## THE SAUCY ROGUE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a saucy rogue, well known
To youth and gray-beard, maid and crone—
A boy, with eyes that mirth bespeak,
With curly locks and dimpled cheek:
He has a sly, demurish air.
But, maiden fair,
Take care, take care!
His dart may wound you, unaware!

With bow and arrows in his hand
He wanders up and down the land;
'Tis jolly sport to aim a dart
At some poor maiden's fluttering heart:
She wonders what has hurt her there.
Ah maiden fair,
Take care, take care!
His dart may wound you, unaware!

Her nimble hands the distaff ply;
A gallant soldier-lad rides by;
He gives her such a loving glance
Her heart stands still, as in a trance,
And death pale sinks the maiden fair.
Quick, mother there,
Give heed, take care,
Else you may lose her, unaware!

Who stands there laughing at the door?
That rogue, who triumphs thus once more!
Both lad and maiden he has hit,
And laughs as though his sides would split.
And so he sports him everywhere;
Now here, now there;
He mocks your care;
You fall his victim, unaware.

Now who so masterful and brave
To catch and hold this saucy knave?
Whoever binds him strong and fast,
His name and deed shall always last.
But, if this dangerous task you dare,
Beware, take care
Lest ill you fare!
The rogue may catch *you* unaware!

*Harper's Bazar.* S. S. C

## THE POLICEMAN'S PROTEGE.

I wanted to surprise my wife, so I carried my parcel stealthily into the house and deposited it unconcernedly on the sideboard in our little parlor. I should have known my wife better than to have doubted her feminine acuteness.

"Why, whatever have you got there, Charles? No more toys for the little ones, I hope. I won't allow you to waste the money like that, you affectionate old fellow."

"No, old lady; no more toys for Nicksy."

"What's in the parcel, then?"

"I don't know."

Here my wife looked at me incredulously. The idea of my having walked home two miles from the police-station with a parcel under my arm, of the contents of which I was ignorant, seemed to her feminine imagination such an utter impossibility, that she expressed, as politely as she could, with her uncommonly expressive countenance, that I was having a bit of fun with her.

"Don't know what's in the parcel! then why don't you open it? It may be something dreadful."

"Don't feel very suspicious, at any rate," said I; "but you know as well as I do why I didn't cut the string."

Why?"

"Because—because I wanted us to do it together."

Here my wife kissed me, and that's what I hoped for. We didn't cut the string, because a peculiar hobby of my father's had descended as an heirloom to his son. I believe my father would sooner have given me money for three balls of twine than allowed me to cut a bit to waste. But the nimble fingers of my wife soon undid the knots, and then came perplexing wrappings of paper, fold upon fold. At last came the last folding of tissue, and then we saw something glitter.

"It's gold!" said my wife, in the energetic tone of an excited Australian digger.

It was gold, but not a nugget. Before us on the table stood a very handsome clock, inlaid with Roman mosaic, and beneath the clock was a silver plate, with the following inscription written on it in scarlet enamel: "Presented to Charles Dyson, the policeman who was the means of rescuing a beggar-boy from despair. 'The poor ye have always' with you, but Me ye have not always.'"

"And what's the meaning of all this Charles Dyson?" said my wife. "Yes the policeman, of course, but who is the beggar-boy? Tell me all about it, my husband, for I am dying to know."

"Molly, it must be a mistake. I can't understand it all."

"A mistake! nonsense. Your name's Charles Dyson, and of course the clock belongs to you. But ah! here's a letter."

Sure enough, there was a letter hidden among the paper coverings, but as the letter may not prove very interesting, and certainly was far too eulogistic, I will travel back some years from the night we unpacked the parcel, and relate, just as I related to my wife, the story of the beggar-boy.

"It was one of those terrible hard nights in the winter, when men naturally thank God as they walk through the streets for the blessing of a comfortable home and a warm fire to go to when work is over, that I noticed a little urchin crying his heart out at the end of a dark alley in the neighborhood of Leicester Square. Now, I hate to hear children cry. For the matter of that, I hate to hear any one cry, but it makes one's heart bleed to think and know—for all policemen know it—that young children cry and die of hunger and cold, day after day, while we hulking great fellows eat mutton and beef, and have our stomachs warmed with cups of soothing coffee and tea. I am not a fool, or I shouldn't be a policeman; and I am not so dull that I can't see that many of these crying children are the instruments of cheats and impostors.

"Anyhow, there was a little fellow crying as if his heart would break, alone, and up a blind alley. I touched the boy on the shoulder, and asked him what was the matter.

