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Ravaged by Elephants.

A District where all Planting has been Abandoned.

(From the London Times.)

M. Hugo de Koppenfels writes from Eloby, Gorisco Bay, a little to the north of the French Gaboon colony, that he has been exploring the country during several weeks of pouring rain. He ascended the Muni, the Nova, the Balinji, and the Tambuni to the first falls. In the Crystal Mountains he fell in with tribes absolutely unknown up to the present, or who at least had not been seen by whites, with rare exceptions—the Etemo, the Manga, the Otonto, and the Toko. These people are scattered in the middle of the Fans or Pahouins and the Osazeba, but speak languages differing from those of the two latter. Their idioms have much resemblance to that of the Shekiani and the Balinji.

These people, M. Koppenfels tells us, are very inoffensive; they regarded him as a curious animal and had a certain fear of him. They tried to render him service, and were much less importunate in their mendicity than the other negroes of that coast. When he asked them to accompany him into the interior, they agreed with a certain enthusiasm, assuring him that the people he would meet with were not wicked. They are frightfully poor, and much weaker than the Osszebas. They are obliged to give up planting on account of the ravages of elephants and gorillas, which are very numerous and daring. Not a single night passed, M. de Koppenfels states, that he did not hear these animals ravaging around the villages, which are, for the most part, very large. As soon as the animals are known to be near, the whole village is on foot endeavouring to frighten them away by shouting.

In these nocturnal expeditions, in which the explorer took part, he noticed that the head-man of the village addressed a speech to the elephants, and that in this speech his own name was pronounced. He was told that the elephants were threatened to be handed over to him, and that if they did not fly at once they would be visited on the morrow and the white man would kill them. If the elephant seizes a plant with its trunk the people immediately raise a dreadful plaintive howling, and the principal orator addresses, in a lamentable voice, supplications to the enormous brute.

Rosewood.

(From the American Cabinet Maker.)

Rosewood has always been considered an aristocratic wood. It is used for fine furniture and pianos by all civilized nations. We have no record of its first introduction into use, but it is fair to presume that it was soon after the discovery of South America, as old writers speak of rosewood cabinets and other articles of furniture. It is found only in South America, although a very near approach to it is used by the Chinese, of which and bamboo they construct all their furniture. The French call it *palaisandre.*

Bois de rose, or wood of the rose, is an African wood, and is red, with yellow streaks. It seldom grows over eight inches in diameter, and is cut into veneers and used bias for borders in inlaid or marquetry work. Rosewood, or *palaisandre*, is found of superior quality in Brazil. Rio de Janeiro exports all of the fine quality of wood. Large quantities of inferior quality are sent from Bahia, but this wood is only used by cheap manufacturers, as the grain is a dull brown, and possesses but little beauty of figure. Honduras also exports a heavy, dull-looking rosewood, which is mostly consumed for drumsticks and canes. Rio Janeiro wood grows large, and the grain is beautifully variegated.

The most desirable wood, that which is the most mottled is selected for veneers, and the plain straight-grained logs, when brought to market, are very rough and gnarled. It has latterly been sold by weight only; some years ago it was sold by the log, and the purchaser relied on his acuteness for bargains. It contains an acrid oil, which must be extracted by steaming or by long exposure to the air before it can be relied on to hold with glue. It has a pungent smell, and the men who work in it seem to imbibe the odour into their systems, as no ablution will eradicate the smell by which the worker is distinguished from the worker in other woods. The dust arising from the sand-papering is not poisonous, although it gives a peculiarly ghastly expression to the workman's countenance.

Rosewood, if well worked, is the most durable of all furniture wood, and after a century's use it can be polished to look as well as new. It is exceedingly strong and hard, and becomes more solid from age.

A Happy Home.

It is practicable to make home so delightful that children shall have no disposition to wander from it or prefer any other place; it is possible to make it so attractive that it shall not only firmly hold its own loyal ones, but shall draw others into its cheerful circle. Let the house, all day long be the scene of pleasant looks, pleasant words, kind and affectionate acts; let the table be the happy meeting-place of a merry group, and not a dull board, where a silent, is not sullen, company of animals come to feed; let the meal be the time when a cheerful laugh is heard and good things are said; let the sitting-room, at evening, be the place where a smiling company settle themselves to books or games till the round of good-night kisses are in order; let there be some music in the house—music not kept, like silks and satins, to show to company, but music in which father and mother and sister and brother join; let the young companions be welcomed, and made for the time a part of the group, so that daughters shall not deem it necessary to seek the obscurity of the back parlours with intimate friends, or to drive father and mother to distant apartments; in a word, let the home be surrounded by an air of cozy and cheerful good-will; then children need not be exhorted to love it—you will not be able to tempt them away from it.

