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[For the Sunday Republican.]

DEATH OF A POETESS.

While life spread out like a garden of promise
And her step was light by its springing rills
And she saw far out on the shining hills
Golden and fair the gates of distinction—

While flowers of poesy sprang at her side,
And over her head were the laurels of fame
And birds flew past on wings of flame
And the balmy air was freighted with sunshine

A closeness fell in the noonday height,
Though no shadow came in the rays of light,
And the odors sweet of the jasmines white
Grew faint as she twined their starry flowers.

All things around her, about her, above,
More than an early beauty bore,
Yet not enough of heaven they wore
To fly to meet her soul's satisfying

And behold! the golden gates far away
That led as she thought to the temple of fame
Were ajar, and she saw as the bright light came
That pearly and white were the gates she should enter.

"And how much better," she thought in her heart,
As she saw an angel stand in the portal,
"To gather my flowers in fields immortal
And drink one draught from the thirstless fountain.

There are little deeds from great thoughts springing
That I longed to tell for the dear world's cheering,
But God will find when they come to the reaping
Hands ready to garner and scatter the seed.

"I might plant some flower on a barren coast,
I might bring into haven some bark that's storm tost,
I might show to some erring one the way they've lost—
But oh! how fair and restful looks heaven!"

They who watched her coming and going
Missed her form in the ways she loved;
Vainly they looked in the paths she had roved—
They could not find her place of straying.

They sought her long by the dancing waters,
They looked again where the flowers were bright,
They called her name where the fields were light,
But heard no word of answer or cheering.

But they came to the stream where willows waved,
And a rose she had worn in her bosom they found,
And a scroll half written, and a sheaf unbound,
And a harp whose chords no music could waken.

Hope's whispers they heard through the sighing willows,
And dark at their feet was the roll of the river,
But all on the other side 'twas aquiver
With light from the "beautiful city of God."

And well they knew by the glory there
That her happy soul the waves had tried,
And safely upborne to the other side
The loved one they missed had gone with the angels.

A. T. K. H.

GEORGE CLEMENTS' WIFE.

"Of all the things this is the worst! If I ever in all my life expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! D'ye hear!"

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes and dropped her letter in her lap, as she turned round to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was contentedly stroking the old white cat.

"Deacon, d'ye hear!"

This time when she asked the question there was a touch of sharpness in her voice.

"Yes; what if he is married? I'm sure it's natural enough. It kind o' runs in the family, 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of the little pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here with his fine, city bred lady, a'l airs and graces, and flounces and fluted ruffles. There's plenty of good girls hereabout that wanted him. Right in the middle of work, too! to talk of bringing a lady here in hog killin' time! I do declare, I think George is a fool."

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with a small, proudly poised head, covered with short, dusky curls, and a pair of dark blue eyes, so wistfully and tender, a tiny rosebud of a mouth and a dimple in one pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her.

She sat in the bright little parlor, close beside the lace-curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return; and then, when she heard the click of the latch key in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss.

"Haven't you the letter this time, George! I've felt sure of it all day. Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled and shook his head. A cloud passed over her pretty face.

"Oh, George, isn't it too bad! And I do believe—oh, I do believe they won't write because they are sorry you married me!"

He put his arm around her neck.

"And supposing such to be the case, do you think it would make any difference to me?"

"Oh, no! not only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would be, too. They have never seen you; and when they know you they can't help loving you."

"Oh! George!"

The exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his loving flattery.

"That's true as preaching. By the by, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a traveling tour of six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You won't stay here alone, eh! But, Marion, it would be five hundred dollars clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money! I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played on the young man's lips. He was more matter-of-fact than this romantic, tender little wife of his.

"I think the addition to our balance at the bank would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from home soon."

And soon it was, for Marion snatched it from his coat pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked very grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she looked gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember I care very little for what the letter contains. Remember I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoubt troubled her when she glanced over the note; then tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then when she had finished it she laid her head down on his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, what our Bible says, that a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."

He dried her tears, and then they talked it over.

"Just because I am city-bred she thinks I am lazy, and haughty, and dainty, and—"

"Never mind, Marion. She will find out some day. My father—"

"Yes; bless the dear old man! He has added: 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me."

"We'll invite them down when I come home. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home and invite them down, and bring them home with me."

"George, dear, I have been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go, and leave me at home. It won't be so long."

Marion was eating her egg while she spoke across the cosy little tete-a-tete breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true litte Marion, and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be?"

