

Selected Poetry.

NBODY'S DARLING.
Little and pallid, and poor and shy,
With a downcast look in her soft blue eye;
No scornful frown of a queenly head,
But a drooping bend of the neck instead;
No ringing laugh, and no dancing feet,
No subtle wiles, and no garments fine—
She is nobody's darling—but mine!

No "Dolly Varden" coquetish airs;
No high-heeled boots to throw her down stairs;
No rickety jacket and becoming style,
With a sailor's hat that she calls her "title";
But "Lady" is stamped on her quiet brow;
And she creeps in her heart I can't tell how;
Not made to dazzle—not born to shine—
Nobody's—nobody's darling—but mine!

No saucy, roving, and beauty race;
No giddy gambles on the roulette table;
No reckless calm on the sweet, pale face;
No sparkling chat and rippling tale;
Very silent and still is she,
White and still is my heart of pearl;
Yet to me she is the queen of girls;
Why I love her I can't define.
For she's nobody's—nobody's darling—but mine!

We're richers here, or a beauty race;
She would lose her head to become less fair;
We're kings to shine on those fingers small;
They would not add to their grace at all;
In his domestic life she was even more penurious,
And people wondered how he managed
to work so hard without eating meat,
It was a well known fact that a butcher rarely
stopped at his house; indeed, the grocer as-
serted that he never had, and gave it as
his opinion that he never would while stingy
Hiram lived. Many agreed with him,
for Hiram Watson was not liked among his neighbors.

The Story Teller.

THE MISER AND THE DIAMONDS.

Hiram Watson was a miser—not in the common acceptance of the term, perhaps, for he had no heaps of gold to gloat over, but he had a well stocked farm, a substantial house, and a few hundred pounds in the bank. That, these, as far as they could, served a similar purpose, for he kept his animals as cheaply as possible, and evaded the law, and sat up nights to mend his tools, that he might save the paltry sums which would otherwise have gone to the village blacksmith.

In his domestic life he was even more penurious, and people wondered how he managed to work so hard without eating meat, it was a well known fact that a butcher rarely stopped at his house; indeed, the grocer asserted that he never had, and gave it as his opinion that he never would while stingy Hiram lived. Many agreed with him, for Hiram Watson was not liked among his neighbors.

Curious as the men were concerning Hiram, the women were even more so regarding his daughter, Emma, who was bright-eyed, comely, white and plump of arms. Nature had been lavish in its gifts, and art supplied the most delicate touch in elegance of apparel. Where Emma Watson got those fine clothes was the mystery which any girl in Lynde would have worked four days out of six to have found out. The suggestion that Hiram Watson had one soft spot in his heart was met and treated with infinite scorn.

It was evening. Emma, in a light dress, with white collar and apron, and her long brown hair flowing over her shoulders, stood at the cottage door awaiting her father. Presently he came, a tall, thin, broad-shouldered man, with crisp hair and beard, and avarice and obduracy painted on every feature.

"Tired, papa?" said the maiden, pleasantly. "No; what put that idea into your head?" he growled, standing his rake against the house. "I'm never tired. Dressed up, ain't you? Humph! Well, it don't come out of my pocket. What have you got to eat?" "Brown bread and pickled artichokes." "Good enough for anybody. I ain't very hungry to-night, though. Suppose you've had your supper, ain't you?" "Yes," said Emma, with much docility. "What did you have?" he queried, half in anger, half in awe.

"Plumb-cake, apple-pie and tea," rejoined Emma, with a quiet smile.

"Waste—waste; you'll be ill next," he muttered, as he entered the house. "Ugh! what idiots people are. My stomach is never out of order."

"I'm glad of it, papa," she said mildly, yet with provoking sarcasm.

"Hold your tongue, girl!" he commanded, scowling. "I don't want to hear your useless talk. Sit broke a rake this afternoon, the stupid fellow, and as I haven't the tools to mend it with, I must send it to the blacksmith. That'll cost tenpence or a shilling, but I'll make it up—I'll make it up."

He struck his fist against the table by way of emphasis, and shut his teeth, as if seeking to control some great grief. Then, with a long-drawn sigh, he made a dash for the door, and he saw Emma, evidently disgusted, and not a little pained, took down her hat from its nail and moved silently from the room. Once in the open air a look of eager expectation animated her fair features, and she hurried down the little lawn at the side of the house with joyous steps. Suddenly she paused and blushed, for there, leaning on the bars that served as an entrance from the field to the lawn, stood a young man, and she found that he had noted her haste. For the purpose of counteracting the white of his head, he was slowly, looking to the left and right, as if seeking an object on which to fix her attention, but never glancing ahead.