Human Labour.

(From Fraser's Magazine.)

In the gigantic works of antiquity we have the result of an enormous concentration of human labour. With regard to some of them, as in the great obelisks and sphinxes of Egypt, the highly-conventionalized art of the times has preserved a record of the mode in which this labour was applied. With regard to others, as in the case of the megalithic walls of Tiryns or of Mycenæ, the question has even been raised whether they must not have been reared by races of greater strength and stature than any now existing on earth. But the most wonderful of all these evidences of mighty toil, as shown in the size and position of the enormous masses of stone reared in the air at Baalbec, have been the work of known tribes of men, within historic times. The great master of mankind in Egypt, in Greece, and in Cyria, executed an amount of sheer human toil to which modern times can show no parallel. And yet the mightiest works of ancient times, such as the raising of the entablatures of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, are but child's play when compared with the construction and the fixing in place of the great tubes of the Menai Bridge.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of a German paper affirms that the Czar and his son had a squabble over the question of the Grand Duke Nicholas being asked to a ball by the Czarovitch. The latter did not wish to ask his uncle, inasmuch as he believed him to have been implicated in army frauds, but the Czar said, "If he is not asked I will not come." The ball was put off. The Czar's predecessors would have knouted such a son, or at least put him into a dungeon; so Russia does advance.

LORD DUFFERIN has already more orders of knighthood than any English civilian—K. P., G. C. M. G. (Grand Cross of St Michael and St. George), and K. C. B., and it is quite on the cards that he will be Governor-General of India, and add the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Star of India to the rest. Five English prime Ministers (Pitt, Peel, Canning, Perceval, and Gladstone), in the present century never had any kind of decoration.

THE "FORTY THIEVES."—A Yankee, who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition, went to a New York theatre one night to see the *Forty Thieves.* The ticket-seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back, he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which would have told upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

A Carcanet.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Not what the chemists say they be
Are pearls—they never grew;
They come not from the hollow sea,
They come from heaven in dew!

Down in the Indian sea it slips,
Through green and briny whirls,
Where great shells catch in their lips
And kiss it into pearls!

If dew can be so beauteous made,
Oh, why not tears, my girl?
Why not your tears? Be not afraid—
I do but kiss a pearl!—

DIAMONDS AND GOLD.

A Tale of the Far West.

BY E. C. PELLOWS.

I.

My story is laid in the gold-yielding district of British Columbia called Cariboo; the opening scene being at a little mining city to which I will give the name of Nuggetville. The time is the autumn of 1866.

The "El Dorado Restaurant and Saloon" was an hotel—every rubbishing bit of an eating-and-drinking shanty in the Very Far West is an hotel—which did a capital business, and was kept by one Alexander Macpherson, a taciturn, miserly old fellow, of doubtful antecedents, with a sharp head on his shoulders and no principles worth speaking about, and who had passed many years in first one and then another gold-country. His "help," "bar-keep," and general factotum was a young Englishman known in the old country, where he had been a male butterfly of society, as Hugh Mostyn, but familiarly spoken of among the rough miners, ever great at bestowing nicknames, as "the cockney." He had landed in the colony during the gold excitement of '62, short of money but rich in hope, firmly persuaded that he was going to make a fortune in a few months, had rapidly spent all he possessed, tried the callings of newspaper boy, omnibus-driver, grocer's assistant, lessee of a cigar store, whose four previous owners had successively achieved bankruptcy, cook at the prison—the prisoners surviving!—and several other things; and had now for a couple of months been servant to old Macpherson. And was only too thankful to have secured the situation. The wages, for that part of the world were microscopic, for the keeper of the *El Dorado* passed himself off as a poor man. "Nigh dead broke," was the expression he used.

How far this assertion was true my story will show.

One day towards the end of September, while the mining season was still at his height, and when all things were at their busiest, Macpherson waked up in the little room behind the saloon, which was his sanctum and bed-room, prostrate and helpless, victim to a sharp attack of rheumatism. Touched at sight of the old man's pitiable condition, and also perhaps dreading lest death should ensue, and the business of which they were then, the barman felt convinced, making so thriving a concern, be broken up, Hugh exerted himself both to nurse his master and at the same time to attend to the restaurant.

