

BUTTERFLIES.

BY LU BILLINGS SPALDING.
A cloud of crimson hangs over the clover,
stinging and shimmering on the young
down:
A cloud of crimson puts up from the
daisies,
from the daisies so wet and so warm.

not go giggling about continually, but
only laugh when there is something
to laugh at.
Do you say they always seem to
have a look of anxiety, as though they
envied the married women they meet?
Fudge! How blinded you are by
prejudice. If you wish to speak the
truth, why do you not say that the
wives are manifesting this envious
spirit toward their single sisters.

paper, of December, we make the fol-
lowing extract:
RUSSIA.—The emancipation of the
serfs is said to have produced results
here something like the abolition of
slavery did in the West Indies. A
letter from St. Petersburg says: At
this moment the condition of the
country is very melancholy. The
descriptions given of it by the Russian
papers are very gloomy indeed. The
peasant in many cases interprets per-
sonal independence as the right to do
nothing beyond what is required to buy
him a little food and a great deal of
gin, etc.

turning, so soon open to us. You ask
my "best judgment what is to flow
from and be the result of extending the
elective franchise to the blacks of the
Southern States?"
I answer never in the history of the
world has any race of human beings
improved so much in centuries as that
race has in these States since the
inauguration of the rebellion. And
what has done this? It is the inspira-
tion sent down from Heaven enun-
ciated in the Declaration of Independ-
ence by our fathers, and that inspired
the blacks to shed their blood so freely
for the Union and rights of citizen-
ship—the ballot-box, the equalizer
and grand elevator and guarantee
against overshadowing aristocracy, despotism, and oppression of the masses
of all races of men.

from the Alps to the ocean. Paris for
a week had known no night, for the
blaze of countless torches had linked
the festal days. And in these unpar-
alleled days of enthusiasm and festivity
the name of Mirabeau had been
perpetual music to the ear of every
republican Frenchman.
With these scenes of triumph fresh
in mind, Mirabeau was suddenly
stricken with a mortal sickness. His
thoughts were all engrossed in worldly
concerns. He was a man of the
world. His life, from the bravura of
youth to the strength of maturer
years, had been one of restless am-
bition. The current of infidelity that
inundated France had burnt him along
its destructive course. He had never
felt the presence of God in prayer,
he had never known "the streams of
delight that flow from the unseen
world." Such things to him were
dark, vague, and mysterious, and
death found him without hope or con-
solation. "All that can now be done,"
said the departing statesman, "is to
envelop one's self in perfumes, to
crown one's self with flowers, to sur-
round one's self with music, that one
may sink quietly into everlasting
sleep." With such delights he would
fain have lulled the voice of con-
science and diverted his unquiet
thoughts.

ble extent around each other. At the
same time all matter is shivering and
trembling in various and rapid vibra-
tions.
The Standard of Dress.
We are always excessive when we
sacrifice the higher beauty to obtain
the lower one. A woman who will sac-
rifice domestic affection, conscience,
self-respect, honor, to love of dress,
we all agree loves dress too much. She
loses the true and high beauty of
manhood for the lower beauty of gems
and flowers and colors. A girl who
sacrifices to dress all her time, all her
strength, all her money, to the neglect
of the cultivation of her mind and
heart, and to the neglect of the claims
of others on her helpfulness, is sacrific-
ing the higher to the lower beauty.
Her fault is not the love of beauty, but
loving the wrong and the inferior kind.
In fine, girls, you must try your-
selves by this standard. You love
dress too much when you care more
for your outward adornings than for
your inward dispositions, when it
afflicts you more to have your dress
than to have lost your temper—
when you are more troubled by an ill-
fitting gown than by a neglected duty
—when you are less concerned about
having made an unjust comment, or
spread a scandalous report, than hav-
ing on a passe bonnet—when you are
less concerned at the thought of being
found at the last great feast without
the wedding garment than at being
found at the party to-night in the
fashion of last year. No Christian
woman, as I view it, ought to allow it
to take up all of three very important
things, viz: all her time, all her
strength, all her money. Whoever
sacrifices this lives not the Christian, but
the Pagan life—worships not at the
Christian altar of our Lord Jesus, but
at the shrine of the lower Venus of
Corinth and Rome.—Mrs. Slove.

IN BANKRUPTCY.
ESTATE OF ALPHONSE TERRON.
Individually, and as a Member of the Firm of Lohit
& Co. Merchants, in the Parish of Orleans and
District of Louisiana.
United States Marshal's Office,
District of Louisiana,
New Orleans, March 28, 1868.
THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE
twenty-third day of March, A. D. 1868, a WAR-
RANT IN BANKRUPTCY was issued against the
estate of ALPHONSE TERRON, individually,
and as a member of the firm of Lohit & Co.,
Merchants, in the Parish of Orleans and
District of Louisiana, who was adjudged a
bankrupt on his own petition, bearing date
and delivery of any property belonging to
said bankrupt, to such bank, to him or for
his use, and the transfer of any property
belonging to him, are forbidden by law; that
a meeting of the creditors of the said
bankrupt, to prove his debts and to choose
one or more assignees of his estate, will be
held at the Court of Bankruptcy, in the
Court House, in the City of New Orleans,
Louisiana, before J. Q. Baker, Register, on
the twenty-seventh day of May, A. D. 1868,
at 10 o'clock A. M.

Old Maids.

Old Maids.