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HO! WINTER,

I.

Ha! Winter, ho! Winter,
King of the northern blast!
You meet us all, you greet us all,
With grip that freezes fast.
In regal pomp you've gathered up
Your royal robes of snow,
And by their trailing men shall trace
Whatever ways you go.
Your grim retainers all, alack!
Make but a cruel train
Of biting sleet and stinging winds
And ice and frozen rain.
The rich with furs and blazing hearths
Your carnival may scorn,
While Mirth and Cheer will reign supreme
From wassail eve till morn.

II.

But ha! Winter, ho! Winter,
What about the Poor?
Who've no stronghold against the cold
No bribe or sinecure
To set at bay the stinging day,
Or soften down the night—
Who note the thickening window-panes
With sinking hearts affright—
Who draw their babies close and sing
Their shivering lullabys,
Then sleep and dream of steaming feasts
Their hunger-sleep supplies—
To wake at morn with shuddering sense
Of lengthened fast and cold,
And find that gaunt-eyed Want hath wrought
Its trace within the fold.
Ha! Winter, ho, Winter,
Hard your reign on the o;
God pity such! and send warm hearts
To all who s'arve and freeze.

—*Maria Barret Butler, in the Current.*

KARL BERGER'S PUPIL.

BY G. A. COPELAND.

Karl Berger went to Milan at just the right time. It had become quite the fashion to run down the Italian method of instrumental instruction, and to extol the method of their Northern compeers. Karl Berger came. His name sounded like a German's, and he played music like a master, and that was all that was needed. Pupils flocked to him, and he set his own prices. Even the city itself, through its governors, agreed to place three pupils with him annually, at its own expense, as long as he should remain there. This was triumph enough to turn the head of a much older man, and Karl himself was only three and twenty years old. He sat in his room one night about two weeks after his arrival, smoking his big pipe with china bowl, and congratulated himself. Here was success indeed!

He wondered what his old teacher, the Herr Kapellmeister, would say to his success. He looked around the room, furnished as comfortably as most in the city, and felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that the plebeian Karl Berger was taking his ease in the very chamber where Cæsar Borgia had once slept. His was a nobility as high as his ancient predecessor, he said to himself, and he laughed grimly, for the young Swede had but little respect for nobility, and he often spoke of his ancestors, the Berger Jarls and Vikings, as thieves and cutthroats.

While he sat musing, lazily watching the smoke curling up toward the blotched and crumbled, almost obliterated frescoes of the vaulted ceiling above, a servant brought in a note to "Ill Maestro Berger." The City of Milan informed his excellency, the Maestro, that the last of the three pupils had been chosen, and the pupil, the Contessa Lucia Vinella, would attend him whenever the Maestro would be pleased to receive her. Signor Berger scowled and shrugged his shoulders. He had already, in the short time he had been in Milan, heard several "contessas" play, and he had not been favorably impressed by their genius, and, indeed, it must be admitted that the ladies in question had a greater desire to see the handsome foreigner than to make any progress in music. He had forgotten that the three pupils were too poor to pay for their tuition and were therefore given their musical education by the charity of the city. However, he sent back an answer that he would give the contessa her first lesson at 3 o'clock the next afternoon, and then he took up his violin, and the contessa and Milan and success and the Kapellmeister passed from his mind, while the music soared in tremulous vibrations through the room.

The next day everything went wrong. He had yet to learn the patience necessary for a teacher, and the countless mistakes of his pupils, the jarring discords and the seeming stupidity rendered him nearly furious. At 3 o'clock the charity pupil, Contessa Lucia, was ushered into his presence, followed by an old woman, her escort. The contessa did not look very aristocratic in her dress. Everything she had on was cheap. In fact, except that her dress was neater and more tastefully arranged, it was about the same as the servants. The maestro was walking up and down the room with an ominous frown on his face. He wheeled around and looked at her.

"Well, Signora, what do you wish?" he said, crossly.

"I have come for my lesson, Signor," she replied, timidly.

He looked at his tablets.

