Camille.

A row of lamps that flame and flare
A strangely troubled world behind,
With passion, like a desert wind,
To breathe its fierce enchantment there.

A regal beauty, strangely fair,
(A palid face, behind whose smile
A touch of pathos bides the while)
With white camelias in her hair.

The music of a woman's voice
Whose laughter ended in a moan,
Like sweet bells jangled in a tone—
No sound to make the heart rejoice.

The dawning of a brighter morn,
A rifting in the clouds above,
For her who gave back love for love,
Yet dared to battle scorn with scorn.

The resting of a wind-tossed bark,
A sweet dream in a gloomy night,
The memory of whose vanished light
But makes the shadows doubly dark.

The glaring world of sin once more,
The hollow mirth, the scornful smiles,
The pitch that touches and defiles,
And then the sacrifice is o'er.

Mirth, music, song—all, all have fled
The dawning of eternal peace;
A weary heart hath found surcease;
A lover mourneth o'er his dead.

WHO MELINDA MARRIED.

"So you're back again with your old employers, and at a first-class salary. I'm very glad, I assure you, and so will my husband be when I tell him. Sorry you can't stay to tea with us on account of the children. How old is your eldest, Tommy?"

"Let me see." The individual addressed balanced his hat between his knees on both little fingers, and carefully studied its interior, as though the information he sought lurked somewhere under the lining. A great, blonde-bearded man, but he always was and always would be Tommy. Never being able to rid himself of a certain awkward bashfulness, nor ever having lost the big, innocent eyes, honest mouth and ruddy complexion that made him look like an overgrown schoolboy. "Amanda's eleven this June. Lucy was nine in February. Melinda seven, and Vinnie—that's the baby my wife left, you know—will be three tomorrow."

"All girls?"

"Yes ma'am, all girls."

"How long since you left the city?"

"Let me see," and Tommy again consulted his hat. "I left the spring I was twenty-one, didn't I? Well, I've been away thirteen years. I married Amanda White just six months after I left."

"She made a good wife, didn't she?"

"The very best; but, then, it wasn't as though I'd married Melinda."

"No. I suppose not; and yet, Tommy, I tell you, as I've always told you, Melinda's not altogether worthy of you. Not that she isn't good-principled, warm-hearted, and all that, but her views of life are false."

"Then you think there's no chance for me. Is anybody else in the way?"

"Nobody, and never has been, excepting the girl her self. To my certain knowledge, she's had but one offer beside yours. That was from old Mr. Hulks, the great shipper. I thought Melinda would tear his eyes out. So, you see, she won't marry merely for money."

"Still, you think there's no chance for me? I daren't ask her, you know; she said the last time—when I came on after Amanda died, you remember—that if ever I did it again, she'd never speak to me."

"Saying that she meant it, best not to venture. Let matters take their course. See her as often as possible, but keep a certain distance. Maybe things will work around somehow. She's got in with a new set lately—clever people—but they have a fancy they've discovered a new way to put the world to rights, and are just the ones to do it. It's all well enough, I suppose. Amuses them and don't hurt anybody, but I'm out of patience, for all. See here, Tommy, I've an idea. She visits the Park the day the society meets—that's to-morrow—to commune with nature, she says. I know her favorite spot; she's always alone; you go there, take the children, and get somewhere near her."

"Take the children! I'd frighten her miles and miles away."

"No, you wouldn't. The more I reflect on this plan, the better I like it. Ask for a half-holiday, gather up your girls, and go."

The day was all that could be desired. A May-blue sky, with a drift of clouds like departing snow across it; warm, penetrating sunbeams; soft airs, alive with children's voices and bird-warblings. Yet could not my heroine find herself in harmony with the scene. She succeeded in securing her favorite seat in the Park, a niche on the hillside, with an interlacing of boughs, and glimpses of rock and river. It contained only two settees,

Melinda met Tommy Whittlesy just as he was leaving the afternoon previous. Somehow those big, blue, reproachful eyes met hers whichever way she looked. More especially did they haunt the page she tried in vain to read, and moved in her pencil's wake when she turned to writing for relief. Not that she cared for their owner. Oh, never a particle. Any time since her fifteenth birthday, she had but to say, "I love you," to make Tommy the happiest of men. Yet she never did say it—never intended saying it. True, life was unsatisfactory. One dream after another faded; still there was a hope of her becoming something, being somebody; tied to Tommy, that was gone. As Mrs. Whittlesy, her days would be bounded on the east by breakfast, south by dinner, north by supper, and west by a basket of undarned stockings.