He had no trumped-up story ready on his lips. He gave one look at me, and then covering his face with his hands, he sobbed again. He was not afraid of me, as most street boys are. They look upon policemen as their natural enemies, knowing that policemen are aware of all their cleverness and tricks. This poor little fellow turned away because he was ashamed. His story—when I could get him to speak—was a very simple one. He was an errand boy in a stationer's shop, and with his small earnings contrived to swell the income of his widowed mother, who had to fill several little mouths. Going home with his week's wages, he had been robbed by a designing woman, who had cajoled the little fellow into showing his money, and having seen it, had snatched it out of his hand.

"Would he know the woman again if he saw her? I asked.

"He thought he would. I knew very well where to find the woman. We did find her, and where I expected—at the bar of a public-house; but the boy's money had been passed on or hidden away long before I encountered her. It would have been a mere waste of time to have taken up the woman. I studied her features thoroughly, and let her go.

"And now what was I to do with the boy? I thoroughly believed his story, and believing it, I quite understood the feeling which made him dread returning home penniless. The little family at home expected the money—they urgently needed it. This tiny bread-winner was in no dread of the cane, or of coarse abuse for his carelessness. His punishment would be bitterer still. His mother, his brother, and sister would be starving. For himself, he cared nothing, and as I tell you, I believed what he said. I took my little friend to the police-station, and at once instituted what is only too common among policemen—a whip round. I was very successful that night. Most of the men at the station had been on a very popular duty, which had resulted in little presents for services specially rendered. We made up the amount of the lost wages and a little over, and then I started off with the boy to test the accuracy of his statement. I always made a point of doing this when I possibly could, in order to satisfy myself, and prove to those who assisted me that they had not given their money for nothing. The story was only too true. It was all the more sad, because the widowed mother was one of those most unfortunate of women—'one who has seen better days.' By her look and manner I fancied she must have been a lady. There she was, poor thing, very humble and very distressed. When her boy told her of what, in my simple way, I had done, she wrung and kissed my hand, and would not let it go.

"Somehow or other, Molly, the boy interested me, and when I went away from the house, and was all alone, I kept puzzling my brains thinking what I could do for him. I liked him, because he supported his mother and family, and I knew he was one of the right sort, because his mother and all the rest of them loved him so passionately.

"This was some time before I married you, my good wife, and having no courting to occupy my spare hours, and nothing particular to do, I used to amuse myself with hunting up little vagrants, sifting the wheat from the tares, as it were, and helping to put those who had fallen, on their legs again. This kind of work was a hobby of mine.

"At that time I used to save my lodgings by keeping the houses of rich gentlefolks, when they were out of town. It makes the minds of the owners easy, and certainly suits the pockets of the policemen. Well, I was keeping the house of a fanciful old lady with an innate horror of burglars, a strange respect for policemen, and an undying love for cats, dogs, and parrots. She had a large house in the country, and a fashionable mansion at Brighton, and I never could quite make out why she kept up an establishment at London at all. However, that was not my business. The longer the old lady remained away from Cavendish Square, the longer I got my lodgings for nothing, and a very pretty consideration into the bargain.

"Just about the time to which I am alluding, I heard from the lady's maid, who was constantly up in town, on errands for her mistress, that the kind old lady was in want of an assistant—half footman, half butler, half page—with a civil tongue in his head, a kindly heart and a willing temper. The thought struck me that my little friend would do. I told Pincot, the lady's maid all about him, and we agreed to sally out together, and find out what was to be done. Pincot took the boy at once, and was so far friends with the mother, that they kissed one another, woman-like and cried before parting. Pincot was determined to strike while the iron was hot, and we both agreed it would be a good plan if she would take him down to Brighton that night, and happily catch her old mistress in a good temper. The stratagem was eminently successful, and as my little friend had the good luck to save the old lady's wheeziest spaniel from drowning off the Chain Pier, the first night he was at Brighton, it may easily be guessed that he was very soon in his mistress's good books. After that I never saw much of him. I got married, and my connection with the family came to an end. The last I heard about him was that he was the old lady's constant attendant everywhere, wheeling her out, reading to her, and a slave to her every wish.

"The other day I happened to be on duty in Rotten Row, and among the horsemen I saw a face I had certainly seen before. I followed it. The face was changed, certainly, but it was quite familiar to me. I watched the face intently, and, at last the young man seeing that my eyes were upon him, and seeming at the same time to recognize me, rode across to where I was standing.

