[Written for the RECORD-UNION.]

THE BROKEN IDOL.

But yesterday this world was full of light,
And gladness sat upon my hopeful brow;
My path was roses, and my future bright;
But now, alas, but now!

So changed is all that in my deep distress
I see dark clouds beyond, and from within
Feel rising tempests outward swelling press,
To those Job felt akin.

Why was I downshot from this giddy hight
To gloom so dense, to such a dark abyss?
Alas, that joys serene and hopes so bright
Should come to this, to this!

I loved her with the fullness of a faith
That blent her being with my inmost soul—
I loved her with a love that even Death
Were not its ending goal!

Oh, I was bless'd when in her eyes I peered,
And saw the glances then I deemed divine;
When warm caresses and soft words, endeared,
Sealed her as mine—as mine!

Too great the bliss—too sweetly good to last;—
A day has gone, and she, so prized, so dear,
Has rudely from her all my idols cast,
And thrown them far and near!

So scattered are they that the task were vain
To readjust them in their wonted place—
The splintered column none can raise again
Nor piece the shattered vase!

Say not another's image presses on thine heart!
Impervious is the flint to passion's steel—
The adamantine breast no human art
Can turn into the real!

I leave thee, like a wreck lured on the shore
By lights as false as those I kept in view,—
I leave thee, broken, rent, and evermore
To doubt that Truth is true!

Sacramento, January 23, 1884.

WHAT TOM MAXWELL DID.

"Who was that young fellow who seems to be rather *epris* with your rector's pretty daughter?" said I to my friend Marcus Jermyn, as I tore off a white tie, flung away my dress boots into a corner, and prepared to settle myself down comfortably to a pipe and a chat in his cosy smoking-room, after a dinner party which he had given to some of the village magnates.

"What! Tom Maxwell, d'you mean—the youngster who sat opposite to you?"

"Yes; there was something about his appearance I rather like. Who is he?"

"He's a duced plucky fellow, I can tell you," said Jermyn. "Why did you not hear what Tom Maxwell did last winter? It was in all the papers."

"Not I," said I. "I was in New York, you know, and missed a good deal of English news."

"Well, look here, old fellow, just get into that shooting jacket and brew yourself what you like, and I'll tell you the story. You know in old times I was rather fond of a yarn."

Jermyn and I had been at Oxford together some ten or twelve years before, and had kept up the friendship which we had formed there. Since I had last seen him he had succeeded to his father's property at Coxton, a pretty village on the east coast, and had settled down very comfortably to the ordinary routine of a country gentleman's life. I had been roaming all over the world, partly on business and partly on pleasure, and, having a few weeks before returned from a lengthened tour in the United States, I had run against Jermyn in the Strand, and he had then made me promise to spend a few days with him at Christmas. Consequently, I found myself, at the end of Christmas week, in his comfortable country house; and what with two or three dinner parties, a carpet dance and a servants' ball, had rather a jolly time of it. I was to leave the next day for London, and Jermyn had given a dinner party in my honor to some of his intimate neighbors. They having departed, Mrs. Jermyn had given Marcus leave of absence, at my particular request, and we had determined to pass a pleasant hour or two in talking over old times, and comparing notes as to how the world had treated us both since we were a couple of thoughtless under-graduates.

"Well," continued he, "you'd like to hear what Tom Maxwell did; but first, you ought to know something about him. He's the pupil of old Sawyer, the Vicar of Middleham, a village about a mile from here. Sawyer, who has a good deal in that ancient brain of his, but very little in his pocket, adds to the some hundred and fifty per annum which he draws from the Middleham tithe-payers by taking a pupil or two, and a confounded nuisance they have been on one or two occasions, I can tell you. Talk of poachers, why that young scamp, Edwin Millborough, a son of Lord Millborough, played the dickens with my pheasants a couple of years ago, and finished off by shooting at my keeper. Luckily it was a long shot, and it didn't hurt him, but Sawyer had the good sense to see that that sort of thing wouldn't do, and so the Honorable Edwin was sent home, much to the delight of the neighborhood. Since then the pupils have been pretty fair, and I think young Maxwell one of the best. He came to Sawyer about eighteen months since, and, as he is a very quiet, reading youngster, and never into mischief, he's a favorite among the matrons of the neighborhood, and also, since the event I am going to tell you of, among the girls. I should mention that there is no society whatever in Middleham, so that Coxton sees as much as it does of Sawyer's pupils, and, in fact, they are tame about the place, and have the run of all the houses. At the time Maxwell came to Sawyer he had but one other pupil, a tall young fellow called Denton, most abominably conceited and no favorite with us. I don't know what Denton did, except dwaddle about and gossip, for he had as genuine a liking for scandal as an old woman in the place. Somehow or other he gave us all a general impression that the new pupil, Maxwell, was a regular milksop, fresh from his mother's apron-string and up to none of the ordinary pursuits of other youths. Seeing the samples we had already had this was good news for us elders; but, of course, such a character did him no good among the young ladies, and they needed to pity one another when Maxwell fell to their lot at a dinner party or dance. He certainly had very little to say for himself, and was uncommonly shy, and was, therefore, a great contrast to Denton, who would have thought nothing of strolling up to Her Majesty at a levee and advising her to let Buckingham Palace. In this way it got to be considered that Maxwell was a muff; and as he did nothing in particular to remove this impression, it clung to him until the incident took place which I am going to tell you.

