year? Take the simple planting of a field of corn. Take a five-acre field. To break it up would require walking some forty miles; harrowing it, ten miles; planting, eleven miles if with a planter, and if dropped by hand and then covered, twenty miles. Thus it will be seen that it takes about 100 miles of travel to put in a five-acre field of corn, to say nothing of cultivating and harvesting, and the going to and from the field while planting.

Los Angeles County, California, is a region noted for its immense wheat-fields and sheep pastures, but chiefly for its olives, vines, orange groves, lemons, limes, guavas, pomegranates, gardens and prosperous colonies. The San Gabriel Valley is one of the fairest spots on earth, and is only rivaled by the Santa Anna and other valleys southward. It is often thought that semi-tropic fruit-culture is the only occupation of the Los Angeles citizens, but that section, no less than Northern California, has large farms.

How to Dress the Children.

There is no animal we know of born into the world in a state of greater helplessness than the human infant, and none more dependent upon artificial means to keep up the animal heat. It would very soon succumb to the cold if not protected. This is proved by the fact that a very much larger proportion of children die during the winter than during the summer months, although as regards the mortality of the young and the middle-aged there is very little difference between these seasons. The older a child gets the better it becomes able to resist cold, but—and we would that mothers would bear this well in mind—not until a boy or girl is well into his or her teens should tettering warmth be looked upon otherwise than as a friend, or cold otherwise than as a deadly foe. Children in the cradle are seldom or never neglected by well-to-do parents, but it is when a child begins to run about, and is able to go out-of-doors, that mistakes are made about the clothing, which often lead to speedily-fatal illnesses, or sow the seeds of future ailments, which render life a misery and a burden, that can only be laid down at the portals of the tomb. Instead of studying warmth and comfort in the clothing of their children, many mothers study only fashion. We speak advisedly, for we have proof of what we aver.

Those who are between the ages of 10 and 20 ought, therefore, to be warmly clad. Cold is fatal to the young; warmth is life itself; cold retards the building up of the tissues of bone and muscle; warmth encourages it; cold interferes with the due performance of the functions of the skin, throws extra work on the liver and kidneys, and blunts the nervous energy of the brain itself; warmth has altogether a contrary effect.

Are Veils, Ties and Ribbons to Go?

From a Jenny June Letter.

The superfluous woman has received a great deal of attention, but the rapid rate in which women are getting rid of their superfluities scarcely excites remark. The reason is because it is to the interest of dealers to sell them, and newspapers are habituated to writing up the follies and extravagances of women, not their economies or restrictions in the matter of expenditure. It is probable however, a general tendency that operates in this instance rather than with a deliberate purpose to inspire it, furnishes the motive. The veil is a remnant of monastic and feudal seclusion, and has been disappearing bit by bit for the last half century. Fifty years ago it was very long and wide, and the thick double crape veil of the widow reached nearly down to the ground. Since then it has year by year grown smaller by degrees, and beautifully less until ladies, instead of buying the regularly made article, found a substitute in any little strip of lace to mask the eyes and nose, and this being found detrimental by physicians, and absurd by themselves, the cherished veil disappeared altogether, except in gauze, for tourist's purposes. The veil of the widow dies hard, but it is generally curtailed in length, width and thickness. It has begun to dawn upon the female mind that killing women with lack of light and air behind folds of double English crape is not far from the folly and cruelty which offers widows as a sacrifice upon a funeral pyre, and therefore crape veils are gradually disappearing altogether, have ceased to be obligatory—in fact have gone to the bourne from which the widow's cap never returned. But the veil is not the only superfluity that seems to have become superfluous. Where are the lace and linen cuffs, the spreading ties, the bows at the throat, the scarfs, the fluttering ends here, and the rosettes, buckles, and the ornamentations there which formerly made any assemblage of women look like a rag fair? Gone—very largely. The best dressed and the best bred young women are models of neatness, slightly young-

mish in their well-fitting Newmarket coats or redingotes, the close Derby hats and thick walking boots and undressed kid or dogskin gloves. Round the neck is a narrow rim of a collar held by a gold or pearl button; in front of this is a cravat or silk tie, its knot or small bow fastened with a horseshoe pin. The dress is simpler than that of young men, and only the skirts prevent it from being more convenient and as well adapted to all emergencies. In the drawing-room the dress-maker still maintains her supremacy, so there is as much useless trimmery there as ever, but in the street the tailor has come to the front, and when he is true to his instincts effects salutary changes, or at least assists in bringing them about.

