The Sunday Globe.

Delivered by Carrier, $2.00 per Year.

Sent by Mail, POST-PAID, for $1.50 per Year.

BLACK AGATHA.

Black Agatha is dead and gone,
Toll the bell in the old church-tower!
Never again will she grieve or groan,
Bending and bowing o'er rut and stone,
Aching in every nerve and bone,
At early morn or the twilight hour,
With her broad, flat basket of raiment clean,
From her little laundry upon the green.
Her work is done, her race is run,
Toll the bell in the old church-tower!

Black was her face, and wrinkled and rent,
Toll the bell, toll the bell!
And her hair was white, her form was bent;
And what if she sometimes grumbling went?
Her lot was not one to breed content,
Her feeble frame was a shriveled shell,
And she was so old that her groans and tears
Could not number her many years.
And now it is best that she should rest,
Toll the bell, toll the bell!

She was a slave in Tennessee,
Toll the bell in the belfry high!
From South to North she drifted—free,
Though little but slavery still found she,
Toiling as long as her eyes could see
In her little laundry the church-yard nigh.
But the good All-Father had her in mind
In His sleepless watch over human kind;
And at last hath He set the old slave free,
Toll the bell in the belfry high!

Black Agatha is gone to rest,
Toll the bell in the old church-tower!
She often said, "I is sore oppressed,
I'se tired to deff, an' I want to res'."
Fold shrunken hands on shrunken breast,
And place in the fingers the fairest flower.
If doing one's duty wins the way,
Her place is among the blest to-day.
Her work is done, her race is run,
Toll the bell in the old church-tower!

ADVENTURE IN THE DACOTAH TERRITORY.

In the autumn of 1871, an expedition was organized to explore the almost unknown region of the Yellowstone Valley, and report upon the possibility of locating proposed crossings over the Missouri. The party consisted of General R—— and a staff of about twelve engineers, with teamsters, cooks, etc., and an escort under the command of General W——, of several companies of U. S. Infantry, some Gatlin guns, and a company of Indian scouts (Dacotahs or Sioux). The country to be traversed was unknown, and full of Sioux Indians, professedly hostile to the proposed railroad, and determined to oppose it, on the valid ground, that the hunting, their sole means of sustenance would be evidently spoiled.

Owing to a peculiar circumstance, though only having been a very short time in the United States, I had the offer of an appointment on General R——'s engineer corps; and as such an opportunity of seeing the country rarely presented itself, I gladly availed myself of it. It was hardly my first experience of travel, as I had already visited many parts, including Australasia; but this was a new experience, and having in youth, like most English boys, had an intense desire, inculcated and fostered by the marvellous books of Cooper, Mayne Reid and others, to see the noble savage in his own domain, I was delighted with the opportunity.

Three guides who professed to know the country were engaged; but they were of little use; indeed, as General R—— observed, if we had secured the services of one or two more, we should have been hopelessly lost; as it was, their peculiar avocation seemed to be to mislead us, and malign each other, and it was found that, by putting two under arrest, and then ignoring the other, we facilitated our movements considerably.

We rendezvoused at Fort Rice on the Missouri—as the troops were drafted in companies from the different frontier forts and marched there, or came up or down the river, as the case might be, in flatboats—and left September 8, 1871. The great object was to prevent surprise, as with our forces, unless the Indians were able to concentrate their bands, we were tolerably safe from open assault; so on the line of march we had skirmishers constantly thrown out, and beyond them, riding up every eminence, a cordon of scouts to give notice of the slightest Indian signs. For several days we saw none, but knowing the facility with which the redskins hide, and the secrecy of their movements, we never could be assured there were none about.