Well, things went on very quietly until last January. Denton had taken to patronizing Maxwell before people, and often hinted that, but for him, that unfortunate youth would be always getting into scrapes, and he took much credit to himself for taking the trouble to look after so young and inexperienced a lad. It was on the 20th of January that these two young fellows had been dining with us, and, it being a fearful night, we had persuaded them both to stay all night, a thing they were often in the habit of doing, and which, we well knew, would give old Sawyer no anxiety. The wind had been blowing pretty stiff all day from the north, and toward evening it had veered round to the east, and came on to blow a regular gale.

I had been asleep for about two hours, when Mary awoke me and said she had heard the front-door bell ringing. I guessed at once what it was. I had given my directions to the fishermen to send up to the hall whenever there was a ship on the shore, and I felt certain that this was a message of that import. Accordingly I slipped on my dressing-gown and went down to the door, and without opening it, asked who was there.

"Tom Purvis," was the answer.

"What is it, Tom?" I said.

"There's a ship on the Black Steel, sir."

"God help them, then!" was my first ejaculation. "I'll be down directly, Tom," I said, and went up stairs to dress. Before doing so, however, I thought these two lads might possibly like the excitement of the scene, and so I went into the double-bedded room where they were sleeping. Upon hearing my errand Denton said that he had a cold, and that he had seen wrecks before, and that he thought he wouldn't come; but young Maxwell immediately began to dress, saying that he didn't think he could sleep comfortably, knowing that probably some unfortunate sailors were perishing so near to us.

"Will they be able to do anything for them, do you think?" he asked me.

"I fear not," said I. "The life-boat won't have a chance in such a sea as there must be, and I fear she may have struck too far off to be reached by a rocket. But be quick with your things, and we'll go down and see."

In five minutes we were both down at the hall door, well wrapped up in pilot coats and mufflers; and good need we had of them, I can tell you, for the moment we opened the door the wind and rain rushed in with such force as to nearly blind us, and it required all our united strength to shut it again. Having at last, however, done so, we turned round and faced the tempest. It was, in truth, a fearful night, and we could scarcely make any way against the wind, which blew certainly far stronger than I had ever known it to do before. We linked our arms together and managed at last to get down to the beach. The night was so dark that we could see nothing from the fishermen's cottages.

"Where is she?" said I to an old man who stood at one of the doors.

"She's on the south of the Steel, sir," said he. "They're trying to reach her with a rocket from the jetty-end.

Hurrying to the end, we found a tolerable large group of fishermen surrounding the two coast guardsmen who had charge of the rocket apparatus.

"Do you make anything of her, Harvey?" said I to one of the coast guard, who lived in the village, and who was a great ally of mine in fishing and boating expeditions.

"Well, sir," said he, "I think she'll be a big French lugger that was knocked about, off and on, this afternoon. I said when I see'd her I wouldn't give much chance for her getting into the harbor. It's so fearful dark, sir, that we can scarcely make her out a bit; but I fancy I picked out three masts, such as them great ugly French colliers have. We've missed her twice with the rockets—they both fell to leeward of her, but we'll allow enough for this one, sir."

As he spoke they got ready to fire another rocket, and this time, as far as they could guess, it went right over the unfortunate vessel. We had now begun to get our eyes accustomed to the darkness, and fancied that we could make out a black, shapeless mass about fifty or eighty yards before us. We could hear the cries of the poor fellows on board clearly enough, and the crashing, grinding sound of the vessel on the rocks; and by the latter sound we knew that, unless something was quickly done, they would all perish.

Just then to the great delight of us all, some one on board fixed a lantern in the rigging, and by its light we could see that the coast guard had been right in their conjectures, and that it was one of those large, unwieldy luggers which trade between our northern coal ports and France. At last, after what seemed to us an immense time, we could just make out that a man was getting carefully over the side of the ship into the cradle, and pulling the rope. He came toward us into the darkness, and in a few minutes we were able to haul up upon the jetty a miserable, half-drowned Frenchman, who very soon had the neck of a bottle of better cognac than he had ever before tasted, thrust into his mouth.

