THE GREAT ATTRACTION.

A YOUNG BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

Oh, charming Kitty, fair art thou,
Fair as a rose in June;
Thy hair like braided sunshine is,
Thy voice a pleasant tune.
But 'tis not for thy beauty, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy beauty, sweet.

But thou art wise and witty too;
Thy little tongue can say
The shrewdest and the sweetest things
In such a plersant way.
But 'tis not for thy wisdom, sweet,
I lay my heart beneato thy feet—
Not for thy wisdonm, sweet.

And thou canst sing and dance and paint,
And chatter French and Greek,
And to the poet, priest and sage
In his own way canst speak.
But 'tis not for thy learning, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy learning, sweet.

Thou art so amiable and true,
Thy temper is so mild,
So humble and obedient, too;
Love guides thee like a child.
But not for thy good temper, sweet,
I lay my heart beneath thy feet—
Not for thy temper, sweet.

Not for thy beauty or thy youth,
Nor for thy heart's rich store,
Not for thy sunny temper's truth,
Thy wisdom, wit or lore,
I love thee, sweet; such things are trash;
I love thy hundred thousand cash—
Thy $100,000 csah.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

"STACY'S GAL."

The colonel, I think, was the first person to propose to her. He did it in the oratorical style for which he was noted in the camp and was promptly refused, much to his own and the boys' astonishment. I believe the judge was the next, but as he had fortified his courage with a large quantity of whisky his breath was strong enough and his words thick enough to ensure speedy rejection. He was considerably mortified at it and never able to explain the cause of his defeat, but when a Mexican woman drifted into camp shortly afterward and engaged in washing for the men the judge tried his hand again and was accepted. It took him a month to get loose from the bonds and he swore he would "never give any other female critter a chance to hook him again," and he carefully avoided all Indian squaws and homely senoritas who occasionally passed through Mineral City. After the judge a dozen or more of the boys offered their hands and fortunes to "Stacy's gal" and fared in precisely the same manner, while old Stacy himself quietly chuckled and "bet on his gal every trip," as he afterward explained.

She had come into camp a week or two previously to the greatest surprise of everybody, including her father. Old Stacy a good many years before, some eight or ten, had lost his wife, and so great was his grief that he could not be induced to remain longer in the place she had made a little heaven for him. So he placed his daughter—his only child—in the fashionable female seminary of the State, provided her with everything that was necessary for her comfort or happiness, and then struck out for the San Juan silver mines to forget his loss among the excitements and privations of the frontier. Stacy was one of the fortunate few out of the unlucky many that enter a mining country, and in a few years he was possessed of properties yielding him an excellent income from their hard, white quartz. He regularly corresponded with his daughter, and kept her supplied in pocket-money far in excess of her needs or requirements, but he never went back on a visit, and when that young lady was duly gratuated with honors she determined to seek out her long-absent paternal progenitor. With an independence and courage, the wonderment of the boys, she traveled across the plains, took passage on the stages and finally rode into Mineral City on horseback, the first white woman in camp and the object of the shy adoration of the men.

It was some time before the boys could stand their ground and face her, instead of scampering away at her approach, as had hitherto been the case; but the Western miner is not long in getting accustomed to strange things, and it was not ten days after her arrival that the colonel immolated himself on the altar of affections. Encouraged by his example and unterrified by his unceremonious defeat, the boys one after another tried their luck, though, as I have before mentioned, with no better success.

Stacy was a partner of mine in the Ajax mine, in which there were three of us interested, and as we were doing considerable development on the vein I was of necessity much in his company and consequently in that of his daughter. She was a very pretty girl, with dainty, delicate ways far more befitting a house on Walnut street than a rough mining camp; but she loved her father with an earnest, clinging affection that would not listen to her leaving him, and so she continued to reign queen of Mineral City all through the summer of 1676.