"You are either too early or too late. There is a Contessa Vinella who comes now. But if she does not come—"

"I am the contessa, signor," and she proceeded to unwrap her violin from its green covering, while the servant hobbled to the nearest chair.

"You came to amuse yourself in a dilettante way on the violin."

"I came to learn to play, Maestro; to be able to teach music some day. Who knows?" and she laughed a little nervously.

"Contessas don't teach music," he said, scornfully. "It is only poor plebeians who do that. Let me hear you play." She nestled the violin on her shoulder caressingly, and obediently commenced. The air was simple, a pleasant lullaby, in a minor key, soft and sad, which had been sung by many Roman mothers to their children. One of those airs, which, like the German Lieder, one finds among the people, its author and origin lost in antiquity, yet everlasting from its pathos and tenderness. The violin was its interpreter, and the

black with age. The music floated out from the five quivering strings. The girl, her eyes almost closed and her head bent forward, stood erect, playing. The old servant sat listlessly, caught by the music swaying to and fro, as if rocking some child, dead fifty years ago. Karl Berger stood frowning in the shadow of a curtain. What right had a contessa, a young girl, to play like that? What right had she to a violin which was so much better than his? The soft repeated strains came to an end, and the girl turned proudly toward him.

"It is a wretched piece, wretchedly played," he said, crossly. "You will never make an artiste of yourself. It lacks soul, it lacks rhythm, it lacks everything."

These petulant words—words which the honest Karl Berger was ashamed of even while he uttered them—struck the young girl like a blow. Her face, proud and happy at her successful rendering of the simple peasant air, fell suddenly at this harsh verdict, and, girl like, she burst into sobs and left the room, while the servant stared stolidly at the fierce foreigner, and then rose and hobbled after the girl.

Karl Berger felt ashamed of himself and his sudden fit of anger. He took up his own violin, but it sounded harsh. He was cold and courteous to the pupils who came that afternoon, but he was glad when the day was over. They were lighting the lamps in the courtyard below when he looked out. He watched the servants as they put the lamps in their places, and after they had left he stood at the window looking absently down on the empty courtyard beneath, when he saw a figure coming slowly across the yard. He stepped out on the balcony and called to her, for he recognized the escort of the Contessa Lucia. When the woman had come up he asked her:

"Where does the Contessa Vinella live?"

"In this house, signor, with a relative. The contessa has no other friends and she lives here, but not in idleness, signor! She is too proud for that! She takes care of the house, and works like a servant. She has no friends but me; I was her nurse. She is too proud to go with others in the house. Even her relatives do not patronize her, and the servants are always very polite to her, and always obey her, but behind her back they laugh at her here, and call her the 'contessa-of all-work,' and the 'contessa cook.' Her grandfather, the Count Vinella, had taught her music, and she worked so hard at it that she might earn her own living that way. Last week she won the prize at the conservatoire, and the city was to pay her tuition with you. You should not have spoken so harshly to her, signor? I found her in her little room crying as if her heart would break."

Karl Berger ran his hands through his hair.

"I was wrong—very wrong. Will you tell her I said so? Ask her to come again, and I will promise to be fairer."

The next afternoon the girl came in.

"It was very silly of me, Maestro, to run away like that," she said; "but I want so much to be a good artiste, and when you told me I could not—"

"Don't talk about it, please," interrupted Karl; "I was cross and tired, and, if you must know it, jealous," and he smiled grimly. "Yes, jealous, that you could play better than I."

Lucia flushed with delight.

"If you mean that—but no! You are laughing at me!"

"I mean what I said," replied Karl, determinedly. "I can teach you technique, perhaps; after that you have nothing to learn."

So it was settled.

One day, during the lesson, Karl said abruptly:

"Would you like also to study at night? My evenings are all my own."

The girl laughed with pleasure and cried: "Oh, Mastero, you are so kind."

So, after the work was done, Lucia would come in with Marcia, her old nurse, and after the lesson Karl would pick up his own violin and play. One night he stopped suddenly and said to her:

"I wish you would not call me Maestro. I am not a master in music. I am only a sham, and some day they will find it out. I am not much older than you and don't play any better. I want you to think of me as a fellow student, not as a teacher."

