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Woman's Love.

Come from your long, long roving,
On the sea so wild and rough,
Come to me tender and loving,
And I shall be blest enough.

Of men though you be unforgiven,
Though priest be unable to shrive,
I'll pray till I weary all heaven,
If only you come back alive.

Where your sails have been unfurling,
What winds have blown on your brow,
I know not, and ask not, my darling,
So that you come to me now.

Sorrowful, sinful, and lonely,
Poor and despised though you be,
All are nothing, if only
You turn from the tempter to me.

The Woodland Princess.

What if we met in an old log road,
Where the leaf-mold clung to her small bare heels,
And instead of woodland flowers, her load
Was a string of trout and silver eels?

Her gown was ragged and limp with dew,
But it rounded a pair of splendid hips;
A rich red torrent was flashing through
Her startled pulses to cheeks and lips.

The wholesome bronze of her ruddy face
Was like ripe fruit in a bower of green,
And she walked the world with the easy grace
And firm, free step of a woodland queen.

The dew had moistened the jetty hair
That waved and floated about her head;
I caught a glimpse of the shoulders bare,
The sparkling eyes and the lips of red.

Only a glimpse of the tattered gown,
As she dimmed from view in the leafy way;
A glance of the shoulders, plump and brown,
And a leg as plump and brown as they.

And I wandered on by the yeasty stream
To try for the trout that would not rise;
For I walked all day in a misty dream
Of lips and shoulders and curls and eyes.

And I thought of a dameel, city bred,
Of narrow shoulders and doubtful spine;
With false hair frizzled about her head,
And false life beveled by rule and line.

Unskilled and heedless in wifely cares,
Expensive, vapory, worthless. When
The mother half hates the child she bears,
Where shall we go for the nation's men?

I take the lot that the Fates decree,
And my fancies fall me one by one;
But the woodland maid in her beauty free,
Is the dream I'll dream till my life is done.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

"Nathan, I have had a letter from New York. Mrs. Grimsby writes that she will spend the season in the White Mountains."

"Ah?" Nathan ejaculated, in his most far away manner, handling his knife and fork clumsily, as if they were weapons of defence, and gazing with a very un-Nathan-like expression away from the comfortable tea table, with its delicate blue rimmed service, and the placid, good natured lady behind the monstrous tea urn, who sat with a curious air of puzzled expectation.

"Are you not well, Nathan? Is that all you have to say?"

Down fell war implement No. 1, the knife, at which a little color mounted to the brown, handsome face, and then a grave, sweet smile that made one forget in an instant the awkwardness of his every movement.

"Good gracious, Aunt Royal, what would you have me say? That Mrs. Grimsby should have asked our consents about the visit to the White Mountains. She generally spends the season somewhere. It's just as well White Mountains as Cape May. It's all right, I suppose."

"Nathan, I hope you don't mean to be funny," said Aunt Royal, piteously. "You know I am not in the least appreciative, Mrs. Grimsby's design on the White Mountains has nothing to do with the subject about which I wish to speak: Helen, after a long winter with those children, must feel the need of rest and relaxation. She must be terribly tired of the city and her hard, unvarying life of dependence. I wish it were possible to ask her down for a month or two."

Not knowing just how this might be received, Aunt Royal hastily made another cup of tea, mistaking the salt spoon for the sugar tongs, in her efforts to look composed, eyeing the broad shouldered Nathan opposite.

"I suppose you have written to Mrs. Kayne, saying, that the doors of Carlingsford are ever open to her. Always, so long as it would be pleasant for her to remain here."

Nathan's smile was gone, and a feverish light gleamed down low in the depths of his grey eyes. He stooped, replaced the knife that had fallen, with a slight tremor scarcely noticeable.

Aunt Royal left the cup of tea she had in no wise wanted, at being the third cup newly drawn, and came around the table to lay her hand on the dark, straight hair, and to tell Nathan how good of him to grant her this.

"Helen has not been out of town but once, I think, since her husband's death; what a treat it will be—Carlingsford is at its best, now, too. I shall write and ask her to come at once; I could not, certainly, before naming it to you, Nathan. Poor girl, what a surprise it will be!"

Aunt Royal, as Nathan Carlingsford called her, was a dear, good soul, full of amiable schemes and surprises, which, oddly enough, never seemed to turn out satisfactorily in the end, more to her surprise than any one's of her acquaintance.

Carlingsford Willows, one of the most beautiful farmhouses in the Hudson river country, had been left solely to Nathan Carlingsford, when a lad of sixteen, ten years before this summer evening, when we find him taking tea with his housekeeper, foster mother, friend and adviser, Mrs. North, a distant relative of his father's second wife, who had not survived him a year. Aunt Royal had grown to look on the cheery old house, with its Knickerbocker gables and ponderous stone flagings, as her home during the life time of the last Mrs. Carlingsford. After her decease, the place, without a mistress, fell into ruins, and young Nathan, woefully feeling the need of a woman about the house to keep him from sharing the common fate when he returned from his studies, humanely offered her the position, and it was gratefully accepted. She had remained all those years, making a weak pretence of going back to Vermont every year, though the good Nathan had never failed to effectually discourage this project.