I don't know when it was that I was unduly attracted toward Nellie. I think it was when she asked me to call her thereafter by that name. She made the request so innocently, so sweetly, and so tenderly, alleging that as I was her father's partner, a gentleman by birth and education, and such a kind friend to her, it would be ever so much nicer for me to say Nellie, instead of Miss Stacy, which sounded so formal, that I came very nearly adding other words to the name that our short acquaintance would not justify. After that I spent most of my evenings with Nellie; and sometimes of an afternoon we took delicious little rambles together on the mountain sides and into the heavy timber lining the valley or canon of the Uncompahgre. One evening, as we were returning home, we stopped to rest on the rock-crested summit of Mineral Point. A few hundred feet below us lay the little mining camp, its long cabins looking doubly picturesque in the gathering gloaming. The blue smoke was curling from a dozen chimneys as the men prepared their evening meals; and here and there, over the various trails, a blue-shirted miner, with pick and drills across his shoulder, came striding home. The sun sinking behind the Wasatch mountains, one hundred and sixty-five miles distant, cast great long shadows across the surrounding peaks, and veiled the ravines and gulches in deepening darkness.

Nellie sat on the cropping of a vein of quartz and I lay streched out at her feet, watching her pretty, tender eyes as they wandered about the horizon, drinking in the beauty and the grandeur of the scene. She had some light, fleecy arrangement—a nuba, I believe it is called—wrapped loosely about her head and shonlders, and her hair, in whose meshes the sunbeams seemed to have caught, peeped from beneath, helping if frame a face stamped with innocence and purity. Young people always get sentimental in the evening when surrounded by quiet, and I was no exception to the rule, and almost before I knew it I was toying with the little hand, so white and soft, lying carelessly on the flinty quartz.

"Nellie," I said, after a few moments, "don't you ever long to leave this rough place and go back to the East?"

"Not now," she said, slowly, "though I might under some circumstances."

"Why not now?"

"Oh, because—because—I don't want to leave papa."

"Is that the real reason?" I asked, her shyness and evident avoidance of my eyes giving me hopes that set my heart beating with quicker pulsations.

"Let us go down," she said, quickly, as she arose.

"No, not until you answer me," and I caught again the little hand.

She drew it from my grasp, and, with a saucy "Come," started down the trail and I hastened to follow. I made several attempts to renew the conversation on the way, but Nellie always turned it off from the subject nearest my heart; and yet when I left her at her father's door she shyly extended hand, and I thought I detected a soft pressure as I took it in mine. A moment, and she had vanished and I noticed a rosy flush on her pretty cheeks and an unusual light in her tender eyes. I went back to my little cabin with a strange admixture of certainty and doubt in my feelings, and a quickening of pulse that made me oblivious to my rough surroundings.

After supper I lit my pipe and sat upon my roughly-hewn doorstep. The sun had gone down, but yet there was light enough for me to see her cabin and notice her father standing in the doorway chatting with Mineral Bob, the best prospector in camp and the third owner with Stacy and myself in the Ajax. I turned my head and saw the lights in the shaft-house of the Big Giant mine on Red Mountain gleaming away in the distance; I heard the clanging blows of the blacksmith at his forge as he sharpened the tools for the morning's work, and the deep boom of the blast in the Little Emily mine came floating through the still night air. Then my eyes wandered back to the cabin which held Nellie. Bob was still there, his tall figure and broad shoulders contrasting greatly with the little old man in the doorway. What was he doing there so long, I thought, and I puffed my pipe viciously as I saw Nellie a moment later join the two. The night settled down and the cabins faded from view, their presence only revealed by the lights shining through the little square windows or the sparks streaming out of the stone and mud chimneys. It was getting cool, too, and I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and re-entered my little home and stirred up the smouldering embers on the hearth. An hour went by and the moon sent its beams across my little table, with its tin plates and cups; across my earthen and rocky floor, touching lightly my books on a shelf at the head of my bed and resting softly on the rolled-up coat that served me for a pillow. I turned on my stool and glanced out of the window. The tops of the surrounding timber were silvered by the moonlight, and the cabins stood out against the dark background of the tall spruces. The sound of singing came up from the saloon, and the wind sighed fitfully now and then. And so I fell into a sombre reverie, and Nellie was the center about which all my thoughts revolved. Presently there was a knocking at my door, and at my invitation Mineral Bob entered.

"Hello! Philadelphia," he said, "I kinder thought you wasn't in."

"Why?" I asked, rather sorry of the interruption, though Bob was good company, and no one could look into his merry blue eyes, and pleasant face covered all over with a luxuriant, rich brown beard, without feeling better and less out of spirits.

"Oh, I sort of calculated you'd be somewhere around the girl. How's your chances, partner? Good, eh?"

"Come in, Bob, and stop your nonsense. Here, fill your pipe and sit down."