Many of the officers, and particularly General W——, had been selected on account of their having seen service on the frontier, and being acquainted with Indian wiles and stratagems; and after the day's march was over, sitting in the mess tent after a meal of antelope steaks, that would have produced dyspepsia or dissolution in many, and over the inevitable and invaluable pipe, many a story was told of Indian warfare, and cruelties of the late Minnesota massacre; till, notwithstanding the triple line of sentries and outposts (necessary indeed, but not always effectual to prevent surprise), the first impulse of any one, if by any chance he did wake up in the night, was to carefully feel his head, and ascertain the safety of his scalp. Once or twice Indian signs were plainer and fresher than usual; the prints of a horse's hoof, denoting that one of their scouts had been around, or, in one or two cases, the ashes of a smouldering fire, showed how closely we had come to a small party, but still no living redskin had been seen by any one. Game was plentiful; and any quantity of antelope, black and white tailed deer and elk, were killed by the skirmishers and mounted scouts; but no one seemed much inclined to stray far from the main body, knowing the tendency of the enemy to pick of stragglers.

One day General ——, with the engineer corps and one company of infantry as escort, was engaged taking levels and observations along the dry bed of a river, on each side of which rose a hilly country, with boulders of granite sprinkled at intervals (relics of the ice period), looking as if some giants had been pelting each other with rocks; and a few scattered shrubs at long distances from each other. Fringing the river was a very thin belt of light cotton-wood, and undergrowth of bulberry bushes covered with clusters of bright red and currant-like fruit.

From the high-water mark, plainly visible by the washed-up debris of beaver-cut logs, etc., the river had, after the spring rains, been one of considerable depth and swiftness; but now dried by the summer sun, little was left but a few pools at intervals, and a spongy bottom, of the nature of quicksand, not at all calculated to facilitate the crossing of the heavy train and artillery, that constituted our main body. This of course necessitated a *detour* for them, and a comparatively easier march across the plateau of prairie county beyond the hills, which was taken, both parties agreeing to meet at a little eminence, visible some miles off, and there pitch the camp. Naturally, in following the course of the river, our way was very devious, while the train made as straight a course as possible. After an hour or two, I stopped for a time behind the rest to take the topography of one of the hills, and by the time I had finished, saw they were too far off to follow, and accordingly started off across the wide country, with a view of making a course to the probable locality where the camp would be pitched.

I went along quietly, not being at all anxious to arrive before the tents were up, the "correll" of wagons made, and the eight or nine hundred mules, which constituted our draught-power, safely inclosed, picking up at intervals on my way pieces of petrified wood, moss agates, or some of the small pieces of granite of countless variety of shade and color, which characterize that section of country, till I found myself on the top of a higher point of hill than any of the surrounding ones.

Having in my course described the chord of the arc represented by the direction of the movements of the train, I imagined myself to have nearly reached the proposed camping-ground, and after lighting my pipe, sat down and looked around.

The sky was intensely blue, not a cloud to be seen; all around, the country rose and fell in fantastic shapes; far in the distance rose a cloud of smoke-like dust, marking the progress of the train, and the dark line of cotton-wood trees, dwindling off to a mere thread in the distance, showed the course of the river. The chirp of the cicada, and humming of various insects, seemed the only signs of life; unless the lazy waving of the prairie-grass could be so called, and I felt very much alone. The sun was hot, and feeling tired I laid myself down behind a large boulder, some four feet high and rather overreaching, and fell asleep. After I suppose an hour's rest, I awoke, and getting up looked around to ascertain the position of the train, and see if they were making preparations to camp.

The sun was lower, and the column of dust nearer than when I looked before, but they were evidently on the move still; the rifles of the advance-guard glistened at intervals, and in the rear the commissariat beeves, guarded by the commissariat "bull punchers," dragged their weary lengths along. Still looking round I saw three or four black objects on a nearer hillside, and after a hasty reconnoitre discovered them at once, from their appearance and manner of riding, that they were mounted men and Indians.

A "good" or friendly Indian is very seldom met with on the plains, and none would be likely to feel well disposed towards one of a party who had an avowed intention of crossing their hunting-grounds; so I immediately made a dive, flattened on the ground, and crawled under cover of a rock, from which I cautiously looked, hoping they had not seen me, and trusting to their going another way on the approach of the train. The reader may imagine my feelings when I saw them ride straight towards the bluff I occupied. I am not covetous, but certainly never wished more for the sole possession of any piece of land than I did of that hill; still, I never thought they would ascend to the top, but merely felt they were too near to be pleasant.