Aunt Royal went away with her bed room candle, and sat for a long while over a letter to her niece, Helen Kayne, anxious that it might be couched in just the words that would bring her down to the pleasant old house for a few weeks. "Such a dear girl as Helen, earning the bread she eats by a life of drudgery and serfdom to three over-fed, lusty tyrants. I dare say those Grimsby children have worn her to a mere shadow."

The delicate affair was at length despatched, the letter closing with a few affectionate remarks, lay enveloped and sealed with the great pretentious seal of the Royals, which had remained in the good lady's possession an untold number of years. Aunt Royal extinguished the candle, in which very many foolish moths had scorched themselves, and crossing the worn crimson carpet, checked with great bars of light from a summer moon climbing above the laurel tree that grew against her window, she gazed down on a still figure below with brawny arms folded, and finely poised head thrown back, a good-natured lion at rest.

"Nathan is a good fellow. I think he once fancied Helen, at least admired her bright face and companionable ways. To be sure there has been a great change in her, poor dear, but she would make an admirable mistress for Carlingsford—no one better. I wish I might bring this about; it's quite time Nathan thought about taking a wife."

The next morning, to Aunt Royal's utter surprise and utter consternation Nathan Carlingsford appeared at the breakfast table in a gray traveling suit, with a linen Raglan thrown over his arm, and to her burst of inquiry declared that he had suddenly conceived the idea of taking a jaunt for a month or six weeks. She might have the Willows to herself, or to any company she chose to invite down. She was at all times to have just what companions she desired, and for as long a time as she or her guest liked.

Aunt Royal's prim cap frill bad not in the knowledge of any one ever seemed so awry and out of order; the soft gray hair, uniformly as smooth as silk, was actually falling down in wispy little curls about the sweet motherly face, and Aunt Royal presented a disagreeable contrast to her usually placid self.

"Nathan, you mean that you are not going to stay at home to welcome the company you have invited down to Carlingsford. The fishing and fowling comrades you spoke of, you can't mean for them to arrive and find the place without a host, Nathan?"

Nathan smiled a little, and began a vigorous onslaught on the tea and muffins, but with an air of not relishing the repast.

"The fishing and fowling can wait, Aunt Royal, for a month at least. I surrender Carlingsford to you until I return. Have you not often vowed it would be a good thing to get rid of a great, loutish fellow who tramps in and out at unseasonable hours, keeping the house in a sad state of tumble and uncleanness, with no end of whims and fancies to reconcile? You don't mean to say you have not said all this, and more, Mrs. North?"

"As if it were not your own house Nathan, to turn completely round, if you chose;" said the good lady with an aggrieved tone, and the very nearest approach to dissatisfaction that was possible to her.

She saw her well intentioned designs upon the master of Carlingsford Willows disappear in a whirl of vapor, not unlike the steam from the nozzle of the diminutive hot water kettle, which, during the progress of the important tea making, occupied a stand at her elbow.

"I believe Nathan Carlingsford means to go on until the end of the chapter, eating bread like a visitor in his own house, without one care as to what is to become of him during all the years to come, and treating with downright injustice some good woman who ought to be mistress here."

This was when the wrong-headed young man had quite gone—not a vestige of him remaining, save a room dismantled of a few familiar things to see which was to see Nathan, and a perfect ocean of paper, scraps of old letters and a vast number of articles almost without name or character, which had resulted from a strange mode of clearing drawers and packing portmanteaus (peculiar to men like Carlingsford) with all things on top that should be at the bottom, and such confusion and utter desolation behind as no woman, with a well regulated, orderly housekeeping turn of mind could be calm under.

Mrs. North was a model of propriety and neatness, from the snowy lace cap to the hem of the gray stuff dress on which no speck or spot had ever been seen.

Nathan in his mannish disregard of the eternal fitness of things, had, during a long and intimate acquaintance, been a great trial to her. She had persistently followed up her early teachings with scarcely the good effect she had hoped and expected, and at last had submerged all other desires about Nathan in the grand scheme of marrying him off to some orderly little woman, who, beginning with neat and fresh principles, and a young energy, might in time accomplish something in the redemption of this castaway.

The cleaning of debris from Nathan's deserted chamber, and the restoring of it to its wonted wholesome aspect, with the stir and bustle consequent upon preparing apartments for her neice Helen, who was expected daily, brought back the even temper and calm spirits for which Aunt Royal North was so well noted far and wide.

We will not dwell on her surprise and chagrin after the receipt of the letter from niece Helen, begging to decline her kind invitation.