Off went the cradle again, and back it returned with the same result, until we soon had quite a little French colony, shivering and shaking on the jetty beside us. There only remained now the Captain to be brought off; and, to our very great consternation, we made out from one of the crew that he had announced his determination to stick by his ship and wait until morning, when he imagined the sea would go down. His reason for this was an idea he had got into his foolish head, that upon his leaving his deck he lost all claim to his vessel, which at once became the property of perfidious Albion, and as the unsightly old lugger was his sole means of subsistence, he determined not to give her up.

It was a marvel to all the experienced sailors on the jetty that she should have held together so long as she had done, and she was expected to break up every minute. What was to be done then for the foolish old Frenchman? Was he to be allowed to perish with her, or could anything be done to compel him to save his life?

We did not know what to do, and began to think that he must be left to his fate, when one of the fishermen was heard to say to another:

"If some fellow, now, had the pluck to go off and fetch him? If it wasn't for the wife and bairns, I'd go."

"And what would be the good of that?" said another, "when you can't jabber one word of his confounded lingo!"

There was a pause, and then, to my consternation, I heard a quiet voice at my elbow say:

"That'll be the only plan. I understand French, and will go off to him and explain the matter."

"You, Maxwell?" I said. "Stuff and nonsense, my dear fellow. I wouldn't allow it for a moment."

"Excuse me, Mr. Jermyn, but I intend to go. The last time they practiced down here I went off for fun, and there's really no more danger now. It's only the darkness, and the rain and noise that make it appear a rather perilous undertaking."

"No, I'll be hanged if you shall go!" said I. "Good gracious me! are you to risk your life because a confounded thick-headed old French skipper chooses to be an obstinate old mule? Besides, you shan't do it, Maxwell, I tell you."

His only reply was the taking off his watch, which he quietly handed to me.

"The wet will injure it," he said.

"Now, Maxwell, do be reasonable," said I. "For goodness sake don't do this foolish thing. It's all very well being Quixotic, and all that sort of thing, but there's a limit to that, and this is beyond it. Come, let's go home; we can do no good here."

I give you my word, Fred, that I was never so miserable in my life before. Here was a boy who was virtually, if not actually, in my care, going into the most fearful danger, and I was powerless to stop him. If anything happened to this boy what was I to say to his parents, and what would they say to me? Yet nothing we could say would prevent him from going.

We could just make out that he had reached the vessel, and then a very long time went by without any sign whatever. The excitement in all minds, and in mine especially, was painful in the extreme. The coast guardsmen, old, experienced men-of-war's men, and the fishermen, were all in a state of wonder that the vessel had held together so long, and we all expected that every minute would be her last. At length, after what seemed at least an hour, but which I fancy could have really been only about ten minutes, we saw a man get over the side of the vessel, and soon the ugly cause of all our anxiety—a fat, pudgy, elderly Frenchman—was hauled on to the jetty, and if he did get a little roughly handled and shaken in getting him clear of the ropes, why I don't think he was much to be pitied.

I need not say that the cradle was sent off again as quickly as possible, and we saw, to our great delight, that young Maxwell was getting into it. We began to haul with a will, but all of a sudden the vessel seemed to collapse and go to pieces. A great cry arose from all on the jetty, when, to our infinite delight, we heard Maxwell's voice close to us. He had just reached the jetty when the rope gave way, from the vessel breaking up; but he clung tightly to it, and in a moment he was pulled up among us, and was almost devoured by the delighted fishermen, who crowded around him to shake hands and ply him with brandy.

It was undoubtedly one of the narrowest escapes that was ever heard of. If he had been a couple of feet further off when the rope gave way nothing could have saved him, for the waves would have dashed him against the jetty and killed him, but he fell just clear of the sea, and we had him up before one of the large waves could come.

I left Coxton the next day, but thought the story of "What Tom Maxwell Did" worth record, so here it is.

A REASON FOR MARRYING.—I know it is up-hill work rolling back a stone that has very nearly reached the bottom of the hill. I remember, some years ago, asking an old acquaintance, a peasant girl who lived up at Granaiolo, a commune perched high above the Bagni di Lucca, and whom I had not seen for some time, whether she was married yet? Yes, she was. And to whom? Well, not to her old flame, but to some one else, of whom evidently she was not much enamored. But why had she done that? I asked. "Well, see, sir," she began. "We have to do our work down here in the village, and he lived up there; and, to tell you the truth, I was tired of going up hill."—[The National Review.

NO SAFER REMEDY can be had for coughs and colds, or any trouble of the throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price, 25c. Sold only in boxes.

THE EDITOR'S WIFE.

Eugene Field, of the Chicago *Daily News*, was asked to respond for "The Editor's Wife," which he did as follows:

No eloquent thought and no flowing word—
That the most of you, list'ning enraptured, have heard—
Could allure me from viands so temptingly spread
That I've missed the extempore speeches you've read.
But my heart beats responsive to one theme divine—
The women we drink to in bumpers of wine;
So I throw down my napkin, my fork and my knife
To speak to the toast of the editor's wife.

