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HORS DE COMBAT.

UPON my sole, I've walked so much,
Since horses have been hoarse,
I feel like some pedestrian sport
In training on the course.

I've wore my boots to sandals, and
The sand's all in my feet;
My calves won't work, if oxen do.
For horses on the street.

Such "pilgrim's progress" as this is
Make each man "bunion" hate;
And, though a strict teetotaler,
He's corned in spite of Fate.

Forgotten now is horsemanship,
And drivin's a lost art,
Hotels can't furnish carriages,
They 've nothing but the *carte*.

The price of leather's going up,
At a most fearful rate,
And every cow hide's quivering
Lest shafts should be her fate.

No car 'os now will carry us,
Urged by the driver's whacks;
O for the wings Icarus had,
Although they went by wax!

Then let us hope that horses may
Be freed from present woes,
And running on their feet again,
Instead of at their nose.

LIFE WITHOUT AN ATMOSPHERE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HOW wearily the grind of toil goes on
Where love is wanted; how the eye and ear
And heart are starved amidst the plenitude
Of Nature, and how hard and colorless
Is life without an atmosphere! I look
Across the lap of half a century,
And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower
Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,
Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in the place
Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose
And the honeysuckle; where the housewalls seemed
Blistering in the sun, without a tree or vine
To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves
Across the curtainless windows from whose panes
Fluttered the signal rays of shiftlessness:
Within, the cluttered kitchen floor, unwashed,
Broom-clean I think they call it; the best room
Stifling with cellar-damp, shut from the air
In hot mid-summer, bookless, pictureless,
Save the inevitable sampler hung
Over the fire-place, of a mourning piece,
A green-haired woman, peony-cheek, beneath
Impossible willows; the wide-throated hearth
Bristling with faded pine boughs half concealing
The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back;
And, in sad keeping with all things about them,
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
With scarce a human interest save their own
Monotonous round of small economies,
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,
Treading the May flowers with regardless feet;
For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink
Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves;
For them in vain October's holocaust
Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills
The sacramental mystery of the woods.
Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,
Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls
And winter pork with the least possible outlay
Of salt and sanctity; in daily life
Showing as little actual comprehension
Of Christian charity and love and duty,
As if the sermon on the Mount had been
Outdated like a last year's Almanac:
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,
And yet so pinched and bare and comfortless,
The veriest straggler limping on his rounds,
The sun and air his sole inheritance,
Laughed at a poverty that paid its taxes,
And hugged his rags in self-complacency!

UNTINTED TIMES.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

The name attached to the following musical and sympathetic verses, from current print, has often before challenged, in equally creditable association, a higher and more specific recognition than that usually given it by the provincial press. The lines have occasional jars of diction and rhythm, but rise to an ambitious rank in art as a just and beautiful expression of the most natural sentiment of the Month in which the nearly vanished Year strikes its tattered colors, leaving only the gaunt pine, of all the emerald legion, to epitaph departed summer-life and symbolize Eternity:

NOVEMBER.

THE red sun gathered up his beams
To bid the withered earth farewell,
And voices from the swelling streams
Are ringing with the evening bell;
The cold lake throbs with restless grief
Where late the water lilies grew,
While autumn fowl, and autumn leaf,
Are sailing down the river blue.

Forsaken are the woodland shrines,
The birds to warmer lands have fled,
And winds are wailing through the pines
A dirge for summer's glorious dead;
E'en man forsakes his daily strife,
And muses on the radiance flown,
As if in nature's changing life
He saw the picture of his own.

I often think, at this dim hour,
As evening weeps her earliest tear,
And sunset gilds the naked bower,
And waves are breaking cold and clear,
Of that glad time, whose memory dwells
Like starlight o'er life's hazy tide,
When side by side we roamed the dell
Of dear New England's ocean side.

'Twas on old Plymouth's storied shore,
One calm November night with thee,
I watched the long light trembling o'er
The billows of the eastern sea;
The weary day had sunk to rest
Beyond the lines of leafless wood,
And guardian clouds from South to West
Arrayed in hues of crimson stood.

We climbed the hills of noble graves,
Where the stern patriarchs of the land
Seemed listening to the same grand waves
That freed them from th' oppressor's hand;
We talked of spirits pure and kind,
With gentle forms and loving eyes,
Of happy homes we left behind
In vales beneath the western skies.

A few brief days—and when the earth
Grew white around the traveler's feet,
And bright fires blazed on every hearth,
We parted never more to meet
Until I go where thou art gone,
From this dark world of death and blight,
And walk with thee above the sun
That sank upon the graves to-night.

I hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of Time;
They bear a train of smiles and tears,
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime;
But future years may never fling
A treasure from their passing hours,
Like those that come on sleepless wing
From memory's golden plain of flowers.

The morning breeze of long ago
Sweeps o'er my brain with soft control,
Fanning the embers to a glow
Amidst the ashes round my soul;
And by the dim and flickering light
I see thy beauteous form appear,
Like one returned from wanderings bright,
To bless my lonely moments here.

Miss Marigold's Thanksgiving.

BY MISS HOPKINS.

MARIGOLD.—That was all the sign said, but in the window there were a box of plumes, half a dozen rolls of ribbon, and two standard frames, upholding, in modest display, the one a satin, and the other a velvet bonnet.

It is true the window was small, and the light a good deal cut off by the shop of Pinkham Sisters, adjoining Miss Marigold's, and built farther out into the street; the plumes were a little thin and faded, the colors of the ribbons were not arranged so as to harmonize into any very happy effect, and the bonnets could not be said to have much of an "air," but, such as they were, they told the story and invited customers in. And when once in, there was something about Miss Mary Marigold that made them pretty sure to buy, if the stock at all approached what they wanted.

But the stock was so small that it often failed to do so; that was the very trouble in Miss Marigold's business, and one that was constantly reflecting its difficulty back upon itself, so that the occasions when she heard the tinkle of the little bell at the door, and put down her work to come in from the back room only to say that she had'nt what was wanted, or that she had'nt it in just that shade, or precisely the width, outnumbered her sales a good many times, and were rather discouraging to the customers. But not in the least so to Miss Marigold. She said good afternoon, and what an unusually pleasant day it was, and went back to her little room with just as bright a smile, and began humming just as serene a little tune as when she had made an extraordinary sale, or as if the trip had'nt given her lame knee a good deal of pain. And the customers went on to the larger shop that cut off Miss Marigold's light, really regretting that they could not have bought of her. The old patrons knew very well what it was they preferred in Miss Marigold, but further than her smile, the new ones would have found it difficult to tell, for she hardly talked at all; while at the next door one of the Pinkham Sisters not only talked a great deal, but the other maintained a position she was known to have held for years,—just one pace and a half behind her sister's right elbow, on the next breadth in the carpet,—and repeated every word she said in a voice pitched just one key higher.

But this morning Miss Marigold was neither making sales in the front shop nor repairing bonnets in the little sitting-room behind: she had been a wonderful time brushing up the rather ancient carpet of the smaller room, and watering her clove pink, and just now she seemed to be giving her whole attention to something at the little table that stood on a certain seam in the carpet where was drawn, in Miss Marigold's imagination, the dividing line between kitchen and sitting-room.

It was Thanksgiving morning, and as it is quite a matter to get dinner properly even for one, Miss Marigold wished to have it well under way before she dressed for church, so that she might neither be late nor disturbed in her mind during the services.

The poet says:

"The mind of man doth move amazing quick;"

and though like most poets he made no allowance in his rhythm for that of woman, Miss Marigold's, the instant she placed the little saucepan on the table, repassed the space of all the years since her girlhood; those days so long gone by were like the very touch of things around her, and only the present seemed far away and dim. Such a stretching of the table to make room for the scattered ones come home; such handsome, hilarious brothers, grown so manly since the year before; such odors from the kitchen, and ranges of everything in the pantries, and such wandering of thoughts toward them before the seventy-five minute sermon in the church was done! Then there were the endless tricks and mischief of the brothers, and the sleigh-ride in the afternoon, and such doings in the evening as no pen could describe, and somebody else beside the brothers who was sure to come, and a sweet placid face, with folds of whiter muslin fastened underneath the chin, that smiled peace and benediction over all. The little saucepan was the talisman that had brought them back, and set Miss Marigold in their very midst again.

"Such changes!" she said at last, and wiped her eyes with a napkin scarcely whiter than the snowy table where it lay.

But it wasn't at all about the changes that Miss Marigold wanted the napkin; it was only on account of the onion she was peeling. Perhaps another person would not have chosen that vegitable for their special treat; but Miss Marigold had naturally quite a weakness that way, and the reasonable objection to them she considered quite removed by her solitary life. "So wonderful," she used to say to herself, "how can one find a bright side to everything in this world. Now if one *must* live quite alone, that to be sure gives a shadowy feeling now and then, but how perfectly one can enjoy an onion!" So she was smiling behind the napkin at the very moment she was wiping her eyes; and Miss Marigold had a superb set of teeth, though everything else about her had been growing very thin for a good many years.