Bob laughed good-humoredly and, pulling up a stool, sat down near the fire, and as he filled his pipe, said:

"I've drooped in on a little business—about the Sunshine, you kuow," alluding to a mine of his and one of the best in the camp. "You know I'm obliged to sink—ain't got no chance to tunnel, and the surface water is getting the best of me. Must have a pump, if I want to do anything—this bailing water out by the bucketful when she's coming in near as fast is of no account. You know that?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, then, Philadelphia," as he lighted his pipe and gave two or three vigorous puffs, "I want to see what kind of a dicker I can make with you about running the mine. I ain't got the money to get an engine and pump, though I guess I could borrow it, and besides I've got to go East on business inside of a week, and I don't want to leave the Sunshine idle—I can't afford it."

"Why don't you sell her to old Stacy?" I said. "He's got some ready cash."

"But he's going out shortly and wants to sell his own mines."

"Going out—Stacy?" I demanded, wondering why Nellie had never alluded to it.

"Yes, going to take that gal of his back to the States. This ain't no fit place for a pretty little thing like she is, you know."

Nellie going to leave camp! By Jove! that would't do. No, if she left I would, too. I should't lose her, now that I had all but won her, so I said:

"I tell you, Bob, I don't know that I shall stay much longer myself. Perhaps you would like to make me an offer for my interest in the Ajax and let me attend to your business in the East, if I can; I would be very glad to.

"No; much oblidged, partner, but no one can do what I am going out for except myself.' Same time I might be able to handle my own property better if I had the Ajax too, seeing as how the two claims join each other on the same vein. I wonder if old Stacy would sell out cheap enough?"

"Oh, I guess so," I said;" especially if he is at all anxious to get away. I'll speak to him for you."

"He said the other day," continued Bob, as though he were carefully weighing the proposition, "that he'd sell to me on time if I could get a good man to go security."

"Would he take me, do you think?"

"Take you? A great sight sooner than any other man in camp."

"Well, then, Bob, you give me a mortgage on the mine, and if his figures are not too high I'll indorse your note and turn you over my interest beside. The mine is solid yet, I guess, though I haven't been to it for a week."

"That's the gal's fault," grinned Bob; "but if she wasn't good I wouldn't want to buy. I believe I'll go down and see the old man—it won't take long," and Bob buttoned up his coat and started out.

Half an hour later Bob returned with the necessary papers by which Stacy conveyed his third interest in the Ajax mine to him for eight thousand dollars, payable within thirty days. I indorsed Bob's note for the amount, he assuring me that if the mine continued to pay, as it had in the past, he could easily take it up when due, besides which, I reasoned to myself, that I would soon be Stacy's son-in-law, and, in case of Bob's failure to meet the note, the old man would not be hard on me. I also transferred my third interest to Bob for a like amount, and secured myself for both sums by a mortgage on the property, and so I went to bed that night and dreamed of the little wife I soon expected to have.

I saw Nellie the next day, and though she smiled sweetly and blushed most prettily I wasn't satisfied, as owing to her getting things in readiness for the trip next morning there was no opportunity for a quiet little conversation. I told Stacy I was going out, and he laughed and said Nellie had spoken of it and he "didn't know but what it was a good scheme for his gal, 'cause it could hardly be expected that me and Bob would be good company," and so the matter was settled and I collected my traps together, and those I didn't care to take with me. I distributed among the boys. They all knew what I was going out for, and good-natured witticisms were freely indulged in at my expense. But I liked it, and rather enjoyed my triumphs over the colonel and the judge and the others who had tried to win the little treasure that I had carried off, but had miserably failed.

I sat in my cabin that evening—the last I should ever spend in Mineral City—and somehow I got terribly blue and out of spirits. It felt like parting with old friends. Every tree and every rock seemed to have a hold on my affections, and the rough logs of my little home had a warm place in my heart. I couldn't shake off my low spirits, and so I went down to see my little one and from her sweet face and pretty eyes draw the consolation I felt I needed. I found her looking tired from her arranging and packing efforts, but she seemed most glad to see me, and we sat on the doorstep and were soon chatting in a warm, confidential way. As I was about to go I took her little hand in my big palm and said:

"Are you really glad that I am going out with you?"

"You know I am," she said, earnestly, her eyes drooping and her soft little fingers closing over mine, and then somehow, before I fully realized what I was doing, I had leaned forward and pressed a hot, passionate kiss upon her pretty lips, and with a little exclamation expressive of surprise and not of anger, she turned and vanished. I was a happy fellow that night.