"Your mother and father from the farm. It shall be that hope that will bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that Marion Clements ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so upon her cheek; then she dashed them away with a merry, joyous little laugh.

"This will never do, and now that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And I pray heaven it shall be such a coming as shall delight his very soul."

* * * * *

"I'm sure I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help bad enough, but it 'pears to me such a slender little midget as yoo couldn't earn your salt. What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Smith, and, indeed, if you will try me for a week, I am sure you will me keep till the season's over."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the great clouds that were piling gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great wailing shriek around the corner of the house.

"You can cook, ken you? or shake up feather beds—good big ones, forty pounders?"

A gleeful little laugh came upon Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clements walked out to the huge open fireplace in the kitchen, where the deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say, deacon; keep her or not? I kind o' like her looks, and the dear knows it 'ud be a good lift while we're killin' if she couldn't do more'n set the table or make mush for the bread."

"Take her, of course, Hannah. You are hard driv' I know. Let her stop a week or so anyhow."

So Mrs. Clements came slowly back and sat down again.

"You can't get away to-night anyhow. There's a snowstorm been brewin' these three days, and it's on us now, sure enough. See them ere flakes, fine and thick. You may as well take your things up to the west garret and then come down and help me get supper."

Then followed directions to the west garret, and when she was gone Mrs. Clements turned to the deacon, "I never saw a girl before I'd trust up stairs alone. But such as her don't steal; I can tell you that, if nothing else."

Directly she came down in a purple print dress and white apron; her hair brushed off from her face into a net; a narrow linen collar, fastened with a sailor's loop of narrow black ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handily she flitted in and out of the big pantry and then down the cellar. Then after the meal she gathered the dishes in a neat, silent way, that was perfect bliss to Mrs. Clements' ears.

"She's determined to earn her bread, anyhow; and I like her turn, too."

And the deacon had "taken a shine" to Mary Smith. One by one the days wore on; the hog killing was over and done; long strings of sausages hung in fantastic rings, arranged by Mary's deft fingers; sweet hams and shoulders were piled away in true housewifely manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sitting in the sunny diningroom, darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I am going to do without you Mary. I dread to see you packing up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's face.

"I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed I have tried."

"It ain't the work altogether, though goodness knows you're the smartest girl I've seen this many a day. As I say, it ain't the work, it's you, Mary. I've got to thinking a heap of you—me and the deacon."

Mary's voice trembled at the kindness of the old lady's voice, but she sewed rapidly on.

"It's so uncommon lonesome since the boy left the farm; but it's worse since he got married. It seems like deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son? You never mentioned him."

"No, George has gone his way, and we must go ours. Yes, he married one of those crack-headed boarding-school people, who can't tell the difference between a rolling-pin and a milk pan."

But despite her scorn, Mrs. Clements dashed off the tears with her brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty? I suppose you love her dearly."

"I don't know anything about her, and never want to know." He's left us for her, and us old folks will leave him for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seems as if they're burning."

When Mary had turned the cakes, Mrs. Clements was leaning on the arm of her chair.

"Mary, supposin' you stop with us another month yet, anyhow. The deacon will make it all right."

"It isn't money I care for, Mrs. Clements, I only wish I might stay always. You don't know how much I love you."

"Love us! do you? Bless your heart. If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us all! But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glanced out of the window, looked a moment, and then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, if there ain't our son George coming up the lane! Deacon! deacon! George is coming!"

And all her mother's love rushing to her heart, she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the caresses, the determination to love him still, despite poor innocent little Marion. Then when the table had been set in the next room by Mary's deft fingers, and she had returned to her "west garret," Mrs. Clements opened her heart.

"There's no use talkin', George; this fine, fancy lady o' yours 'll never suit me. Give me a smart girl like Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come into supper now, Mary, Mary."

She raised her voice to call, when a low voice near surprised her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor o' my boy! Well, I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a picture with your net off, and them short bobbin' curls! George, this is Mary Smith, my—"

George came through the door, and glanced carelessly at the corner where the young woman stood. Then, with a cry, sprung with outstretched arms to meet the little figure that sprung into them. The deacon and Mrs. Clements stood in speechless amazement. Then Marion, all blushes and tearful smiles, went over to the old pair and took their hands.

"I am George's wife. I was afraid you would never love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter?"

And a happier family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise, amazement and pride in the beautiful Marion, never gave thanks over a supper table.