"Not for anything, dear Aunt North, would I spend any time at Carlingsford as a visitor, although if you were very ill I think I should do what I could. I am deeply sensible of your good motive in this, but am compelled to decline. I think I shall remain in my present employ, and perhaps accompany Mrs. Grimsby to care for the children," etc.

"Not for anything spend any time at Carlingsford as a visitor."

Aunt Royal sat down in her cane-seat rocker with a very blank face, and held off the mysterious and offensive epistle as one would some refreshing entomological specimen, and re-read the lines quoted, from a safe distance, with positively a faint angry flush in her cheek.

"And why not? indeed, very many young women would be happy at the bare mention of such a chance to catch a husband, to speak nothing of such a one as Nathan Carlingsford could be in spite of his ill-at-ease manner. I really would not have believed such perversity of Helen Kayne—care for the children, indeed!"

Thwarted in her amiable plans and machinations at every turn, Aunt Royal gave way to the distemper caused by so many disappointments, and went straightway to bed in a cool west chamber, with its white dimity trimmings and great pink vases full of double red roses and feathery asparagus sprays; had her head bound up, and her little handmaiden Hannah to sit afar off, quite at the foot of the white curtains, and just within range of her eye, and waft up and down—with the lazy undulation of a great willow bough—a great, gorgeously lined fan.

"To think that I can have no influence with either of them, after all these years," Aunt Royal muttered, watching with a dreamy sense of comfort the approach and wavering retreat of the peacock feathers.

"Ma'am?" innocent Hannah queried, leaning forward on her brown, dimpled elbow, opening her gray eyes in consternation at this new evidence that her mistress wandered in her mind.

"Hannah Hurst, never care for anybody's welfare, and don't ever lay up any plans and hopes so long as you live."

The peacock feathers went quite out of sight and lay on the cool, checkered matting, and Hannah's gray eyes blinked at Aunt Royal's sudden energy.

"Do you hear, child; no hopes, no plans—live on, and let things come about as they will."

"Yes, ma'am," said Hannah, beginning again to set the air in motion with the green and purplish gold fan.

Aunt Royal's sense of her wrongs and her surroundings grew fainter and fainter, and understanding her release from these symptoms, Hannah went softly out of the room, closing it up with a delicious sigh of gladness that she was neither a rose or an asparagus spray, to stay day and night within four white walls, with only a drowsy blue bottle buzzing against the highest pane in the window, and Aunt Royal lying very still behind the spotless bed drapery.

Freedom was what Hannah longed for, and getting clear of the white garden gate, with its yellow honeysuckle drooping over, she rushed on over clover pinks and purple heartsease, down through a meadow green as velvet, quite at the further side of which a narrow stream ran gurgling over its pebbles, and in which was reflected the blue patch of pure sky, nodding plumes of white alder flowers; and Hannah's brown, gypsyish face and rounded arms, clasped about a wealth of monstrous red and gold flag lilies and wild sweet pea.

And now for this incorrigible Nathan.

Ignoring a certain horror to be had of such flauntings up and down, at the very time when he considered the whole world had far better stay at home and keep quiet, Nathan determined for once to spend his summer as other men did, in eating, drinking and idling over sultry beaches, knocking about shells and sea rocks with his boot heels, and wishing himself, we did not doubt, fifty times a day, in the wide, cool avenues of Carlingsford Willows.

Nathan had also a great dislike to noise and dress, and the confusion attending a fashionable resort. His awkward movements and reticent manners he knew he would find it hard to counterbalance, even with so much money, and prepared to see the poor result in his favor, by the side of other men. He was not one to desire the fine opinion of many; the only one in all the world he cared to think well of him quite hated him he knew for some unknown reason, and it was nothing now that other women disregarded him.

Walking on alone, over the hard, yellow beach, the third day after his arrival at the seaside, he caught on the end of his slender walking-stick a blue veil belonging to some one below on the rocks, and strolling on began to look for a possible owner.

He found, looking about everywhere for the missing article, a slender little figure in gray, with straying locks of damp, dark hair, and cheeks like dripping water lilies—as stainless and pure.

Nathan knew that figure and the sweet, childishly beautiful face too well. What should he do? Go away unobserved if he could? No, it was too late; she raised two wistful brown eyes, and flushed painfully.

"I beg your pardon—this is yours, I believe," and the veil was awkwardly presented.

Taken in silence, a great pause ensuing, till a big wave had rolled up in white fringes and subsided, and the brown eyes looked up earnestly in the disturbed face of the man whose heart just then beat hard against his bosom with the recollection of old pangs.