"You darling little roger! Why don't you look at me, and coming hastily forward, he clasped her hands and gazed tenderly into her face.

"You here, Willie?" she exclaimed, with a little scream of surprise. "Oh! you almost frightened me. Look at you, indeed! I dread of the presence of any human being!" "But you knew I ought to be here."

"Yes," she responded; "with that air of girlish innocence which is so charming at times." "And you would have been so sorry if I had been missing?" he queried, wistfully. "I shouldn't wonder," partially dropping her eyes and tossing her head just carelessly enough to make her manner perplexing.

For a few moments they conversed in low tones, then they took seats on a large stone at the other side of the bars.

"No, indeed," she replied, laughing. "My aunt sends them to me ready made. She also sends me money. I believe I should starve if she did not, and a flush of mortification swept over her face and tears started to her eyes.

"Forgive me, dearest; I did not mean to pain you," he murmured regretfully.

"I know you did not," she sobbed, "and I tried to laugh it off at first, but I—I couldn't. Oh! dear, it hurts me so to think how—how close father is, and how miserable he makes himself; but what can I do? I have begged him to be even natural, and prayed him to use the comforts of life which Heaven has so kindly given us, but he won't. I feel that people dislike us, and I know they wonder about me, but I can't go to them and say: 'My aunt loves me more than my father does; my aunt loved my mother when she was alive more than my father did'—indeed, I cannot! So I must bear it all as best I can. I try to be cheerful, because I know that repining will only increase my grief, but at times I get weary, then I don't care much for anything."

Another burst of tears followed her concluding words, and she rested her head upon her lover's shoulder and wept as if her heart were broken.

"My Emma, my own, do not give way to

your feelings. Remember that, in a short time, you will be mine, then you will at least be free from these cares, and all others that I can control."

"We know we both hope so," she said, as if oppressed with some grave doubt of the future.

"Why do you speak so sadly? Can aught stop us, Emma?"

"Oh! I don't know," she answered, in a low but intense voice. "We cannot tell what strange improbability will soon assume living shape. Life is full of mysteries, deceits and contradictions. We rest contented now on something that will fill us in an hour. But about—I do not mean to moralize. I must go home, Willie, the shadows are coming heavily down. You will walk with me a little way."

"Gladly, darling," he replied, with a glance of mingled love and admiration. "But you must not allow your fancies to assume the form of realities. You have care enough now, draw nothing from the future; if trials are there they will come soon enough. Think only of your love, for it is pure and true, and will yet bless us."

She raised her brown eyes thankfully, received his parting caress, and hurried back to the house. As she entered the sitting room she paused suddenly, for her father was conversing with a stranger in one corner of the apartment, and was much excited. Upon drawing nearer she beheld the light of a candle, and knew that they were examining something. What could it be that could tempt her father to be thus wasteful? He never allowed a light unless he had tools to mend, and then, if possible, he always put it off until a moon-light night.

She stood still for a moment, impressed with a woe more painful than the circumstances would seem to warrant. Then she sank quietly into a chair and anxiously watched the two figures, who nodded, gesticulated, and conversed with each other in low tones.

Sudden Hiram Watson turned round, and seeing his daughter, gave vent to an exclamation of surprise. Emma thought that his eyes were unusually bright and his face very pale. She said nothing, however, but directed her gaze upon the stranger.

Unaccountably to herself, she felt that she had seen him before, that his face was in some way interwoven with her own. Her father resumed his former position, and whispered earnestly with his companion. The latter shook his head affirmatively, and Hiram Watson rubbed his hard hands with delight and ejaculated:

"Come here girl—here! Oh! the pretty things—you'll like them when you look—Come!"

Mechanically she obeyed, and stood between her father and the stranger. The latter opened a box, which contained a dozen bright coins, and set it down under the rays of the candle. Emma glanced from the stones to the face of the man who owned them. They, she had seen him before; he had many interviews with her father. An involuntary tremor passed over her frame, and she sought to move away.