"What shall I call you, then?" Lucia asked shyly.

"Karl."

"That is a pretty name," said Lucia.

"It was my father's," and he went on to speak of his Northern home, of the snow-storm when all the family died but himself, and how he was found famished and senseless, with his violin hugged to his breast. And Lucia sat still and drank in every word. Then she told him of her own home and her past history. Each night after they laid their music aside they would sit and talk, and Marcia would sit and slumber quietly in her chair.

Soon the opera season commenced, and often the three would sit back in some little box which had been placed at Karl's disposal, and listen to the grand creations of the masters. A happy time for both. Karl was all gentleness to the little contessa, and the grim young Norseman commenced to find himself making jokes to amuse her. He to make jokes—who had hitherto gone through life in his sober, solemn way—to make jokes! It was surprising indeed. They called each other Karl and Lucia, and sometimes brother and sister. So things went on, till suddenly Marcia fell sick. Lucia stayed by her bedside so much as her work would allow. Tha lessons must cease till Marcia grew better, for she had no other chaperone, and of course it was impossible for her to go without one. The days seemed to drag slowly aleng, and the night-watching began to tell on her. She grew paler and went about sad and musing.

As for Karl, the first time that Lucia missed her lesson he became rather angry.

"She thinks she has learned everything, perhaps, and is through with me," he muttered.

He tried to feel injured and banish her from his mind, and for awhile he thought he had succeeded. When the long evening came and he found himself alone, he became restless and uneasy, and imagined himself only anxious that nothing might have happened to Lucia. He took up his violin, but soon put it aside, and then he went out to the opera-house. The prima donna was out of voice and the orchestra vile. Coming home he met one of the servants.

"Where is Marcia?" he asked.

"Very sick, signor."

So that was it. He went gloomily up stairs and went straight to the mirror and began to apostrophize his image.

"Maestro Berger, you are an ass," he said quietly. "However poor she may be, she is still contessa and you are only—Karl Berger," and he took up his violin and commenced to play. But with all his self-restraint he found the days nery long and tiresome.

One night Lucia sat alone in the room when she heard Karl's violin. He was telling his story of love, unconsciously, to the one from whom he intended to hide it. As the girl sat there in the darkness, holding Marcia's hand, she felt strangely happy and quiet. Suddenly Marcia opened her eyes.

"Lucia," she said, "I am ever so much better."

The proud contessa bent over and kissed the wrinkled face of the servant and said, gravely:

"That is well; but you must sleep, Marcia, and not talk."

"Play for me, Cara," said the old woman, drowsily.

And Karl Berger heard suddenly from Marcia's room the answer to his violin's confession. Sweetly and softly it came to him at first, but soon it swelled out into full volume. It told all to him that was necessary. And when the girl ceased playing and sank back in her chair, blushing rosily red, there were two people in the house who were perfectly happy.

When Lucia awoke the next morning and found Marcia better and the heavens and the birds in harmony with her happy mood, the first thing she did was to kiss her violin, and when she had dressed and was coming down the stairs, singing like a lark, she saw at the foot Karl Berger, his face flushed and looking very happy, indeed.

"Tell me, little Lucia," he said, eagerly, "didn't the violin speak truly?"

I don't know what she said, for I didn't hear it; but I do know that Milan was surprised to hear that very winter that one of its contessas had married a music teacher.—*Washington Hatchet.*

A Great Singer's Precautions.

On a damp, chilly afternoon this week, says a recent New York letter to the Boston *Herald*, I was in a Central Park restaurant. Simultaneously, two other riders sought the same surcease from the wet diversion. They were Nicolini and his famous Patti; and you are wondering what the great singer could have to present her in a new phase, considering how many columns have been filled with descriptions of her personally. The fresh point which this view enables me to make concerning the only woman in the world whose wages are thousands of dollars per day was the care which she took to keep herself from damage. Without her voice, Patti would be a handsome little matron of forty, but of no public value. Therefore, her very consequential throat was wrapped round and round with a silk scarf, which she removed on getting into the house. On the way from the carriage she had held a handkerchief to her mouth on saying something, so that no raw air should reach her vocal organ. Her feet in Arctic overshoes, her ankles in baby-like leggins, and her mantel enveloped her figure from neck to hem. But the oddest protection against catching cold was a wad of cotton in each ear.