Nathan Carlingsford, seven years before that, had yielded up his good and generous heart wholly to this woman, who stood before him for the first time since their parting, loved her with the only love of his life, beheld in her all the virtues and graces he deemed any good woman should possess, and fancied his passion not wholly without return. All these things—his love, his hopes and apprehension—he had confided to his bosom friend, John Kayne, who sympathized with his position and volunteered his services as embassador, as Nathan felt himself unequal to asking any woman to marry him. He felt his very way of putting it would go against him, and accordingly, as Kayne advised, he wrote with trembling hand all that he could have urged, and sent it by his friend. The letter had not been noticed or answered, and, hurt beyond expression, Nathan had gone away from home for a year or two, and on returning found that his love Helen North had become the wife of John Kayne, who had been drowned within the year. He longed to take her in his arms, feeling that there could be no other woman in all the world for him. He had never crossed her since, and heard through Aunt Royal, in a casual way, that Mrs. Kayne was living in New York as a nursery governess.

"Helen—Mrs. Kayne, this is a meeting I had not expected. I thought you were—"

Going headlong to a grand committal, Nathan stopped, and colored painfully.

"I came down a week ago with Mrs. Grimsby. There she is now; shall we join her?"

"No; at least not just now." Something must come, if he died for it, his heart was full to overflowing with a tenderness he fancied had been quenched.

"Mrs. Kayne, if you could have taken notice of my declaration made some years ago, answered it in some way, I think I should have felt more content than I have. I think I could have borne a plain 'no,' hard as it would have been, better than—just nothing at all."

"Answer to what? what do you mean? Mr. Carlingford? I never received a declaration of any description from you in my life."

The brown eyes were staring in grand surprise full at poor Nathan, and the pretty cheek growing paler and paler.

"O, the villain," said Nathan, in a terrific rage, which lasted but a moment.

"Helen, think. Did not John Kayne deliver a letter to you confessing my love, and asking you to be my wife, seven years ago?"

"I never had one word from you after we parted," the woman said, in great agitation, thinking how much pain and heartburning would have been spared her had she received that letter.

"Helen," the man's voice trembled and grew husky as he was about to ask a question which had been down deep in his heart uncovered for years, "could you have returned my love then? What would have been your answer to me?"

"I should have said 'yes,' and accepted your love as the one thing which seemed good in my sight."

"My own love! My darling!"

Nathan Carlingsford took her in his arms, his long lost Helen, with frequent thanks, and felt that out of the storehouse of the gods he had received the most priceless treasure they had to offer him.

Aunt Royal remains at the Willows, sometimes threatening the young people to leave them to themselves, out of ill-will that they should at last fall in love and marry without aid from her.

Sometimes as Hannah sits with her peacock feathers stirring the dull air and white bed curtains, leaning on her dimpled elbow as of old. Aunt Royal remembered her caution to her little handmaid and endeavors to reconcile the past and present.

"Things do come around, Hannah, in their own way, only let them be."

AN UNDUTIFUL SON.—A curious case which recently came before the Thames police court is thus described by the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "A mother prosecuted her son, William Mason, aged fourteen, for attempting to commit suicide by throwing himself from a window. Mrs. Mason said her son came home one night, after being out all day, and asked her for money and food. She declined to give him any money, as he was a bad boy, but promised that he should have some food if he went to a situation she had procured for him. He rushed on to the window-sill, and was about to jump off, when she caught hold of him and dragged him back. He then tried to choke himself, but she pulled his hands from his throat, which was quite red and swollen. He tried to jump out of the window again, but she kept a tight hold of him, and, calling a police constable, gave him in charge. He had thrown himself down stairs once before and injured himself seriously. She had done all in her power to correct him, but without avail. On one occasion she beat him until he was black and blue. Mr. Paget sent the prisoner to prison for a week, and said he would see what that would do."

CITY ADVERTISING.—That portion of the Corporation advertising of New York city, which has, during the past few years, enriched the proprietors of the *Transcript* with the annual sum of about $250,000 of public money, has been assigned to the *Register*, at an estimate of 9,500 for the year. It will cost $35,000 to do the composition alone, and how the paper, which is a Hotel advertising record can make money out of it is a mystery. If the contract is carried out faithfully it will make a saving. All the New York journals bid for the advertising but the *Register* won the rose.

THE *Tribune* says New York drinks 1,800 gallons of swill milk daily, and that the total receipts of 74,800 gallons of milk are swelled to 93,500 gallons by the addition of water.

Whipping Horses.

There are persons who think that the spirit and temper of a horse must be broken to make him valuable. Professor Wagner, in his work on the "Education of Horses," says:

"I would caution all who train or use horses against exciting the ill-will of the animal. Many think they are doing finely, and are proud of their success in horse training, by means of severe whipping, or otherwise rousing and stimulating the passions, and then from necessity, crushing the will through which the resistance is prompted. No mistake can be greater than this, and there is nothing that so fully exhibits the ability, judgment and skill of the real horseman as the care and tact displayed in winning instead of repelling, the action of the mind. Although it may be necessary to use the whip sometimes, it should always be applied judiciously, and great care should be taken not to rouse the passions or excite the will to obstinacy.