A Saratoga letter says: "On Thursday last an honest chambermaid in Congress Hall found a lady's beautiful solitaire diamond ear-ring in an old bachelor's room—found it near the pillow, as she was making the bed. She took it to the hotel office, and the clerk posted up this notice: 'Found—A lady's solitaire ear-ring. The ring was found in a gentleman's room by the chambermaid. The lady who lost it will find it at the office.' All day long the notice remained posted up, and hundreds looked at it, but nobody claimed it. It is worth at least $400, and its mate is worthless without it; but it is probable that it will never be claimed."

A writer in a household weekly gives some excellent advice to women who want work and its wages. In describing the vain and weary search of the traveler for cleanly, simple and palatable meals along railroad lines, he suggests that good housekeepers who need employment should keep neat eating houses where such meals could be found. We wish that somebody would accept this suggestion and make something of it. A pleasant, airy room, free from flies, where a plain dinner of good materials, nicely cooked, could be got, would be a very haven of delight to the public, and a golden nest-egg to the proprietor. Let there be no attempt to serve diabolical pastries and horrid messes with French names; no human being in his right senses ever eats such things. Such a dining-room anywhere—in Wall street especially—would make more money in a month than a poor governess or mill-worker sees in a year. To women who know how to cook and are sensible enough to do it, if they want to, we commend this idea.

[For the Sunday Republican.]

TO MOLLIE.

I will love thee no more, I have loved thee too long,
Thou hast wasted a heart that was thine to its core;
The ties I have striven to break were too strong;
They are broken at last, I will love thee no more.

Yet I pause for a moment; yes, ere I erase
That picture whose colors are laid in my heart,
Let me call back its beauties of soul, form and face,
And then fix the stern purpose that tears us apart.

Ah! they need not the summons; already they seem
To start from the canvas—that form and that brow—
The same I have worshiped in many a dream,
The same I must blot from my memory now.

That dark, hazel eye, in whose sweet circle dwells
A witchery far beyond poetry's dream,
Which, tho' keen as the eagle's, yet like the gazelle's,
Lives to melt into softness its brightness of beam.

Those lips whence sweet words come more liquidly sweet,
And so slowly they seem as wishing to smother
In that prison of rubies whose ripe portals meet,
As if pouting and reddening to part from each other.

That brow, like a book on whose white page is seen
Pure thoughts and affections, high purpose and soul;
No dark lines where passions unholy have been,
No waste where the lava hath but ceased to roll.

A mind full of fancies as gentle and bright,
Whence not bitter with sarcasm but dazzling with wit,
Even satire, sharp arrow, when quivering for flight,
I feel sure can not wound, tho' it is certain to hit.

A heart whose full chords are so tremblingly true
To each finer emotion, did I but try
To grieve thee in jest it would change thy cheek's hue,
Send a sigh to thy lip and a tear to thine eye.

And a form in whose fullness and beauty of mould
The eye of the sculptor would brighten to see,
The charms that were gathered from hundreds of old
All blended in one and breathing in thee.

The picture is finished. One kiss on that brow,
One glance from those eyes could I aught but adore,
One smile, one sweet word, one soft pressure, and now
The picture is broken. I love thee no more!

Thou hast spurned my affection; twas all I could give.
Thou hast blasted hope's tree; the sweet blossoms it bore
Are strewn at thy feet. Thou couldst bid it live,
But I scatter their promise. I love thee no more

I will worship no longer. My heart I redeem.
The years thou hast wasted thou canst not restore.
The past I give thee; thou hast left it a dream,
But the future is mine. I will love thee no more!

D. S.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

Its Success in England—Enormous Increase of Telegraphing.

We reproduce the subjoined Washington dispatch from the St. Louis *Globe:*

WASHINGTON, September 1.—The Post-office Department is constantly in receipt of interesting statistical and other information bearing upon the question of the establishment of a postal telegraph in this country. The success of the English system, which was undertaken under great disadvantages about two years since, has been so marked as to set at rest all doubts of the expediency of the scheme for the adoption of a similar system in this country, which was urged by the Postmaster General in his last annual report.

The present rate is a shilling, or twenty-five cents, per message of twenty words, exclusive of address, throughout the United Kingdom, being no reduction on the previous tariff of the companies for 100 miles or less, and a reduction of only 33⅓ per cent on the tariff for more than 100 and less than 200 miles. More than half of the messages of the companies had been carried at the shilling rate, on which there was no reduction made by the postoffice, and fully three-tenths had been carried for 1s 6d. Yet, notwithstanding the slightness of the reduction in tariff, the increase in traffic has been steady and most gratifying.