Was there ever—no, there never was—such impudence? Tommy Whittlesy and one, two, three, four feminine Whittleys, walking in upon her seclusion quite as a matter of course. Yet, no, not altogether so. Tommy stayed awkwardly from side to side an instant, then, with a lift of the hat and a scrape meant for a bow, turned as red as the Giant of Battles, and dropped upon the other bench, also upon her shawl.

"This is Miss Denver, children," and Tommy almost stammered in his embarrassment. "Come and speak to the lady."

To rise and leave would be an acknowledgement of weakness; so, outwardly cool, yet inwardly burning, Melinda kept her seat, turning her attention to the children. A pink-dressed brood, each one a trifle overgrown, like their father, staring at her with his eyes, and making not the slightest pretence of manners.

"Who fastened your clothes?" she asked, seeing that Amanda's and Lucy's buttons began too soon and ended too late.

"The woman we board with."

"You're big enough to fasten them for each other. Come here, both of you."

After having straightened their backs, as Lucy afterward expressed it, she dismissed Amanda with, "Now look after your little sister, and turn your toes out. What's that on your dress?" to the third girl, who singularly enough, reminded her of her own child-self.

"I don't know."

"It's a shame to have that pretty suit spoiled. I wonder if ammonia won't take it out? What's your name?"

"Melinda Denver Whittlesy."

Melinda senior actually flushed. "My name's Melinda Denver; did you know it? Keep your fingers out of your mouth!" and the sharpness of the tones betrayed unusual emotion of some sort.

Very shortly the oldest girls strayed away. Melinda said at once she must go, but taking Vinnie, who had got something in her shoe, delayed her. There proved to be nothing in that tiny pink boot. A hole in her stocking, through which peeped a toe as pink, caused the difficulty. Miss Denver rubbed the little foot, and was so long getting on the pink boot that the blonde, baby-head nodded against her breast, and at length found itself cradled there.

While Melinda sat there with Tommy's youngest in her arms, and the man himself opposite, there came upon her a feeling that just such a scene was enacted once before. It was like the turning back of a leaf and finding the same passage, word for word, upon it. She was almost tempted to speak to her companion, and ask him about it, when all of a sudden there was a flutter of pink dresses, and Amanda and Lucy appeared before them, breathless.

"Is Melinda here?"

She was not, that was quite certain. Tommy took himself off, listening to their hurried explanations as he went, and the only woman in the world he ever loved was left alone with his baby.

"The trio returned without the missing one. Thought there was a chance of finding her there. Their united voices arousing Vinnie, Melinda gave her into Tommy's arms.

"I'll go and see what I can do," she said, with the mien of a conqueror. "Children, you come right along with me. You're to tell me just where you went, and when you missed her. Tommy, you stay about here, there's a probability of her finding her way back."

Having issued her orders—short, sharp decisive—Melinda hurried away; to be met by Tommy half an hour later, completely crest-fallen. Her search had failed. Tommy looked ready to drop; the girls sobbed bitterly, declaring "M'lin" was drowned in the river; while Melinda scanned the horizon for a guard whom she had not already consulted.

Suddenly a voice: "Madam, there's a little lost girl at the mansion, dressed like these; is she yours?"

"Yes, thank you, sir," replied Miss Denver, promptly, and headed the party that went toward the place indicated as fast as feet could carry them.

"We all go the same way," said Melinda, holding fast her namesake's hand, "and may as well start home at once."

"One word, Melinda. When the gentleman asked was this your little girl, you said yes; is she?"

"Of course," replied Miss Denver, her cheeks in a blaze. "These children need somebody to take care of them, and I'm the one to do it,"

"Melinda Denver — excuse me, Mrs. Whittlesy, I should say—I'm surprised; completely so!" and the light of the new society shook her head sadly. "You told me again and again you never meant to marry that man."

"I haven't married him. I've married the children; that's all."

Still, Tommy looks as radiant as if it were himself.

The Terrors of Want.

In our large cities, really deserving people frequently suffer a great deal from actual want. Yet, thanks to private charity, a case of absolute starvation, when a man or woman is thoroughly healthy, is almost impossible. There may be phases of misery quite as terrible as death at the time they occur, to sensitive natures, which may help to kill the individual; but death, at least among men, from inanition caused by want of food, seldom happens in busy cities. Men may be ill and feeble, so that they cannot work, and then they perish. An unfortunate foreigner not along ago gave his sad experience of want. "I fell ill when I came to this country two months ago; have been in hospital six weeks; thought I was better, but am ill again; tried to get to the hospital, but somehow the people there would not take me back. I have been sleeping in a stable where an Irishman let me have an empty stall. I have been starving for the last week. I am too weak to work, and too proud to beg. I have lived mostly only on what I could find in the wash-tubs of the markets, and occasional crusts of cast-away bread. Yesterday, being Sunday, I most like to have perished." American people have kind hearts; the man was well cared for when his condition was known, and he now fills worthily an independent position. See to it that kindly charity does not die in your hearts, that the poor we have always with us may not die of want and misery.