From behind the stone I looked, exposing as little of myself as possible, when, to my intense horror, after a short conversation at the bottom, they began to ascend. Carefully dragging myself along, so as to make as little trail as possible, I wedged myself in under the rock, beneath which I had been sleeping a few minutes ago, hoping against hope that the near approach of the troops would prevent them making a long stay, and trying to imagine they would not discover me.

What would I not have given at the time for my well-beloved and trusty Winchester repeating rifle; but, alas! it was then, I knew, carefully placed in a baggage-wagon; my only weapon was a French Lefauchaux revolver—of the pepper-box species, not reliable; and rendered still less so, by some horribly bad German pin-cartridges I had purchased in St. Paul's Minnesota, for it; not to be depended on for a moment, in short, when accurate shooting was indispensable. However, I at once took out all the cartridges, reloaded the weapon very carefully, and cocking it quietly, lay there, shadowed and sheltered by the rock, and awaited the result.

Thoughts of all the cruelties I knew were practised by the Sioux on their captives, and the impossibility of making anything like a fair and even fight of it—as they all had rifles or carbines, ran through my mind; and even then, amid all the horror of the situation I could hardly repress a smile at the thought of the painful dissapointment the reds would feel in endeavoring to "lift" my hair, as, in accordance with a habit contracted in the East Indies, it was little over three-quarters of an inch long, certainly not long enough to afford sufficient hold for them to take my scalp.

I cannot say how long I remained in this position: perhaps a few minutes, but it seemed hours. Thoughts of home, and places I should never see again, flashed through my mind; and the idea of dying in that way seemed all the more dreadful, as I thought of the proximity of the troops, and how little they were aware of my fate. Vague ideas as to whether my body would be ever found, floated through my mind, amid a general piling up of mental agony. I could hear the footsteps nearer and nearer, and the guttural grunts of the ridders were more distinctly audible as they approached the top, and in a few more seconds, I was aware by the sound they had reached the summit, and had, as I judged, dismounted.

Can a much more unpleasant situation be supposed? Within a few feet of my savage enemies, who would certainly not pay any attention to the etiquette of civilized warfare, whose language was unintelligible to me, and mine to them, and the certainty of being discovered by their keen eyes the moment they had looked around the surrounding country. I must certainly confess to a very bad scare; all sorts of wild schemes revolved through my brain; rushing down the hill in a desperate effort to escape and reach the train presented itself, and was dismissed as vain and futile.

Then the calmness of desperation seemed to come, and with a vague, dreamy feeling of pitying myself as one in a bad way, I lay revolver in hand, meditating whether it would not be better to reserve the last bullet for myself, so as not to fall alive into the hands of savages.

At last the climax came. An exclamation from one showed an object of interest, and I could hear them cluster together, and talk rapidly. From the inflection of their voices, I knew they had discovered something. What could it be? In a moment I remembered; in my haste I had left a small metal-matchbox (an old traveling companion) where I had lit my pipe, and it had been discovered. Then, footsteps were heard all round, and close to my hiding-place; so drawing a long breath, I jumped up with my pistol presented, and confronted—an Indian certainly, and a Sioux, too—but to my intense relief I recognised the peculiar features of "Tartanka Morza," or "Iron Buffalo," one of the scouts attached to the expedition.

Our mutual surprise was great. I never felt so lovingly disposed to an Indian in my life. He himself could not tell what to make of the apparition of a white man suddenly springing from behind a rock, with such a decidedly hostile appearance; and we stood looking at each other, till with the intuitive perception of an Indian, the whole thing seemed to burst on his mind, and we both exploded into a roar of laughter (it is a mistake to say redskins do not laugh), in which the rest joined. Sitting down, we discussed the affair by pantomine over a pipe, and then seeing below the white tents rapidly rising, and dotting the neighboring hillside, while the bugles made themselves heard sounding halt as each company came up, denoting the stoppage for the night, I strolled leisurely down the hill to rejoin my friends, and having got over my fright, amused them that night with the story of it.