"She must have had earache," I said to a physician who makes a specialty of throat diseases, who has some of the grand opera singers for patients, and of whom I subsequently inquired on the subject.

"Not at all," he replied; "she seldom goes out of doors in winter without plugging her ears. It is a strange fact that the vocal cords are susceptible to the slightest chill entering through aural passages. There isn't any affectation in Patti's extraordinary precautions. You wouldn't marvel at the fiddler who owned an old treasure of a violin, and carried it in cotton for fear of breakage. Isn't it sensible, then, for a prima donna to guard jealously the only voice she's got?"

I judge, however, that Patti's stomach is composed of sterner and not less able stuff, for the beefsteak and onions that she washed down through her rarely sensitive throat with a bottle of ale were astonishing in quantity.

An Oyster Whips a Duck.

A rough-and tumble combat between a wild duck and an oyster occurred here the other day. The duck was a large and full grown one that had recently come down from the north to enjoy our winter climate. It was of the diving species, which inhabit the bays till the spring, when they return north. When the oyster feeds it opens its shell wide till the full oyster is plainly visible. A sight of such a morsel was too much for the duck. He made a headlong plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's open shell. Like a flash, and with the power of a vise, the shell closed on the duck's beak. Then came the struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite a large one, was dragged from its bed, with three smaller ones clinging to it, the cluster being heavy enough to keep the duck's head under water. In this way the duck drowned. Its buoyancy was sufficient to float with the oysters, and thus drifted near the dock, where it was captured. When taken out of the water the animal heat had not left the duck. The oyster still clung to the duck's beak.—*Corpus Christi (Texas) Caller.*

Concerning the Camel.

The camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400 pounds he can travel twelve to fourteen days without water, going fourteen miles a day. They are fit to work at five years old, but their strength begins to decline at twenty-five, although they live usually until forty. They are often fattened at thirty for the butcher, the flesh tasting like beef. The Tartars have herds of these animals, often 1,000 belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 3,000. The Timbuctoo breed is remarkable for speed and used only for couriers, going 300 miles in eight days with a meal of dates or grain at nightfall.

A MAN'S COSTLY CANINES.

SPENDING $100,000 TO SATISFY A LOVE FOR DOGS.

Dogs With Beds, Baths, Gas-Lighted Boudoirs, Steam-Heated Reception Rooms and Other Luxuries.

A party of gentlemen in an Erie train, New Yorkward bound, were talking about men's hobbies, when one of them made the remark that a Bergen county man had spent $100,000 on a hobby.

"What was it?" asked the writer, who was one of the party.

"Dogs."

"And who is the man?"

"Mr. E. R. Hearn, who lives just across the bridge from Passaic. He is a department superintendent in Lorillard's establishment, and one of Lorillard's right bowers. You'd ought to see him!"

With Mr. Clarence R. Van Deusen, of Passaic, who is a connoisseur in all that pertains to canines, and who had courteously volunteered to conduct the introductory preliminaries of the visit, a trip was made to Mr. Hearn's kennels one day during the week. The Hearn mansion is situated on the left bank of the Passaic river, and is surrounded by elegantly-cared-for grounds. To the rear of the residence are the famous dog kennels wherein are kept the dogs which have taken prizes at all the prominent bench shows of this country and Europe for many years past. The buildings cover the better part of an acre of ground, and are fitted up in a manner which would be the envy of many a mechanic of the metropolis.