THE Connecticut room in the Mt. Vernon Mansion on the Potomac is the only one of the thirteen set apart for the original States which is not yet adequately furnished, and money is to be raised by entertainments at the Bridgeport Opera House to fix up and buy a set of furniture of Connecticut wood in the style of 1776.

PASSENGERS to the Pacific by rail breakfast in the Sierras with twenty feet of snow around them; four hours later they find wheat four inches high, and the next day see pear and peach trees in blossom.

WHO FIRST DREW DOWN THE LIGHTNING?

The history of lightning-conductors extends over but a brief period of time. It is ordinarily dated from the memorable evening when Benjamin Franklin, accompanied by his eldest son, succeeded in the bold experiment of drawing lightning from the clouds down the conductor afforded by the wet string of a silken kite. It is remarkable that Mr. Anderson does not refer to that which converted the first failure into the subsequent success, namely, the wetting of the kite-string by the thunder-shower. But we cannot help confessing a sort of satisfaction, on behalf of the Old World, in being taught to antedate this triumph of experimental sagacity, though only by a few days, in favor of an experiment made at the suggestion of Buffon by M. Dalibard. At Marly-la-Ville, about eighteen miles from Paris, on the road to Pontoise, M. Dalibard possessed a country-house, standing on a high plain, some four hundred feet above the sea-level. Here a wooden scaffolding was erected, supporting an iron rod eighty feet long and a little more than an inch thick. At about five feet from the ground this rod was connected with an electrical apparatus. Shortly after the whole was fixed, on May 10, 1752, (fifty-five days before the observation at Philadelphia) a thunder-storm came on. M. Dalibard was absent in Paris, but he had left the apparatus in charge of a faithful sentinel, one of his servants, an old soldier, Coiffier by name, with full instructions. Coiffier presented to the conductor an iron key with the handle bound in silk, and was thus the first human observer who drew down, by tentative means, the electric spark from the clouds. On May 13, 1752, M. Dalibard startled the Academie des Sciences by reading a report of this first great experiment made as to aerial electricity.—*Exchange.*

PLUNDERING IN PRISON.

A daring robbery has been perpetrated at Mazas prison. A theft in the very den of the law, and certainly quite as audacious a one as the crime of the woman who, about a year ago, was caught stealing gas globes from the Seventeenth Precinct Station-house storeroom in New York.

It is the practice of the Prefect of Police to issue passes to would-be visitors to the prison every Monday. A gentleman appeared at the jail on the day in question and took out his pocketbook to find his pass. It was quite *en regle*, and he passed on.

Directly behind him two women appeared. They, too, were in proper form and were admitted.

Shortly after the gentleman came back. He had left his pocket-book on the desk, he said, and as it contained 600 francs, he was not unnaturally anxious to recover it. This, however, was easier said than done. The closest search failed to reveal it. An order was then given to search every one who passed out. The consequence was that quite a crowd collected at the entrance. But the wallet was not found, and the gentleman went away disappointed.

Next morning thirteen people complained to the police that they had had their pockets picked while passing out of the prison, after having been searched. The gentleman of the wallet was really an ingenious member of the swell mob. The two women were his accomplices. They had turned up to be searched and passed out as soon as he made his complaint. Then they had stood outside and relieved the passers out of their valuables as they passed by, absorbed in a discussion of the mysterious robbery.

A SPIDER'S INGENUITY.

A spider constructed its web in an angle of my garden, the sides of which were attached by long threds to shrubs at the height of nearly three feet from the gravel path beneath. Being much exposed to the wind, the equinoctial gales of autumn last destroyed the web several times. The ingenious spider now adopted the contrivance here represented. It secured a conical fragment of gravel, with its larger end upward, by two cords, one attached to each of its opposite sides, to the apex of its wedge-shaped web, and left it suspended as a movable weight to be opposed to the effects of such gusts of air as had destroyed the webs previously occupying the same situation. The spider must have descended to the gravel path for this special object, and having attached threads to a stone suited to its purpose, must have raised this by fixing itself upon the web, and pulling the weight up to a height of more than two feet from the ground, where it hung suspended by elastic cords. The excellence of the contrivance is too evident to require further comment.

The Son of Louis XVI.