"Oh! the little darlings," muttered Hiram Watson, taking one between his thumb and forefinger and watching its scintillation with a covetousness that almost approximated to rony. "Oh! it shines! Em, my girl; wouldn't that look nice on your neck? What would the villagers say, eh? Oh! the bright one! What—what did you say that was worth, Mr. Jeffries?"

"Five hundred pounds," he answered, smoothing his long beard, and smiling toward the maiden.

"Worth a farm—a whole farm! Em, my girl, how would you like 'em all—'all' and be clutched her by the arm and gazed upon her with wild anxiety.

"What a fine man, father!" she cried in alarm, and sought to break away.

"You frighten the child," interposed Mr. Jeffries, reprovingly. "She takes your enthusiasm for menace. Pray be careful, my dear sir."

"Oh! yes; you ain't frightened, Emmy, are you? Of course you ain't. There, we'll say no more about it. Put 'em up, Mr. Jeffries; they dazzle my eyes, hang me if they don't."

And with one parting glance at the glistening hoards, he folded his arms and dropped his head, his head thrown forward upon his breast.

His terrible passion for gain was working; it flashed from his eyes; it stood out with the cords upon his face; it seemed to come with his breath and carry a nameless terror to the breast of the child who stood before him. Unable, at length, to endure the influence which infected the atmosphere of the room, she arose and hastened to her chamber. Throwing herself upon her bed, she buried her face in the pillow and wept, starting at intervals at the slightest sound.

Two hours might have passed and she was just becoming quiet and thinking about retiring when a knock at the door swelled the host of harrowing feelings that had previously tormented her. She waited for a moment, deliberating if it were best to speak, and during the time her father entered and approached her couch. She started back instinctively and lay close to the wall, for there was something in his look that horrified her.

"Did you know what I meant to-night?" he asked in a knowing voice, while his fingers worked to and fro restlessly. "Did you? Don't speak falsely now. You can't help it. You saw the diamonds! Hist! Together they are worth five thousand pounds. Oh! didn't they shine? The owner sleeps here to-night! He is a good man, a handsome man. He wants—Emmy, do you hear?" He reached forward and grasped her arm. "He wants to marry you! Say yes, and they will be yours, and your father can look at me all the while. Emmy, will you have him?"

"Oh! father, dear father, don't ask me," she implored, clasping her hands. "Oh! I pray you have mercy, I—I cannot!"

"What? Eh? Won't?" His face became livid; his eyes distended. "Then I'll kill him, for I'll have the stones somehow. Look! I've got it sharp—it'll cut hair! He sleeps! What do you say?"

As he spoke he drew a long butcher's knife from his sleeve, and held it up before her, testing its keen edge on his thumb.

"Oh! Heaven, my father is mad!" she moaned, and pressed her hand to her head and closed her eyes.

"Speak, girl! I can see them shine and glitter! Five thousand pounds! Twelve diamonds! Ha! but the knife is keen—I've just ground it? What? What? I wait!"

Avarice had made a demon of him. She uncovered her eyes and glanced timidly toward him. Murder was written on his every feature. She trembled—hesitated—prayed—and then, with every nerve vibrated with the agony that permeated her being, she gasped:

"I will. Give me the knife."

Another instant of horror and anguish, then in a quivering voice she repeated her words. He chuckled, laughed, danced up and down, and pressed her to his breast with a gratification little short of maniacal. Emma sought to quiet him, and begged him to leave the room and allow her to sleep. At length he consented, and throwing the knife upon the bed, he staggered from the apartment, weak with the passion that consumed him.

She lay in bed, and Emma slept fitfully; at frequent intervals she awoke quivering with fear, then slept again; and thus the dreadful night exhausted itself, and the sun once more arose. But all nature seemed

black, and the voices of the birds seemed like harsh mockeries when Emma looked out of her little window and thought of the fate in store for her. If she could only get word to Hiram Watson, or Willie as she called him. But Hiram Watson, as if confident that she would attempt to escape, remained at home all day and kept a strict watch upon her, and locked her into her room when she retired at night. The next day he was a little more lenient, and Emma obtained an opportunity to send to Dr. Raymond.

What was her dismay to learn that he had gone to London and was not expected back at present. Gone without a word to her. Was this his boasted love? This the care and protection that he vowed to give her? Then despair came. Hope was dead, and her spirit longed to keep it company.