"The legitimate and proper use of the whip is calculated to operate on the sense of fear almost entirely. The affectionate and better nature of a horse must be appealed to in training, as well as in training a child; but if only the passions are excited, the effect is depraving and injurious. This is a vital principle, and can be disregarded in the management of sensitive and courageous horses only at the imminent risk of spoiling them. I have known many horses of naturally gentle character to be spoiled by being whipped once, and one horse that was made vicious by being struck with a whip once while standing in his stall.

"I have referred to these instances to show the danger of rough treatment, and the effect that may be easily produced by ill-usage, especially with fine blood horses and those of a highly nervous temperament. Many other cases might be cited, as such are by no means uncommon. Sensitive horses should never be left after they have been excited by the whip or other means until calmed down by rubbing or patting the head and neck, and giving apples, sugar or something that the animal is fond of. Remember, the whip must be used with great care, or it is liable to do mischief, and may cause irreparable injury."

HOW THE LITTLE ONES FARE.—It does seem that in a large city like New York, a better method should be taken to have the children who daily stray from their homes returned. A child is lost, say at the extreme end of the Twenty-ninth ward, and instead of taking him to Police Headquarters, where it is known they are eventually taken, the policeman who finds the child has to drag the poor little thing to the station house, where he must be content to stay until six o'clock P. M., and then be removed to headquarters, where he is kept forty-eight hours, and if not called for in that time handed over to the tender mercies of the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections. A few days ago kind hearted Officer O'Byrne picked up no less than three of these little waifs, one of whom he had to walk and carry to the Twenty-ninth precint station house, a distance of quite two miles, and when the poor little fellow reached the house, he was so exhausted that the good natured doorman had to make him a pallet on two chairs, and with the cry of mother on his little quivering lips, he fell asleep. When these children are removed to headquarters they are kindly cared for by the matron, and washed, fed and put to sleep in little cots, and there is no reason on earth why they should not be taken there in the first place; it would save much inconvenience to both officers and parents, and the children who are so unfortunate as to be lost would fare much better; or if this cannot be done, why not erect a house expressly for the purpose of accommodating the poor little creatures, and make it publicly known that all of them found straying in the streets will be taken there.—*N. Y. Paper.*

SHOPS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—I have spoken of the shops. They are funny little boxes, with one half of the cover turned up, the other half laid down as a counter. The purchaser stands outside, the merchant within. No goods are made a show of; there seems to be no anxiety to sell; no anger at having everything turned topsy-turvey; no offence at an offer of just half the asking price. The bazaars are collections of shopkeepers in some particular branch—gloomy sheds, often odorous, generally dingy, crowded and stupid. The number of tobacco-pipe merchants and manufacturers amazes one at Constantinople as at Damascus. An amber mouthpiece often costs hundreds of dollars; the long cherry tube is beautifully wrought in gay silks, and jewels often glitter along the sides, because the pasha expects to pass his pipe round among his visitors, and has no better means of displaying his wealth. His wife cannot receive strangers and make her parlor a museum, because the harem is forbidden ground; her slippers outside the door prevent even her husband's entrance; and most of his leisure he is glad to spend anywhere else than in such monotonous stupor. A genuine Turk sees hardly any Turkish ladies; he never beholds his wife till after marriage, and does not commonly marry more than one, unless he is some grand official who is expected to live in style. He never alludes to his family in public, or expects it to be; to ask after madame's health would be the worst insult. The French ambassador's wife succeeded when she presented some silks to Mrs. Redschid Pasha through the prime minister, by saying—"Please accept these, sir; you will know how to use them."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

CARE OF HORSES.—A celebrated writer says; "All horses must not be fed in the same proportions, without regard to their ages, their constitutions, and their work, because the impropriety of such a practice is self-evident. Yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of diseases of every kind. Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is not proper nourishment in it. Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases. Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better. Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it will make the horse chew his food more and digest it better. Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work, because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either. When a horse is not worked hard its food should be chiefly hay, because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making materials than any other kind food; hay not so much.

HOW IT HAS BEEN.—Fires have been raging in the forests, and on the mountains and plains all over the country in consequence of the long continued drought of this spring. An examination of the table furnished by the self-recording rainguage at the Central Park Meteorological Observatory shows that the supply of rain is scarcely more than one half that of last year at a corresponding date. The difference in depth of snow was also great. In 1871 being 30.11 ins., and in 1872 9.87 ins. The frost, penetrating the ground much deeper this year than last, which was doubtless the chief cause of the destruction of so many trees and hedges in the country.

Marriage and the Death-Rate.

The death-rate in the married and unmarried was the subject of a paper recently read by M. Bertillon before the Academy of Medicine in Paris. The results are based on statistics derived from France, Belgium and Holland, and are as follows: Of married men between the ages of 25 and 30, the death rate was 4 per thousand, unmarried 10 per thousand, widowers 22 per thousand. Of married and unmarried women the rate was the same, viz.: 9 per thousand, while in widows it was 17.