A writer in the London *Times* says: "A certain mystery has always shrouded the death of Louis XVI.'s miserable son. No chapter in the grim annals of the revolution is more revolting than that which records the slow torment by which the vulgar tyrants of the Committee on Public Safety wore the life out of their wretched little prisoner. After being used most vilely as an instrument of moral torture against his unhappy mother, the boy was given over to the shoemaker Simon, and for months 'lies perishing,' says Carlyle, with a rather misplaced sarcasm, amid squalor and darkness, lamentably, so as none but poor factory children and the like are wont to perish and not to be lamented. In this misery, however, as all the world believed, the Dauphin did die, and the Revolutionary Government attempted to place the fact beyond dispute by drawing up formal and authenticated documents, certifying his death and burial. The rights of the House of Bourbon then passed to the brothers of Louis XVI.—to the childless Compte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., and to the Compte d'Artois, who succeeded his brother as Charles X., and whose grandson, the posthumous son of the Duc de Berri, is now the object of Legitimist aspirations."

THAT was a rather unpleasant situation in which Moses M. Stearns, a diver, found himself in Boston Harbor, the other day. He had gone down in his armor, when a vessel near him gave a lurch and he was thrown to the bottom of the sea, while the tube for supplying him with air became so entangled as to be useless. He, however, seized the tube and hauled himself to the surface, just in time to save his life.

Hard Times in the Smith Family.

It has been a hard year in the mountains of East Tennessee, not that work has been particularly scarce, for work is worse than starvation with many of them in that benighted region; but whisky regulates the market, and that has been high and brought many a proud family low.

Now the Smiths were one of the proud families of that region. They lived on a ten-acre patch at the foot of the mountain; They had an old, poor horse that wouldn't make a shadow in the sunshine, and a knock-kneed cow, with a horn broken off, while the rest of the family consisted of Caleb Smith, his wife, and nine red-headed, freckle-faced girls and boys, after the pattern of the mother, beside seven dogs and five cats.

The Smiths would scratch in a little corn each season to carry to the still and the mill, and make up the rest of the living by fishing, hunting, and lounging round the tavern, while the smaller children would play "mumbley peg," and it kept Mrs. Smith busy cooking, smoking her pipe, spanking the children, and laying it down to Smith. Washing was such a laborious task that it was only done once a month, at the creek, and then it was only done in sections, so that one washday the boys would go without their pants, and on the next without their shirts, and the girls likewise. The Smith mansion was not a pretentious affair, nor were they particularly stuck up over it, although it was not to be sneezed at. It consisted of an elaborate log structure of one room, and a loft floored with roofing boards, with a ladder, up which the young smiths would go to roost at night, when they didn't sleep in the corn-crib to keep old Bill Robinson from making off with their corn. The monotony of this up-stairs life was occasionally relieved, when they had company down stairs, by one of the boards tilting up and dropping one of the girls partially through the floor.

This was the status of the Smiths when the hard times began. Their corn had not turned out well, and the distillery increased the toll, so it did not leave much to go to mill, and the stone that they balanced the corn with in the other end of the sack was too heavy, and pulled the Smith boy, corn and all, off into the creek; and, you see, such things as this played smash with the Smith family. They had to eat just like folks who worked for their living, and, to make matters worse, Smith didn't kill any wild-cat that season to get the bounty on its scalp, and it didn't take long to bring them down to their last hoe-cake, and Smith couldn't sing that soul-inspiring song any more: "Oh, Sally, get your hoe-cake done." Smith had an offer to chop cord-wood, but never liked chopping *no how.*

Now Smith started out one evening about sundown with his rifle, and there was determination in his eyes—any one could tell he meant business. Was he going to pop the old distiller over, and run the whisky mill himself? or was he going to lay for some traveler with a saddle-bag full of lunch? Smith, however, relieved all anxiety on this point by returning after dark with an old, poor hog across his shoulder that bore deacon Snoggle's ear-mark; and, as Smith was out of salt, the next morning found the hams, shoulders and sides hanging up in his smoke house with a cob-fire round them. There was joy in the Smith family, but, of course, with so many mouths to feed one hog wouldn't last long; and when Smith returned next time with his rifle, and couldn't find a single porker at large, matters began to look desperate; there was only one little slice of fat bacon left, and that had to go as far as possible, so Smith studied all night, and had the problem solved by breakfast time next morning. He just got Mrs. Smith and the nine children all in a row, and he took that slice of bacon and tied it on to a string, and he went through from the old womsn down to the youngest child, and let them swallow that piece of fat bacon, and then he'd pull it back with the string for the next one's breakfast; and, poor, self-sacrificing man, when they had all breakfasted off it, he then took the string off, and it went down his own throat never to return. That day he killed a wild-cat and got the bounty, and the fish began to bite, and the Smiths again revelled in plenty.