Sold! The price a handful of glittering stones. They might be diamonds, they might not; it was all the same. Even her master was unknown to her; he might be a thief, a forger, anything, it could make no particular difference.

The days went on, and Hiram Watson still remained at home, and the stranger lingered about the house. The neighbors wondered, gossiped and questioned, and went so far as to peer in at the cottage windows. The whole town was crazy to know "what on earth" kept Hiram at home, and at last they found out, for the town clerk revealed the fact that a marriage license had been procured for Emma Watson and Herbert Jeffries. That was enough. Women ran to each other's homes and discussed the matter.

In the meantime Emma suffered everything but death. Two weeks had flown and Willie had not returned or even written a word. He had deserted her. The fact was clear enough; it needed no corroboration. The dreadful morning came at last, and Emma prepared herself for the sacrifice. Hiram Watson was swaggering through the house attired in his best, and counting the value of the diamonds upon his fingers.

Mr. Jeffries had gone to the village inn on business and had not yet returned, although it was nearly time for them to start for the church. A faint hope that he would come back, and set it down under the rays of the candle, Emma glanced from the stones to the face of the man who owned them. They, she had seen him before; he had many interviews with her father. An involuntary tremor passed over her frame, and she sought to move away.

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Miscellaneous Reading.

MATRIMONIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Those superstitions which are found in this country are mostly importations from the old world, where they are still rife. Great Britain is not a whit behind the other nations of Europe in the variety and absurdity of its superstitious observances, especially of those relating to marriage, the subject which has most charms for the young. Some active contributors to *Chamber's Journal* and to *Notes and Queries* have recently exercised their patience in collecting these matrimonial saws and proverbs, and from the number of them it is evident that the schoolmaster will have to work hard and long to eradicate them.

The greater portion originated, probably, in the fertile brains of fortune tellers, who imposed certain observances upon their credulous customers, on pretence of bringing about speedy marriage. Others may have been derived from accidental coincidence of good or bad luck with some actual occurrence. Others, again, are evidently the remains of ancient religious ceremonies. Of the latter is the practice of the women of Arroyo, in the county of Durham, who immediately after the marriage ceremony seat themselves in an ancient oak chair, and to have belonged to the venerable Bede, if they omit doing this, they will not have children. So is the abstaining from marrying in Lent, and upon Innocent's Day and St. Joseph's Day. "Marry in Lent, and you'll repent," is a very old proverb.

Perhaps the belief that certain months and days are more propitious for marriage than others, is derived from the Romans, who observed their *dies fasti et nefasti*, lucky and unlucky days. June was their favorite month, and the eighth day, the Ides of June, was considered the most propitious for marriage of all the months in the year; but that prosaic record, the Registrar General's Report, shows that May is now the month which boasts of supremacy in this respect. Anyhow, there is little heed given to the ungallant reminder that no man enters the holy state without repenting before the year is out. In England, among the country lasses, each day of the week has its good or bad character; thus, if money be desired, Monday is the best day; if health, Tuesday; if happiness, Wednesday; if success, Thursday; if a husband, Friday; if crosses, those on Friday in losses; and those on Saturday have no luck at all.

Friday is looked upon as an unlucky day by all classes among the uneducated; no man will begin building a house, and no sailor will go to sea on that day, if he can help it. The Book of Days cites an old manuscript of the fifteenth century for the superstition that there are thirty-two days in the year on which it is unadvisable to marry; these days are: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; February 7, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

was administered to the patient, and he was led to believe himself in a very critical situation, liable to die at any time. Thoroughly frightened and conscious stricken, he desired the attendance of a clergyman, who pointed out the just necessity of repentance, and at this juncture the wife appeared and besought the wretched man to repair the great wrong he had done her husband. Believing himself near his end, he did so, making a deposition before a magistrate to the effect that he had before a magistrate to the country furnishing surplus money to his various agents. Seeing the horse in Missouri, he was very desirous of buying them, and, though it was contrary to his custom to issue the money himself, he on this occasion did so. And with the necessary documents, the brave woman returned and speedily secured the release of her husband.

