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One Look, One Smile of Love.

Annie, when from afar I see,
The waving of your train,
Which you in simple fashion hold,
Yet with a fine disdain,
I fly,
That I may feast my eye,
As bold
As any bird of prey;
But when I nearer come—ah me,
My courage faints away!
And when I am alone I muse
That were you only near,
Young Love with his old melody
Should so enchant your ear
That you
Nothing could say or do
But stay,
And bid Love still repeat;
And when Love, smiling, would refuse,
Bribe him with kisses sweet!

But when some pity Fortune shows,
And we, alone, converse,
Alas for love, I fear to say
What Love bade me rehearse;
I fear
To utter hopes so dear,
Lest they
Only love's madness prove!
Oh, grant one smile to end my woes,
One look, one smile of love!

[From the Mauch Chunk Coal Gazette.

Musing Before the Fire.

Sitting alone by the fire,
From every burning coal,
Weaving some vague desire,
Some memory of the soul.
Resurecting forgotten fancies—
Calling up buried dreams
From the grey and smouldering ashes,
From the firelight's flickering gleams.

"The paths of my life are pleasant,
Made up of color and light,"
And my gaze, from the dying embers
Goes out to the starry night.
To the sky in its cloaded splendor,
To the earth in its shroud of snow;
And my spirit is stirred with longing
Things hidden of life to know.

"Only to pierce the future,
To lift the veil of fate:"
Will existence continue pleasant,
Or will life become desolate?
The world would move on as ever,
Though I slept 'neath the snow to-morrow,
And would waking to life immortal
Bring joy—or eternal sorrow?

The life of my kind is an ember,
Ardent, and glowing, and bright;
And the soul is a pure white starlet,
Shining with steadfast light,
Until of life's hand remaineth
Nothing but ashes and dust;
And the soul out of death is lifted,
But where?—we can only trust.

[EDITR.

One July Day.

The day that was so long in dying
Is gone at last, and red upon the West
Its blood is lying;
The West, that in the morning was so fair—
No trace of the dread favor is should wear,
At evening, on its breast.
Poor Day! some wild hope, some mad longing
Held thee to earth, and made thy death a strife,

And a last wronging!
Was this thy secret? Day, I grieve for thee;
I would that thy place had been given me,
I hold not so to life.
But were it not the best to perish,
With fair, far Hope to smile till thou art dead?
How couldst thou cherish!
Life if her death had come before thy own?
And yet—and yet—how wan the West is grown,
But now thy blood made red!

THE HALL-DOOR KEY.

Some years ago, when Ireland was in a more disturbed, though hardly more discontented state than it is at present, and murders, agrarian outrages, and other crimes were more common, a Mr. Scott, who resided in the western part of the county of Tipperary, was entertaining a number of friends at dinner.

Amongst the guests was one named Hunt, who had the reputation of being a man of more than ordinary courage, his claims to the character being the fact that he stood six feet two in his stockings, that he always traveled alone, and armed to the teeth, and was loud in speech as to his being ready for all comers.

His host, Scott, was a small but compact man, who was loved by rich and poor, gentle and simple, as the Irish peasants say; he had always a joke for his acquaintances, "an' the putiest sate on a horse ye ever seed, bless him."

After dinner the conversation turned on the state of the country, and how much worse their own country was than any other. Every one had something to tell, but Hunt expressed it as his opinion that the scoundrels should all be shot down, and this was the way he would treat any of them that dared even to show a sign of molesting him.

"Come Hunt," said Scott, "tell if it be true that you carry a small armory in your driving seat."

"Not exactly an armory, Scott," replied Hunt. "But I do carry a brace or two of pistols in my dogcart. I think I should be prepared in case of necessity, and, should I be attacked, shall use them without the slightest compunction."

"Why, my dear, fellow, you don't expect they will attack you!" exclaimed Scott, in pretended astonishment.

"Well, perhaps not; but it is better to be prepared for these fellows. Look at poor Waller's case; they were not satisfied with one there. The ruffians killed the whole family."

"Yes, indeed, that is true," replied Scott. "But, Hunt, though I don't make bets usually, I'll lay you fifty pounds, and Hassett shall hold the stakes, that the first man who attempts to rob you of your money or your pistols, when you are traveling in this armed-to-teeth style, succeeds. What you say, is it a bet?"

"Really, my dear Scott, it is a strange wager," returned Hunt; "but I'll take it."

The money was deposited in Hassett's hands, whose eyes twinkled, with merry humor.

"What are you up to?" said he to Scott, as the latter placed his stake in Hassett's hands.

"Bather shin" (never mind), replied Scott.

The subject then dropped, and the entertainment went on in real Irish style. Shortly afterwards Scott excused himself for a few moments, and had a short consultation with his head groom.

"Saddle Grapeshot," was his last order before returning to his guests, "and take him down to the fir clump."