Chin.

A pointed or round chin indicates a congenial love. A person with such a chin will have a *beau ideal*, and will not be easily satisfied with real men or women.

The indented chin indicates a great desire to be loved; hunger and thirst for affection. When large in woman, she may overstep the bounds of etiquette, and make love to one that pleases her.

A narrow square chin indicates a desire to love; and is more common among women.

The broad square chin indicates a violent love; or at least devoted attachment.

The broad square chin indicates ardent love, combined with great steadfastness and permanence of affection.

The retreating chin is indicative of the want of attachment, and but little ardor in love.

The chin, in its length and breadth, indicates self-control, self-will, resolution, decision, etc.

Carniverous animals have the upper jaw projecting, while those of a graminivorous nature have the lower jaw projecting. In man with a projecting upper jaw will be found large destructiveness and love of animal food; when the lower jaw projects, then the love for vegetable food.

Wonderful Discovery.

H. Hornschwanz, living in Gilbertown, Iowa, commenced digging a well in a lot. When about twenty-two feet down he came to a broad, flat stone, which was removed with much labor. Underneath it was found a sarcophagus, of which it appeared to be the cover. In this receptacle were found many articles which will prove of important interest to archæologists. The skull, vertebra, and some ribs partially charred, of a man. An iron circlet or crown, a bronze dagger and battle-axe, the first instance of the two ages thus being combined, several finger-rings, a peculiar instrument of music resembling a modern jewsharp, but without the vibrator, and a small panel of wood much worm-eaten, but that having been done before interment, on which is partially engraved and partially printed a nude figure bound to a tree, with an arrow stuck in the side—and around the head a glory similar to that seen around the heads of saints in the pre-Raphaelistic pictures. These ancient remains are now on exhibition, and will eventually become the property of the Academy of Sciences.

A GENTLEMAN of a mechanical turn of mind took off the gas meter to repair it himself, and put it up again upside down. At the end of the quarter it was proved with mathematical correctness that the gas company owed him $8 50.

The Brain.

For some years past, physiologists have known that certain parts of the brain have certain special functions; that they govern and affect certain parts of the body and no other. This knowledge was arrived at by investigations, chemical or electrical, of the living brain, or by observations of the brain in a state of disease. There was some truth in phrenology, after all; only modern research has shown that phrenologists were wrong in mapping out the brain. Foremost among the newly discovered facts is that the left side of the body is governed by the right side of the brain, and *vice versa;* and this discovery was made by observing that palsy of either side of the body is accompanied by disease of the opposite side of the brain. One part of the brain governs motion, another sensation, another the operations of the intellect. The function of the cerebellum has long been an obscure question in physiology; that part of the brain is now found to be the great center for the movements of the muscles of the eyeball. In the disease described as aphasia, the person affected loses the power of expressing his thoughts in words, either spoken or written. He remains intelligent, can comprehend what is going on, has no paralysis of the organs of speech, but is utterly at a loss to find words, and in some cases to tell his name. In such cases, as now ascertained, there is always palsy of the front part of the left side of the brain. An exposition of these remarkable facts was given at a meeting by Professor Rutherford, who stated that many of the discoveries had been made by professor Ferrier, of King's College. He having examined the experiments of foreign physiologists, has confirmed and extended them by an improved mode of investigation; and now his researches open a field of inquiry so important that therefrom we may expect a new impulse for the science of physiology.

Fooling a Coon.

While hunting on Banana river, one day, says a correspondent of Forest and Stream, I was a witness to one of those episodes in animal life that seem to warrant the belief that many birds are possessed of higher attributes than are generally accorded them, and something more than mere instinct.

My guide had waded a long way ahead in the shallow water, and was cautiously approaching a "drove" of spoonbills, leaving me to follow with the boat.

Not relishing the idea of wading about in the muddy water, with stingrays and sawfish, pushing the heavy boat before me, I concluded that such proceedings were not in my line of duty, and so sat upon the rail idly plashing the water with my feet.