A NEW HORROR—A FEROCIOUS PARASITE TAKEN FROM A MAN'S LEG.—A short time ago a sailor was sent to the city hospital from the British bark, *Guinea*, who was supposed to be suffering from a sore leg. The man had been ailing for near three months, but none of his shipmates supposed that there was anything serious the matter with him. Accordingly, when a few days before his removal to the hospital, he declared himself unable to walk about, the captain of the ship supposed that he was endeavoring to make an excuse for getting away from the vessel, that he might be left in port, the ship being prepared to sail in a few days. When removed to the hospital, the man's right leg was very much swollen and manifested all the symptoms of erysipelas, for which malady his affection was at first mistaken. At the end of a few days, however, an abscess formed upon the inner side of the ankle from which, after it had burst, protruded about three inches of a white membranous-looking substance, about an eighth of an inch in diameter. This singular manifestation induced a careful examination of the leg, which developed the fact that the man was afflicted with the *Guinea*, or Guinea worm. This is a horrible parasite, often found along the shores of the Indian Ocean, Red Sea, and certain portions of the Mediterranean. It infests damp and muddy soils and impure water, and generally attacks the feet and legs, but sometimes other portions of the body. At the time that it forsakes its native element for the more luxurious habitation of flesh and blood, it is scarcely larger than a common flea; but, having once buried itself beneath the skin, it grows with alarming rapidity, and will attain a size varying from six inches to six feet in length, by one-twelfth to one-eighth of an inch in diameter. It lies dormant until it reaches the age of maturity, after which it commences a series of wanderings and meanderings about the muscles and bones, which causes intense pain to the unsuspecting victim. It always travels downward, and with such rapidity that it will sometimes travel the whole length of the human frame in twenty-four hours. It will sometimes come to the surface and lie under the skin like a long white cord; but should the surgeon attempt to cut it, it will always break, and leaving a hole in the skin, it will elude his grasp and scamper away with the agility of an eel. If a portion of the worm is removed, the remaining portion will not die, but continue as gay and lively as ever. The first symptoms of the Guinea worm are a disagreeable itching and irritation of the infected parts. After it begins to move about, its paths are followed by external abscesses, and when the paths lie along the stomach, internal abscesses also, which always ultimately endeavor to leave the system by working its way through the skin, generally near the ankle, but this is only after it has left ten to fifteen years behind. The usual number of worms that are found in one case on record, however, of a man dying from the effects of the Guinea worm, whose body and skin were nothing but a network of these horrid creatures. Death rarely results from the ravages of this worm, when it does, it is generally the result of some disease produced by the inflammation and other effects of the worm's wanderings. The Guinea worm does not confine its ravages to man, but will also attack dogs and horses. The sailor in question made a voyage to the Eastern coast of Africa, about six months ago, and while there received the parasites into his system. One of these worms has already been extracted from his right leg, but another has made its appearance in the left. He is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances. This is probably the first case of the kind ever known in Charleston.—*Charleston News.*

GENERAL SCOTT ON THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—Colonel Schuyler Hamilton, the military secretary of General Scott in 1861, recently made the following statement about the first battle of Bull Run:

"Our unprepared condition General Scott urged upon the President and his cabinet, especially at a meeting called to consider the military views on many means to impress his views on those in authority at that time, notably General McDowell. As General Scott's military secretary, I had opportunities of knowing much. At the cabinet meeting referred to, Postmaster General Blair said, as I was told, in opposition to General Scott's views, that he could march to Richmond with 10,000 men armed with lath. 'Yes,' said General Scott, 'as prisoners of war; not otherwise.'"

"When the battle was fought and lost, President Lincoln and most of his cabinet, especially many of the members of General Scott's staff, were crowded to General Scott's quarters. There was a memorable interview. After some interchange of greetings, General Scott remarked he did not see the member of the cabinet who had proposed to march to Richmond with 10,000 men armed with lath. He presumed he had changed his views. He proceeded: 'Mr. President, I perceive there is error in high quarters. It is wholly unnecessary. I can hold the capital, in any event, against any force the enemy can bring, especially with the aid of the vessel of war now lying in the Potomac. I beg to assure you, Mr. President, and all others here, the enemy cannot move. I am well advised that they have no transportation. Armies cannot move without it. Soldiers are not like birds of the air, furnished with wings—they cannot fly. Some person in the crowd remarked, 'Our cowardly soldiers had fled, wings or no wings.' General Scott drew himself up like a noble old iron and roared: 'I hear some noble bravely until seized with a panic, which, Mr. President, you will remember, I strenuously urged upon you as the danger, the great danger, incurred in sending undisciplined men, however brave, into battle. As cowards, I deny it, and declare that the only coward was Winfield Scott, who should have handed his resignation to your excellency, Mr. President, rather than to allow a battle to be fought against his long tried judgment and experience. If there was any coward, I was that coward.' There was profound silence. The President was deeply moved, and being a kind hearted man, took the blame upon himself, not yielding to General Scott's earnest and sage advice; but, said he, 'the cry, 'On to Richmond,' was too much for me.'"