Our trip was begun the next morning, and in due course of time we all came to a halt in New York. What a delicious time I had had of it, and how considerate Stacy and Bob were to me. They never intruded their presence but let me have Nellie to myself, as though they had nothing to do with us whatever. I felt very grateful to them, and meditated often upon what I could do to show my appreciation of their thoughtfulness and good feeling. Nellie was a little paradox, however—an enigma I could not solve. I had proposed to her six times on our way, out though she showed that her heart was mine and permitted me to squeeze her hand, whisper soft nothings and kiss her good-night when she retired, she would give me no answer to my pleadings, but kept me off with a coquetry in itself most attractive. And so the days spun around and I seemed to be no nearer than when we left the old mining camp, and I got irritable and out of sorts, and one day Nellie suggested that I had better run on and see my family and get sweetened up a little, and I savagely replied that I would, and I should not return until she send for me, etc., etc. She smiled sweetly, and looked tenderly out of her pretty eyes, and I took the train for Philadelphia, in a terible temper, and yet feeling sure that I would be back again within forty-eight hours, and I was. I asked the clerk to send up my card, and he said it would be useless, as the lady, with her father and the other gentleman, had left the night before, for the South, he thought.

They had left a letter for me, however, and—I snatched the letter, and tore it open. There were several enclosures, reading as follows:

THURSDAY.

My Dear Charlie: You must pardon my terrible flirtation with you of the past few weeks, but it was the last I should ever have, and you are the dearest of fellows to finish upon. I dare say you'll feel a little vexed, but you will get over it, Charlie, and when Bob and myself get settled down to housekeeping—which I trust will be a long time yet—you must come and see us, and be a good friend to your penitent

Nellie.

The next was:

Dear Philadelphia; You've had a good time with my intended wife and I have not interfered; you indorsed my note for $8,000 and I won't cheat you out of it. I trusted you and you came to time; you trusted me and here I am smiling. I enclose with this my note that you endorsed; and deeds conveying to you the whole of the Ajax. She's pinched, Philadelphia, and ain't worth a cuss. You *sabe* now she buisness that called me east. Ta ta.

Mineral Bob.

I have never seen them since. I do not want to. I went back to the old camp the following year. The boys do not tease me now, but I thrashed two of them and got thrashed by three before this silence on the subject was observed.—*Philadelphia Times.*

It is beautifully remarked that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

"WHAT MY LOVER SAID."

A Poem Attributed to Horace Greeley—One of Barton Hill's Recitations that Touched the Hearts of a Merry Party of Newspaper men.

New York Correspondence of the philadelphia Times.

The Park theatre was just out, and a number of actors and newspaper men had gathered in the Palette club barrooms on twenty-second street. There were present Barton Hill, his son Henry of the editorial staff of the *herald*; the veteran night editor, Dr. J. B. Wood, and W. A. Curtis, Tom Maguire of San Francisco, Col. Gilder, who recently came back from Artic explorations with Lieut. Schwatka; Chief Judge Daly, W. E. Sheridan, Cyril Searle, Leander P. Richardson and one or two other fellows. Townsend Percy came in and there was chaff to him about the play of the "Baffled Beauty," which awoke angry answers from him and made it necessary that the conversation should change lest something be said to the author of that rather peculiar drama for which there would be regrets. And this is the way the conversation turned. Tom Maguire said to Barton Hill: "why don't you repeat your evening with Unknown and Forgotten Poets,' Hill? and Hill said, "The affair was so much of a personal compliment to me by the people of San Francisco that I'm afraid it wouldn't work here."

"It was so personal," said Maguire, "that the tickets were put at $5, and the great hall was crowded. I suspect it was the most remunerative piece of work that Barton ever did."

The title of the entertainment attracted attention and the question was put as to how and from what sources the poets had been brought. Thereupon Mr. Hill drew a programme from his pocket and read the names of his selections and the authors of each when they could be had. As he ran through the list he read:

"WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

Written by Horace Greeley,' when Dr. wood interrupted, remarking: "Greeley wrote some poetry, but I don't remember that. How does it go?" And half a dozen voices called out: "Yes; let's have it." The actor sat back in his chair and repeated it. It is impossibie to convey any idea of the reading, of the modulations of voice, the tender and delicate phrasing of the three lines at the end of each verse. When he had finished there seemed to be a finer sentiment pervading the little crowd, the next order for beer was in lower and less authoita tive toues, so that the bar man came half hesitatingly, as fearing some outbreak, and copies and history of the piece were generally asked for. This is the poem:

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh! I tried, but he would not let me,
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted each pink sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over,
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover,
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the bough o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me.