"I wonder what the masther is up to!" said the groom to a fellow-servant.

"It's more than I know, Shann," replied the other; "but he's up to some of his jokes with Misther Hunt."

"Arrah! thin is he now?" said the groom. "Thin it's meeself that hopes he take the consait out av him."

The groom then proceeded to carry out his master's orders.

On rejoining his friends, Scott found Hunt, who had a long distance to go to reach his home, was preparing for a start, and had ordered his dog-cart.

"Another tumbler of punch," said Scott, who was anxious to gain time. "Another tumbler, Hunt, and you shall go."

"Very well, Scott," replied his friend. "But you must not forget our bet. I wonder, if I shall have a chance of winning it."

"Never fear, I shall keep it in mind," was the answer.

Hunt's dog-cart was now reported ready, and after finishing his punch he rose to wish his friends "Good-night."

Hunt left the house, and was soon heard outside looking to his pistols and other weapons of his "armory." This done, he started in his dog-cart and drove down the rather long and dreary avenue leading from Scott's house. It was very dark, so that he could not see many yards before him.

Suddenly he noticed a man on horseback riding towards him.

"Stop!" exclaimed the horsemen, in a rich brogue, riding up to Hunt and leveling a pistol at his head. "Sthop! or I'll put daylight through yer big carcass."

Hunt pulled up in a fluster, and began feeling for a pistol, his nervousness showing how much use it would be when he found it.

"Hulo," cried out the highwayman, "ave ye don't kape them hands ov yer's off that pistol case, I'll blow the brains ov ye out this minute. Come, Mishter Hunt, I want any small silver or gould ye may have, ye may kape the notes. Come, sir, git down an' hould yer horse's head whilst I takes thine; quick, Mishter Hunt, the patherole 'ill be around soon; down wid ye!"

Trembling with fear, he did as he was desired, and gave up his money and his watch to the robber, while he permitted the latter to search his dog-cart for arms.

But what was the unfortunate Hunt's astonishment when he saw the thief deliberately take out the pistols and coolly fire them off, one by one, in quick succession.

Hunt was completely dumbfounded at this audacity. The fellow would alarm the neighborhood, and very likely bring down the constabulary or military, who were at no great distance. Nor was he mistaken, for Scott's guests, hearing the rapid discharge of firearms after calling in vain for their host, seized every imaginable weapon they could find in the hall, and rushed down the avenue, there to behold the rather extraordinary scene formed by Hunt, the robber, and their horses.

Hunt could not understand the robber's quietly remaining to be arrested, and naturally supposed he must have some assistance at hand.

But the mystery was soon explained, as the highwayman bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, exclaimed: "Hassett, my boy, hand over the cash; I've won my bet. See! I've cleaned out Hunt with this!"

So saying, Scott, for it was he, held up the *key of his hall door.*

The burst of laughter that followed this discovery was only equaled by the chagrin of the unfortunate victim of practical joking. At first he was furious, but his courageous character had suffered so severely that his anger only caused more merriment.

"Come, come!" said Scott, "you are my prisoner and must return with me. Everything is fair in war or love, and I had a right to take my own means to win my bet."

The others joined their host in making peace, and Hunt was brought back to the house, but his reputation for bravery was gone forever.

"Arrah! Shann, didn't the masther do it nate?" said the indoor servant, joining the groom who was making an Grapeshot after his master had returned from his night's amusement.

"An yer tight, Mick!" replied Shann. "He did it beautiful. But tell me how Hunt looks."

"As cowed as a whipped hound."

"Thin I'm glad of that same, for he's been hethoring of it long enough. It's always good to put down boasters."

He Would not Marry Her.

The Nashville *Banner* gives the following. "A private letter was received here, giving details of a murder committed recently at a tobacco-stripping on the farm of Will Cardwell, at which a good number of neighbors were present, and among them a negro man eighty years old. Some of those present, thinking to have a little fun at the expense of the old negro commenced joking him about matrimony. He said that he did not know of any one to marry, whereupon one of the crowd suggested: 'There's Moll Quails before you: why can't you marry her?' Casting a suspicious glance at Moll Quails, and surveying her leisurely from head to foot, he slowly remarked that he would not have her. At this the woman in question became enraged, and demanded an immediate explanation. He replied that it was useless for him to say why; the crowd well knew the reason. Considering this a reflection upon her character, the woman became furious, seized a stick and beat him over the head until she thought him dead, and, without the least interruption from the bystanders, coolly strode out of the barn in which the altercation had taken place. Having occasion to return to the barn, she stopped at the door to make an inspection of its interior, and observing that the old man was not dead, and that he had notwithstanding his many wounds, arisen from where she had struck him down, she again seized the billet of wood and attacked him in the most ferocious manner, breaking his skull into fragments and scattering his brains and blood some distance from where he sat.

His Advice.