And of course you'll agree—since our wives are all here
To brighten the scene and partake of our cheer—
That the best of all angels kind Heaven has sent
To bring a man sympathy, peace and content—
To add to his joys and lessen his woes—
To sew on his buttons and patch up his hose—
And to smooth out the kinks and the wrinkles of life,
Is the idol we worship—the editor's wife.

When the editor comes from his office at night,
At a very late hour, in a dubious plight,
The impression prevails and the story is told
That an editor's wife can be always cajoled
With a fib about "bridges" and "broken-down press"—
But we who have been there are free to confess
That when husbands are late and suspicions are rife,
It is best to own up to the editor's wife.

All such fables are cruel, and men are unkind
To libel a sex of such generous mind—
A sex who economize all through the year,
That we may afford to exhibit them here;
The women who scrimpingly, patiently wait
For the annual feast at three dollars per plate—
For all the wild joys in the circus of life
A banquet seems best to the editor's wife.

But all jesting aside—since I dimly surmise
That the ladies regard me with sinister eyes—
Who more than the wife of our bosom deserves
The sweet veneration her beauty preserves?
And the years may go by, and our heads may grow white—
Her beauty glows ever as pure and as bright
As when she faced poverty, sorrow and strife,
And blessed our estate as an editor's wife.

And some of us, glancing back over the years,
Can call up sweet visions all hallowed with tears—
A dress, or a toy, or a hood that is torn,
Or a quaint little shoe that a baby has worn;
Or a white little face lying under a pall,
And a moss-covered grave over yonder—that's all;
But we know the great grief that has clouded the life
And broken the heart of an editor's wife.

You may drink to your trade and your creatures of fame—
I raise not my glass till I hear a sweet name;
'Tis to her who alone uncomplainingly bears
The all of her sorrows and most of our cares—
Whom the wealth of sweet influence subtly inspires
Our grandest achievements and noblest desires—
'Tis to her I would drink—our companion in life—
God's best inspiration—the editor's wife!

THE LADIES.

Latest Fashion Notes.

For indoor toilets lace is preferred to linen collars.

White underskirts should be worn only in the evening.

High heels are no longer worn on evening shoes, but are still used upon day boots.

Ladies' cards are of generous size, cut almost square, while those for gentlemen are narrow and short.

An opera dress of white satin has lace and bunches of gold-colored ostrich feathers. The mantle is of gold-colored plush, lined with pale blue satin.

Plush is coming steadily back into favor. Worth recently made a dress for the Princess of Wales and another for the Queen of Portugal, both of them trimmed with plush.

Paris letters say that for morning wear skirts are invariably made short, but afternoon, visiting and evening toilets are worn longer than formerly, just resting on the floor.

Fancy stationery is properly voted vulgar. There is nothing more genteel than plain white paper and envelopes, and it is still more "genteel," and after the manner of the "old school" people, to use sealing wax.

Among the pretty fans carried this season are those of a large oval shape made of white or tinted satin, and covered with row after row of painted lace. In the center is placed a cluster of pond lilies mingled with fern fronds or smilax.

A satin dress of a former season may be freshened up again by being covered with black tulle embroidered with jet, or white tulle embroidered with very small white beads. Tulle speckled with chenille is very much the fashion and easy to prepare one's self.

Comparatively few artificial flowers, says a fashion paper, are used on ball dresses just now. Instead, ribbons are cut into sharp-pointed ends and made into fanciful rosettes for trimming, and only a single bouquet of natural flowers is added; this is still worn high on the left side, or else just at the waist line.

The "masher" hat is much worn. They are nothing more than the hats of soft brown felt turned up, with a tuft of feathers on one side, the brim bound with gold braid, and two rows of narrower braid each side of the broad band of velvet that encircles the crown. On the opposite side from the feathers is a knot of velvet run through a large slide of Roman gold.

Wide stripes appear to be taking high rank in the fashions of the day, the leading importing houses showing a remarkable choice of them. They are fashionable in silk and satin as in other materials, the difference observed being that the silks are principally in light evening tints, the woolens of darker shades. The stripes are often three inches wide in satins, with an alternate stripe equally wide dotted at intervals with tiny clusters of embossed flowers in natural hues. Those striped fabrics are still very frequently kilted, even for full-dress wear, the plain stripe showing but little, being laid beneath the flower-brocaded one, which is fully displayed.

A new mode of utilizing the handsome broad ribbons we see everywhere is as follows: Take a good length of ribbon, the texture soft and fine, bring it round the neck, and pin on the left side, under the ear, with a silver bar or lace pin. Now draw both ends towards the throat in the center of the corsage, secure there, and allow the remaining lengths to descend over the bust, so as to form the fashionable bulging vest. This is done by turning the ends underneath and fastening them with safety-pins. On little people the vest does not reach below the sixth button, or thereabouts, but a more elongated arrangement may be found more becoming to a larger figure. When the skirt or skirt trimmings are of velvet, the ribbon may be of the same kind and color to correspond.