Had he moved aside but a little way
I could surely then have passed him,
And he knew I could never wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us;
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
How the pure, sweet wind grew still instead
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh, the whispering wind around us.

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and would have passed
As the night was come with its dews at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close, when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story.
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
How the stars crept out when the white moon led
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover.
And the moon and the stars they looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairylike spell
They wove around us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
or echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

Then Mr. Hill said: "I was in Seattle, W. T. some years ago—two or three—when Mr. C. H. Larrabee of that place recited that poem. I was so pleased with it that I obtained a copy and committed it to memory. Mr. Larrabee told me that he had cut it from the *Evening Post* of New York some twenty-five years before. In that publication it was ascribed to Horace Greeley. I promised to look up the history of it, but all my endeavors up to this time have proved unavailing."

"I remember the poem," spoke Curtis; "I cut it from the *Sun* some sixteen years ago. I think it was the *Sun*, any way, it was given as anonymous, and if Greeley wrote it certainly Mr. Dunn wonld have known it, and probably have seen that it was duly credited."

This statement, having so many hypothetical conditions, was not regarded as important, and a committee formed itself then and there to settle the question, and make the history a matter of record. Although they have made search they have so far found nothing.

Lincoln's Reception to Stephens.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A new story of Lincoln—new to me at least—at Republican head-quarters in Chicago during the Grant reception, and which in this connection it may not be amiss to tell. Your readers will recall the Peace Conference which occurred in February, 1865, at Fortress Monroe, between President Lincoln and Secretary Seward on the one side and Alexander H. Srephens, John A. Campbell and R. M. T. Hunter on the other. The attenuation of Mr. Stephens has long been a matter of such general notoriety that it is not offensive to speak of it. It seems that Mr. Lincoln had never seen Mr. Stephens before. At that time a kind of cloth was worn by Southern gentlemen, nearly of the shade of the ordinary corn-husk; and Mr. Stephens' great-coat was made of that material. But Mr. Stephens, who always has been a frail man, wore many other garments beneath to protect him against the raw wind of Hampton Roads; and Mr. Lincoln watched with much interest the process of shedding, until the man was finally reached. At last Mr. Stephens stood forth in his physical entity, ready for business. Mr. Lincoln, giving Governor Seward one of his comical looks, and pointing to the discarded coat, said: "Well, I never saw as much shuck sor as little a nubbin in all my life."

The boy Who Would Go With the Circus.

The boy who *would* travel with a circus has been out about three weeks now. He is homesick, and would like to get back to the old home again if he could, but he can't very well. They ain't paying boys much to go along with a circus this year, and he isn't in funds. Beside that he doesn't know exactly what direction to take to get home, being somewhat bewildred with the zig-zag route they have been taking. Things haven't turned out precisely as he expected when he ran away from home to join the show. His ambition to be a circus boy was inflamed when he first saw the posters displyaed on the old blacksmith 'shop at the corners, while on his way to school.

Then the procession on the street added to his yearnings for the circus, and by the time the canvas was spread on the village common he was satisfied that nothing but a life of mingled spangles and sawdust could ever satisfy him. He got in that night by doing some little jobs for the boss canvasman, and when they pulled up stakes after the performance and started for the next town, he hid among the rolls of canvas on a wagon and was carried away with the rest of the paraphernalia. But he hasn't had a pleasant time altogether. He hos been kept at all manner of drudgery ever since his presence along with the show was detected. He has been cuffed about by rude hostlers, bounced off wagons by grouty drivers and ordered around by everybody. Once he was jolted off the pole wagon while he was asleep at night, on the road, and nearly killed.

He expected when he joined the show that he would be dressed up in spangled tights at once and taught to ride in the ring, having 'the old clown' fling all manner of funny sayings at him for the people to langh at and applaud.