They tell a good many stories of Horace Greeley, but the following reads so characteristically that it may be true. True or false, it is good. Horace was seated in his office one day, and was, at the time, in one of his chronic conditions of grumble and discontent, and was expressing his private opinion in a public way, when a colored gentleman was announced. "Let him come in," roared the philosopher, and an aged man, clad in broadcloth, gold-rimmed spectacles, and a cane headed with the same precious metal stalked in.

"Mr. Greeley, I believe?" he inquired.

"Yes, I'm Mr. Greeley; what do you want?" was the gruff response.

"Well, sah," seating himself as he deposited his hat and cane on the floor, "Well, sah, I've been thinking our race don't pay enough attention to scientific pursuit, sah."

The cloud gathered on the intellectual countenance of the great journalist. It broke in thunder at that point. In a voice wherein were blended the shrill tones of a hysterical women and the growl of a tiger, he exclaimed:

"Scientific pursuits! you infernal old fool! You want a hoe handle and a tote of New Jersey—that's the scientific pursuit you want."

A Novel Ceremony.

The ceremony of choosing *compadres* and *comadres* for the coming year—a custom peculiar to the people of Spain and Mexico—was performed upon the advent of the new year by some of the ladies of this city. The custom is an old one, and its origin dates back many years. The manner of its performance is as follows: The names of ladies and gentlemen known to be mutually acquainted are written upon slips of paper and deposited in hats, the name of a lady being drawn simultaneously from one hat with that of a gentleman from another, the two whose names are thus drawn to be *compadres* and *comadres* to each other for the year. The obligations incurred toward each other by the relationship are very simple. The gentleman is to be the escort of the lady on any and every occasion that she may desire; and she, in turn, must consider herself engaged for any and every entertainment which he may wish to attend. Of course the relationship can be dissolved by mutual consent, either temporarily or permanently, during the period for which the agreement is made. The custom is an agreeable one in this particular, that it insures to both lady and gentleman an escort or companion thus doing away with the disagreeable incidents which sometimes occur through not having partners for an entertainment. And it also secures to the lady having a *compadres* the positive certainty of having some one to dance with at every ball.—*San Diego Union.*

A BOY'S WANTS.—The following is a copy of the letter a small Hudson (N. Y), boy put in his stocking on Christmas eve: "Dear Santa Claus, I want you to bring me something. I want you to bring me a big drum and two big drum sticks. I want a horse like Katy's, and a colt for Harry and a colt for me. I want a bull frog, I saw one in the woods. I want a big dog like the one in the market. I want to be a good boy and speak the truth."

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PRINTERS.—As will be seen by advertisement elsewhere, a large and well-known and well established Printing House in New York City is offered for sale on favorable terms. It is supplied with machinery and materials to completeness, and offers a bargain to any one desiring to engage in the printing business in the metropolis.

The World of To-Day.

THE money market of New York is easy.

THE week's export of specie from New York to Europe was $372,000.

THE number of deaths by small-pox in Philadelphia last week was 209.

THE strike at Charleroi, Belgium, is ended, and the men will resume work.

ONE-HALF of the town of Monticello, Drew County, Ark., has been destroyed by fire.

THE proposition to submit the Constitution to the people of Utah has been defeated.

THE recent cold in Paris has been more intense than is shown by any record since 1788.

ISAAC Rich, who died in Boston left the bulk of his property to endow a Methodist college in that city.

WELL-INFORMED staticians estimate the wool crop of the world for the year 1871 at 1,121,519,000 bales.

THE alleged frauds in the election of the United States Senator in Kansas, last Winter, are to be investigated.

THE loss of two vessels—the Urchin, off Carnarvon, and the Mary B., off Llanelly, with all on board—is reported.

DR. HELMBOLD has been under medical restraint at a *maison de sante* in the vicinity of Paris, and was recently released.

RAM-SING and other chiefs of the recent revolt in India, have been captured, and twenty-nine of their followers executed.

THE U. S. War Department has already commenced operation in strengthening the fortifications on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

A CONSIDERABLE force of troops has recently been concentrated in and around Marseilles, and there are an unusual number of men-of-war in the harbor.

SEVERAL prisoners tried to burn themselves out of jail at Beulah, Miss. The active exertions of the fire department prevented a "frightful holocaust."

THE U. S. internal revenue receipts in one day were $255,726, and the receipts for the month to date, $7,234,165; the grand total for the fiscal year is $72,767,805.

DR. James S. Gwynne, who was convicted of bigamy and sentenced in New York to five years imprisonment in Sing Sing Prison, has been pardoned by Governor Hoffman.

IN the Ohio Senate a bill was passed authorizing school boards to make such rules as they think proper to secure vaccination of pupils attending the public schools.

THE New York dry goods market has been fairly active during the past week, especially in the leading styles of cotton goods, many of which have advanced during the week.

THE total imports in New York for the past week were $6,134,738. The imports (other than dry goods and specie) at the port of New York for the week ending January 19, 1872, 16,873,016.