The following table gives comparative returns for six weeks in the years 1870 and 1871:

WEEK ENDING 1870.		WEEK ENDING 1872.	
February 6	111,918	February 3	246,332
February 13	120,372	February 10	260,756
February 19	135,102	February 17	240,695
February 26	143,620	February 24	242,016
March 5	147,206	March 2	255,259
March 12	156,566	March 9	251,004

The total number of messages per annum has been raised in two years from 7,500,000 under the companies to 12,500,000 under the government, which is about the number annually sent in this country, although the population is only three-fourths of that of the United States. The weekly returns show that the number of messages in the United Kingdom during the coming year will exceed 16,000,000.

These figures give some idea of the increase which might be expected under a postal telegraph in the United States, where the average intelligence is so much greater, and where the time gained by the telegraph over the mail would lead to a much more extended use of the former. The simple reduction of tariff in England would not alone account for the above astonishing result, much of which must be ascribed to greater confidence of the people in a government than in a private telegraph, to more effective administration and to the removal of the offices from railway stations, etc., to the centre of business, where the postoffices are located. To show how effective has been the government administration, it need only be stated that in the city of London, where the shilling tariff of the government is actually double that of the companies for messages delivered by hand within a mile of the branch offices, the local traffic increased twenty-five per cent in the first year, and sixty-six per cent in the second year of government control.

The advantages of a universal stamp tariff are also strikingly illustrated in the increase of business. "Not long ago," says the report of the British administration, "a man of business in London handed in a message to be transmitted to each of more than 1100 persons who resided in London and different parts of the country. Under the existing system he could for himself compute the cost of the message and ascertain whether it would be worth his while to incur the outlay. Prior to the transfer, he would have had to pay much more for the transmission of the message. He might, perhaps, have been willing to pay more largely, but he could not have found out for himself what it would cost him, nor could a counter clerk have ascertained the cost without giving to the work several hours of hard labor."

The number of offices in the United Kingdom has been increased from 2032 to 5098; yet, notwithstanding this, the proportion of messages to each office has actually gone up from forty-three in 1870 to forty-nine in 1872.

The extension of the system has also had the beneficial effect of familiarizing the public with the use of the telegraph and bringing it within the reach of all classes. People who formerly received telegrams with feelings of alarm, and sent them only in urgent cases, now, according to the report, "do not hesitate to congratulate their friends by telegraph on birth days and wedding days, and on many other occasions of life which seem to call for friendly notice."

Notwithstanding the large expenditures which these extensions have made necessary, the system is earning a handsome revenue, and is now firmly established on a sound financial basis.

It is becoming more apparent that wherever the transmission of a dispatch can compare in point of convenience and cheapness with that of a letter, the great advantage which the former has in point of speed will almost always decide the question in favor of the telegraph.

The English rate for telegrams is twelve and one-half times the rate of postage, which proportion, if adopted in this country, would give us at the start an average telegraph tariff of thirty-seven and a half cents for ten words, which is less than one-third the present rates. When we consider that the conditions of popular intelligence, commercial activity, extended social intercourse and comparative slowness of mail transmission which have combined to render the English system such a great success, are much more favorably developed in the United States, the greater success of a postal telegraph here can be counted with certainty.

There seems to be no good reason why the great advantages of a government telegraph should be longer withheld from the American public and the press, and a tax of four or five millions allowed to be levied annually upon their correspondence to fill the pockets of private individuals or corporations.

A SAD STORY.

The Bride of a Day—An Incident of the Metis Disaster—A Mistaken Identity.

[From the New York Times.]

NEWPORT, R. I., September 2.—George W. Howard, of Rome, New York, will be remembered as the gentleman who was married at Sharon Springs on Wednesday last, and was on his way to visit a brother in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, when he lost his bride of a day by the late Metis disaster. The next morning what was supposed to be his wife's body was found, and it was reported in these columns that her funeral would take place at Sharon Springs yesterday. The initials "N. A." were the same as on his wife's rings, though it was of a different pattern, yet he did not feel positive it was his wife. Being nearly exhausted himself, and not in a condition to think much about it, he concluded it must be her. Accordingly a coffin was procured at Stonington, and he started Saturday morning for the home of his loved one.

He arrived there Saturday evening with what he supposed was the remains of his wife, but, on opening the coffin at the residence of his wife's parents, they discovered at once that it was not their daughter. The scene that followed can be better imagined than described. The afflicted husband at once returned to Stonington, and forwarded the corpse by express. When he arrived, he found another man searching for the body he had supposed was his wife. In the meantime, his friends in Pawtucket had heard of the lady who was picked up by the schooner A. B. Belden and brought to Newport, and had telegraphed to the undertaker for a description, which he gave, and at the same time had a photograph taken and sent also.