"I was right, I had seen the face before. It was my little friend of the blind alley. The mystery was soon cleared up. The old lady—I told you she was an eccentric old woman—had just died. She left no children, and all her relatives were dead. When her will was opened, it was discovered that she had left the bulk of her property to my little friend, with a handsome annuity to Pincot, the maid. These kind of things happen sometimes, and I am only glad that the money has fallen into such good hands. The humble family is now reunited, and are far above any chance of want any more. But you can't think, Molly, how delighted the young man was to see me again. He looks quite the gentleman in his new clothes, and he is coming to call upon us to-morrow, and is determined to drive you and all the little ones down to Hampton Court.

"Meanwhile, look at the clock. I know very well who sent it, Molly, and so do you, by this time. Poor boy! I happened to do him a good turn once, and I never repented it, least of all now all has turned out as it has. And as to him, as certain as I stand here, I know he speaks from his heart when he says that he will never forget what I did for him one miserable winter's night. But what do you think he calls himself, Molly?" He is a fine gentleman, now, and uses, oh! such grand words. Why he calls himself 'The Policeman's Protege.'"

## A Good Dinner.

First-class restaurants not unfrequently supply private rooms to select parties; and elegant repasts are weekly given. An eminent Bostonian, who shall be nameless, entered one of these rooms and seated himself just as the party had taken their places, supposing it was the *table d' hote*. Now it so happened that this was the dinner of a sporting club, the members of which, without regard to expense, had secured from different parts of the country and abroad the choicest game. It was a banquet to which a Lucullus might have sat down. The gentleman, being recognized, was suffered, for the fun of it, to take a seat. During the repast he again and again felt impelled to make remarks on the excellence and rarity of the fare, each of which was received in a warm, genial spirit. The wine was equal to the rest of the *menu* and its influence operating on the genial temper of the uninvited guest, he proposed before they parted that the health of the landlord, who had shown such liberality and rare provision for their gastronomic taste, should be drank. The proposal was received with cheers and laughter; the hilarity rose to such a height that a misgiving arose in the mind of the guest, when in reply to an inquiry whether it was not the ordinary custom, he was informed of the occasion which had brought those present together. The dinner had cost upwards of five hundred dollars.—*Boston Courier*.

## A DAY DREAM.

From the Springfield Republican.

I shut my eyes and see it all—
The garden and the wood,
The lilacs and the maple tall,
The grass plat where she stood.

Above, the spreading apple trees
Their snowy blossoms shed,
That floating on the morning breeze
Falls gently on her head.

The quaint old house with narrow eaves,
The chimneys broad and low,
The shadows of the waving leaves
That softly come and go.

I hear the sound of many feet
Upon the oaken floor,
I hear young voices glad and sweet
Within the open door.

And now they come, a merry throng,
Fresh as the vernal breeze,
And summon her with shout and song
Who stood beneath the trees.

I see them altogether go
Beyond the wooded hill;
Their songs sound far away and low,
It fades, and all is still.

'Tis but a dream, for nevermore
To time do they belong,
Their footsteps press no earthly shore,
No mortal hears their song.

But one of all who gathered there
Remains the tale to tell;
'Tis she upon whose dark brown hair
The apple blossoms fell.

And once again upon her hair
Is snowy whiteness shed,
But 'tis not apple blossoms fair
That rests upon her head.

Thus, often as night's shadows come,
My eyes are filled with tears,
As visions of that peaceful home
Rise from the vanished years.

## A Sewing Girl's Romance.

A sewing girl in this city, writes a Springfield (Mass.,) correspondent, has had a romantic experience that is worth the telling. Several months ago a man at Dubuque, Ia., advertised in an eastern Massachusetts paper for a wife. Among the swarm of answers which he recived were two from two girls in this city, who replied just for the fun of the thing. One of them represented herself as a young widow, and her lively account of herself and her circumstances was very largely fictitious, especially that which told (very incidentally, as if it was of no consequence) of the snug sum of money left her by the dear departed. She never expected to hear of the matter again, but that was the one letter out of all the advertiser received which struck his fancy. He wrote to the supposed "widow" (who, in fact had never been married, and who was then earning her living with her needle); photographs were exchanged; the letters grew more affectionate, until the young woman, realizing that the affair was no longer a joke, wrote to her new-found admirer and told him frankly of her humble circumstances.

Of course he admired her even more and at last came from Dubuque to this city to claim her for his bride. Instead of the sleek and intelligent looking and manly individual whom she had expected from his letter and his photograph, what was her vexation to see a person decidedly seedy in appearance, wearing an old slouch hat, and appearing altogether unattractive. Well, she refused him, and he, chiding her bitterly for so doing after the pains he had taken to win her, returned alone to Iowa. I suppose he hadn't left the house before she was sorry—such is the flexible character of female affection—and it is certainly true that she was very sorry, indeed, before he had put a thousand miles between them. He wrote no more, but the distressed young woman wrote, or got friends to write, to the pastor of the church he attended and to various persons in Dubuque, to find out what sort of a man this was—something she ought to have thought of in the first place. The replies were uniformly complimentary, and every one only increased her regret that she, a poor sewing girl, had refused a "good match."