If not that, he would be set to play the snare drum in the band. But none of these things came. His chief duties were to assist the cook or carry water to the elephant. Three weeks with a circus and not yet advanced to the position of a property-boy. Poor lad! how have his hallucinations been dissipated! Actual show-life is very far from his wide-eyed dreams of it while studying the circus poster. We hope he will get home all right at last, bringing some usefull lessons from his rough experience. But the boy who ran after the show is but an illustration of human life, after all. How many men have been deluded by spangles while they were only carrying water for the elephant!—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Deaths of Kings and Queens of England.

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink and from the violence of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stags which he hunted.

Henry I. died of gluttony.

Henry II. died of a broken heart, occasioned by bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cœur de Lion, like the animal from which his heart was named, died by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how, but it is said from chagrin, which we suppose is another name for hellebore.

Henry III. is said to have died a "natural death."

Edward I. is said to have died of a "natural sickness"—a sickness which would puzzle all the college physicians to denominate.

Edward II. was barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own wife and her paramour.

Edward III. died of dotage, and Richard II. of starvation—the very reverse of George IV.

Henry IV. is said to have died of fits caused by uneasiness, and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry V. is said to have died of a painful affliction, prematurely. This is a courtly term for getting rid of a king.

Henry VI. died in prison, by means known then only to his jailer, and now only in heaven.

Edward V. was strangled by his uncle Richard III.

Richard III. was killed in battle.

Henry VII. wasted away, as a miser ought to.

Henry VIII. died of carbuncles and fury.

Edward VI. died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a broken heart.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies.

James I. died from drinking and the effects of vice.

Charles I. died on the scaffold.

Charles II. died suddenly—it is said of apoplexy.

William III. died of consumptive habits of body and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Anne died from dropsy.

George I. died from drunkenness which his physicians politely called an apoplectic fit.

George II. died of a rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God.

George III. died as he had lived—a madman. Throughout life, he was at least a consistent monarch.

George IV. died of gluttony and drunkenness.

M. Claude Etienne Minie, the enventor of the carbine known by that name, who died a few days ago, was born in Paris in 1804. He entered the army as a private, but rose to the captaincy of a company of chasseurs. It was then that he conceived the idea of improving the weapon used by this corps. He refused to make money out of his inventions by patenting them, or to quit France for superior service in Russia. He was, in 1849, appointed Instructor in Firing at the Ecole Normal, at Vincennes, and retired from active life in 1858; but he had all along been occupyiug himself with the improvemeut of firearms, and his last achievement, a rifle lighter than the chassepot, and carrying one thousand meters further, was exhibited at the Universal Exhibition of 1878.

'Tis no pleasan task contrasting
Now and then,
Though I long for kindness lasting—
Once again.
Then you said you thought me clever;
Now you listen to me never,
And your silence seems to sever
Now and then.

Still I cannot but adore you
Now and then,
Though I see in shoals before you
All the men;
Women are but cattle-kittle,
And their promises are brittle!—
Can't you love me—just a little—
Now and then?

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

It is said that a poultice of fresh tea leaves moistened with water will cure a stye on the eyelid.

The true philosophical way of treating burns or scalds is to at once exclude the air, with cotton batting, flour, scraped potato, or anything that is handiest.

Ear-ache.—Take a small piece of cotton wool, make a depression in the center and fill it with pepper, gather into a ball and tie it up; dip it into sweet oil and insert it into the ear.

Mr. Scott, of Jersey City, claims that the following will positively cure neuralgia: Take the leaves of the large field thistle (not the Canada), press a gallon measure full of them and fill the measure full of water. Boil them down to a half-gallon. Strain off the water and let it cool. Of this take a wineglassful every morning before breakfast and a wineglassful every afternoon just before tea. Take the leaves of the same kind of thistle, put them into a clean cloth, and pound them into a jelly. Put a layer of this on the afflicted part; bind on with cloths every night. Be sure and get the leaves fresh.