For walking dresses the short velvet skirt, with velvet ruche around the foot, and long French redingote draped above, is still very fashionably worn. This costume may be in two materials, or may be formed wholly of velvet or velveteen. With grand toilets, the Louis XV. coat is much worn, as is also the habit Polignac, with long basque in front and habit basque at the back. This coat is worn over any elegant skirt, whatever the material or style. It is exceptionally elegant in white satin, plain or brocaded, trimmed with mossy ruches and full frillings of lace. If of plain white Lyons satin, these basques are often exquisitely hand-painted, or embroidered in several shades of silk in a Louis XV. design, and worn over a skirt matching one of the colors of the embroidery.

Royalty having very recently ordered the wearing of Irish poplins, says the New York *Post*, has, of course, brought these neglected fabrics into high fashion once again. The newly-imported poplins are scarcely to be distinguished from some of the thick, rich-ribbed ottoman silks which are so attractive, but wear so badly. The makers of the new Irish poplins have, while retaining the desired quantity of durability, succeeded in imparting a beautiful sheen to the surface, and by rendering the material soft and flexible, the requirements of present fashion for graceful bouffant drapings are fully met. The latest high art tints are shown, as well as the time-seasoned colors of golden fawn, gray, mauve and silver, with which we are all familiar. For bridal dresses where, for the sake of prejudice or economy, white satin is dispensed with, white poplin is exquisite, and really more becoming; another thing in its favor being that if at any time desired it can, when soiled, be dyed any desirable color.

The Household.

A plain dessert can be made by following the directions for making roly-poly pudding, and by substituting jelly for fruit. Cut in slices, and serve with wine sauce.

Oatmeal cookies combine many good qualities, and will be relished by children. Make them just like an ordinary cooky, using two-thirds oatmeal and one-third wheat flour.

To make jumbles take one pint of sour cream, two cups of sugar, three eggs, a quart of flour, into which is sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; season with cinnamon; cut into rings and fry in lard to a light brown.

An extremely simple way of ornamenting the square of flannel which you put over the baby in his carriage is to crochet a row of open work and a small scallop on the edge, and run a bright ribbon through the open spaces.

If the family is very small, and large loaves of bread are likely to become stale before they can be eaten, it is a good plan to make two little loaves for one tin. They will keep their shape all right, and will not run together or adhere any more than rolls or biscuits do.

Apple custard pie should be baked with an under crust only. The filling is delicious if made of one pint of sweet milk, one pint of smooth apple sauce, well sweetened, three eggs; flavor with lemon or with a little cinnamon. This will make two small-sized pies or one very large one.

A pretty bag to hold cards is made by taking two squares of pasteboard of the same size and covering them with satin; on the upper part of the outside one put on a lid of velvet or plush; finish the edge with a cord and hang by narrow ribbons. The back need not be covered with satin; silesia of the same color can be used. The bag should be lined.

A fine chicken soup, which is not only palatable but highly nourishing, may be made by cutting the fowl into small pieces and lay in salt water for a half hour; put it in a soup kettle with three and one-half quarts of water; season with pepper and one onion. When the fowl is tender remove it and add to the soup two well-beaten eggs, a cup of milk and a dozen butter crackers.

Nothing is more wholesome and nutritious for breakfast than good graham gems. Try this way of making them: One pint of sour milk, one egg, one spoonful of sugar, pinch of salt, teaspoonful of soda and enough good fresh graham flour to make a stiff batter. Baked in greased gem pans, or pour the batter into a large bread pan and bake like ginger-bread. They will be delicious, light, puffy and wholesome.

Now is the time of year to enjoy scalloped oysters: Take two quarts of oysters, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of cream or milk, four teaspoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two quarts of stale bread-crumbs, and spice, if you choose. Butter the scallop dishes and put in a layer of crumbs, and then one of the oysters. Dredge with the salt and pepper, and put small pieces of butter here and there in the dish. Now have another layer of oysters, seasoning as before; then add the milk, and, finally, a thick layer of crumbs, which dot with butter. Bake twenty minutes in a rather quick oven. The crumbs must be light and flaky. The quantity given above is enough to fill two dishes.