In persons from 30 to 35 the death-rate among married men was 11, the unmarried 5, and the widowers 19 per thousand. Among the women it was 5 for the married, 10 for the unmarried and 15 per thousand for the widows, from which we obtain the following tables:

AGE.	MEN.			
25 to 30.	Married. 4.	Unmarried. 10.	Widowers. 22.	
30 to 35.	" 11.	" 5.	" 19.	
Total for decade	15.	15.	41.	

AGE.	WOMEN.			
25 to 30.	Married. 9.	Unmarried. 9.	Widows. 17.	
30 to 35.	" 5.	" 10.	" 15.	
Total for decade	14.	19.	22.	

Which demonstrate that while in the case of men the death-rate was the same throughout the decade for the married and unmarried, there was a great fatality among the widowers. We may, therefore, conclude that while the married state does not actively improve the sanitary condition in men, the relapse into the unmarried state is attended by a great fatality. The apparent explanation of this result is the reduction in the tone of the system from the mental affliction that follows the loss of the wife, and doubtless a critical examination into the diseases which carry off widowers in such large proportion would support this hypothesis.

The singular fatality among widowers might be advanced as an argument against the married state for men, for it is not attended by any corresponding advantage, since the rate is the same both in the married and unmarried; but this is only a superficial view of the case, for it must not be forgotten that the very increase in the death-rate among widowers shows how much they have lost in losing their companions, and that loss is an indirect but no less certain evidence that there was a gain, although it may appear to be obscure.

Among women, on the contrary, marriage reduced the death-rate nearly one-third during the decade; it had therefore, an excellent sanitary effect. On relapsing into the single state of widowhood a great increase in the death-rate is again seen, although in a less degree than in men. Applying in this instance the same argument as in the case of the men, we are driven to the conclusion that while the loss of the companion increases the death-rate among women, the results are not as fatal as among men, in the proportion, as the table shows, of forty-one in the men, to thirty-two in the women.

OBSTRUCTING A RAILROAD TRAIN.—The Des Moines (Iowa) *Register* says: A singular case of railroad obstruction, and one for which no remedy is provided for by the statutes, occurred a few evenings since on the Valley road in Greene County. Conductor Livingston's train, when about three miles this side of Grand Junction, in passing through some low country and near a pond, ran into an immense flock of swan, brandt, geese, and other wild fowl. The birds were just about to alight on the track as the train drew near. Their number was so great that the sky was completely filled with them, and those above pressing down on the lower strata forced them to alight on the car tops. The engine, tender, and cars were covered with the fowls, and some even clung to the bars of the cow catcher. One stately swan had a wing injured in the crush, and found a resting place on the head-light, from whence he was taken by the engineer. The bird, however, managed to escape from custody near Perry, and jumping from the tender where he had been tied, disappeared in the grass. The raid continued several minutes, quite a number of the aerial army being run over by the train, and some half a dozen being captured by passengers and employees. As soon as the birds on top of the flock began to realize the situation they soared away, followed by the entire covey. Livingston says it was the biggest crowd of dead-heads that ever tried to board his train.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.—In these latter days, the above heading appears in the daily papers with startling and impressive frequency. There seems to be no part of the country which is exempt from the sudden visitation of death. In the remotest hamlets, as well as in the most crowded cities, people who at evening retire to rest in seeming health, are found dead in their bed in the morning. It is little cause for wonder that one whose bed is a heap of rags in the basement of a tenement house in the slums of New York, should be found dead in it. The wonder is that any one should ever be found alive in a lair that so reeks with the atmosphere of death. But it is startling and incongruous that one whose couch is spread beneath the roof of a farm-house among New England hills, or on some breezy prairie of the West, and who had gone to rest full of robust life, should be found dead in his bed. But so it is. The end cometh in an hour that no man knoweth, on the hill-side and in the valley, as well as in the crowded mart, and in the abodes of virture as well as in the haunts of vice. Orators often thrill their hearers by picturing the power of the Cæsars, who could lay their iron hand upon a fugitive though he fled to the uttermost parts of the earth; but Death has a longer and a surer hand than was vouchsafed to the Roman emperors, and a touch beneath which the last of the Cæsars was himself long since found dead in his bed.—*Ledger.*

CRIME IN NEW YORK.—The carnival of crime, it is hardly exaggeration to say, never ran so high in New York as it has done for the last month. The police calendar is fairly filled with murders and suicides. A jealous husband in Orchard street, whose wife had deserted his bed and board, stabbed her fourteen times, with fiendish malignity, plunged his knife into the side of her paramour, and finally killed himself in the same way. A shooting affray in Christie street fortunately terminated without any fatality, while a man was beaten to death in Houston street by a gang of murderers. Letters by various unfortunates who have taken Paris green, jumped into the river, or otherwise wound up their careers tell the same story of destitution and desertion.—*N. Y. Paper.*

The Bangor *Commercial* says that at a prayer meeting held in a church not far from that city, recently, a gentleman placed his hat in the aisle beside his seat, and was greatly surprised upon seeing it take a start and follow a lady down the aisle, being caught in her dress. He immediately got down on his hands and knees and went for the hat, but every time he put his hand out to get it the lady took a step forward and it was kept just out of his reach, and he did not get it till he had gone the full length of the aisle; by this time the audience were in a titter, and he took his stove pipe and went out in a hurry

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Locusts are so thick near Frankfort, Ky., that farmers drive the hogs under the fruit trees, and shake the insects down for them to devour.