Mr. E. L. Williams, Mr. E. R. Hearn's manager, greeted the writer and his companion at the main entrance, and courteously signified his willingness to give any information within his power. He led the way through the canine boudoirs. Each kennel, of which there are a score or more, has a stone flooring, and a shifting glass roof which can be moved at will to let in the light or keep out the cold. Running water is located in a corner of each compartment, and each is lighted at night by gas, and is heated by hot water conducted through the series of buildings by means of pipes supplied from an immense boiler. Couches, which would make the average tramp's mouth water, are filled with clean straw every day and at night are fastened to the side walls by means of catches. A monster bath-tub provides a lavatory for the hightoned canines, and in one corner of the main building is the culinary department, where the food is cooked for the petted descendants of canine blue blood. At the rear of the buildings, in the orchard, is the "run," where the animals take their walks abroad. Each kennel is ten feet square and is surrounded by ash sides, surrounded by a wicker-work barrier.

Mr. Hearn has about twenty dogs at present, the "boss" dog being the Duke of Leeds. Money could not buy the animal. Duke has taken several "Hundred Guinea" prizes in Europe, and has long been a favorite at all the kennel shows in this country. He stands above three feet in height, and when in good condition weighs somewhere near 150 pounds. When standing upright Duke was many inches higher than the tallest man who was present at the private exhibition. He carried away the honors of the recent Philadelphia show and also at that held at Montreal.

Leila, another famous St. Bernard, has also made a small fortune for her owner. Leila is nearly as high as Duke, and is about the height of the average dining-room table. She was also a prize runner at the fairs mentioned, and also at the recent non-sporting show held at Madison Square Garden. Leila's pup, Valentine, is a monster brute, and his frisky play with his mother resembled the playful antics of a baby elephant.

Bonivard, which among the others, claims relationship with British ancestors, is also a monster dog. He is one of the five that carried off the honors at Philadelphia, where Mr. Williams had all the dogs on exhibition. Rony is another animal of the many that money could not buy. Most of these animals are direct descendants of Sidney W. Smith's famous English St. Bernards.

Joe Emmet's famous ten thousand dollar dog Rector, which, by the way, cost only $4,000, was sold to the actor for the latter amount by Mr. Hearn. Rector was raised here, but was born in England.—*New York World.*

On Time.

The sun dial was the first time measurer.

The Romans used water clocks in 160 B. C.

The hardest clock to keep wound is an eight day one.

Charles Harris, of London, invented the pendulum in 1641.

Clocks which keep excellent time may be bought for one dollar.

In 1220 the first striking clock was invented by a Cistercian monk.

The style of modern fashionable clocks is that of our grandfathers.

The first wooden clock made in this country was by James Harrison in 1790.

In 1364 Henri de Wyck built a clock in the palace of King Charles V. of France.

The highest priced parlor clock in America is owned by a Wall street man. It was made in New York and cost $34,000.

Hanging Makes the Muscles Rigid.

It is strange how a little steady pressure on the windpipe affects people. Of course it chokes them, but that is no reason why they shouldn't be able to move their limbs. They seem to loose all control over their muscles and give right in. I remember a case that occurred in Brookville, Me., when I was a young man. A woman, the wife of a wealthy sea captain, threw a skein of yarn over the top of an open door one day, and sticking her head through the bight that hung down doubled up her knees so her feet could not touch and remained in that position until she choked to death. One would naturally think that when she became unconscious her muscles would relax and allow her feet to drop to the floor, but such was not the case. Hanging or choking seems to make every muscle as rigid as iron.—*Boston Globe.*

Young ladies now wear scarf pins similar to the men.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The Germans now make from paper pulp the most delicate wheels for watches.

A very thin coating of glycerine will prevent frost or steam gathering on a window pane.

Strange symtoms of poisoning have followed the eating of vegetables grown on soil which had been treated with chemical poisons to destroy the phylloxera insect of the grape-vines.

A writer in *Science* reports discovering within a common pumpkin some of its seeds already germinated. The cauliclee were from one to three inches in length, while some of the rootlets were over seven inches.

Late Belgian experiments have had the object of preserving wood by exhausting the air from the pores and causing liquid gutta percha to take its place. The gutta percha is liquefied by being heated with paraffine, and it hardens on cooling after being introduced into the wood.