Colds, taken in hand promptly, are easily remedied. If they are allowed to cling on for a few days, they usually "run their course" of a couple of weeks, if not much longer. For a slight cold, accompanied with sore throat, a simple remedy, often effective, is a teaspoonful or more of powdered chlorate of potassa in a tumbler of water—all that will dissolve. A teaspoonful of the solution is to be gargled in the throat and swallowed, repeating it every hour or so. A sudden, severe cold is most often broken by a gentle physic of calcined magnesia or castor oil, with warm foot bath, and avoiding any chill or draught of air for a day or two. For filling up of the lungs and much gathering or coughing use a simple cough sirup, made by mixing equal quantities of sirup of ipecac, paregoric and castor oil, or sweet oil; shake well, and take from half to a full teaspoonful, according to age, three or more times a day as needed. A warm sweat is good, if great care be taken to have no chilly feeling for a few hours after. If one does not cool off very gradually, more cold will be taken. Croup is, in some familics, much dreaded. Its guttural cough is unmistakable after having once heard it. When first noticed administer sirup of ipecac—ten drops for an infant, up to twenty drops to a large child—every hour or so until vomiting is produced. Then use the above cough sirup three times a day, or more if needed. If more than a slight attack, the sirup of ipecac is accompanied with foot baths as warm as can be borne, with a table-spoonful of good mustard stirred into each gallon of water. In addition the chest and neck are well bathed with camphorated oil or volatile liniment, and covered with flannel lined with thick cotton batting. It is well where croup is feared to keep ready for use a flannel cut to fit the chest and neck, with tying strings on the neck corners, and with thick cotton batting stitched on to the under side. These remedies have proved effective in ordinary croup. If at all severe and not yielding immediately to the above simple home treatment, a physician must be called in.

Why Bishop Ames Sat Down.

Edward R. Ames, a late distinguished Bishop of the Methodist Church, began his ministry in Illinois; and, after becoming Bishop, he always seemed especially happy in holding Annual Conferences in that State. More than twenty years ago he was presiding over the conference in session at St. Charles, a village forty miles west of Chicago, when there occurred an incident that beautifully illustrated his character, won for him the lasting affections of his clergy in those parts, and published an insight into his early life. The details of the story I gather from one who was present.

A motion had been under consideration for some time, and the Bishop, apparently thinking that enough had been said, arose to debate. At the same instant an eldery preacher, not observing the movement of the Bishop, stood up to add his views, when a brother tugged at his coat and signaled that that the Bishop had the floor. But that worthy saw the maneuver, recognized the man with a remark to offer, and dropping into his said, said: "Speak on, my good brother. Bishop Ames always sits down when Father Sinclair has anything to say."

The large company of ministers were much amazed; first looked seriously into the faces of one another; then gradually relaxed into mutual smiles, thinking the grave official had suddenly laid aside dignity for a little pleasantry at the expense of Father Sinclair. But the Bishop was far from the joking mood. Father Sinclair, alone in all the house, understood his motive, and was so embarrassed because he did that he said but little on the question he had risen to, then sat down, flushed, with confusion, while the auditors wondered what surprise the Bishop had next in store for them.

All bent upon him a gaze that seemed to solicit explanation. The Bishop understood the glances, and responded. His imposing form once more had the floor.

His ever kind face betrayed emotion, and the last trace of a smile faded from the faces of the people as they looked into his. He proceeded, with evident hesitation, about as follows:

"Brethren," said he, "I see that you are surprised over my remark to Father Sinclair. I think I can relate a little story that will fully satisfy you that Bishop Ames does well to always sit down when Father Sinclair has anything to say. Upward of twenty-five years ago I knew a young man just starting out to preach. He had been converted several years before, while in college, and thought he had a clear call to the work of the ministry. He had been licensed by his quarterly conference, and had tried hard for one year to make headway in the pulpit, or rather schoolhouses, of a frontier circuit. But he made very poor work of preaching. It was not then permissible for a Methodist minister to take into the pulpit a mauuscript, or even a note, and continue to be thought orthodox. The young man would get through his opening prayer and hymns, commence his sermon, lose the thread of it before he was half through, stumble on for a little time further in a stammering, incoherent manner, and call it finished, or break down completely in tears and deepest mortification; and that, too, with a half-dozen gray-haired pilgrims before him who could stand up and talk by the hour. And still that young man presisted in thinking that he had a call to preach.'

"But at the end of his first year the almost unanimous voice of the conference was that the youth had mistaken his calling, and that it would be trifling with sacred interests to renew his license. Just before the vote was taken a friendly minister, for whom all had great respect, and who knew much of the candidate's private prayers and struggles, stood up and professed a belief in his call and urged a renewal of his license. And against conviction, but as a mark of personal regard for the friendly minister, the young man's license to preach was renewed for another year.