The Fishing Disaster.

Reports continue to arrive of the disasters to the Newfoundland Fishing fleet. Up to the latest possible mail date, over forty vessels, including four steam-ships, had been heard from as total wrecks, having been dashed to pieces while amid hugh icebergs and plains of ice during a terrific hurricane. On an average, each of those vessels carried about 100 men, who were employed as seal hunters; and out of those 4,000 human souls only 175 have been accounted for. The large majority of those unfortunates have left families behind exclusively dependent on them for sustenance.

During the night of the loss of the steamship Retriever, upon board of which was Capt. Allston, who furnishes the shocking intelligence, sixteen sail of vessels were hemmed in by high boulders and bergs of ice, over which tremendous seas dashed high and wild, so that it was impossible at times to discern the icy islands, and charge after charge of the ungovernable ships against these mighty barriers soon cleft bows and bulwarks asunder, and consigned many stalwart forms and brave hearts to watery graves. While this fleet lay to, as a last effort to survive the wild north-eastern hurricane that roared and ruled around them, many tossing crafts cut down each other, and one fearful instance is recorded wherein a vessel, driven on an iceberg by a huge sea, fell back with a mighty crash upon a brig, the Twin Sisters, which lay beneath the berg. A large number of men were instantly crushed to death, and the Twin Sisters was literally burst in two. The rest, only fifteen out of ninety-eight, clung to the broken spars, and were by chance picked up by the crew of the Retriever. Toward morning the hurricane, which had raged all night without abating, began to subside. In the light of that dreary dawn the scene which presented itself to those on board the only survivor of the fleet of sixteen—the Retriever—cannot possibly be described, inasmuch as one who had witnessed the sight shrinks hopelessly from the task of explaining its normal horror and gastliness.

The ice had wedged in the space intervening between the position of the vessels and the shore. Upon the rude-heaped boulders and flakes of ice were strewn masts, yards, rigging, clothing and broken hulls in the wildest disorder. Worse still were blood-smeared corpses crushed to death by the pans of ice closing on them. Some were actually cut in two by the powerful jamming of the floes, and others, half-drowned and exhausted, died from the intense frost. The stiffened bodies lay strewn around in most ghastly attitudes. The terrors which surrounded their death were pictured upon the blanched face of every corpse, while many of them could hardly be recognized, they had been so mangled. This was on the morning of the 12th of April and toward 8 o'clock the rough usage which the strong steamship Retriever had received during the previous night began to tell upon her. The incessant action of the pumps for many hours did not keep her from sinking rapidly. In the afternoon the ice broke up, and a passage toward the shore was opened. In order to reach the land before his ship foundered, Capt. Allston ordered his men to head her for the shore. They had hardly reached it before the good ship Retriever sunk to the bulwarks, and the water being shallow, she "keeled over." All hands escaped in the boats.

Capt. Allston brings a confirmatory account of the wreck of the Huntsman off the coast of Labrador; but information has been published concerning that disaster. He believes that the consequence of this wholesale ruin to the seal-hunting fleet of Newfoundland will steep that country again in the poverty and misery from which it has but recently arisen. The dreary news of so many wrecks, and the long catalogue of the dead, spreads desolation over the island, and has visited many a home with bitter grief and despair. But, says Capt. Allston, the whole has not yet been told. Hundreds of the fleet are still to be heard from, and their fate may be even as gloomy as that of the forty-one vessels known to be lost.

AN ABSURD CUSTOM.—If I could persuade all the young people of Elmira never to treat each other, nor be treated, I think one half of the danger from our strong drink would be gone. If I cannot get you to sign the total abstinence pledge, binding until you are twenty-five, I would be glad to have you promise three things: First, never to drink on the sly, alone; second, never to drink socially, treating or being treated; third, when you drink, do it openly, and in the presence of some man or woman whom you respect. Now, boys, if you wish to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other shop beside the liquor shop? Suppose, as you go by the post-office, you say, "Come, boys, come in and take some stamps." These stamps will do your friends a real good, and will cost you no more than drinks all round. Or go by the tailor's store and say: "Boys, come in and have a box of collars." Walk up to the counter, free and generous, and say, "What style will you have?" Why not treat to collars as well as treat to drinks? or go by a confectioner's and propose to treat to chocolate drops all round? or say, "I'll stand a jack-knife all around?" How does it happen that we have fallen into a habit, almost compulsory, of social drinking? You drink many a time when asked to, when really you do not want to. When a man has treated you, you feel mean and indebted, and keep a sort of account current in your mind, and treat him. And so is the use of just that agent, which at the very best is a dangerous one, you join hand in hand to help each other to ruin instead of hand in hand to help each other to temperance.—*T. K. Beecher.*