ELLEGANCE DOES NOT MAKE A HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there was never a chair too good for a cobbler, or cooper, or king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous suit, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my bread at the head of a battle, in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume my pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but a beauty of garment, house and furniture, is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real, hearty love, than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsters of the world could gather together.—*Theodore Parker.*

STRANGE CASE.—We learn from a southern paper, that there was a colored man living near Paola, Mississippi, who treated religion with more levity than solemnity, and was wont to fish on Sundays. Being once in quest of some weeks ago, he replied irreverently that he would go the next Sunday morning, "before God gets up, and catch a nice string of fish." Accordingly, on the following Sunday morning he repaired to the banks of the Tallahatchee river very early and threw his baited hook and line into the river. Scarcely had he done so when there was a violent tug at his hook, and a counter pull from the shore brought to the surface of the water a huge blue-cooler, which fishing all the days of your life, till God gets up, and then disappear. The man, at the time all the efforts drag the unfortunate fisherman from the bank of the river have proved unavailing. It is evident that he labors under a strange hallucination, but he insists it is the judgment of the Almighty, and that he must continue angling in that spot until he receives absolution from his offended Maker.

FEMALE DELICACY.—Above other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of; which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction of its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense. But the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women as in the society of men—which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with plainness and kindness, of that which it would be ashamed to smile or blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another, and which understands also how and when to receive one—that delicacy which can give alms without assumption, and which pains not the most susceptible being in creation.

INTERESTING COTTON STATISTICS.—During the last thirty-two years, the first cotton bloom occurred May 17, in 1841-42, when the total crop was 2,575,000 bales. The next earliest was May 25, 1843-44. The total crop in that year was 2,394,000 bales. In 1856-57, when the first bloom occurred as late as June 24, the crop was 3,075,000 bales. The first killing frost during the same period occurred October 12, in 1844-45. The first bloom in that season was 2,100,000 bales. In 1871-72, the first killing frost occurred November 15, or three days earlier than in the season immediately preceding it. Three was raised that year 2,974,000 bales, against 4,347,000 in 1870-71. In 1845-46 there was a short crop. The first bloom occurred June 10, and the killing frost happened October 19, at the same time that it did in 1843-44, when the first bloom was recorded May 25, and the total crop 2,394,000 bales, against 1,787,000 bales in 1845-46.

black, and the voices of the birds seemed like harsh mockeries when Emma looked out of her little window and thought of the fate in store for her. If she could only get word to Hiram Watson, or Willie as she called him. But Hiram Watson, as if confident that she would attempt to escape, remained at home all day and kept a strict watch upon her, and locked her into her room when she retired at night. The next day he was a little more lenient, and Emma obtained an opportunity to send to Dr. Raymond.

What was her dismay to learn that he had gone to London and was not expected back at present. Gone without a word to her. Was this his boasted love? This the care and protection that he vowed to give her? Then despair came. Hope was dead, and her spirit longed to keep it company.

Sold! The price a handful of glittering stones. They might be diamonds, they might not; it was all the same. Even her master was unknown to her; he might be a thief, a forger, anything, it could make no particular difference.

The days went on, and Hiram Watson still remained at home, and the stranger lingered about the house. The neighbors wondered, gossiped and questioned, and went so far as to peer in at the cottage windows. The whole town was crazy to know "what on earth" kept Hiram at home, and at last they found out, for the town clerk revealed the fact that a marriage license had been procured for Emma Watson and Herbert Jeffries. That was enough. Women ran to each other's homes and discussed the matter.

In the meantime Emma suffered everything but death. Two weeks had flown and Willie had not returned or even written a word. He had deserted her. The fact was clear enough; it needed no corroboration. The dreadful morning came at last, and Emma prepared herself for the sacrifice. Hiram Watson was swaggering through the house attired in his best, and counting the value of the diamonds upon his fingers.