According to Sir Trevor Lawrence, M. P., there is a collector of orchids in England who employs fourteen persons—nearly all German naturalists, and each costing about $6,000 a year—to search for new species and varieties in different parts of the world. He has two acres of the plants under glass, and his total annual expenditure on orchids is nearly $100,000.

It has been demonstrated by Dr. Hans Molisch that the roots of plants may be deflected from their normal direction by exposure on one side to certain gases. If such gases are in moderate quantities the roots bend away from their sources; if in proper quantities, toward such source. The side of the root exposed to the action of the gas grows more strongly than the other.

M. A. Haman says that lead pipes ought to be entirely disused as conductors of drinking water. The water takes up particles of lead, not only by the mechanical action of friction, but, by affinity of some of its constituents, attacks the metal itself, and lead carbonate results. These minute particles of lead introduced into the system causes anæmia, and consequently defective nutrition.

Some remarkable illustrations of the power of plants to adapt themselves to diverse conditions have been furnished by the observations of Senor Ledislao Netto, of Rio Janeiro. One plant—Strychnos triplinervia—was found growing in an open space as a bush about six feet high, while another specimen of the same species was seen in the shade of some woods only a few yards away as a vine sixty feet in length. Other plants were allowed to become vines of considerable length in the dense Brazilian forests, and at once began to change their appearance to that of shrubs on being given free exposure to the sunlight.

Great Men and Gastronomy.

Dr. Fordyce, the distinguished English surgeon, ate but one meal a day.

Dr. Parr confessed his love for hot-boiled lobsters with a profusion of shrimp sauce.

Pope says:

One loves the pheasant's wing and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.

Dryden said that a chine of honest bacon pleased his appetite more than all the marrow puddings.

Sir Isaac Newton, when writing his "Principia," lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water, and a vegetable diet.

Dr. Johnson was partial to new honey and clouted cream, and all his lifetime had a voracious attachment for a leg of mutton.

Dr. Paley, having been out fishing for a whole day, was asked on his return if he had met with good sport. "Oh, yes," he answered, "I have caught no fish, but I have made a sermon."

Beau Brummel, speaking of a man and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, said: "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

Pepys, of Charles II.'s reign, having company at breakfast, mentions: "I had for them a barrel of oysters, a dish of neats' tongues, and a dish of anchovies, with wine of all sorts and ale."

Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he were told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he rose instantly and came down to the table.

Franklin at one time contemplated practicing abstinence from animal food, but having seen a cod opened which contained some small fish, said to himself, "If you eat one another I see no reason why we may not eat you." He accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure.—*Boston Budget.*

How Condensed Milk is Made.

When the milk is brought to the factory it is carefully strained, placed in cans or pails, which are put into a tank of water kept hot by steam coils. When hot, it is transferred to larger, steam-heated, open vessels, and quickly brought to a boil. This preliminary heating and boiling has for its objects the expulsion of the gasses of milk, which would cause it to foam in the vacuum pan, and also to add to the keeping quality of the milk by destroying the mold germs. A second straining follows, after which the milk is transferred to a vacuum pan, where, at a temperature below 190 degrees Fahrenheit, it boils and is rapidly cancentrated to any degree desired.

The vacuum pan employed is a close vessel of copper, egg shaped, about six feet in diameter. It is heated by steam coils within and by a steam jacket without, closing the lower portion. In one side of the dome is a small window through which the gas illumines the interior, while on the opposite side is an eye-glass, through which the condition of the contents is observed. The pan is also provided with a vacuum guage and test sticks.

Much of the milk used in the cities is simply concentrated, without any addition of sugar. The process of concentration is continued in the vacuum pan until one gallon of milk has been reduced to less than a quart. Condensed milk intended to be preserved for any length of time has an addition of pure cane sugar made to it during the boiling, and is usually put up in sealed cans. This sugared or preserved milk, when prepared, will keep for many years.

FARMS NO EYE HAS SEEN.

PLANTING AND HARVESTING EASTERN OYSTER BEDS.

How the Oyster is Cultivated—Enemies of the Bivalve—Bringing Oysters to the New York Market.