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

Many good anecdotes of Sherman were current during the war. Some of them, he once said, when they were brought to his notice, had been told of every General since Hannibal. Here is one of unquestionable authenticity, which shows his sagacity in dealing with the population of conquered towns: After he occupied Memphis, the people kept the churches, schools and places of business closed, so that, save for the movements of the soldiers, the place looked like a city of the dead. He issued an order directing that the stores and shops should be opened during business hours, the schools resume their courses, and the churches hold their customary services. Among the people who called at his headquarters to protest against this order, or to ask for explanations, was the clergyman of an Episcopal church, who said that the ritual of his denomination contained a prayer for the President, which, under the circumstances, embarrassed him. "Whom do you regard as your President?" asked Sherman, bluntly. "We look upon Mr. Davis as our President," replied the minister. "Very well; pray for Jeff. Davis if you wish. He needs your prayers badly. It will take a great deal of praying to save him." "Then I will not be compelled to pray for Mr. Lincoln?" "Oh, no. He's a good man, and don't need your prayers. You may pray for him if you feel like it, but there's no compulsion," answered Sherman, instantly divining that the worthy clergyman wanted to pose as a martyr before his parishioners, and had hoped that he would be ordered to use the prayer for the President of the United States. The next Sunday the prescribed prayer was so modified by the preacher as to leave out all mention of the President, and to refer only to "all in authority."

General Joseph E. Johnston, who commanded the Confederate forces engaged in resisting the advance upon Atlanta, once narrated the following incident, which well illustrated the impression Sherman had made upon the minds of the Southern soldiery at that time as a commander of resources and ready expedients. Johnson stood on Kenesaw Mountain watching with his glass the movements of his enemy's wagon trains on the great plain to the northward. A staff officer came riding up with the news that the rebel cavalry had got in the rear of Sherman's army and had burned a number of railroad bridges. The officer had been forced to make a detour of two days to get around the Union army. Scarcely had he finished speaking when a whistle was heard, and a moving train appeared in the distance, showing that Sherman had already rebuilt the bridges and reopened his communications. Walking past a group of soldiers lounging in the shade, a few minutes later, the General overheard them discussing Sherman's chances of success. Said one of them: "We'll make it a Moscow campaign and destroy his whole army." "How can you make it a Moscow campaign without any snow?" asked his less enthusiastic comrade. "I mean that we will cut his communications, destroy everything, and starve him out. We will burn all the bridges." "Don't you know he carries duplicate bridges along with him?" "Well, we'll blow up the big tunnel." "Oh, hell!" exclaimed the other man, with a look of disgust; "you don't know old Tecumseh Sherman. He's got a duplicate tunnel too!"—[E. V. Smalley, in the January Century.

SOME SEX DIFFERENCES

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

Some women can't pass a milliner's store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it.

Women love admiration, approbation, adulation, self immolation on the part of others, and are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand, so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket, so that his wife won't see it.

A man of fashion hates the rain because it deranges the set of his pantaloons; a woman of fashion hates it because it deranges her complexion.

When a woman wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages he spends two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

A woman can sit in a theater three hours without getting all cramped up, catching the toothache, or becoming faint for want of fresh air; a man can't.

When a woman is asked by a fond lover for heart and hand and says "No," she don't always mean it; when a man is asked by a jovial friend if he will take something and says "No," he don't always mean it, either. [Philadelphia Call.

A lady who is a great admirer of Shakespeare calls her husband Wish and her little boy Thought, because the wish is father to the thought. This kind comes one in a box, and is very expensive.—[Philadelphia Call.

The production of bullion of the mines in Bodie district for 1883 amounted to $1,582,667, and $360,000 in dividends were disbursed.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Lessons of the Year.

You are larger now than a year ago,
And the stories and the lessons they, too, must grow,
And come to your minds with a fresh, new look
On the unlearned page of this old, old book.

But have you, my dears, learned everything
The brave old year in its arms could bring?
Oh, all the lessons the school book brought,
Perhaps—but the other ones? Have you thought

That never a blossom looks up but tells
Some story of how its sweet heart swells
With a grateful love to Him who made
Its beauty of sunshine, rain and shade?

That never a butterfly sips, or a bee,
The nectar too little for us to see,
But out of the picture a lesson goes
Of Him who made clover and bees and rose?

That never a ripened apple falls,
Nor a grape vine purples on dull old walls,
Nor a nut comes rustling through the leaves,
Nor a wain goes laden with harvest sheaves,

But in each and all bright eyes may find
How wise and changeless and heavenly kind
Is He who fashions the endless store
Which blesses the New Year more and more?

And not alone while the warm skies glow
Are written the lessons for us to know,
But the snow and the ice have a truthful word
Of Him whom we worship and call the Lord.

They hide the roots of the honey flowers,
And the trees whose fruits fall thick as showers,
And in all the earth and air and sea,
There are stories and lessons for you and me.
—[Christian Leader.

A "Penguinnery."