Mr. Jeffries had gone to the village inn on business and had not yet returned, although it was nearly time for them to start for the church. A faint hope that he would come back, and set it down under the rays of the candle, Emma glanced from the stones to the face of the man who owned them. They, she had seen him before; he had many interviews with her father. An involuntary tremor passed over her frame, and she sought to move away.

"Oh! the little darlings," muttered Hiram Watson, taking one between his thumb and forefinger and watching its scintillation with a covetousness that almost approximated to rony. "Oh! it shines! Em, my girl; wouldn't that look nice on your neck? What would the villagers say, eh? Oh! the bright one! What—what did you say that was worth, Mr. Jeffries?"

"Five hundred pounds," he answered, smoothing his long beard, and smiling toward the maiden.

"Worth a farm—a whole farm! Em, my girl, how would you like 'em all—'all' and be clutched her by the arm and gazed upon her with wild anxiety.

"What a fine man, father!" she cried in alarm, and sought to break away.

"You frighten the child," interposed Mr. Jeffries, reprovingly. "She takes your enthusiasm for menace. Pray be careful, my dear sir."

"Oh! yes; you ain't frightened, Emmy, are you? Of course you ain't. There, we'll say no more about it. Put 'em up, Mr. Jeffries; they dazzle my eyes, hang me if they don't."

And with one parting glance at the glistening hoards, he folded his arms and dropped his head, his head thrown forward upon his breast.

His terrible passion for gain was working; it flashed from his eyes; it stood out with the cords upon his face; it seemed to come with his breath and carry a nameless terror to the breast of the child who stood before him. Unable, at length, to endure the influence which infected the atmosphere of the room, she arose and hastened to her chamber. Throwing herself upon her bed, she buried her face in the pillow and wept, starting at intervals at the slightest sound.

Two hours might have passed and she was just becoming quiet and thinking about retiring when a knock at the door swelled the host of harrowing feelings that had previously tormented her. She waited for a moment, deliberating if it were best to speak, and during the time her father entered and approached her couch. She started back instinctively and lay close to the wall, for there was something in his look that horrified her.

"Did you know what I meant to-night?" he asked in a knowing voice, while his fingers worked to and fro restlessly. "Did you? Don't speak falsely now. You can't help it. You saw the diamonds! Hist! Together they are worth five thousand pounds. Oh! didn't they shine? The owner sleeps here to-night! He is a good man, a handsome man. He wants—Emmy, do you hear?" He reached forward and grasped her arm. "He wants to marry you! Say yes, and they will be yours, and your father can look at me all the while. Emmy, will you have him?"

"Oh! father, dear father, don't ask me," she implored, clasping her hands. "Oh! I pray you have mercy, I—I cannot!"

"What? Eh? Won't?" His face became livid; his eyes distended. "Then I'll kill him, for I'll have the stones somehow. Look! I've got it sharp—it'll cut hair! He sleeps! What do you say?"

As he spoke he drew a long butcher's knife from his sleeve, and held it up before her, testing its keen edge on his thumb.

"Oh! Heaven, my father is mad!" she moaned, and pressed her hand to her head and closed her eyes.

"Speak, girl! I can see them shine and glitter! Five thousand pounds! Twelve diamonds! Ha! but the knife is keen—I've just ground it? What? What? I wait!"

Avarice had made a demon of him. She uncovered her eyes and glanced timidly toward him. Murder was written on his every feature. She trembled—hesitated—prayed—and then, with every nerve vibrated with the agony that permeated her being, she gasped:

"I will. Give me the knife."

Another instant of horror and anguish, then in a quivering voice she repeated her words. He chuckled, laughed, danced up and down, and pressed her to his breast with a gratification little short of maniacal. Emma sought to quiet him, and begged him to leave the room and allow her to sleep. At length he consented, and throwing the knife upon the bed, he staggered from the apartment, weak with the passion that consumed him.

She lay in bed, and Emma slept fitfully; at frequent intervals she awoke quivering with fear, then slept again; and thus the dreadful night exhausted itself, and the sun once more arose. But all nature seemed

black, and the voices of the birds seemed like harsh mockeries when Emma looked out of her little window and thought of the fate in store for her. If she could only get word to Hiram Watson, or Willie as she called him. But Hiram Watson, as if confident that she would attempt to escape, remained at home all day and kept a strict watch upon her, and locked her into her room when she retired at night. The next day he was a little more lenient, and Emma obtained an opportunity to send to Dr. Raymond.

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