An Accommodating Editor.

A local editor in Pekin, Ill., introduced himself to the public a few days ago, as follows: "Sensational, distressing details of revolting murders and shocking suicides, respectfully solicited. Bible class presentations and ministerial donation parties will be 'done' with promptness and despatch. Keno banks and their operations made a specialty. Accurate reports of Sunday School anniversaries guaranteed. The local will cheerfully walk seventeen miles after Sunday School to see and report a prize-fight. Funerals and all other melancholy occasions written up in a manner to challenge admiration. Horse-races reported in the highest style of the reportorial art. Domestic broils and conjugal infelicities sought for with untiring avidity. Police court proceedings and sermons reported in a manner well calculated to astonish the prisoner, magistrate, and preacher. Prompt-paying subscribers and good advertisers, when stricken with mortal illness, will be cheerfully interviewed, when lying at death's door, with a view to obtaining obituary items, and the greatest pleasure will be taken in exposing your private affairs to the critical gaze of an interested public.

The Pit of the Leaf.

In the famous mosque at Jerusalem, a place is shown called the Well or Pit of the Leaf, from this legend: In the reign of the Caliph Omar, a man of the tribe of Beni Temim, by name Cherik, the son of Habacha, let his ring fall into this pit, and descending in search of it, he returned with a leaf behind his ear, which he said he had gathered in Paradise. This he told the governor, and the governor himself, with many attendants, went into the pit, but could find no door, nor any way to the Garden of Delight. The story was related to Omar, who remarked, it was indeed true that the Prophet had foretold how one of his people should enter Paradise alive, and walking upright; but it might be ascertained whether this was the man, by inspecting the leaf; for, if it withered, it could not have been gathered in Paradise, where nothing changes. The leaf did not change, and Cherik's veracity was thus established.

EGG DANCE IN INDIA.

This is not, as one might expect from the name given it, a dance upon these fragile objects. It is executed in this wise: The dancer, dressed in a corsage and very short skirt, carries a willow wheel of moderate diameter fastened horizontally upon the top of her head. Around this wheel threads are fastened, equally distant from each other, and at the end of each of these threads is a slip-noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Thus equipped, the young girl comes toward the spectators with a basket full of eggs, which she passes around for inspection, to prove that they are real, and not imitations. The music strikes up a jerky, monotonous strain, and the dancer begins to whirl around with great rapidity. Then, seizing an egg she puts it in one of the slip-nooses, and, with a quick motion, throws it from her in such a way as to draw the knot tight. The swift turning of the dancer produces a centrifugal force which stretches the thread out straight like a ray shooting from the circumference of the circle. One after another the eggs are thrown out in these slip-nooses, until they make a horizontal aureole or halo about the dancer's head. Then the dance becomes still more rapid—so rapid in fact that it is difficult to distinguish the features of the girl; the moment is crititcal; the least false step, the least irregularity in time, and the eggs dash against each other. But how can the dance be stopped? There is but one way—that is to remove the eggs in the way in which they have been put in place. This operation is by far the more delicate of the two. It is necessary that the dancer by a single motion, exact and unerring, should take hold of the egg, and remove it from the noose. A single false motion of the hand, the least interference with one of the threads, and the general arrangement is suddenly broken, and the whole performance disastrously ended. At last all the eggs are successfully removed; the dancer suddenly stops, and without seeming in the least dizzied by the dance of twenty-five or thirty minutes, she advances to the spectators with a firm step, and presents them the eggs, which are immediately broken in a flat dish to prove that there is no trick about the performance.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Indian Troubles.

Our recent troubles with the Sioux Indians show how futile it is to expect any permanent benefit from treaties, concessions and other diplomatic machinery by which it is sought to control and manage savage Indian tribes. The, of late, often repeated advice, that the management of the Indians should be turned over to the War Department, should be at once heeded. But one lesson is to be learned from the history of the many conflicts between the red-skins and the whites, and that is, that they can only appreciate severe measures. Conciliatory acts are always interpreted by them as originating in cowardice and fear, and though they may for a short time postpone a collision, their pacific effect is seldom if ever permanent. On general principles it should be expected that, when what is demanded as a right is bestowed as a charity, neither the giver nor receiver can be permanently satisfied. We have always maintained that savage barbarity has no right to complain of the necessary encroachments of advancing civilization, the inevitable result of which must either be the civilization of the races encroached upon, or their extinction. As a rule, the Indian tribes refuse to be civilized; that they have been driven constantly before the advance of the white population on our frontiers, and that the natural resources upon which they originally lived have been greatly curtailed, have been natural consequences as irresistable as the ebbing and flowing of the tides. That this result should be lamented by the humane is proper enough. But the compassion that is felt for the sufferings of the Indian races will not excuse the folly of an attempt to prevent an inevitable consequence. On the contrary, the absolute protection of the white settlers on our frontiers is a duty which a powerful government like ours can have no excuse for evading.