My attention was called to a disturbance among the mangroves of a little islet near, and soon there flapped into view a black duck, a female, evidently wounded. Close in her wake followed a sly-looking coon, his attention so occupied with the duck as not to notice me till fairly in view. Then he hesitated; but the duck brushed so near his nose that he again took up the pursuit, throwing a glance occasionally at me. It was interesting to watch them; keeping just ahead of her pursuer, the duck would beat the water quickly, all the time in evident pain, and would so delude the old fellow that he finally seemed to think of nothing else but catching her. What a puzzled expression his shrewd face wore, when, after nearly placing his paw upon her, she would escape. Then he would stop, look at me, as if to say, "What the deuce does all this mean?" and arching his back, would again pursue with long leaps. For over a quarter of an hour did the duck play with him, till, having enticed him a sufficient distance from her nest, she flew away. If ever the face of a sharp-nozed coon wore a sheepish look, it was the face of that same coon. I accelerated his sneaking trot by a charge of duck-shot.

Man's Destiny.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else, why is it, the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which "hold their festival around the midnight throne," are set above our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents from our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

ONE Sunday, not long since, one of our most stylish young ladies waltzed into church with that inimitable grace that is at once the peculiarity and the charm of the female denomination. As she took her seat, by a litte behindhand movement she arranged her overskirt and then settled herself to meditate upon how she looked, and to observe what the other girls had on. The services concluded, she arose to go out. Alas for human hopes! That last touch on the overskirt was too much; she threw it too high, and there it rested on an old muff, which was serving as a bustle. So the wretched girl wiggled away, unconscious of the joy that filled the hearts of the other girls who saw it.

Love Letters.

In every year will be written and mailed just about so many letters of this kind, whether people continue to call them silly or sensible. It makes but little difference what outsiders believe, so the parties interested are suited with the contents. There may be times when we would ridicule these little missives; but, if we confess our true convictions, love letters, even years after they are written, reach the tenderest affections of our nature.

We have seen them in various forms, written with black ink and with blue, underscored and dotted with many marks and unknown signals, of interest only to the owner; but we always felt that at best only half of their contents were known. The best part of a love letter is unwritten; the purest thoughts of our nature are seldom uttered. Pride has prevented one from owning her true life-thoughts till it is too late. Modesty kept the burning words of another; while, with another, love so overcame the emotions as to break forth in tears to choke the utterance.

Take the first letter in reply to a broken engagement; the heart is full to overflowing; a sting of pride rankles beneath the blighted hopes of a life-time. Listen to the words:

"I did not think it would come to this; but you are so noble—so good—I cannot forget you. I know *she* will be happy in my place; but it breaks my heart to say that for your sake *you are free*."

Another, with only the hope of engagement, has judged too hastily him whom she found was promised ere they met:

"I will indeed be your friend," she writes, "but my life looks so dark and changed; would that I had never lived! No, I do not mean that, for all my life that I care to remember has been lived since I knew you. I would not blot it out for all the rest. How I envy her of whom you speak! But my loss is her gain. Tell her not of me—it is enough that one should bear it—the other should be happy!"

And still another writes in derision:

"You were easily caught; I never loved you; but I thought the man who played the shallow part of a male flirt deserved a lesson. I shall be married in a week to a *true man;* will you come to the wedding?"

These letters are but samples of one style. There is another and a brighter side. Many and many a little letter is carried (like a jewel) next to the heart, and valued a thousand times more than a jewel to its owner.

Ah! if we could read the hidden history of all the unmarried women in the land, there would be sisters who had yielded their places to younger sisters; there would be one that sacrificed life and hope for the love of another dearer than both—a mother she could never leave. Can we say that to such lives love letters have no meaning? No, never!

"Man's love is of his life a part,
'Tis woman's whole existence."

Cherish, then, the little missives of love and affection, for they keep the heart open and hopeful; and remember that in the little space of your acquaintance may be living those who have had purer thoughts, and more of them, in a few brief weeks, and more real enjoyment from their worn-out love letters, that give out sweet memories of the past, than is enjoyed by many in a life-time. To such:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

The Two Heifers.