Never a word came from him, and at last she swallowed her pride, reopened the correspondence herself, and told him how she had misjudged him and how sorry she was that she had. Promptly came a manly reply from which she discovered that when he visited her here, he had intentionally made himself as unattractive as possible, from a romantic notion that she ought to take him for what he was and not for what he wore. Of course they were married, and the poor sewing girl has for her husband one of the leading citizens of Dubuque. And for her home one of the finest mansions in Dubuque. This true story ought to to have a moral of the negative sort—namely, that young girls are not to infer from it that it is safe for them to answer matrimonial advertisements, for where one case of this sort has, like this, a happy issue, there are ten which lead to unhappiness or something a great deal worse.

## Not Counted.

Nobody counts up the people that die out of parties who sit down seven at a table, or eleven, or twelve, or nineteen; but if any should do it, in any given year, the chances are that quite a strong case could be made out for any or all of these figures as connected with the death-rates. It is only when thirteen people find themselves together at a meal that the old superstition is mentioned, and then, if the year goes over without any of the party dropping out of life, nobody thinks to mention *that* at the close. It is quite certain that people are not protected against disease or accident by the circumstance that twelve knives and forks are on duty around them while they cut up their own meat and bread; if it were so, indeed, then all well-disposed neighbors might club together to take their meals in the assorted number that defy the doctor and the apothecary. But if there cannot well be any life-insurance upon thirteen people that will put them for a twelve-month into a charmed existence, let them overheat, overwork, overest themselves with impunity, kindle fires with petroleum, or go without fire and food, it is equally evident that neither can there be any safty in ten, or in fifteen. If the count were kept against any given number, it would not be long before it would fall into very bad repute, and might be made answerable not alone for people dying, but for robbing a bank or forging election returns. There is nothing at once so valuable, and so open to abuse, as the handling of statistics, and it is a wonder that no prophet has risen up to count in what choice numbers rogues, defrauding cashiers, assassins and other death-dealing gentry sit down to table.

## WHO DOES HIS BEST DOES WELL.

Yes, life is a burden of sorrow and care,
And none, do their best, can escape from their fate;
Then since we are doomed our great burden to bear,
Let us steadily study to lighten its weight.

And, first, in good humor set out on the way,
With a song, or a cheer, a kind word or a laugh;
For we find, as long as the world's highway we stray,
The mass of mankind are too serious by half.

Why should Virtue forever wear cypress and yew;
While Sin flaunts in garlands of myrtle and rose?
The heart that is cheerful can still be as true
As the heart that is ever bemoaning its woes.

Leave preaching for practice, leave promise for deeds,
The poorest can spare a kind word or a smile;
One act of true brotherhood shames all the creeds
Even woven by councils the world to beguile.

Do the best that you can, with a hearty good will;
Help the weak and the weary you find on the way;
Thus Humanity's measure of duty fulfill—
You'll find every act with the deed brings the pay.

When you lie down to rest, with your hand on your heart,
And can say, "In good sooth, I have tried to do right;
To bear in the duties of life a man's part,"
The fullness of peace will come in with the night.

## Texas Bill's Last Bear-Hunt.

And now I will you about Texas Bill's last bear-hunt. One evening last fall we were sitting out on the piazza about nine o'clock, when neighbor Ford rode up and wanted me to go over to Rock creek, about three miles, and help kill a bear. He said his wife's mother and a boy about twelve years old had been down on the creek that day looking for some bees, and they saw a bear run into the rocks. So I saddled up, took my dogs, and with Charley and Ford started for the bear. When we got nearly to the creek we found another man by the name of Russian waiting for us. When we got to the creek we went down about a half a mile and hitched our horses and began to climb up the bank among the rocks and trees; and after about fifteen minutes' hard labor we got to where the woman and boy saw the bear go in. It was a wild-looking place in a small ravine, with rocks on both sides piled up one above the other, and big bowlders scattered all about. The place where the bear went in was large enough for a man to get in easy, and about thirty feet back of where he went in was a large hole that went down, and not the one that went straight in. All the time while we were building a fire we could hear a noise in the hole like a hoarse hissing or grunting, and I thought perhaps Mr. Bear did not like his company. After we got a fire we could not look into the hole but a little way, and F. went about a mile and got a lamp about as good as a lightning-bug. Russian proposed to stay all night and have daylight to work in, but I did not want to stay till I found out what I was staying for. While we were talking F. took the lamp and went to the upper hole and got down to look in.