In the afternoon, work having slackened, and the saloon being only half full of gamblers, loafers, hard-drinkers, and the like, Seth W. Jones lounged up to where Hugh stood behind the bar. Now, of all the people he knew in Nuggetville, this specimen of the "honest miner" was the one he most cordially detested. And no wonder. For Seth Jones, a long, lean, lantern-jawed, ill-conditioned fellow, with his roving eyes set much nearer together in his head than any respectable man has a right to have them, always looked as if he had at least a dozen times at least, he stayed his work to listen.

When this sort of thing had lasted a long while, Macpherson grew evidently weary, he laid down needle and thread for the last time, gathered his materials together, knelt down, and fumbled once more about his bunk. Belt and bag returned to their hiding-place, and a bottle of whiskey came forth instead. Very dearly did old Sandie love the national beverage, but he feared it too, for too much whiskey is apt to loosen a man's tongue, and will at times make a fool of even the wisest. Therefore, for all that he looked so lovingly, he hesitated, too, held the bottle up to see how much it contained, put it back twice, took it out again, placed it to his lips, and drank.

"If," thought the eager watcher, "he would but get screwed now, and knock that lamp over, perhaps the whole building might get in a blaze, and then——"

But no; Macpherson was no fool; he took only such a draught as seemed safe, hid away his bottle, turned out his lamp, and once more the *El Dorado* was plunged into the darkness of night.

He slept; not so his man. Everlastingly the sheen of diamonds was before envious Hugh's eyes, while calculations as to their probable value perplexed his brain. These precious stones were evidently the hoard of many years, since in a mining country whenever a saving man, a product rare enough, is found, it is his practice, if he keeps no banking account, to change his gold dust into the more readily portable diamonds. And here were gems actually by the score together. If only all that treasure were his own, Hugh thought, how easily he could return to England in the character of a lucky miner, become for the rest of his days a prosperous man, and hold up his head among the proudest of that class who make fortunes heaven knows how!

For several successive nights Hugh watched as long as he could keep awake, and during some part of most of them his perseverance was rewarded by the sight of Macpherson again bending over his leathern belt and slowly and patiently sewing his diamonds into its soft lining. "How can the old man do with so little sleep night after night, and yet in the morning show not a trace of weariness?" thought Hugh, who felt himself growing haggard for want of rest. He forgot to take into consideration the fact that he often wasted hours in fruitless watching, while Sandie, self-trained by long habit to wake at one particular time, wisely economized his strength by passing the remainder of the night in steady slumber.

The leathern bag was gradually becoming empty, and the belt as gradually growing thick with secreted wealth of gems; and meanwhile the mining season drew towards its close. Could it be that the old man—fearful of incurring in the speedily approaching winter fresh and sharper attacks of rheumatism, and perhaps also uneasy on account of Seth Jones's perfectly audible hints and curious questionings—was minded to slip off from Nuggetville, and leave restaurant and dependent too to fare as they might? That was quite possible, for the value of the stock in trade and building was as nothing in comparison with that of the precious stones.

Another night came, and poor Hugh, wofully tired, with eyes bloodshot for want of sleep, and yet, thanks to the fascination of his watch, intensely wakeful, witnessed through his peep-hole the usual programme of the *El Dorado's* midnight entertainment—the usual programme, that is, with for once a totally different ending.

While he lay with his aching eyes fixed upon his master's bowed figure sewing as patiently and slowly as ever, he felt that sleep was about to conquer him at last. The gems still continued to dazzle, and the den with its solitary inmate began to recede and grow indistinct, until somehow the scene was changed to Hugh's old home in far-away England, and it was Sir Lewis Mostyn, his little-loved elder brother, who bent over the belt and sewed into it the precious stones. And by and by there glided in a form like the wife Hugh had left behind him in England, richly attired, radiant, and beautiful, wearing a necklace of the largest and finest of the diamonds, and carrying in her arms their child; and she took the belt from her brother-in-law's unwilling fingers, and said, "It is all ours now, and nothing shall be left to you, hard-hearted old man that you are." For by some means Sir Lewis had become aged and withered, and altogether the living image of Macpherson the miser. Then, as Hugh's wife bound the belt about her body, there burst over all the scene a golden radiance, a ruddy glare that filled the place with light, and again she spoke and said, "Yes, it is all ours now, nothing is left to you, and Mostyn Hall is on fire, on fire, on fire!" And the aged Sir Lewis, with trembling lips, like a faint echo, repeated after her, "on fire!" Then the ruddy glare grew fiercer, and there were heard distant sounds as of roaring flames and falling timbers, and shouts of "fire, fire, fire!" which came ever nearer and nearer. And Hugh, jumping upright with a loud cry and wide awake, saw the radiance he had dreamed of shining brilliantly through the windows of the *El Dorado*, and making the black night glaringly red.