Up in the northern part of New Hampshire, "long time ago," lived two old fellows whom I shall call Nate and Jim. Neither of them had any "conscientious scruples," and did not mind stealing a sheep or a cow, which they always shared equally. They followed this business of appropriating other people's property to their own use for some time, until at last they were caught in the act of butchering a sheep. They were arrested, imprisoned, and fined; but this did not serve to cure them of it. One day Nate "kinder hankered" after some fresh beef; how to get it he did not know, as there had not been any butcherings in the village, and to steal an animal would only send him to prison, as when anything was missed its disappearance was attributed to him.

He fell into a thinking mood, and at last a grand idea struck him. His old friend Jim, he remembered, had a white-faced heifer, and he determined to make her his. He determined, besides, to make Jim assist to do the butchering, and receive half of the prize. So he walked over and held a confab with the above-mentioned gentleman, who was mightily pleased at the prospect of some fresh beef. They named a place of rendezvous to meet that night after dark. Nate then went into the pasture where Jim kept his cattle, caught the heifer, fastened her to a tree by a rope, and painted her face red. At the appointed time he was on hand with the "critter." As soon as Jim saw her, he exclaimed: "If that critter only had a white face, I would swear that it was my heifer, for she is built just like her."

They butchered the animal in silence, and divided her equally between them.

A short time afterwards Jim complained that he could not find his heifer. She was missing for a long time, and he finally had given her up for lost, when one day he happened to come across his share of the hide, which he examined very closely, and discovered that his face was daubed over with red paint, and knew that he had butchered his own heifer! He raved and swore at first, but his better judgment told him not to say much about it, and he kept still waiting his chance of retaliation, and in a short time afterwards made himself even with Nate, by making him steal his own horse and get a thrashing besides for laying it off on to a neighbor, before he found out his mistake.

The Language of Rings.

Whilst the coquettish girls of Spain, in times gone by, carried on innumerable correspondences and love affairs by the aid of their fans, without uttering a single word, their French sisters used rings as signs and symbols of a similar character. A pearl and garnet ring signified its owner was unhappy; a thin circlet of fine turquoises intimated the fair one's inability to return her lover's sentiments, while a thick, plain gold ring, in the shape of a knot, expressed her willingness to share his fortunes. One in the shape of a gold serpent, with a brilliant in his head, indicated the lady's doubts of her gallant's sincerity; while her faith and her wish to confide in him always were shown by a ring formed by two clasped hands.

Tough on the Fish.

A devout clergyman sought every opportunity to impress upon the mind of his son the fact that God takes care of His creatures; that the falling sparrow attracts his attention, and that His loving kindness is over all His works. Happening, one day, to see a crane wading in quest of food, the good man pointed out to his son the perfect adaptation of the crane to get his living in that manner. "See," said he, "how his legs are formed for wading! What a long slender bill he has! Observe how nicely he folds his feet when putting them in or drawing them out of the water! He does not cause the slightest ripple! He is thus enabled to approach the fish without giving them any notice of his arrival." "My son," said he, "it is impossible to look at that bird without recognizing the goodness of God in thus providing the means of substance." "Yes," replied the boy, "I think I see the goodness of God, at least so far as the crane is concerned; but after all, father, don't you think the arrangement a little tough on the fish?"

A Gentle Hint.

A youth and maiden were walking beneath the blue canopy of the firmament "fretted with golden fires," and the maiden moved by the sublimity of the scene, pointed a taper finger—the one on which the engagement ring is worn—toward the zenith, and exclaimed: "Oh, Adolphus, isn't jewelry beautiful!"

From Trade to Title.