WHILE a number of citizens at Middleboro', Mass., were endeavoring to secure a maniac, the latter fired upon his captors, wounding four men, one it is feared fatally. He was finally disarmed and secured.

ADVICES received confirm the announcement of the concentration at Havana of a fleet of Spanish war vessels, and from the number it is evident the Spanards intend to be prepared for any emergency that may arise.

THERE has been a heavy bank robbery on Broadway, N. Y., in the open day. Ammonia was throw into the eyes of the messenger of the Metropolitan Hotel. It was not difficult to take from him thus blinded $80,000.

HARRY FREEMAN has been arrested in Louisiana and brought to St. Louis by men who claim a reward of $5,000, said to have been offered by the Governor of Missouri for his arrest. He has been convicted of seven murders.

A NEW method of thievery has made its appearance in Pittsburgh. The perpetrator attends some church and sits by the door. When the collection plate is handed him, he grabs the contents and disappears at full speed.

THE *North German Gazette* says that relations have been resumed between Germany and Brazil on the most friendly footing. The difficulty between the two countries has been settled owing to the conciliatory behavior of Brazil.

A WHITE boy named Watson and an Indian boy, each about 17 years of age, committed for trial for the murder of Mr. Dickenson, merchant, of San Francisco, and for having robbed his store. A younger boy is thought to be implicated.

AN Indian delegation of Cherokees, Creeks and Choctaws called on the President of the U. S. They opposed the Congressional legislation which proposed for them a Territorial government, and were satisfied with such institutions as they now have in the Indian country.

THE discovery of counterfeit fifties of the new series of legal United States tenders will require that the entire circulation of this denomination be called in as soon as a new design can be prepared at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which will be at least three months hence.

MR. BERGH, of New York, did not succeed in stopping the pigeon-shooting match between Messrs. Bennett and De Forrest on one side and Messrs. Jaffray and Douglas on the other. The score was 41 to 35, Mr. Bennett being defeated. Jaffray and Bennett, in another match, shot 16, De Forrest and Banks shooting 14.

Discovered His Pedigree.

According to a writer, the Indian chief Cochise claims to be a son of William Morgan, who was supposed to have been murdered by the Masons many years ago. The story is at least a good romance, and repeated only as such. In 1826, a party of Apaches lying in ambush near El Paso, Texas, captured a man who was trying to escape from quite a large party of men. At first he was destined for a cruel death, but the Indians grew to like him, and gave him his life, conditional on his promise never to leave them. He married the daughter of the chief, and at his death became the chief himself. He left four sons, the eldest of whom is Cochise, the present Apache chief. This man, say the Apaches, taught their tribe the mysteries of an organization based on Masonic principles, and instituted rites and ceremonies among his Indian warriors. He told them that he was taken prisoner in Batavia, N. Y., for having divulged the secrets of a great society. He was confined in Fort Niagara, and afterward driven in a close carriage through Buffalo, to Hennepin, Illinois, and thence taken in a flat-boat to the Mississippi River, and proceeded up that river on horseback to El Paso, where the Apaches captured him. His companions had intended to give him to some Jesuit priests among the Indians. The writer of this legend appropriately signs himself "Midnight."

THE Grand Jury of New Orleans found a true bill against Lieutenant Governor Pinchback, Senator Butler and others for shooting, with intent to kill, and wounding Major Chester on New Year's Day. They were bailed at $1,500 each.

Dressing the Hair.

A fashion journal says thick, soft braids of three tresses are the conspicuous feature in hair-dressing this winter. They are plaited smoothly, and in the day-time are coiled about the head, lying closely to it, and showing much of its natural contour. The lady's own hair is combed up from the nape of the neck, and formed in a long roll, which sits closely to the back of her head. If her hair is not thick enough to make a handsome roll, it must be brushed over a topsy. Then the braid is coiled twice around this roll in three plaits, or is twisted like a rope.

Instead of small braids mounted over topsies, the most useful braids for the present fashion are those of short hair mounted on three long points, with a covering of long hair over them. Two of these braids of three points mounted together are what most ladies purchase. They braid smoothly, look very rich, full, do not get too small at the lower end, and cost about $30; if made altogether of long hair, they would be very heavy, would not look thick when braided, as the hair mats together, and would cost probably $60. The fashionable chignon is soft, light and loose, made of a double braid mounted on points, with a long French twist tied in between, and is worn without a net. It costs $25 or $30.

Water frizzes of blonde hair to wear above the forehead cost $10. They are warranted to curl by merely dipping them in water and shaking them dry. A single long curl is again worn hanging from behind the left ear. A natural curl of this kind, requiring only water and not heat to dress it, costs $12. Young ladies wear a cluster of three or four long curls dropping backward from the top of the head, where they are fastened by a band of bright ribbon or velvet.