The Feast of St. Pius V.

A Roman correspondent describes the feast day of St. Pius V., saying: "As he is the patron of the present Pope, the 5th of May has always been a *mezza festa* with the Romans. In the afternoon, just before vespers, I drove to St. Maria Maggiore to visit the tomb of this canonized pontiff, and to see the decorations of the beautiful Sistine Chapel of that basilica in which is his costly and splendid monument. This tomb covers he whole side of the chapel, and indeed forms part of its architecture. It is a mass of sculpture-friezes and frontons; columns of verd antique, great bas-reliefs or marble and bronze pictures. At the same time this monument was erected, the Flemings, Nicolas d'Arras and Egidius, and the Italians, Olivieri Sanese, Triboli, and Sarzana, treated sculpture as an imitator of painting, or a mere trade of skilfully cut images. In the bas-reliefs you see four shooting figures standing out detached and perspective in the background. I found the church quite full; a large part of the crowd was formed of the band of French pilgrims, who are now visiting the Eternal City and paying their pious respects to his Holiness. They are known by their badge, which is a small, white woolen cross, bound with red, fastened to the left breast or shoulder. There was a superb display of flowers in the chapel—great banks of camelias, roses, etc.; also magnificent candelabras, with hundreds of lighted wax candles. The bronze front of the beautiful verd antique funeral urn of the monument was removed, and there lay exposed to sight the embalmed body of the old Pope, looking as grim as is becoming his reputation for severity and asceticism."

There is a story in circulation that the body of a deceased person being exhumed at Bangor, was found to weigh eighteen pounds more than when buried five years before. It was as perfect in shape and feature as when buried, and "its entire surface seemed to be overlaid with a marble-like enamel, white and clear as alabaster."

Anything that contributes to the happiness and sweet peace of woman is far reaching for good, noble in design, beneficent in results and worthy of most respectful recognition.

PIPES.

In styles of pipes I have experimented largely; have sounded the gamut of plain clay, gambier, meerschaum, (and chip) charcoal, porcelain, and brier. The plain clay—the cutty—is workmanlike and democratic; I think I would adopt it if I were running for high office. Gambier is rather fantastic, but colors as easily as sweet sixteen; to me it is an objection that, being made in moulds, I know not how many thousand people may be puffing at the twin brother or sister of that between my fingers. As for the charcoal, they promised well, and were not without their season of popularity; there was something of classic elegance and simplicity in their smooth black dress and silver trimming. But they didn't wear well, somehow; they broke and got incurable croup, and of course never altered their color for better or worse. And the porcelain was hard and harsh, heating and unabsorbent; so the question finally lay between meerschaum and brier. Now, than a fine piece of true meerschaum nothing is more fascinating, sweeter, handsomer. Mark its tender, creamy tint, its soft, fine lustre, its smooth texture. Lift it—it is light as a sponge; and you can almost indent it by the pressure of your fingers. You fill it (rather, if you are wise, you fill a false bowl set on to it,) and as you draw in the smoke you can almost see the delicate brown flushing deeper and deeper through the white. By slow degrees, lest you overheat it, with most jealous care, lest you chip or scratch it, do you prosecute the experiment, until, after some weeks or months, the point of perfection is attained. There is nothing comparable to the warm, intense brown, mottled and shaded, rich and polished, which is now diffused around the bowl. It is not like moss agates, nor oriental marble, nor precious woods, yet it brings all these delicately to mind. The color lies in clusters; as it were, yet shades off uniformly toward the lip, which is burned white. Around the neck it is deepest and thickest, and just here you can hardly call it less than black. There is a similar difference between the pipe now and in its primitive purity, to that between a sunlit cloud at mid-day and the same gilded and empurpled by the splendor of sunset. Not always, however, nor indeed often, is such success in meerschaum-coloring met with. In the first place, instead of meerschaum, it turns out to be "chip," which is shavings of meerschaum welded together, and so recut; the pipes look well enough in the shop, but all the sponginess and delicacy is lost; the oil cannot penetrate, or comes out in blotches here and there; the bowl becomes rusty and dirty, all the perique in the world can produce nothing better on it than a dirty yellow tint, irregularly distributed, and the draft gets easily clogged. Similar is the result should the pipe prove—meerschaum, indeed, but—of a hard, impenetrable variety. Nothing can be done; you may boil it and burn it, and make it all sorts of colors, but you deceive neither yourself nor any one else into thinking it comparable to the genuine, inimitable "sea-foam."—*Galaxy.*

Population of China.