When Francois Hardouin, the son of a poor watchmaker at Caen, in France, turned his youthful back upon the workshop of his father and enlisted in a Hussar regiment, he certainly had no extravagant dreams of future fortune or renown. Rejoicing in a peculiarly amiable disposition and a proportionate inclination to sociability, he disliked the mechanical apprenticeship on account of its monotony and comparative seclusion, and chose the arms because the latter seemed the only available means of variety and extended association for a tradesman's son. That was many years ago. Not long after his enlistment the Hussars were ordered to Italy, where they were quartered in the courts of the venerable Palazzo Altemps at Rome; and there the sunny disposition and easy adaptability of the young soldier gained for him the responsible office of quartermaster to the detachment. Nor was professional advancement destined to be the limitation of his good fortune in the Eternal City.

During the years of French occupation the troops were, of course, popular with the aristocracy; officers of all grades had the entry of the best houses; and thus Quartermaster Hardouin became personally known to the Duchess di Gallese, a wealthy noblewoman with an infant son, who lived in widowed state in the old palace of Altemps. When, in the course of social events, the popular Hussar became an occasional invited caller at the palazzo, the patrician widow was so pleased with him that her partiality soon betrayed itself in a manner rather embarrassing to its chivalrous subject. Not long, however, was the worthy young trooper fated to be in doubt as to what the high-born lady's flattering demeanor portended; for when he evinced a disposition to call less frequently than before the Duchess frankly told him that he had gained her heart, and could have her hand for the asking. Here, indeed, was a romantic surprise of fortune for the humble watchmaker's son, though he was too honorable to accept it until satisfied that it resulted from no mere whim of a sentimental woman's momentary fancy. The widow assured him that she was her own mistress, with no relatives to dispute her will in such a matter, and that her feeling towards him was as deep as it had been sudden; he vowed that his whole future life should be a devoted repayment of the immeasurable honor she had done him, and they were married.

Thus beginning an aristocratic career, the fortunate Hardouin yet preserved his old, unassuming cordiality with his humbler acquaintances and comrades; accepted gratefully the epaulets of a sub-lieutenant, which his General conferred upon him as a wedding gift; and did not finally withdraw from his regiment until the death of his wife's son by her first husband left the title of Duke di Gallese to be conferred upon himself by the Pope. As a prince of the Roman nobility he could scarcely retain his subaltern rank in a foreign army, and as an Italian nobleman, only, he was thenceforth to be known.

Harmonious and honorable in every respect, the marriage was yet fated to have an early conclusion in the death of the eccentric but excellent Duchess. She survived her little son scarcely more than a year, and left to her sincerely mourning husband her whole fortune. For three years the Duke rendered lonely tribute to her memory, and then took a second wife in the person of a beautiful young Roman girl, a niece of the Princess Giustiniani-Bandini, who is also Lady Newberry of the English peerage. This union, too, proved most felicitous, and, with several scions, remains undissolved to the present day.

Such is the romantic history of one of the richest and most popular noblemen of modern Rome; a man whose rare fortune in life may be attributed more to a peculiar genial magnetism of natural social character than to his possession of any transcendant abilities. But not all titled patricians can show so fair a patent.

A Temperance League.

The ladies of Dayton, Ohio, recently met in session, and formed themselves into an association to be known as the "Womans' Temperance Praying League of Dayton." After a debate of some length, they adopted the following pledge, thirty-eight ladies affixing their signatures thereto: "We, the woman of Dayton, seeing the growing evils of intemperance in our midst and the need of active energetic work to counteract these evils, hereby pledge ourselves to unite our labors without regard to church or creed to do everything in our power to exterminate them. Among the various means that we believe may be used to benefit, we recognize: First—The power of God as the disposer of all events and the hearer of prayer. Second—Private influence in our families and among our friends, discountenancing the making or using of domestic wines or the use of any intoxicating liquors in our families unless presented by a reliable or competent physician. Third—By using our influence as becomes Christian wives, mothers, or daughters in all practicable ways for the election of such men to our public offices as will justly and faithfully administer the laws, and by aiding in meeting a fund to forward the interests of the temperance movement. Fourth—By standing by and encouraging any woman who shall prosecute the liquor dealer for selling to her husband, son, or relative.

Mystery of the Rose.