White hair is far more expensive than any other color, some of it of very fine quality and great length costing as high as $500 an ounce. Iron-gray hair is sold by the inch, a braid twenty-eight inches long being $28 an ounce; white hair—gray hair that has grown white on the wearer, not bleached white by chemicals—costs double as much, and often more. Blonde hair is fifty per cent. higher than dark hair.

Hard on the Sheep.

A singular bird is found in New Zealand. It is the "Kea" and belongs to the Parrot family. Up to the advent of the Europeans, its food consisted mainly of the sweets of flowers and the berries of mountain shrubs, with occasionally such insects as are found in the crevices of rocks or beneath the bark of trees. But with the occupation of the country by the English, its habits in this regard have materially changed. Attracted by the meat-gallows of the back-country squatters, the bird soon learned, in the scarcity of other food, to tear its meal from the half-dried carcass of some slaughtered sheep, or failing to obtain this, the drying sheepskins stretched on the rails of the stock yard were laid under contribution.

The bird now tears his food from the back of the living sheep. We are told by a local paper that for the last three years the sheep belonging to a settler in the Wanaka district, (Otago), appeared afflicted with what was thought to be a new kind of disease; neighbors and shepards were equally at a loss to account for having never seen anything of the kind before. The first appearance of this supposed disease is a patch of raw flesh on the loin of the sheep, about the size of a man's hand; from this, matter continually runs down the side, taking the wool completely off the part it touches, and in many cases death is the result. At last a shepard noticed one of the mountain parrots sticking to a sheep and pecking at a raw place, and that the animal seemed unable to get rid of its tormentor. The run-holder gave directions to keep watch on the parrots when mustering on the high ground; the result has been that during the present season, when mustering high upon the ranges near the snow-line, they saw several birds surrounding a sheep, which was freshly bleeding from a small wound in the loin; on other sheep were noticed places where the Kea had begun to attack them.

A School Ship.

The Massachusetts School Ship, a reformatory vessel, to which for some years juvenile culprits have been sent, has failed as an experiment, notwithstanding the most kindly nursing by the State and by private philanthiopists. Judge Thomas Russell, Collector of the Port of Boston, who has been always warmly interested in the ship, admitted in his evidence before the Legislative Committee that the plan could not be made useful and effective. He said that our American foreign commerce had so decreased that it no longer created any demand for boys, or only a limited one. It was hardly worth while, he thought, to be at the expense and trouble of training lads for the sea, if most of them, after all, were to go into occupations on land. Already there is a surplus of sailors in our ports; if boys are shipped on coasters, they pass out of the jurisdiction of the State; and if they are sent out in whalers, they usually desert on the first opportunity. Last year, out of 200 discharged, only 29 were shipped. Then it was complained that the Judges have been in the habit of sending the worst boys to the ship, many of whom should have been put in the House of Correction. Nor does the life on board seem to be of a character favorable to reform. The boys are crowded together; anything like a separate system upon a general scale is impossible; and the worst soon bring down to their own level the least degraded; so that the influences of the ship, considered merely as a prison, are bad, while the management is cumbrous and difficult. The main value of the vessel seems to have consisted in the fact that it furnished a pretty toy to exhibit to strangers. In the present state of our commerce it does not even answer the purpose of getting troublesome boys out of the way; and even if it did; he must be an uncommon lad who could withstand the demoralizing influence of the forecastle.—*N. Y. Paper.*

A BOLD KITTEN,—The other day (says the Swiss *Times*) a little kitten unwarily playing on the edge of the bear pit at Berne, fell between the bars into the area beneath. The spectators held their breath; but the kitten, by no means overcome by its foe's appearance, bristled up both coat and tail in courageous wrath, and with such effect, that Bruin, when quite within reach of the tempting morsel, was sufficiently discouraged to turn tail and walk quietly away, leaving the little kitten master of the field.

WHAT THEY DRANK.—A Cincinatian figuring up says he has drank coffee at the rate of three pints per diem, makes the result, one hundred and two and three-quarter barrels, and expects to repeat the exploit if he lives and nothing happens. Another says that his average is ten glasses of beer a day, which gives a total of 1 116 kegs. He hopes to be able to repeat the dose. Just imagine it.

GOOD BOY.—That was a very good little Ohio boy, who picked up chips enough last fall to buy his mother a piano, a silk dress, and a new bonnet, and his father a fast horse and a gold watch. Such "awful" good boys are scarce, even in Ohio.

Shaker Punishment.

Shaker boys doing mischief were sharply served, says a lady who is writing for the *Galaxy* some very interesting sketches of her life among these people. At one time some elders and eldresses were visiting Wisdom Valley, a Shaker settlement near Albany, N. Y., from a distant society, and Brother Eben, who then had charge of the boys, said to them: "I am going to escort the strangers through the orchard. Keep quietly at your work, grafting and pruning; be seen and not heard."