A recent writer in China, and long a resident in the country which he has carefully studied, says there are 1,720 districts in the empire, of which it would come far short of the truth to say, that for each district there is at least one city with a population ranging from 30,000 to 100,000. Taking half the difference between the extremes, or supposing each city to contain 65,000 inhabitants, then the seventeen hundred and twenty would alone contain a population of one hundred and eleven millions and six hundred thousand.

A curious calculation has been made by the same gentleman, to give an idea of the population of China. He had not seen the census of 1842, brought to light by the Russian mission in Pekin, but proceeds upon that of 1812, which gave a population of 361,000,600, adding the probable increase up to a few years since, and estimating the population at 400,000,000.

Such is China in its population, and if Homer could preach eloquently on the vanity of man as *mortal*, with equal eloquence, had he seen or contemplated the millions of China, could he have preached of the vanity of man as an *individual.*

Catching A Thief.

The following expedient for catching a thief was adopted in a provincial town in England some thirty years ago:

A miller residing near a place called Beverly, whose place had been entered for some time previously almost every night; and a considerable quantity of grain abstracted, hit upon a very ingenious expedient for the detection of the offender.

The means of ingress was by putting a finger through a hole in the door, which uplifted the latch. On the night in question the miller set a large box-trap, and hung it inside the door, so that the thief would be obliged to touch the spring in opening the door.

Having taken this precaution, he left it for the night, and on going the following morning his expectations were realized by finding a fellow suspended from the door by his finger! The miller, after severely admonishing the thief for his crime, and taking in consideration the sufferings the poor wretch had undergone, gave him the choice of abiding by the law, or receive a good horse-whipping.

It is needless to add that he preferred the latter alternative, which the miller administered, with the full power of a stalwart man.

BE A MAN.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of work. Work for the wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master and do not let fashion or society swallow up your individuality—hat, coat, and boots. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your necessities. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie or steal or cheat; too proud to be stingy.

MAGGIE MITCHELL

Tells How She Saw Wilkes Booth in a Remarkable Dream on the Night of Lincoln's Assassination, and Denies Another Romantic Story.

[Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.]

CINCINNATI, Sept. 26.—Cincinnati is in the deepest mourning for the dead president, and her people move heavily as those who mourn for their father or their mother. The sad habiliments of woe, the miles upon miles of sable drapery, the somber hue about every house bring back most forcibly the times that succeeded the assassination of President Lincoln, but softened into a mellow grief, because in this instance the death of the president was for a long time expected and did not fall upon the people like a thunderbolt from an unclouded sky, nor,

"Like ships that go down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquility,"

stunning every one with its appalling suddenness.

Then, the rage, the grief and madness of the people knew no bounds; men women and children seemed to cry hoarsely for vengeance, until finally the angry, foaming waters were appeased by the blood of a poor wretched women and a few obscure men. What the South suffered is a matter of history; let it all rest in oblivion and be forgotten in the new era of good feeling among all men North and South.

The sight of so much black everywhere in this gay city recalls a wondrous story related to me away down in Texas toward the close of the year 1866. The memory of the awful tragedy was then fresh in the minds of the people. Every word of gossip or history relating to it was eagerly seized and devoured by the gaping multitude.

The story ran in this wise: That after the death of Wilkes Booth, while the body lay under guard and covered with an old tarpaulian, his affianced lover, like a poor wounded thing, hiding from every human eye and fretting her life away in hopeless grief, suddenly conceived the idea that there might be some mistake, and that her lover was not dead.

She then sent for Magrie Mitchell, and besought her to go to the place where the body lay, and bring her some proof of his identity. The story said that the distinguished lady approached the trestle on which the body lay, and by her wonderful fascination so won upon the guard that he allowed her to clip a lock of his hair without raising the tarpaulin; that she did so, and discovered that the lock that was clipped was not the hair of Wilkes Booth.

Remembering all these wild stories and many others, recalled by the sad surroundings, I determined to go down to the Hotel Grand, where Mrs. Maggie Mitchell Paddock is now boarding during a highly succesful engagement in this city, and seek an interview with the charming little lady, and ascertain the facts about this story.