A SHEEP CHARMED BY A SNAKE.—A sheep, owned by a son of Mr. J. G. Fulton, at Mongaup Valley, Ulster county, was charmed by a milk snake. The animal was observed by Mr. Fulton apart from the flock, standing in a peculiar attitude so long, near a ledge of rocks, that he went to see what was the matter, when he discovered its attention directed to the snake. He succeeded in bringing down his snakeship. But the sheep acted strangely, and would not go with the flock, and finally fled to the woods, since which time it has been neither seen or heard of.

Prof. Newman is a wag. The English Anti-Tobacco Society, wanting evidence of the evil effects of the weed, took him into their service. He had never used the stuff in any form, and the arrangement was that he should take a good smoke, get sick, and then describe his horrible sensations in a course of lectures. The professor smoked his pipe about half an hour, but, singularly enough, he did not get sick at all, and, so far from being disgusted, just keeps up smoking, and the society folks are a little discouraged.

WE hear terrible calamities have occurred in India, which we sincerely trust have been exaggerated. The telegram says that accounts of the recent floods in Vellore show the number of casualties to be very much the reverse of exaggerated in the original statement. No less than a thousand lives are said to have been lost. Twelve thousand persons are houseless and three thousand destitute.

Glimpses of the Fashions.

Grenadines are very generally admired for overdresses, and those selling at 25 cents per yard make a handsome, delicate and lady-like dress. Very good black silk for lining these goods can be had at 75 cents and $1 per yard.

Japanese silks are sought for with considerable zeal. They are handsome in texture, but very apt to wrinkle and shrivel in damp weather, or, in sitting down, unless the greatest care is used to smooth out the skirt.

American, English and French prints are popular for home dresses. For an overdress, looped with black velvet bows, they are very stylish.

Satin striped cotton satines, are to be procured at low prices, will wear well and wash nicely.

Mohairs, in all colors, of fine, soft texture, can be had at 65c., and striped mohairs at 50c.

A new article in linen dress goods, shows hair line stripes of black upon a buff ground, or black, pink or blue stripes upon a white ground.

Box plaited blouse waists, made of buff linen, or battiste, trimmed with cluny lace, same color, will be fashionable and stylish for summer travelling.

Cascade bows, made of Valenciennes lace, retain their popularity, and are worn with standing ruffle or collar.

Handsome lace collars are made with deep points in front. Linen collars made in this way, display lace medallions set in the point, and edged around with fine embroidery.

The "Byron" and "Shakespeare" collars are also fashionable.

Regalias made of black velvet, edged with real lace, give a very dressy appearance to a plain toilet.

Lace sacques, worn over light colored silks, are exceedingly stylish.

The English walking stick parasols are used for morning, or the country, but are not admissible for full dress. Exquisite novelties are shown in changeable silk, with pearl or carved handles.

The prettiest gipsy hats for children are made of fluted ruffles of Swiss muslin, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. The hat forms a peak at the top, which is finished off with a bow and ends of Swiss, edged with lace. These are designed and made in the children's department of a large up-town dry goods house, and are selling at $1 50 each. There is a great demand for the sapphire and amethyst for rings.

The perfect ruby and emerald are more difficult to obtain than the diamond, and therefore their use must be rare.

Pearls are not as much sought for as in years ago, when it was not so easy to make imitations.

Solid gold jewelry is always fashionable, as it can be worn on all occasions with propriety, and with almost every style of dress.

Bishops of the M. E. Church.

The following are the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Board being completed by the last election:

Thomas A. Morris, elected in 1836.
Edmund S. James, elected in 1844.
Levi Scott, elected in 1852.
Matthew Simpson, elected in 1852
Osmond C. Baker, elected in 1852.
Edward R. Ames, elected in 1852.
John R. Roberts, Bishop of the Liberia (Africa) Colored Conference, elected in 1866.
Wm. L. Harres, of the Central Ohio Conference, elected May 21, 1872.
Thomas Bowen, President of the Asbury University, at Greenwich, Ind., elected May 21, 1872.
Randolph S. Foster, President of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., elected May 21, 1872.
Isaac W. Wiley, Editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, Cincinnati, O., elected May 21, 1872.
Stephen M. Merrill, Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, Cincinnati, O., elected May 22, 1872.
Edward G. Andrews, Pastor of Seventh Avenue Church, Brooklyn