In each nest of the penguin, which is found in Terra del Fuego, sits one young, half-fledged bird, as the "jackass" penguin lays and hatches but a single egg. Many of the nests have old birds standing beside them, each occupied in feeding its solitary chick, duckling, gosling, or whatever the penguin offspring may be properly called. This being of itself a curious spectacle, the disappointed egg-hunters stop a while to witness it; for they are still outside the bounds of the "penguinnery," and the birds have as yet taken no notice of them. By each nest is a little mound, on which the mother stands perched, from time to time projecting her head outward and upward, at the same time giving forth a queer, chattering noise, half quack, half bray, with the air of a stump orator haranguing an open-air audience. Meanwhile the youngster stands patiently waiting below, evidently with a foreknowledge of what is to come. Then, after a few seconds of quacking and braying, the mother bird suddenly ducks her head, with the mandibles of her beak wide agape, between which the fledgling thrusts its head, almost out of sight, and so keeps it for more than a minute. Final y withdrawing it, up again goes the head of the mother, with neck craned out, and oscillating from side to side in a second spell of speech-making. These curious actions are repeated several times, the entire performance lasting for a period of nearly a quarter of an hour. When it ends, possibly from the food supply having become exhausted, the mother bird leaves the little glutton to itself and scuttles off seaward, to replenish her throat-larder with a fresh stock of molluscs.—[Captain Mayne Reid, in St. Nicholas.

The Saucy Bird.

Once there were two pretty young birds as blue as a piece of the sky. They thought they would keep house together in the limb of a tree. Their family name was Gnat-Snapper; but they were not in the least related to the Snap-Dragons or the Snapping-Turtles. In fact, you never saw a sweeter, gayer pair in your life.

Their nest was very neat, and the three eggs in it were white, with a pink blush all over them like the blush that lies on apple blossoms.

"How pleasant it is to have a home of our own," said the bird-wife, looking at the eggs, with a twinkle in her eye.

The husband wiped his bill. "I am glad there is no rent to pay," said he. Well, they did not know what was going to happen. They sang and were very happy, till one day they were both gone from home a great brown bird came visiting. She walked in without knocking and sat down in the nest. It was a lazy cow-bird, who had really no manners at all.

"I wish I had a pretty house like this, but I shall not take the trouble to make one," said she.

And the next thing she did was to lay an egg. Could anything have been more impolite? It was rather larger than the other eggs, and not pink like an apple-blossom, but brown like a ball of mud.

It was quite too bad; and when little Mr. and Mrs. Gnat-Snapper came home they were very angry and very much surprised to find a strange egg in the nest. "But we cannot help it now," said little madam, ready to cry. "And, oh, dear, if I sit on my own pretty pink eggs, I must sit on the big, brown, homely egg too!"

Yes; and so she did. Soon her own bird-babies came out of the pink eggs, and lovely blue darlings they were. But in a little while the big egg opened, and out stepped a lazy brown bird.

Papa scolded, and little madam cried.

"But we cannot help it now," said she. "And we must feed the big bird, too. It will never do to let her starve."

Starve? There was no danger of her starving. Oh, how she did eat! She seized all the best food that was brought to the nest, and the other birdies had to take what was left. And then, how she did push!

"This is my home," said she to the little blue nestlings; "this is my home, and there is no room for you. Why do you stay here and crowd me so?"

Papa scolded; but the brown bird pushed and pushed.

"We cannot help it, I suppose," said little ma'am, weeping. "Our darlings must go, or there will be no peace."

So, as soon as might be, the little blue sisters tried their wings, and one by one they flew away into the wide, wide world.

And then the little cow bird was happy, for she had the whole nest to herself.—[Our Little Ones.

THE SCIENCE OF INTRODUCING

"I do dislike to introduce people to each other."

"Why? pray. It seems to me a very simple thing."

"Well, when I have it to do, I stammer and blush and feel so awkward. I never know who should be mentioned first, and I wish myself out of the room."

"I think I can make it clear to you," I said. "You invite Mabel Tompkins to spend an afternoon with you. She has never been at your home before, and your mother has never met her. When you enter your sitting-room, all you have to do is to say, 'Mother, this is my friend Mabel; Mabel, my mother.' If you wish to be more elaborate, you may say to your Aunt Lucy, 'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present Miss Mabel Tompkins, Miss Tompkins, Miss Templeton.' But while you introduce Mabel to your father, or the minister, or any elderly gentleman, naming the most distinguished personage first, you present your brother, his chum, and your cousin Fred to the young lady, naming her first. Fix it to your mind that among persons of equal stations the younger are introduced to the elder, and that inferiors in age, position, or influence are presented to superiors. Be very cordial when, in your own house, you are introduced to a guest, and offer your hand. If from home, a bow is commonly sufficient recognition of an introduction. Please, in performing an introduction, speak both names with perfect distinctness."