This convinced them that the body which has been in this city since Friday night was no other than the wife of Mr. Howard. He, in company with his brother, arrived here this morning, and at once identified her. The scene that follows beggars description. As the husband gazed upon the remains of his beloved, he was deeply affected, as were all present. The body was taken away on the twelve o'clock boat, via Wickford, and will be taken at once to Rome, New York. She was twenty-eight years old, and bears a striking resemblance to the woman the husband had supposed was his wife. Mr. Howard states that the coat found upon her was placed there by himself to keep her warm, and that a moment after they were washed from the Metis, and all his efforts to save her were fruitless. It is a sad story, probably the most heartrending one that can be told of the terrible disaster.

The Press—A Noble Example by a Great Printer.

There is a fine story told of Franklin, the American philosopher. He began his career as a printer. Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia he was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper, which might bring a handsome subsidy with it. Being very busy he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author called, and asked his opinion of it. "Why, sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss, on account of my poverty, whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue: at night, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning, when another loaf and mug of water afforded a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion for a more luxurious living?"

That triumph of personal independence in a righteous cause was worth a fortune to Franklin, and, no doubt, made a man of him. Some one who read this anecdote tells that it reminded him of Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens and come and live with him in his splendid court. "Meal, please your majesty, is a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I get for nothing."

Although meal is not quite so cheap among us now as at Athens in Socrates' time, it is so cheap that the man is, after all, a miserable poltroon who sells his conscience for the sake of a living, or what he is pleased, in the littleness of his soul, to regard as "position."

But what if a man knows that "God is overhead" and believes that "He who spared not His own Son, but gave him up to the death for us all, will with him also freely give us all things?"

The Brain Worker's Doom.

[From Hall's Journal of Health.]

Whenever a thinker, or student, or scholar gets into that condition when he feels very tired all over at the close of the day, especially tired in the legs from the knees downward, he ought to take heed to kindly nature's warning; the brain is giving out; not that he is going crazy, but he is getting into that nervous condition which makes instant abandonment of all mental application most imperatively necessary; without such prompt action the whole machinery of the nervous system may become disordered, and months and years may not suffice to repair the damage; it means that the nervous energy is so nearly exhausted that there is no vitality to send it to the extremities; these energies have got such a set toward the brain that their consumption is in that direction; the magnet is there, drawing all into itself.

It is just at this point that the movement cure is most rational, most applicable and most efficient physical motion of the limbs, and little or no action of the brain, so as to change the current of the nervous flow and set it in another direction, to parts which most need it, and thus establish the equilibrium. It is wonderful to note the change which a single day's excursion to the country will make, especially if several hours are spent in walking or on horseback. But if a man has been suffering with weak legs for months, he cannot expect so prompt a change in his feelings.

If overworked, over-anxious wives have these feelings from the responsibilities of household cares, the generous husband will hie them to the country right away, or if in the country already, will bring them to the city, that, seeing its sights and walking its streets, the ruts of the nervous currents may be changed and the necessary repairs made, before sleepless nights come on, or the lightning stroke of the palsy, or the sundering of the heart-strings close the history.

"What are you drawing, Anna?" "I'se making your pictur." So the gentleman sat very still, and she worked away very earnestly for a while. Then she stopped, compared her work with the original, and shook her little head. "I don't like it much," she said. "Tain't a great deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

The Ohio *State Journal*, in speaking of the return of a widow lady, says: "Mrs. —— and her whole family have returned to the city." Now, if said widow is a marriageable widow, that reference to "the whole family" was uncalled for, and amounts to a warning to persons to "beware" of that particular "vidder," at all events.

A woman died in Connecticut last week after a few days illness, during which time she had occupied a room in which there were green curtains. It is supposed the arsenical properties of the curtains were the cause of her death, as her husband and infant child are now prostrated with the same symptoms.

RIDING MAN-FASHION.

BY ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

[From the New York Mail.]

The fashion of ladies' side saddles for horseback riding was no doubt introduced for a good and sufficient physical reason, and my experience in equestrian exercise leads me to believe that the majority of women will find the side saddle most comfortable for them.

It is claimed that if the girth gives way a lady will have no possible hold on her horse, but will be thrown to the ground. She will, however, land upon her feet, or at least upon one of them, while, if the girth gives way when she is using a man's saddle, she will fall head downward, with one leg bent under her body and the other elevated over the back of the horse. In this position she is more likely to break some bones than in the other.