"His second year in the ministry was only a slight improvement over the first. If his public work effected any good, it came of tears, not of talk. And when he again asked to have his credentials continued, there was a very decided expression among the official brethern that the young man might be very pious; but it was clear that he couldn't preach. They had tried him two years. That was probation enough for any man with a 'call.' When again the same kindly voice of that 'friendly minister' plead with the public conference to try the zealous boy once more. His last chance was given; but very reluctantly, and not at all on judgment, but as a favor to his friend.

"Brethern," continued the Bishop, with choked utterance and tears coursing down his cheeks, "that 'friend' was Father John Sinclair, and that 'boy, was Edward R. Ames. Now you know why Bishop Ames always sits down when Father Sinclair has anything to say."

The Bishop sat down, while every eye in the house ran tears over a joyous face. The conference took an informal intermission, while Father Sinclair received an ovation of thanks from all for having saved the boy and made the Bishop. His perception of a young man's call to preach was never after questioned.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

The first steamboat that navigated the Mississippi was the New Orleans, in December, 1811.

Profile pictures are said to have originated with Antigonus, who had his picture taken in this manner on account of having only one eye.

Father Hennepin discovered coal in 1669, in what is now Ottawa, Ill., and this appears to be the first record of the finding of coal [illegible] America, but it was not mined until [illegible] a century and a half later. In [illegible] five ark-loads of flinty coal were [illegible] down the Lehigh river and sold in Philadelphia for $21 per ton.

The phrase, "A Roland for an Oliver," is equivalent to the ordinary expression "Tit for tat," or giving a person as good as he sends. Roland and Oliver were the names of two pages attached to the court of Charlemagne. Their qualities were so excellent and so equally matched that Roland was considered as good as Oliver, and vice versa. This is the generally ascribed origin of the phrase.

The countries of Europe are governed by the following personages: The Austro-Hungarian empire, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia; Belgium, King Leopold; Bulgaria, Prince Alexander (of the House of Hesse); Denmark, Christian IX.; France, President Grevy; the German empire, Emperor William; Greece, George I.; Italy, King Humbert; Netherlands, King William III.; Spain, King Alfonso XII.; Switzerland, President Dr. E. Welti; Russia, Emperor Alexander II.; Norway and Sweden, King Oscar II.

The expression "Don't crowd the mourners" originated with one of the Mier prisoners in Mexico. The captured Texans overpowered their guard at Rancho Salado and escaped, but were afterward recaptured and compelled to draw lots. A number of beans were placed in a hat, every tenth bean being a black one. The man who drew a black bean was to be executed next morning. One of the unfortunates who had already drawn a black bean was jostled, accidentally, by a fellow-captive who was crowding up to try his luck. The jostled party, whose fate was already sealed, laughingly remarked: "Go slow; don't crowd the mourners, boys."

In 1610 four cows and a bull were, after a long and dangerous passage by a sailing vessel, landed in Virginia from Ireland. These were the first domestic cattle seen in America. In 1625 eighteen ewes and two rams were introduced as a novelty into New York by the Dutch West India Company. The first horses landed in any part of North America were carried over to Florida by Cabecca de Vaca in 1527; they all perished. The wild horses found on the plains of Texas and the Western prairies are probably descendants of the fine Spanish horses abandoned by De Soto. In 1825 part of the trade of the Dutch West India Company was the carrying of horses from Flanders to New York, and that year six mares and a horse were safely transported from France to America. The London Company were the first exporters of swine from Britain to America, and in the year 1624 they carried on their vessels no less than eighty-four, which were all, on landing, allowed to roam at large and feed and fatten on the mast, which was very abundant in the woods. They increased so fast that in 1627 the colony was in danger of being overrun with them; but, the Indians acquiring a taste for fresh pork and the novelty of hunting hogs, that calamity was averted.

A Valuable Plant.

The sunflower is turned to extraordinary account in Lithania. The seeds yield at first pressure excellent salad oil, and the residue forms excellent oil cake for cattle, who are also fond of the leaves and stalks chopped up. The flowers a little short of bloom are, when cooked, nearly as good as artichokes, and are in the garden very attractive to bees. The leaf, well dried, is used as tobacco. The seed receptacles are made into blotting paper, and the inner part of the stalk is made into a fine writing paper. The more woody portions of the plant, which attains great size, are used for fuel. The best is obtained in the Crimea. As an anti-malarial agent the sunflower is most valuable.—*Field and Farm.*