But they had discovered a humble-bee's nest, and just before the visitors came they were in full cry, broad brims off, chasing the king bee through the adjoining buckwheat field, headed by Russell, a handsome, rosy-cheeked lad. "Keep him down! keep him down! don't let him rise!" shouted Russell, while the rest laughed and hurrahed, trampling down the buckwheat, forgetting the visitors, Brother Eben, all the world, in their eager pursuit.

Russell secured the prize, and borrowed another hat to keep the king a prisoner, while an exultant circle formed around him.

"Hear the king bee buzz, boys; just hear him buzz!" said he in low, measured, but triumphant tones, as the poor bee went booming and humming round the hat; and all this time Brother Eben was escorting the visitors through the deserted orchard.

Not a word was said that day, and the boys assured each other with joyous giggles that Brother Eben had been so busy bragging about his superior method of grafting that he never missed them. But that night after the boys were in bed Brother Eben entered the long sleeping room. Going up to Russell he cried out, as if he had just made a discovery, "Ha, boys, here's the king bee!" This woke Russell, who, starting up, was greeted with the cut of a whip, and "Keep him down! keep him down! don't let him rise!" shouted Brother Eben, as blow after blow fell upon the shoulders of the poor little Shaker. With sobs and screams he begged for mercy, but all he got was the lash, while Brother Eben, imitating his low, triumphant tone in the field, repeated, "Boys, hear the king bee buzz! just hear him buzz!" The rest of the transgressors cowered in terror under their bed-clothes, holding their pillows over the likeliest places of attack. It was no use wishing themselves—as they did—at the North Pole, for before long every boy was piteously roaring and "buzzing" in chorus.

Many years after, Russell, with others whom Brother Eben had ill-treated, left the society and threatened to prosecute him. He was, therefore, exiled for several years to a distant community of Shakers, to escape the consequences of their revenge.

New Process of Bread-Making.

A new method of converting wheat into bread has lately been devised in France, and is said to have found great favor wherever it has been tried. The process is substantially as follows: The wheat is first deprived of its outer covering or husk by suitable machinery, after which the decorticated grain is subjected to several successive soakings in tepid water, the temperature of the water being about 175 deg. Fahr. for the first bath, and about 105 deg. Fahr. for the others. By this means the gummo-resinous cover of the grain is dissolved and removed. When fermentation occurs, this gummy substance, if left in the mass, gives the dough a deep brown or blackish color, while its removal leaves the dough as white as in the ordinary process. During the soakings the grain absorbs from sixty-five to seventy per cent. of water. After the last bath it is reduced to a paste by means of machinery very similar to that used in chocolate mills. This perfectly white paste is next leavened, and after fermentation is ready for baking.

The advantages claimed for the method are these: The same quantity of grain will yield thirty per cent. more bread than by the old process; the bread is more nutritious, and every way superior to that made in the common way; its manufacture is also attended by a very considerable reduction of both labor and expense. It is stated that the process has been independently tested by competent scientific and practical men, with uniformly favorable results.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.—There are many grades of Cashmere, or, as it is sometimes called, camels'-hair shawl—from the camel-goat, of whose wool it is woven. The prices range as curiously, from the superbest efforts of the loom to the *Rampore chiddar*, which is shoddy of camels'-hair, and costs $25 in gold, and the small, narrow-bordered squares worn by young girls, which are worth from $50 to $100. Of the less expensive kinds there seems nothing, on the whole, so well worth having as the striped long-shawls, which are to be had of good quality for $75, and which furnish a warm and handsome wrap for a lifetime. Of the choice grades, $200 or $800 will procure a fine and beautiful long-shawl, bordered all over except for a small square centre. The antique patterns, which to the eye of taste are infinitely handsomer than the modern, cost a little less. The sum sounds considerable; but when one balances years and perceives how much money is annually spent in providing temporary substitutes for this one large investment, which is not only a possession but an heir-loom as well, the apparent extravagance becomes a no less apparent economy.

SALT OF NEVADA.—Nevada is capable of supplying the world with salt. It abounds in salt springs, salt marshes, and salt mountains, and great plains where the evaporation of ages has left deposits of salt almost illimitable in extent. For mining purposes, the salt of these deposit requires only to be shovelled into sacks and transported to the place of use. For table and dairy purpose it is not quite equal to Eastern salt. It contains a slight per cent. of impurity, which would have to be removed by re-evaporation or some refining process to render it marketable for domestic use. This may not be the case with all the deposits of this character in the State, but applies to such of them as have been worked. Within fifty miles of Reno, and not more than one mile from the railroad, are some of the finest salt springs in the world. One gallon of water will evaporate three pounds of the very best quality of this salt.

A DIFFERENT THING.—Mrs. Brown's pretty waitress got married the other day.

"And I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said her mistress. "Are you not afraid of such a long, dangerous voyage."