I sent up my card to Mr. and Mrs. Paddock, and was invited up to one of the parlors of the Grand. Taking my seat, very soon I heard the sprightly steps of the lady, those fairy-like footfalls that have charmed the hearts and gladdened the sight of so many throughout the length and breadth of this land. She advanced to meet me with the frank cordiality that characterizes her. In a few moments we were at ease and conversing about Louisville and its people. I heard with pleasure her expressions of deep regard for our city and the pleasure it always gives her to appear before so appreciative an audience.

She is as bright and piquante as ever, and in private is even more attractive than on the stage. Her delicate features, bright, earnest eyes, and those indescribable expressions that play about the lips like sunbeams on roses, are inexpressibly charming and attractive. She has the rare power of drawing every one to her, and nine times out of ten every one is willing to be drawn.

In a few words I told her the old story I had heard away down in Texas, long, long ago; and a shade of melancholy came over her bright face as I mentioned the sad details. She shook her head and said: "There is no foundation in fact for the story as told to you. John Wilkes Booth was an intimate friend of my family and of myself. But I was not at Washington when that fearful tragedy occurred. I was at St. Louis then, stopping at the Lindell hotel, as I well remember from a dream, a most remarkable dream, I had the night of the tragedy. I will tell it to you presently. The story about the lock of hair must have originated in this wise. After John's body—we all called him John—was disintered and taken to his father's burial lot in Baltimore, Miss Annie Ford, another intimate friend of John, was solicited to get a lock of his hair. She did so, and with her own hands clipped from his head a little lock of his beautiful hair and gave it to me. It was his hair Beyond a doubt. No one ever had more beautiful hair than he. 'Twas the lovliest hair in the world."

"Was he a very handsome and agreeable man, Mrs. Paddock?" I asked.

"Oh, very indeed," she replied, "he was a delightful companion through his great attainments and intellectual superiority. He was a splendid horseman and rode with ease and grace. Being fond of the exercise myself, I was often out with him on horseback."

"Then you have no doubt that it was really John Wilkes Booth who was killed?" I asked.

"Oh, dear no; not the shadow of a doubt. It is true. The lock of hair clipped from his head by Miss Annie Ford and given to me, I sent to his mother, poor woman, who was grieving for his untimely end. It was much as a woman's life was worth in those days to have had an intimate friendship and acquainance with him, but I braved all this and setured the lock of hair and gave it to his mother."

"I will now tell you about my dream at St. Louis the night of the tragedy, Good Friday. I had been playing there, and was stopping at the Lindell.

"I dreamed on that memorable night that I saw John Wilkes Booth leap from the private box of the president at Ford's theater to the stage. He was dressed, as usual, with inimitable taste and neatness. He wore a short Spanish cloak, lined with crimson satin. As he leaped on to the stage from the box, hurriedly and excitedly, his cloak flew open and disclosed a little white poodle dog under his arm. He ran past me and made his exit by the door through which he did actually escape after committing the horrid deed.

"I was telling this dream next morning to my sister Mary and a party of select friends while eating our breakfasts. I was engaged in telling my dream, and before getting through with the remarkable details the head waiter came up to us with a scared look on his face.

"We were interrupted by his asking us if we had heard the news. He then said that President Lincoln had been shot the night before; and in less than ten minutes we were all electrified with the astounding news that the assassin was John Wilkes Booth, about whom we were talking when the head waiter first interrupted our chat at the table. It made a lasting impression on me. I have often told it to my friends, and it is strange that it has never got into the papers, because every one who heard me telling my dream, before we had heard the news from Washington, considered it remarkable and wondrous from its astounding coincidences."

"Are you supersticious, Mrs. Paddock?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, she is a little so," interrupted Mr. Paddock, her husband.

"I do not blame her, with such an experience as that," I replied.

Thanking Mrs. Paddock for the entertainment she had given me, I bowed myself out of her gracious presence, and was soon in the whirling, moving masses out on the streets.

Miles and miles of men were marching in procession, and thousands of spectators were crowded on the sidewalks. It was with great difficulty that a man bent on reaching the train before it should start could make his way through the solid mass of men, women and children. A stationary Cincinnati girl on the sidewalk gave me a dig in the ribs with her elbows. It seemed that her ulnar extremity was oak ribbed and steel pointed, better fitted for drilling holes in solid granite than the pleasant performance of hugging.

A notable feature of the procession to day was a company of ex-confederates marching in one of the grand divisions.

PAN HANDLE.

AT a funeral at Madison, Me., lately, the man who was buried was placed beside two of his dead wives, while two living ones attended the funeral.

That life is long which answers life's great end; the tree that bears no fruit deserves no name; the man of wisdom is the man of years.