"Ha!" says he, "I can see him."

"Well," said I, "what is it?"

"It is a bear! Come and take the lamp and see for yourself."

I took the lamp and got down and peeked in, and there he was. But I could not see very plain, so I crawled in a little further. Charley wanted me to come back for fear he would make a dive at me, but I ventured carefully in a little more and then could see his head and shoulders a little plainer, but I could not make out what the deuce it was. Its head seemed to be white and snout black, and what I could see of his shoulders were black. Finally F. says:

"What do you make it?"

"Well, I think it is a—hog, and if you will hand me a gun I will try to put his eye out."

They got my gun, and I ventured in a little more to get a good chance to shoot, but I got a little too near, and it moved and hissed and grunted fearfully; but when it moved I could see it plain and tell what it was, and what do you think I saw? A couple of young buzzards! They stood side by side, their necks and wings white, their backs, tails, heads and bills black, and in the dim light and position they were in, looked like the head of some large animal.

R. says, "Why don't you shoot?"

I said nothing but crawled out, and F. says, "What are you going to do now?"

"Well, I taink the best thing we can do is to go home."

R says, "Why the deuce don't you tell us what it is down there in the rocks?"

I bothered them for a few minutes and then told them it was buzzards, and I don't believe you ever heard such a shout from a few mouths as went up through the trees from around that "bear" hole. We blew out our lamp, got into our saddles, and went home, certainly wiser if not as happy as when we went out; and that is the last hunt I have had after bears.—*Forest and Stream.*

## Stephen Girard's Tactics.

A man who had just set up in the hardware business, and who had been a clerk where Girard had traded, applied to him for a share of his patronage. Girard bought of him, and when he brought in the bill, found fault and marked down the prices.

"Cask of nails," said he, "which I was offered for so-and-so, you have charged so-and-so, and you must take it off."

"I cannot do it," said the merchant.

"You must do it," said Girard.

"I cannot, and will not," said the young merchant.

Girard bolted out of the door, apparently in a rage, and soon after sent a check for the whole bill. The young man began to relent and say to himself: "Perhaps he *was* offered them at that price. But it is all over now; I am sorry I did not reduce the bill and get it out of him on something else. His trade would have been worth a good deal to me." By-and-by Girard came again and gave him another job. The young man was very courteous, and said:

"I was almost sorry I did not reduce your former bill."

"*Reduce a bill!*" said Girard; "Had you done it, I would never trade with you again. I meant to see if you had cheated me."

## Color Blindness.

Railroad accidents have been ascribed to many causes, but rarely, if ever, does the reader of public prints learn of an accident attributed to color blindness. And yet such a defect in the eyes of a locomotive engineeer has caused disaster and death. Cases where one train follows upon another and telescopes the rear cars are far more numerous than collisions where two locomotives butt against each other. In these days of double tracks, the latter are almost impossible.

The other could be prevented at times if the engineer was able to distinguish the warning light ahead. But he cannot. He mistakes red for green and green for red; he confuses blue and green; he confounds almost everything except a white light. A colored flag that should stop him he discerns as one which indicates a clear track. The defect is therefore vital. Upon a trainman's ability to distinguish a signal depends the safety of the traveling public.

To insure this, and also to examine as to the proportion of population afflicted with color blindness, the eminent oculist, Dr. P. D. Keyser, surgeon of Wills Hospital, has undertaken the task of testing the eyes of all employes of the railroads that center in this city. A reporter was curious to learn just what proportion of the trainmen were thus affected, so he called at the doctor's office last evening. In the parlor were seated a large squad of men from the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore line. The railroaders said that this examination of their eyes had been going on for quite a period.

The news-gatherer was kindly permitted to witness some of the examinations, as well as to have his own eyes tested. The important requisite for a railroader is to distinguish colors, because all signals are made with colored lamps or flags. In the tests the doctor uses all shades of wool and pieces of glass before a flame. The sharpness of vision in each case is also tested.

All railroad employes in Europe have undergone such examinations, with the discovery that about two per cent. of them were color-blind. It is a natural defect. People are born so, and sometimes never discover it until placed under an examination. In the public schools in this city a knowledge of colors is now taught in an effort to train the children's eyes, and to remedy, if possible, any defect.

The subject is a rich one, and interesting to the multitudes of travelers. The doctor's investigations are likely to be productive of great results, and no doubt will lead to the adoption here, as in Europe, of one requisite in the qualifications of trainmen—a freedom from color-blindness.

## All Night in a Vault.

Toledo Blade.