We are told, to be sure, that in riding astride a lady would be able to keep "a horseman's grip" on her horse, and, in case of a loose girth, could hold her saddle in place. I doubt this. Our slender women and our fat women alike have no muscle. I fancy even a wiry tendoned ballet girl would be unable to control the powerful muscles by which a vicious horse strives to burst the girth, or take advantage of its becoming loosened to escape from its rider. A well-trained animal, in event of an accident, will slacken his pace at once, or even stop of his own will.

And the majority of our women are too short to look well riding astride; they have not sufficient length of limb for the "horseman's grip." Any one who has seen a boy of ten on the back of a broad, high horse, with his legs spread in right angles, can imagine the ridiculous appearance which most of our ladies will present riding astride, and if they practice this position much it will affect their gait. They will then, when walking, present the comical appearance of an old sailor just off a long voyage, who rolls along in the most absurd way with his legs wide apart.

We shall have some hearty fun at the expense of these Amazons.

When I hear a lady complaining of the "uncomfortable" and "twisted" position of sideways riding, of feeling that her "back is crooked," or that she is insecure, I know she does not sit properly. In the first place she must get a side saddle which fits her. As some women are thin, and some robust, some with long limbs, and some with short, it follows that one form of side saddle will not be comfortable for every woman.

Then she should take her seat firmly and evenly in the centre of the saddle, as it about to ride astride, and adjust the right leg in the most comfortable position possible; it must not be too much strained over the left, and may indeed be shifted a little more to the right after riding a short distance, and getting accustomed to the motion of the horse.

I was once visiting some friends who lived on an isolated hillside farm, when my host, in using some machinery, met with a serious accident. While his wife remained at his side applying cold water to the wound, I saddled a horse with a man's saddle (there was no other at hand), and dashed off for the doctor.

The road was deserted, so I naturally rode astride; but such a ride! On a hard trotting, madly galloping plow horse, I went up and down the strong hill roads, thinking that I should never come up with the doctor, who had left his home and started on his rounds. I caught him at last, and turned him back, fortunately, in time, but I hardly know whether the patient or myself suffered most for a day or two.

I was then an accomplished equestrienne on a side-saddle, and I resolved never to use any other.

When living on the Cumberland Mountain, in Tennessee, I rode constantly on horseback, always with a side-saddle, and my neighbors did the same. One girl whom I knew there rode on her brother's saddle frequently, whenever her mother or sister was with her, and never rode astride; she placed her right leg in the same position as when she used her own saddle. When I asked the reason for this she replied only, "'Pears like a gal couldn't ride man-fashion noways."

Now, this healthy, hardy mountaineer, had a beautiful womanly form, and was classically proportioned. As she wore neither corsets, paniers nor hoop skirts her figure could not be disguised, and it she could not ride astride, what woman can? I fancy that twenty miles' experience on a man's saddle, over a rough road, will convince almost any of our ladies that she can't do everything "just as well as a man."

I have ridden with my baby in my arms up and down mountain roads so steep that when my horse was climbing up I had to lean forward until my cheek touched his mane, and when he was cautiously creeping down I was obliged to lean down until the strain became almost insupportable. In both positions I found the horn of the saddle a great help.

But the most trying situation of all was when, in the same country, I reached the ford of the little Collins river, 200 feet wide, where usually the water was hardly up to the knees of a horse, and found it swollen by late rains and dashing along so swiftly that the horse could hardly struggle through. One of our party crossed first, and we saw that the water rose to his saddle in the middle of the ford. It would be necessary to kneel on our saddles and risk being swept off. Every man in the party begged to relieve me of my baby—they feared I could not possibly hold him and steady myself—but he was too precious to be trusted out of my arms, and I knew I was a good swimmer.

I had my saddle changed for one of theirs to have room for kneeling, and I looked well to the girth, the buckles and the straps, and had my boy firmly bound to me with a shawl; then kneeling upon the saddle, my riding skirt tucked about me, my baby firmly clasped in my left arm, and my right hand twisted in the mane of my horse, we safely made the perilous journey. The intelligent animal had always been used to a slack rein and needed no control. She picked her way with the utmost care, and when at last we reached the barn I hung like a rag over her neck and kissed her and felt better.

I have not space now to give other experience on this subject, but shall await with great interest the result of the experiment which some of our ladies mean to try in Central Park. I am anxious to know if they enjoy riding man-fashion.