Seed Corn.

For eight years I have systematically saved the largest, straightest, most uniform and best tipped ears of the Dutton and King Phillip, planted together. In the spring I cull from the best of these seed ears, and plant only the intermediate kernels, and, with improved culture, have developed a corn which has the firmness and hardness of the Phillip without its objectionable large butt, and the good size of the Dutton, and my corn has, with this treatment, steadily improved in tipping qualities, so that in the severe drought of last season, my corn, being cut 106 days after planting, showed ears filled to the very tip with plump kernels—"standing room only."—[S. Eugene Gilbert, Broom Co., N. Y.]

Don't Neglect the Garden.

Outside of cities vegetables are the most difficult to obtain, and the dearest of food commodities. Why? The farmer thinks gardening to be puttering work. Why again? Because, as a rule, farmers go about it in a puttering way. The same skill and economy exercised in the field will produce from an acre of land at an outlay of \$5 for seed and \$40 worth of labor, half the living of a family, and such nice dishes as they make, either in their natural state or cooked. Cress, lettuce, radish, celery, cucumbers, cabbage, melons among the first; green peas, beans, spinach, asparagus, rhubarb, lima and other pod beans, Summer and Winter squash, green corn, onions, saffron, beets, carrots, cauliflower, endive, cabbage, kohlrabi, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, egg-plant, okra and a host of other things that will eventually find their way into the list under intelligent cultivation. Cabbage and Irish potatoes are said to be the farmer's vegetables. How many farmers ever raise a decent head of cabbage? Very few in comparison to the whole. Some farmers wives do, "by hook or crook," manage to secure a small supply of vegetables. They snatch moments, when they should be resting, to provide something succulent for the family.

Comparative Value of Corn and Oats for Horses.

The comparative value of corn and oats for horses may be briefly stated as follows: The former is deficient in many of the elements of nutrition so necessary for recuperating the constant wear and tear which necessarily take place in the body of living animals. On this account horses which are exclusively fed on corn and hay do not receive that kind of nourishment which appears necessary for the due support and maintenance of the animal fabric; hence we must not be surprised that corn-fed horses show evidence of being languid by sweating profusely while being worked, lack of vitality, etc. Oats, on the contrary, contain more of the essential elements of nutrition than any other article of food which can be fed with impunity to horses. Oats are not only the most natural food for horses, but are decidedly the most nutritious. They are the cheapest, because there is less risk in feeding them, and experience has proved that horses properly fed on oats and timothy hay can, with regular exercise, good grooming and proper sanitary regulations, be brought to the highest state of physical culture, and can perform more work with less evidence of fatigue than when fed on any other article of food.—[Nat. Live Stock Journal.]

Asparagus.

The preparation of the asparagus-bed should be made with more care than for most vegetables, from the fact that it is a permanent crop, which ought to yield as well at the end of twenty-five as five years, if the soil has been well prepared. To start with, it should be on ground thoroughly drained, either naturally or artificially, and, if choice can be had, on a rather light sandy loam. This should be trenched and mixed with sufficient manure to form a coating of at least six inches thick over the bed; this manure should be worked into the soil by trenching to the depth of two feet, as the roots of the plant will reach quite that depth in a few years. In setting, the crown of the plants should be placed at least three inches below the surface. It makes but little difference whether it is planted in spring or fall; if in spring, it should be done as early as the ground is dry enough to work; and if in fall, just as soon as the plants can be had which is usually in the early part of October. For an ordinary family, a bed of six rows fifty or sixty feet in length, and three feet apart, will be sufficient, the plants in the rows being set nine inches apart.—American Cultivator

The general land office decides that the certification of George Johnson's pre-emption claim near Worthington in 1872, for the Sioux City railroad grant, was illegal, as no patent had issued. This opens up an important question of title to similar lands. It suggests that all lands thus certified cannot pass until patents are issued from them.

The secret agent of the Chicago Citizens' league says there are 500 licensed saloons in the city.

"Had been in business for a number of years and always bore an unblemished reputation." You can imagine the rest. All our biggest robbers and embezzlers are men of unblemished characters.