Not long ago the widow of a gentleman who had recently died desired the vault wherein the remains had been temporarily placed to be watched, so that body-snatchers could have no opportunity to ply their nefarious calling. Thinking that the vault would be watched better by the sexton than any one else, Mr. Radbone was hired to keep a close look-out. At dark he took a lantern and blanket and made up a bed in front of the vault, so that any one approaching it would have to step over his body. But after lying there some time it grew quite cold, and he thought he could watch the corpse just as well if he went inside the vault, out of the cold. So he unlocked the vault and went in, but found that he could not lock the vault from the inside. That would never do, and yet he was determined not to stay outside.

Finally he went back to the house and aroused his hired man, and the two went back to the vault. Mr. R. then took his lantern and blanket and went inside, made a bed on the floor, and laid down for the night, having for companions to while away the tedious hours, six corpses. The attendant locked the door from the outside, and went back to the house and his warm bed, leaving the sexton alone in the vault with his silent companions.

There was nothing to disturb his tranquility during the early part of the night. Every thing was quiet and still until about one o'clock, and then there was a gentle noise, as though some one were tampering with the vault lock. Mr. R. took up his lantern, and the noise stopped for a few moments, only to begin again when he laid down on his blanket. This time it appeared to be in an opposite corner of the vault. He could see nothing, and could only hear that steady scratch, scratch, which became more and more distinct every instant. Mr. R. is a brave man, but he confesses that when one is locked in a vault with six dead men, with no living soul within half a mile, and at an unearthly hour to have such an unexplainable noise as that, it was more than men with ordinary nerves could stand. At any rate his hair began to rise, and just as he was thinking of the best way to defend himself against his spiritual foes a little chipmunk dashed from a dark corner, ran past him and darted out between the bars in the vault door. From that time on nothing occurred to mar his quiet watch, but in the morning he was rather glad to be released from his dull quarters.

## Excessive Brain Work.

One of the clergymen of Worcester, Mass., in the course of a sermon recently, uttered the following cautionary suggestions in regard to immoderate brain work:

"It is a lesson we are slow to learn—one that has to be enforced by an occasional thrilling fact—that the most robust physique has its limit of exertion, that well-compacted and toughened mental fibre may succumb to undue stress at a single point. A piece of steel wire can bear only a given amount of longitudinal tension. Beyond that limit it snaps. By the annealing process of intense study or application to exacting business a man's brain gets toughened. It can bear an immense, prolonged strain; but there is an unknown terminus of your powers—exceed that point and the subtle thread of reason snaps. A ruptured capillary on the brain paralyzes that center of thought, and the stalwart, brilliant man of yesterday, full of hope, projecting grand schemes, the pillar of strength to his family, the pride of many, the possible envy of more, is to-day an enfeebled or quite broken down victim, of intemperate brain work. You might charge me with an exaggerated idea of the perils of overexertion among business men. did not facts justify all I have suggested? Have we not seen some of the brightest stars in the cluster of enterprising citizens, of which we are justly proud, wander from their orbit of reason and pass, unless God shall disappoint our fears, into the shadow of permanent mental eclipse? The saddest feature of this phenomenon is that it seems to fall upon the highly organized, generous, sympathetic natures first. A cold-blooded, grasping Shylock, who cares little for the good name so highly prized by another, appears to be in no danger of such a calamity. Better far to confess poverty, be an honest bankrupt, than be broken down in body or mind, under too great exertion to avoid that calamity. With emotions of unspeakable pity for every man harrassed by his unsatisfactory affairs, I turn to expostulate with the coming generation. Keep a sound mind in a sound body. Do be contented with 'things honest,' with comfortable mediocrity. Husband the stock of physical and mental life God has given you, that you may not grow permaturely old—useless before your time."

## Deaf People's Troubles.

From the New York Times.

One of the saddest features of excessive deafness is the unhappy mental effect it is apt to leave on those troubled with it. So frequently is this the cause that it has been said that persons of morbid dispositions are peculiarly liable to this way of looking at the matter, cause and effect are transposed. It is certain that persons of cheerful dispositions have been apparently transformed into something wholly different from their former selves by being deprived of the ordinary powers of hearing is greatly impaired is called upon to bear. He is outwardly in no way different from other people, and unless he has with him at all times some ugly symbol of his infirmity, like an ear-trumpet, strangers cannot know and friends are likely to forget that he is wanting in one of the most-used powers of sense. Of course, when something is said to him which he does not understand, in consequence of the light, careless way in which the words are uttered, or because the sounds are lost to him in the jarring hum of a general conversation, it is easy to explain one's helplessness and ask to have a question or statement repeated. But to be thus perpetually acknowledging one's weakness is exceedingly distasteful to most persons; the more so as the confession rarely brings with it any satisfactory return. The prevailing belief of those who have not associated much with deaf people is that to make them hear it is only necessary to raise the voice. This, in most instances, is a complete mistake, few men and still fewer women, who are not professional vocalists, speak plainly when they speak with a loud voice, and hence it often happens that the victim of their kind efforts is in no way assisted in the task of understanding them, while all those who may be near are made aware of his misfortune. The proper way is to speak slow and distinctly, for with the dear the recognition of volume of sound exists, just as a near-sighted man has a perception of any object, only in one case as in the other, the outlines and divisions are uncertain and confused. As this is rarely understood, those who are troubled with deafness soon find that attempts at general social intercourse bring with them more discomfiture than pleasure, the natural result is to force the sufferer into a kind of mental isolation.