Patchouly.

One of the early fruits of the commerce opened from the East by the establishment of British rule in India was the introduction westward of the famous Cashmere or Indian shawls. These shawls, wrought by hand with great dexterity and taste from wool of a fineness and beauty before unknown to Europe, were soon in great request; and as they were enormously high in value, the imitative ingenuity of the West was soon put in rivalry with the skill and advantages of the East. The Parisians succeeded in producing excellent counterfeits, so good, it is said, that unskilled persons were deceived as far as appearance went; but yet there was one thing wanting. The real India shawls possessed a peculiar and agreeable odor, which was as new to European noses as the shawls themselves were to European eyes. This odor pertinaciously clung to the fabric, and a genuine "India" unfailingly advertised itself as such by its perfume.

As may be imagined, the cause of this odor was duly inquired into, and it was found to be given to the shawls by contact with an herb known to the Hindoos as *putcha pat* or *patchouli*, or, as it is more commonly spelled, *patchouly*. Importation of the dried herb, as an aid to the shawl-makers' enterprise, naturally followed, and this led to its introduction as a perfume into Europe, and thence to our own country. It remains a favorite in both continents to the present day.

Patchouly somewhat resembles our common garden sage. The ottar or odorous principle resides in the leaves and stems, and is easily separated by ordinary distillation. The ottar is a very dense liquid, of a yellow-brown color and oily appearance, and possesses an intense odor of a somewhat musty turn, or as some one has well said, "it smells of old coats." To most persons it is positively disagreeable when smelled in a concentrated state; but this is equally true of most other perfuming substances. When diffused its character is quite changed. The strength of odor of this ottar is so great that a mixed volume for volume with any other one, the patchouly will always predominate. And it is durable as well as strong. A friend of ours accidentally spilled a small quantity of the ottar on the leaves of a letter book several years since, and to this day so strong a scent remains that letters copied in it by pressure, in the ordinary way, gain an odor of patchouly by their brief contact.

Ottar of patchouly, or, as it is more generally called, essential oil of patchouly, is largely distilled in India. It comes to us in large black wine bottles, holding the odd amount of twenty-one ounces. The value of the package, if the ottar is of prime quality, is about $75 dollars at wholesale rates, or $4 to $4 50 per ounce.

The handkerchief essence known as "extract of patchouly," is simply a solution of the ottar in deodorized alcohol, a small proportion of ottar of rose being usually added, which materially improves the scent. Thus prepared, patchouly is in great favor, having softness, sweetness and durability added to the nameless charm which first commended it to the lovers of perfume.—*Appleton's Journal.*

EUCHRED.

An Outraged Parent Done For.

[From the Louisville Ledger.]

Not a thousand miles from Broadway and Third street there lives a gentleman, with his wife and two daughters. Several years ago a young gentleman of our city became particularly attentive to one of the young ladies, much to the annoyance and dislike of her parents, who used all their persuasion with their child to stop, if possible, any further attachment. This, as is the case in nearly every instance, only united them the closer. Finally the objection of the mother was openly spoken to the young man, to which he seemed very readily to acquiesce, and his deportment toward her was so gentlemanly that she felt sorry for her rash assertions. Still, however, she could not see her Mary Ann fill any other sphere nor form any other connection than that she had planned for her. The young couple had then to resort to clandestine meetings. Thus two years passed; and the intimacy grew so bold that it was noticed by several friends of the family, and it soon reached the ears of the old gentleman.

About a week ago he called his daughter to him, and learning from her a sad state of affairs, he immediately sought the young man at his place of business, and calling him aside, told him emphatically that he had trifled with his daughter's honor and grossly disgraced both her and his family. He then demanded that the young man should marry his daughter or suffer the just punishment of an enraged and outraged father. This did not suit the second party, and being somewhat averse to being forced, he coldly told the father that he might be coaxed, but to be driven was against his nature. This surprised the gentleman, for he had thought the young man void of any great courage, but seeing such was not the case, he spoke more mildly, and in a friendly but firm manner proposed to deed to the girl a fine house and lot, situated near Second and College streets, and give the young man $5000, and if he proved worthy of the trust to advance him in business.

"Well," said the incorrigible young man, "give me the papers to that effect in my own hands, and I will agree to any proposition you make."

The gentleman said it should be done the coming day, and the young man promised to get his license and be married the same day if the old gentleman insisted. The day came, and with it came the gentleman with his notes and deed. The two met at a commission house on Main street. After taking seats the father handed the deed and money to a third party, to be delivered to the young man when he fulfilled his promise.