His first thought was that Macpherson had at last upset his lamp and set the den in a blaze; but a glance through the peep-hole showed things all right in that direction, and Sandie, fully alive to the situation as far as it concerned himself, noiselessly and with wonderful celerity divesting himself of his upper strata of clothing, buckling on his belt, replacing his coat, etc., and, last of all, girding on his trusty brace of seven-shooters. The roar of whirling flames, the shouts of men, and din of falling timbers grew louder, wilder, nearer, and Hugh, aware that he ought to be doing something, fell to battering on the sanctum's bolted door, the while he excitedly cried, "Macpherson, awake, get up! Would you die like a dog, man! Nuggetville's on fire!"

"All right," returned the cool, self-possessed voice within. "Have yer never seen a mining city burned up before, that yer shout and yell like an insane greaser driving mules into a corral? I guess we haint got no kegs o' gunpowder in the restaurant, nor they hasn't next door either. Tak' up yer blankets, and stow into them, and into yer pockets as many bottles o' whiskey as yer kin; and I reckon we'll make tracks right away."

So saying he issued from the den, and the two men unbarred the house door and escaped.

The *El Dorado* perished, of course; indeed, the whole of Nuggetville was laid low, save one tiny shanty that stood rather apart from the rest. But what matters the destruction of an entire city which can be easily rebuilt in a few days?

"Ye're mighty civil to an old man, Hugh," said Macpherson, as they stepped out into the open air; "but why didn't yer leave me aged carcass to burn up 'long with the restaurant? I guess I ain't much worth saving, noheow." And he looked suspiciously into his companion's face, brightly lighted up at it was by the huge fire.

"That would have been inhuman," answered the barman, without flinching.

A wooden town wholly on fire is always a magnificent spectacle, and Nuggetville formed no exception to the rule. The flames driving fast before a powerful wind, leapt from wooden house to wooden house with celerity; and the logs, or boards, of which each building was composed, baked by the hot sun of a long summer, blazed as readily as paper. Of course the Nuggetvillians, like all miners, enjoyed the big bonfire immensely; the question who's to lose or who's to pay being to them never an especially serious one.

A drizzling rain was now beginning to fall and the dull, grey, autumnal dawn, contending with the lurid light of the flames, made the scene of destruction look desolate enough. Hugh, feeling first the chill—his companion was wrapped in cogitation as to whether it would not be well to set off for the south at once, taking his servant with him as a protection—shivered and turning suddenly to Sandie, clapped him on the shoulder and said, "Macpherson, this will never suit your rheumatism; had we not better make a move somewhere?"

Recalled so speedily from the land of thought, the old man was for once thrown off his guard; it was not often in his long life that anyone had succeeded in startling him; but he started and visibly shrank from the hand laid on him at that moment. "Ay, laddie," he said in the Scotch accent that returned naturally to his lips at such rare times; then added, in his usual nasal twang, "wal, hurry up. We'd best make tracks anyhesw. Nuggetville's played out this fall, but I reckon as Orofield ain't caved in yet."

He said nothing of his resolve to move on far beyond Orofield and beyond the colony's limits; but Hugh took the "we," of his master's speech to mean that they were to set off together; nor, indeed, had the barman the slightest wish to part company with the jewel-lined belt that lay so near his hand. Once more the thought flashed through his brain, "Did the old fellow come honestly by all that treasure? Why, he drew back from my touch as though my hand had been that of a detective!" But aloud he only said, "All right, what you will."

And thus the two men, their blankets on their shoulders, their weapons close to hand, commenced their long pedestrian journey.

And where all this while was Seth W. Jones? In the very place he might be expected to be found; in the interior of the deserted *El Dorado*, whose roof had already caught fire; he was employed in carefully investigating that to him most interesting of spots. He knew exactly how long it was safe to remain—not many minutes; for if common rumour spoke truthfully he had had in his time a good deal to do with conflagrations—not at all in the way of putting them out, but rather in the character—by no means unknown in the remote West—of incendiary. Now, when the two other men had slipped out of the doomed "restaurant and saloon," Jones, who, as usual, was wide awake and up and not far off, after watching them safely from the premises, had quietly slipped in and passed straight to Macpherson's den.

A blow or two from the miner's axe Seth carried had soon battered down the door, which, even in the hurry of flight, the old man had not failed to lock behind him; and then, undaunted by the smoke already thinly curling into the room, the spy stood begrow