## Miss Wharton's Pie.

Miss Margaret Wharton was a lady of good family and large fortune. She was one of the Wharton's of Skelton Castle, England, and possessed $1,000,000, half of which she gave to a nephew. She was well known in Scarborough, where she used to send out for "a pennyworth of cream" and "a pennyworth of strawberries," always paying her penny down. From this little peculiarity she became known as Peg Pennyworth. On one occasion, while in Scarborough, she had a meat-pie made; it was very large, as it was for herself, some visitors and the servants, She ordered her footman to take it to the bake-house. He refused, saying it was not consistent with his dignity to be seen dressed in plush and tags, carrying a meat pie. Mistress Peg then desired the coachman to take it; but he also declined. "Bring out the carriage," was the command. The carriage was got ready, the coachman donned his powdered wig and mounted the box; the footman ascended behind and Mistress Margaret Wharton, sitting in state in the carriage, bore the meat-pie on her lap. "Drive to the bake-house," was her command. In an hour or two, the same state being observed, the pie was brought back. "Now," said she to the coachman, "you have kept your place, which is to drive; and you," turning to the footman, "have kept yours, which is to wait; and we will all have some of the pie."—*Chambers' Journal.*

Torricelli, the friend and pupil of Galileo, resumed the investigation at the interesting point where his master had left it. He conceived the happy idea of exhibiting the action of a pump on a contracted scale by means of a column of mercury, which is fourteen times heavier than water. This experiment brought very neatly under one view all the circumstances affecting the question. He ascertained that the water and mercury were each supported by the same equipoise, which, after some hesitation, he at last concluded to be the pressure of the external atmosphere; and having afterward constructed what has since received the name of the siphon barometer, he detected that variation of pressure which depends on the change of weather. These important results were published in 1645; but Torricelli did not live to enjoy the fame of his great discovery, being snatched away by a putrid fever in the flower of his age.

A young man in a leather store used to feel very impatient with his employer for keeping him year after year, for three years, "handling hides." But he saw the use of it year after year, when in an establishment of his own he was able to tell by the touch the exact quality of the goods. It was only by those thousands of repetitions that the lesson was learned; and so it is with everything in which we acquire skill. The half-informed, half skilled in every business outnumber the others, dozens to one. Daniel Webster once replied to a young man who asked if there was "any room in the legal profession." "There is always room at the top." The better you know your business the better your chance to rise You can gather much information by making a wise use of your eyes and ears.

The explanation which Galileo gave to the artisans of the failure of their sucking pump to raise water higher than thirty-two feet, namely, that it was the limit of nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, he did not consider himself as quite satisfactory; it was, indeed, evading, rather than meeting, the difficulty proposed for his solution. In the last of his dialogues he mentions an experiment to ascertain this power of *virtu*, as he calls it, of a vacuum; but although he got the length of weighing air, he advanced to no conclusion respecting the effect of its incumbent mass. The atmosphere was, in his days, still supposed to reach to the moon, and the pressure of columns of such enormous height seemed to mock all calculation, and to overwhelm the imagination.

## Latest Fashion Chit-Chat.

Contrasts in trimmings and pinings of costumes are given preference over shades of the prevailing colors of the dresses.

White and colored Canton crape bonnets, trimmed with flowers, feathers and lace, appear at the openings among other millinery novelties.

Broad-brimmed hats are more suitable for our bright, warm American summers than English round hats, and are much more becoming.

Gypsy bonnets have large flowing brims raised in front, tied down at the sides, and falling on the neck, after being partially raised in the back.

Satteens and mummy cloth novelties show dainty little flower and leaf bouquet and vine paterns in jardiniere colors on pure white grounds.

Quantities of cheap pinhead-checked and hair-lined striped summer silks are selling at the moment for parts of suits and also for entire costumes.

American women who are sensible as well as tasteful avoid English styles of half masculine Derby hats, manish, ulsters, and jackets for street wear.