The young man, to the consternation of all, pulled from his pocket a certificate of marriage with the old gentleman's daughter six months previous. A tableau followed, and the old gentleman, accompanied by his son-in-law, repaired to his house, where said young gentleman is now installed in a most comfortable manner.

The Louisville Convention.

These are specials to the St. Louis *Republican:*

NEW YORK, September 4.—The nominations at Louisville attract but little notice in this city, though Grant partisans are anxious to stir up comment concerning them. The opinion is quite general among cool and intelligent men of all parties that such few votes as may be caught by the Bourbons will be taken from Grant no less than Greeley. Not a single journal of any influence is likely to support the Bourbons, so the task of keeping their ticket before the public will devolve on the administration press. The *Sun*, in the morning, takes this view, which fairly reflects the general opinion in New York. Mr. O'Conor is a respectable gentleman, but, as his letter proves, the most unfit man in the country to be President. Mr. Adams is also a person of ability. He has over Mr. O'Conor the advantage of practical common sense. The only question about these nominations is whether they will carry off Democratic votes enough to get Greeley in the minority and elect Grant. Of course the office holders hope they will, or the money necessary to hold the convention would not have been put up. The only votes the Louisville ticket is sure of will be those of such Democrats as would vote for Grant if there were no third candidate. It will get no others; and above all, the Irish Democrats will not be led away by O'Conor's Irish name. They understand what his nomination means, and they will not be deluded by it. Neither will the Germans vote for so impracticable a man in order to elect U. S. Grant and Henry Wilson, the Know Nothing. The case remains, after this Louisville convention, just as it was before.

WASHINGTON, September 4.—The nomination of O'Conor by the Louisville convention, which was announced here at a late hour this afternoon, hardly caused a ripple of excitement. The only subject speculated on in this connection is as to whether the distinguished jurist will accept the empty honor. The event of his acceptance does not seem to shake the faith of the Liberals in the fortunes of the campaign a particle. It is rather inferred from their conversation that a third candidate of this character would only draw off those Democratic votes which otherwise would be given to Grant, or would never be polled.

A prominent administration man, upon hearing of the nomination, expressed his gratification at it for some singular reasons. He said he, in common with many others, had become alarmed at the magnitude of the Bourbon defection to the Republican party after Greeley's nomination at Baltimore, and thought it not only an incubus in the present campaign, but dreaded its future influence on the organization to which he belonged. The present nomination would remove all fears on that score, so the nomination may be said to give entire satisfaction all around.

Not Swearing.

Not long since, at a private entertainment, Bret Harte told the following story:

A teamster went courting a girl who was a good church member, and while in her company, being on his very best behavior, he was careful not to use any language which would shock the exceeding proper ears of his sweetheart. But one day driving up a hill, he burst forth into the most adjurgative address to his animals, never dreaming that the object of his affection was standing by the roadside listening to his profanity. But when she opened upon him the batteries of reproof, he knew she was there. But he held his ground. "Do you call that swearing?" said he. "If you do, I don't know what you'd say if you heard that fellow just behind me exhort an impenitent mule."

How many men there are who have ground and ground to make money that they might be happy by-and-by, but who, when they have got to be fifty or sixty years old, have used up all the enjoyable nerve that was in them! During their early life they carried toil and economy and frugality, to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them.—*Beecher.*

A man and his four sons were lately capsized on a barge near Wheeling, West Virginia, and the father kept his four sons up until they were rescued, and then fell back and was drowned.

LAWS OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

AN ACT No. 86.

To fix the terms of the district court in the Fourteenth Judicial District, designating certain weeks of said terms for the trial of civil cases, and certain weeks for the trial of criminal cases, and providing for the drawing and summoning of juries for said terms.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana in General Assembly convened, That the terms of the district court in the Fourteenth Judicial District are hereby fixed, and shall commence as follows, to wit: For the parish of Ouachita, on the second Mondays of March and September; for the parish of Richland, on the third Mondays of April and October; for theparish of Morehouse, on the third Mondays of May and November.

SEC. 2. Be it further enacted, etc., That the first two weeks of each term shall be devoted exclusively to the transaction of the business on the civil docket of the court, to the business of the grand jury, and to the filing of criminal informations and the orders thereon; no other proceedings on the criminal docket of the court shall be had during the first two weeks.

SEC. 3. Be it further enacted, etc., That the remaining weeks of each term shall be devoted to the transaction and disposal of the criminal business of the court, and to the