Oysters are raised by cultivation, just as fruits and vegetables are. They are found in all seas in from four to six fathoms of water, and never at a great distance from the shore. They are most abundant in the quiet waters of gulfs and bays formed at the mouths of large rivers. The principal sources of supply for the United States are the Chesapeake bay, New Jersey coast, and Long Island sound. Formerly the northern beds were almost wholly kept up by restocking with seed oysters from Chesapeake bay and the Hudson river, but of late the oyster reapers have secured the seed, or spat, as the fishermen call it, during the spawning season, and new grounds have been utilized until the area of the oyster beds can be measured by townships, and is constantly extending.

Although there is no such thing as buying the beds of any of the public waters, yet oyster grounds are, in a manner, bought and sold in this way: A man or a company will clear up a new place and begin raising oysters. If these men wish to go out of the business they sell their squatter's right to their bed. The right is recognized in the business, and such a sale holds good by common consent. The spat gathered in the spawning season is scattered over the beds from which oysters have been gathered, or on newly-prepared ground, as the case may be. Here it lies from one year to five or six years. Rockaways lie about one year and sounds from three years to five years. The increase is from three to six baskets for every one of spat. The chances, as a rule, are in favor of a good crop, but the oystermen have many things to contend with, so that it sometimes happens that when they go to gather the oysters they find either dead ones or none at all. The oyster has its natural enemies, such as the drumfish and starfish, which destroy a great many, and in the second place the ground sometimes proves unsatisfactory. Sometimes a heavy weight of grass grows fast to them, and, pressing them down into the mud, smothers them, or, when they are on sandy soil, a storm will occasionally cover them entirely with sand. However, with the constantly improved methods of cultivation, means are being continually devised for the better protection of the oyster.

Two-thirds of the oysters now brought into the New York market during the summer and autumn come from the lower bay, and are called sounds. The remainder may be said to come from Rockaway, Blue Point, and the East river. The winter trade depends more or less on the supply from Chesapeake bay, although large quantities taken in the New York waters are stored for winter use.

Down on West street, a few blocks north of Canal street, a little fleet of oyster bosts, packed together like sardines in a box, may be seen any day delivering their cargoes. How one ever gets out is a profound mystery. The boatmen themselves say it often takes half a day to get one clear of the rest. They are small, single masted, and each carries a jib. They vary in length from thirty feet to forty feet. They cost between $500 and $2,000 apiece, according to their size and the manner in which they are fitted up. There are also a great many steam tugs engaged in the business. Each boat usually carries five men. The wholesale dealer, who have their houses upon rafts along the dock, own or have an interest in most of these boats. One dealer will often own a number of sail boats, or an interest in several, and perhaps a number of tugs as well. There are, however, many boats that are owned by the men who sail them. The boats usually stay out a week or six days. Each is provided with an oyster tongs and dredge. At first, while the oysters are thick, the men use the tongs. Afterward they finish up by raking over the ground with the dredge. The dredge is an iron rake in two sections. It has a bag hanging from the back of it, made of iron links. This is always held open by an iron frame. The oysters, as they are raked up by the teeth of the dredge, are shoved back into the bag until it is filled, and then it is raised and its contents are emptied on board. It is either dragged by the sailboat with spread canvas or worked by steam.

When a boat has a load of oysters, which is from one thousand to six thousand, according to the size of the craft, it carries the oysters to a water-logged crib. This is done in order that the oysters may drink, and thus gain a fine, plump appearance for market, and also supply themselves with a circulating fluid to stand long transportation. They are usually put in the crib at ebb tide, as it is only then that oysters open. After this other boats deliver them to the wholesale dealers. Oysters are classified according to their size, as extras, box, culling and cullentines. Some of the dealers open the oysters they handle, while others simply deal in them in the shell. The openers get $1 a thousand for opening the oysters, and one man can open from three thousand to six thousand a day.—*New York Sun.*

The Brain a Scrap-Book.