Spring wraps are of various kinds of mantillas, mantles and dolman visites, all having long ends in front, square or pointed, but light Chuddah and India shawls will probably be much worn.

The favorite flowers for tacking on bonnet crowns are asters, marguerites, pansies, and eglantine blooms, with the yellow anthers showing plainly on the delicate pink ground of the petals.

Pompadour gauzes with alternate lace and satin stripes, with flower and vine patterns over the same, made up in combination with plain silk and satin, make very stylish summer evening dresses.

Two small red clay pipes, decorated with flowers and mottoes, with the stems tied in a cross with blue ribbon, is the newest chandelier pendant in fashionable houses. They call them "peace pipes."

A gay morning-robe always looks vulgar at a watering-place or hotel breakfast, and corduroy velvet as well as satin, is seen in combination with camel's hair, French bunting and other light wool fabrics in spring costumes.

Dressy parasols for the country or seashore are of ecru pongees, with spots, rings, or diamond patterns of brown, red or blue, or they are of plain ecru pongees with bandana or Scotch plaid linings, or gay-colored linings with white polka dots.

The newest and most elegant umbrellas for all occasions are in very dark wine colors, or gendarme blue, black or invisible green, and of the rich, soft, serviceable, twilled umbrella silk that is both sun and shower-proof.

The quaintest mixtures of color appear in mummy cloth, as stripes of yellow-green, pink, and white, all mingled together, and patterns resembling Satsuma ware, with creamy grounds and small flower designs in shades of brown, Sevres blue and scarlet.

The fashion for flower bouquets is to have garden posies with several old-fashioned flowers in them; bunches of thousand-leaf roses, a spray of migonette, a pansy or two, a marigold or a buttercup, and a few ferns are tied together and used in bonnets or for waist bouquets.

Diamond ribbon collar necklaces are the fashion of the passing moment, set in *pave* style, and with clasps that make them available either for a pair of bracelets or for a necklace.

A new fancy that will probably "take" is to face the skirts of dressy costumes with red silk, under which the lace balayeuse is basted, making a very pretty and striking dress effect.

The newest white lawn and cambric waists have the fronts in fichu style, made with a separate piece in six plaits on each side, sewed in the shoulder seams, and tapering to the waist.

Evening stockings in the shades to match the new fabrics are embroidered between squares or lace figures set in over the insteps and sometimes up the sides.

New opera fans are made in various forms, but do not close. They are composed entirely of flowers and leaves, after the favorite blossoms of the fair holder, and are perfumed after natural models.

The Dudley promenade costume has a special feature, which will prove very convenient. The skirt clears the ground, and the train, which is separated from the skirt just above the revers with which it is trimmed is to be carried on the arm, leaving both hands at liberty, so if our ladies will insist upon trained street costumes, nothing so convenient as this style can be suggested for their benefit.

In hat ornaments there are found great changes this spring. On hats and bonnets without flowers there are braids of either gold or silver, broader and of a finer kind than those used for the purpose last year. Golden buttercups, silver straw, gold-centered white silk poppies, butterflies of mother-of-pearl, beetles with variegated backs and crystal lizards will be worn as ornaments on light coiffures. A new moir ribbon called "mother-of-pearl ribbon," resembles that substance in its hues, its surface being satiny.

A mourning dress for in-door wear is made with a plain skirt of woolen goods plaited in one large plait in the middle of the back, and trimmed with two bands of crape. The basque waist is bordered with a crape band. The sleeves are tight-fitting and finished at the wrist with a deep cuff. A dress for half mourning may be of facy armure delaine, trimmed with pekin or "armure de soie." The skirt is trimmed with two narrow-pliated flounces. The overskirt is draped in large plaits and the back is puffed and trimmed with a band of pekin which extends up the sides; the waist has a long basque, opening in the neck in a point, showing a vest, it then closes down to the middle of the basque, where it turns back, forming revers lined with pekin. The neck-trimming consists of a deep, turned-down collar and revers, of the same material.

In the different styles of boys' suits for early spring the cut of the garments is regulated by the ages of boys. Very small boys wear kilt suits of French dress goods, such as figured metalasses, beside all the fancy suiting in plaids or diagonals, Scotch suitings, camel's hair, and cheviots of all kinds. For older boys who wear "trouser suits," fine French and American bassimeres, tricots, and diagonals are made into coats, vests, and knee trousers, or, if the boy is old enough, regular trousers. The coats are made in different styles more or less ornate, but all are very jaunty-looking. Much attention is given to perfect fit and finish Spring overcoats in the English single-breasted sacques, light weight ulsters, and semi-ulsters, are much in demand.