"Well, ma'am, that's his lookout. I belong to *him* now, an' if anything happens to me sure it'll be *his* loss not mine."

"It is a vain thing, young men, for you to put your finger in the water and, pulling it out, look for a hole; it is equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy in your own estimation, the world will miss you when you die."

The last census shows that we have in the United States 150 cities which each have over 10,000 inhabitants.

A Remarkable Prophecy.

The following, which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1488, and republished in 1641. All the events predicted in it, except that mentioned in the last two lines—which is still in the future—have already come to pass:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do;
Now strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found,
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

THE STORY IT TOLD.

Violet Starre put down her work and looked out at the window; somebody was coming across the lawn. She turned to the glass involuntarily to put a stray lock aside, to settle her brows and fallals, "to see how she looked," in short; not that she was especially vain of the peach-bloom complexion, of the ripple of yellow hair, of the ripe red lips and smiling eyes, but because—because it was Philip Ingersoll coming across the lawn. He came in like a west wind.

"You'll spoil your eyes yet over that worsted-work," he said, taking Violet's embroidery out of her hands, and filling in wrong stitches with the wrong color.

"Dear me!" she cried, "you're just spoiling my cushion cover! I shall have to pull it all out, unless you make something pretty."

"I shall make something beautiful, depend upon it. This cushion is to be of random or mosaic work, I have understood, and your design any thing that fancy or feeling dictates! Now I intend to add a few stitches, and you will pull them out at your peril. I want an interest in this cushion; and when my part is complete, if it doesn't please you, why, say so!" For half a dozen afternoons or more Philip stooped to conquer worsted-work, and finish his random design upon the cushion. "There," said he, "it's given me a headache! What's good for headaches, Miss Violet?"

"Paulinia powders, peace, and a pillow."

"Put your hand on my head, and feel how hot it is."

"That come of such close application. I declare! Where did you learn to do worsted-work? This eye you have fashioned here is enough to startle the strong-minded."

"Natural talent; that eye speaks. Come, who's for a gallop through the woods to-day, to the tune of the wind? I'll have the horses round in no time."

"I can't go," said Maud; "don't tempt me."

"But *you* will, Violet?"

"Yes, I will. I was just thinking that these Indian summer days were too few and fair to waste in-doors."

"Come then; we will be off across the river and into Folly mill woods."

Violet ran to put on her hat and habit while he ordered the horses, and they set off in the best of spirits, the wind ruffling her yellow hair and tossing the purple plumes of her hat, the bloom deepening upon her cheeks till she looked like some brilliant flower.

"If one could only write all the poems the autumn woods inspire!" said Ingersoll. "It's like a tune, you know, which sings itself in your brain, but eludes the voice." He idly lashed a spruce-tree that grew close to the path as he spoke; the action startled Violet's horse, and he threw her before she had time to cry out. Philip Ingersoll was off his own horse in a trice—his heart beating hotly in his bosom, seeing that she neither moved nor spoke; and lifting her, he found that she had fallen against a projecting point of stone, and her fair face was a mass of cuts and bruises. He got her home with help of some men who were felling timber in the wood, and called the doctor, who declared that the beautiful Grecian nose of Violet Starre was broken, and her lovely cheek would always carry the scars of ragged wounds.

In a few weeks, however, Violet was up and about as usual, but she saw nobody at home, and declined invitations abroad. When she walked out she was disguised behind thick veils. "Though nobody would ever guess I was Violet Starre—I am sufficiently disguised already," she said to herself. She seldom walked in the thoroughfares, but in unfrequented lanes and by-ways. One day she was met by Philip Ingersoll in her solitary stroll, whom no amount of thick veils could deceive.

"Violet," said he, "you never allow me to see you now. I see Maud and your mother, and any one but yourself. I haunt your door like your shadow. Do you mean to get you to a nunnery?"

"I never thought of it; but it wouldn't be so bad now; I shouldn't frighten any one there."

"Violet, you will always be lovely to me."

"Wait till you see me without my veil, Sir; no compliments till then."

"Well, do you remember the veiled lady in Hawthorne's 'Zenobia?'"

"Whom Theodore was not brave enough to trust? Yes."

"Well, I am braver than Theodore; say that I may see you when I come again."

"If it will be any pleasure, yes; I suppose it looks vain to hide away. But somehow—it may be silly—but I would rather look vain than ugly."

"I can not imagine you in such a plight."

"Then you had better not come."

"I never surrender ground once ceded."

When he acted upon this permission he found Violet busy over her random-work cushion, with an old-fashioned screen of white silk embroidered in palms and pansies standing in a carved rosewood frame before her.

"The light troubles my eyes," she said, in apology; "they are not quite strong yet;" but he observed that as they sat together with their accustomed familiarity she constantly shifted it between them.

"Come," said he, "is it the light of my eyes that dazzles yours? Wherever I move the screen follows."

"No," said Violet, laughing constrainedly; "it is the light of the other days, I guess."