All the discoveries of science fall short of revealing the secrets of natural perfume. The microscope compels the very monads of life to show their organic character under its lens—gases can be analyzed and weighed; but the odor of musk or of the rose—what is it? Could this question be answered, and the cause of the fragrance of the rose, etc., be defined, like that of sulphurous, sulphuretic, hydrogenic, or ammonial odors, an enormous stride in hygiene and in chemistry might be recorded.

IN Sicily, a woman who seemed dying from consumption, but was without many of the common symptoms of that disease, was found, by the use of the laryngoscope, to have a leech firmly adhering by both extremities to the wall of the air passage of the lungs at their upper portion, and so the difficulty of breathing, speaking, coughing, &c., were easily explained. He was got out by surgical operation.

The Curse of Drink.

The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought them to more sorrow, shame and hardship than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human's imagination can create anything worse than the truth. The sorrow and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and children, the poverty, and not unfrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women, with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

The Art of Thinking.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fundamental importance of perfect command over thought. How many a student finds a lack of this power the chief hindrance to progress! How many a page must be reread, how many lessons conned over and over to compensate for lapses of thought! In the possession or absence of this power over mind lies the chief difference between mental strength and mental weakness. Some men think as a child plays with a hammer, striking little blows here, there, anywhere, at any object within reach. The action of a strong mind may be compared to the stone-breaker's sledge-hammer, dealing stubborn blows successively upon one spot till the hard rock cracks and yields. The power to classify and arrange ideas in proper order is one that comes more or less slowly to even the best of minds. In proportion as this faculty is strengthened, desultory and wasted effort diminishes. When the mind acts, it acts to some purpose, and can begin where it left off without going over the whole ground again to take up the threads of its ratiocinations. Concentration and system are thus seen to be the chief elements in the art of thinking. To cultivate the first, constant watchfulness to detect the least wandering, and the immediate exertion of the will to call back and hold the mind upon the subject under consideration, should be viligantly exercised. To secure the latter, the practice of analyzing and considering the different parts of a subject, first separately, and then in their relations to each other, is a discipline to which every young mind should be subjected, and which, we are sorry to say, is much neglected in most methods of instruction.

A Singular Wedding.

A strange marriage ceremony was recently witnessed in a Pennsylvania cemetery, the contracting parties being a minister of the gospel and a lady over whom there seems to have hung a deep veil of mystery. The bridal party, numbering four persons, arrived in Pittston late in the evening from New York, and, procuring the services of a driver, they were driven to Wyoming Cemetery, a short distance out of town. As soon as the carriage stopped the occupants got out and passed to the gate, and, preceded by two gentlemen, the quartet moved among the tomb-bordered paths to a distant part of the cemetry.

Here they halted directly in front of a grave, at the head of which stood a white marble cross. Presently the lady and her companion separated, each taking a position on opposite sides of the grave. They then joined hands. The two who were left took positions, one at the head and the other at the foot of the grave, each facing the other. At this moment the bell of a church tower tolled the hour of midnight, and before the reverberations had died away a marriage ceremony had commenced above the grave in the cemetery. The service was short and the scene most singular and impressive. A few moments later the four returned to the carriage and were driven back to the place from whence they started.

The driver of the vehicle could give no further information other than that one of the gentlemen was a minister of the gospel, as was revealed from the cut of his garments.

How to Keep a Situation.

Be ready to throw in an odd half-hour or an hour's time when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word be said, your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you.

Those young men who watch the clock the very second their hour is up—who leave, no matter what state the work may be in, at precisely the instant—who calculate the extra amount they can slight their work, and yet not get reproved—who are lavish of their employer's goods—will always be first to receive notice, when times are dull, that their services are no longer required.

MANAGEMENT OF MANURE.—The barnyard is the field for winter work. Much may be done here by skillful management. Manure, so long as it is frozen, remains unchanged, and the preparation of the manure, in the best manner for use in the spring, makes no progress. Make a central heap in the yard, and, by means of a few planks and a wheelbarrow, move the manure from the stable each day to this heap. If the heap is built up square, and made four feet high, it will keep warm in the coldest of weather, and while warm it will ferment and rot.