What is the brain but a scrap-book? If, when we are asleep some one could peep in there, what would he find? Lines from favorite poets, stray bits of tunes and snatches from songs, melodies from operas, sentences from books, strange meaningless dates, recollections of childhood, vague and gradually growing faint, moments of perfect happiness, hours of despair and misery. The first kiss of childhood lovers, the first parting of bosom friends, the word of praise or the word of blame of a fond mother, pictures of men and women, hopes and dreams that came to nothing, unrequited kindness, gratitude for favors, quarrels and reconciliations, old jokes, and through them all the thread of one deep and enduring passion for some one man or women that may have been a misery or a delight.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The clock weight in Trinity church tower, New York city, is the heaviest in America. It takes two men over an hour to wind it up.

BENEATH THE EARTH.

When I beneath the cold, red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break—
When the swoll'n streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make—
Will there be one, whose heart despair i crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping—
The great and small—
Will there be one, even at that that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crowned,
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so—but this selfish sorrow
To ask such meed—
A weakness and a wickedness, to borrow
From hearts that bleed
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart!
And, though my bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain—for time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

—*William Motherwell.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The beautiful's no—A belle's frigid negative.

If silence be golden dumb people ought to grow rich.—*Siftings.*

Remembering the poor is well enough; but it is much better to give them something.—*Picayune.*

The ice man may not be much of a skater, but he is able to make fancy figures on ice.—*Boston Post.*

"I must shake off this bad habit," said a tramp, as he gazed at his tattered coat.—*New York Journal.*

When a trotting horse dies it is always one day after his owner was offered a fabulous price for him.—*Free Press.*

Contempt of court—The way the old man feels when his daughter's lover lingers into the small hours.—*Boston Star*

The camel is the only bird we yearn to hear warble after listening to a man learning to play the violin.—*Fall River Advance.*

An exchange asks: "Will the coming woman work?" That will depend upon how lazy her husband is.—*New York Journal.*

"Reporters, like poets, are born.' The writer might also have said the same of shoemakers, tailors and grocers. Most men are usually born.—*Graphic.*

"The wicked stand on slippery places,
The righteous only wear a crown"—
The preacher spake, and on the pavement,
Like a weight of woe, sat down.
—*Merchant-Traveler.*

A poet sings: "I miss you my darling, my darling; the embers burn low on the hearth." It's an awful thing not to have a wife around to attend to the fire.—*Call.*

"I would like to treat—" began a Congressman, one day last week, and then all the other Congressmen grabbed their hats and adjourned the meeting by a rising vote.—*New York Dispatch.*

She held my heart in a willing thrill,
She held my ring on her finger small,
She held my respect, this maiden young,
And she also knew when to hold her tongue.
—*Boston Courier.*

When you hear the old veteran with a head like an oyster bowl, telling the old story of the weather back in the twenties, you perceive that, in spite of the progress of invention there has been no improvement in lying worth mentioning.—*Lowell Courier.*

"A person can do anything on these roller skates that is possible to do on the ice," explained the attendant at the skating rink the other day. "Yes, I believe that is so," replied a bystander. "I knew a man to break his nose the other day."—*Statesman.*

Science marches steadily forward with the torch of progress, clearing up the mysteries of yesterday, and bringing those of to-morrow dimly into view, but she stands pals'ed in all her efforts to make out what it is that chews off the brim of a boy's hat.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"Here's a whole ball of twine," said the irritable old gent to his musical niece, "and now I want a stop put to this thing of settin' down in the parlor hull hours at a stretch, raisin' the neighbors, yellin' about 'The Lost Chord.'" She is now learning a new song.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Taken at His Word.

It was one of the genus tramp. He knocked at the door of a house, and when a kindly looking woman opened it he said:

"Madam, I am very hungry. I have had nothing for a week back."

"Why, you poor soul," said the good woman, "wait a moment and I'll find something for you."

And she gave him an old porous plaster, and closed the door before he had finished thanking her.—*Free Press.*

Our powers are limited. No one ever saw the whole of anything, however simple it may appear; and the more complex the object, the smaller the fraction that we behold. If we but realize this fully, it will go far toward dispelling prejudice and broadening our outlook.

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