"The light of the other days, Violet, was not one whit more dazzling to me than that of the present," he said, going to her side, and dropping his voice to an undertone.

"Thanks—but do not feel it necessary to make polite speeches to me. See how famously I am getting on with my mosaic cushion. Won't it be a splendid 'muddle?' I'm going to match it with a flame-colored sun."

"I hope you recognize my other effort of art as an old acquaintance of yours?"

"Which? This little imp? What is he doing? Shooting angels to make a pot-pie, as Mrs. Hurd thought she had a confirmed habit of doing when she went to the asylum? I mistook him for a comet at first, or a heavenly body."

"He *is* a heavenly body; and though he resembles an interrogation point with wings as much as any thing, I thought his bow and arrow would speak for him."

"Oh, the little blind god, to be sure!"

"Yes; none so blind as those who won't see."

Having broken the ice of Violet's reserve, Mr. Ingersoll never gave it time to skim over again, but presented himself almost daily. He always took his position now on the other side of the screen, where the two sat, withdrawn from observation, in a world of their own. The family called the space behind the screen "Violet's reception-room," but no other visitor was admitted there.

They were returning one winter afternoon from a matinee. Violet's hand slipped into his arm and held there; the gas-lights flickered against the steel blue twilight sky, where a handful of stars was sprinkled; every body was hurrying and hugging himself against the cold; but these two loitered along the way, happy and warm enough in each other's neighborhood.

"I have an insatiable curiosity," said Violet, "to know where all these people are going—into what sort of homes, along what rough highways of life. If one could get behind these masks which they all wear, and know what was taking place in their experience, what plans and hopes and disappointments they conceal, wouldn't it be finer than any novel?"

"Let us begin with each other, then," said Philip; "tell me first, what hopes and plans you hide away from the common gaze?"

"I?" she laughed. "Yes; I hope some time to go to all the symphony concerts, and wear a camel's-hair shawl."

"My hope is more presumptuous than that, Violet. I hope to *take* you to all the symphony concerts, with a wedding-ring on your finger. May I?" and Violet must have given consent, for the next day there was a diamond like a dew-drop flashing upon her hand, and, in spite of scars, a look of happiness that dazzled the beholder.

The diamond had reposed upon Violet's finger hardly a month when Mr. Ingersoll was called out of town to paint the portrait of a beautiful heiress, the ward of his uncle, who had occasionally visited at his mother's. The idea of jealousy in connection with his absence never occurred to Violet, while he wrote letters full of the extravagances of lovers, that read so much like pure poetry; but having several orders in the neighborhood, he was obliged to postpone his return almost daily. "Mr. Crayon wishes me to paint his child," he would write; "Mrs. Vermilion wishes to sit for Marie Stuart; thus I shall be obliged to remain away from you still longer, which disappoints me sorely"—till Maud said:

"I suspect he's having too fine a time out there; you had better have him home without delay. I wouldn't trust a lover of mine within eye-shot of Miss Heather's fascinations. Violet slays her thousands, but Miss Heather her ten thousands."

"I'm sure I shall not ask him to return," answered Violet, for the first time experiencing an uncomfortable sensation: "if he wishes to do so, he will need no urging; if he perfers to stay, I would not have him come at any solicitation of mine. Besides, he has finished Miss Heather's sittings, and he said she had begun to fade." But somehow the suggestion rankled and refused to be exorcised, till she forgot it for a while; but every now and then it returned to her, like a pain that one vaguely remembers at waking, groping about in one's consciousness for the wound that caused it. What if he should succumb to Miss Heather's beauty? It would not be wonderful. The only wonder was that he should ever have cared for herself—with her ugly scars; and they began to burn and throb forthwith.

She had been out shopping one day, and getting into a crowded car to return, was obliged to stand jammed so closely against two ladies who were seated that she could overhear their remarks without an effort.

"It would never have happened, I suspect, but for that accident," the elder lady was saying; "it was a dreadful misfortune, truly. I have only seen her once since, and I should never have guessed that she had been beautiful. You see, a broken nose changes the out-lines and the expression essentially." Violet shivered behind her thick veil, and lent an eager attention.

"Well," said the other, "why should he marry an ugly woman merely because she is unfortunate?"

"The fact is, he felt himself to blame; he invited her to ride, and it was the flirting of his whip which startled her horse; there you have it in a nut-shell. It was simply a matter of duty. His mother told me herself that it never would have happened but that Philip's conscience ran away with his judgment. There, I must tear myself away. Don't mention any thing I've told you; I shouldn't like it to reach the parties concerned, you know.—Will you pull the strap for me, please?" she said to Violet; "it is so crowded here. Thanks"—working her passage out, while Violet sank like a crushed flower into the vacant seat. It seemed strange to her that she should yet be alive, having listened to such tidings! Two school girls beside her were laughing over the unknown quantities in their algebra les