SEWER DEATHS IN PHILADELPHIA.—Col. Banes of the Fifteenth Ward asked consent in Select Council yesterday for the immediate consideration of a petition of his constituents asking the immediate connection of the dead end of the sewer at Perot street with that at Twenty-fourth street. The Selectman sent in with the petition a bundle of papers which he seemed singularly unwilling to have read. A member called his attention to the fact that the legislation asked involved an expenditure of city money, and so must lay over under the rules. Thus forced, Colonel Banes unwillingly recited the facts. The papers contained the certificates of half a dozen physicians and appeals of bereaved parents that read like wails. Within four months twenty children have been carried to their graves from the houses on Perot street. Others recovered after desperate illness, and many are now hovering between life and death. At almost any hour of the day the carriages of a dozen physicians may be seen in the pestilence-stricken street. The physicians certified that the epidemic was undoubtedly traceable to the foul air accumulating in the dead end of the sewer and forcing its way into the houses through the waste pipes. The Chamber unanimously approved the immediate connection of the sewer as desired.—[Philadelphia Press.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

Further Description of the Wells in Tulare County.

The following letter to the San Francisco *Post*, giving additional information to that already published, concerning the artesian wells of Tulare county, will be of interest, as it is well-known to all that the successful introduction of the necessary water supply to the lands of the San Joaquin valley is the only requisite to make that section the very garden and most productive portion of the State. The correspondent continuing, from letters heretofore published, says:

Some three miles from Miss Smith's well—of which I presented you an elaborate description in my last letter—is that of J. A. Carey, late of Illinois, and one of the superbest fellows I have ever met with anywhere. His well is eight inches in size and has a flow of three and a half inches. It is 438 feet deep, and is situated in section 22, township 22, range 24. Mr. Carey got his well on May 20, 1883, and at once prepared thirty acres of corn, some of which he was shelling as I drove up a few days ago. "There's corn," he said, "that would make the Illinois production ashamed of itself. I raised corn in that State a good many years, but never saw anything to touch this." Mr. Carey has already the finest reservoir in the country, and is saving every drop that runs from his well. This reservoir covers two and a half acres, is circular, and four deep. He expects, by thus husbanding his water, to irrigate 320 acres of land the present year, 100 of which he will put in alfalfa. He also calculates to put in forty-five acres to fruit and raisin grapes. Carey's place is about four and a half miles southwest from Tipton station.

THE WHEELER WELL.

About half a mile west of Mr. Carey's well is that of Fred Wheeler, in section 22, township 22, range 24. This well is 450 deep, seven inches in size, three-inch flow. This is another one of those wells which makes a farmer's eye water to look at, for he can snap his fingers at rain and irrigating ditches at one and the same time. "No riparian rights business in mine; no sitting on a flume all night with a double-barreled shotgun to get half a head of water six hours a month for your uncle!" exclaims Mr. Wheeler, in ecstasy. This farmer only had fifteen acres under cultivation last year, as he did not get his well until long after time to prepare his soil. He expects, however, to harvest 100 acres of wheat in June next.

MRS. STUDEBACKER'S WELL.

About one and a half miles east of Mr. Carey, in section 24, township 23, range 24, is Mrs. Studebacker's well, which is 370 feet deep, has a flow of four inches, and is eight inches in size. The happy possessor of this well also has 160 acres of excellent land, and is a widow.

What has been said of the wells particularly described in these four letters, and also of the lands, character of soil, healthfulness of the country, etc., may be said of all, except that the scattering oaks, which may be seen near the Tulare City wells, give way to more treeless sweeps of country south of Tule river and Tipton. The following is a complete

LIST OF WELLS IN THE TULARE COUNTY ARTESIAN BELT DECEMBER 13, 1883.

Names.	Size in Inches.	Depth. Feet.	Flow. Inch.	Rise. Feet.	T. south, R. east, M. D.
J. H. Castle	7	531	2½	28	20 23
J. H. Castle	7	450	3	28	20 23
S. P. R. R. Co.	5	....	4	22	25
Geo. Crossman	8	550	3	27	20 23
James Percell	7	450	14	3	21 23
Solomon Ephraim	7	330	14	32	20 24
Solomon Ephraim	7	324	4	32	20 24
J. Burnett	7	460	3½	9	21 24
J. Barnett	7	305	14	7	21 25
Frank Churchill	7	405	2	34	20 24
H. J. Beckwith	7	410	2½	4	22 24
—Mataria	7	305	1	27	20 24
J. C. Smith	8	550	5½	2	23 24
Chism & Watrous	7	500	5	30	20 24
Mrs. Studebacker	7	370	4	24	23 24
E. W. S. Woods	7	472	2	32	20 23
John Allen	7	352	3	26	20 23
Lee Weaver	7	340	2	6	20 24
A. P. Cromley	7	320	14	18	20 24
M. Premo	7	460	14	18	20 23
George Bartlett	7	480	2½	7	20 23
J. Merritt	7	405	4	11	20 23
J. A. Carey	8	438	3½	22	22 24
Wheeler Brothers	7	450	7	22	22 24
Wm. Swain	8	325	2