"*Such* changes!" she went on, "and so wonderful, the way I have been carried through them all! So many mercies! Do be sure, Miss Marigold, that you get to church in good season, for certainly there is no one who has more to reflect upon to-day than you. And as you hav'nt much but your feelings to make thank-offerings with, you want to be sure to get the stew well off your mind before you start. There, if you leave that just simmering, it will be done to a bubble when you get back; unless, indeed, the minister should be more than usually carried away by the occasion."

At this suggestion Miss Marigold looked thoughtfully into the saucepan a moment and shook her head.

"Well, you'll have to risk that," she said at last, "some things must be risked in this life. Now I do hope you are nearly ready. It would never do for a person like you to be late. So many mercies!"

In a few minutes Miss Marigold set off, with her heart all in a glow, and her head in a rather unbecoming second-hand bonnet, which she had taken from a customer in payment for the work on a new one.

"Wonderful," she said to herself, every time she put it on, "how my wants are always met."

And in just one hour and a half she came back, limping a good deal, to be sure, but smiling radiantly, and finding that the stew was at the very point to put in the onion. That would need at least twenty minutes, so Miss Marigold sat down on the other side of the seam in the carpet, to enjoy a little season with a copy of *Selections from Sacred Poets*, bound in red morocco, one of the few tangible relics of the days her little hardware talisman had just now conjured from the past. The fragrance of the saucepan had hardly been pushed aside by the sweet savor she found in its pages when a knock was heard at the shop door. Miss Marigold was really startled. "So unusual on a legal holiday," she said. But when she opened it she found a no more terrifying object than the little servant girl of Pinkham Sisters, in a green calico dress with yellow spots, and very tight in the waist, to say that "the ladies sent their best compliments, and would Miss Marigold favor them by coming right away to take a very simple dinner?"

"Dear me!" said Miss Marigold, "such kindness! Of course I will, and be only too happy. Right away, yes indeed, and my best thanks to the ladies. So unexpected!"

"Wonderful," said Miss Marigold again, as she closed the door behind the messenger; for if the truth were to be told, at the very moment she opened the "Selections," a question altogether mundane was pressing upon her mind. Could she, by adding a little water to the stew, make it appear quite enough for two days? Otherwise, unless some customer should drop in in the morning, she did not quite see how she she was to manage about the next day's marketing. The quarter's rent, always a rather heavy drain, had been paid the day before, and the one little piece of currency left from that had been dropped in the poor-box at the church. For certainly there was no one there more distinctly called upon; so wonderfully as she had always been carried through.

So she smiled more radiently than before as she lifted the saucepan over to the stone shelf in the pantry to cool, and, withdrawing the onion, laid it on a plate by its side. Then one moment at the looking-glass on the side of the seam, and she was ready. Not the bonnet this time; that had done very well for once, but a second time might disarrange her hair. So it was another relic. A hood, of a silk that had once been apple green, close fitting on the inside, but puffed out with elder-down until it would, at first sight, give the impression that Miss Marigold's brain had become suddenly inflated by some tremendous enthusiasm, and that the first breath of encouragement from outside might carry her entirely away.

"I hope I have not come too soon," she said, as she stepped into the sitting-room of Pinkham Sisters, and was met by her hostesses standing in their usual relative positions, and arrayed in ancient brocades, with very full skirts and skimping sleeves, and wearing, the one a yellow, and the other a plum-colored bow of broad ribbon just over the thin spot on the top of the head. Pinkham and Pinkie, the customers called them if they wished to speak of them separately, for the sign said only "Pinkham Sisters;" and they never were known to use any more individual term in addressing each other.

"Not a minute," said Pinkham; "on the other hand, we really feel that we must apologize."

"Oh, not a minute," said Pinkie in the super-soprano; "yes, we really should apologize."

"The truth is, we felt such an anxiety about the chicken, whether it was going to take a handsome brown."

"Such an anxiety," said Pinkie: "we were afraid it wasn't going to take a handsome brown."

"And then again, sister wasn't at all well yesterday; she could hardly raise her head from the pillow."

"Oh! no, could hardly raise my head from the pillow."

"But she's been brightening up every minute to-day, so we felt we must have the pleasure of sending for you."

"Oh, yes, brightening every minute to-day; we felt we must have the pleasure."

"Well, I'm sure," said Miss Marigold, as her little head slipped out of the inflated hood, nor a hair disturbed, "I'm so gratified—so entirely unexpected."

"Oh, don't speak of it," said Pinkham, while she waved the tight waisted calico a majestic sign to place the chicken on the table; "the favor is altogether on one side. But still, don't you find it a *little* solitary on such occasions, Miss Marigold!"

"Altogether on one side," said Pinkie. "A little solitary?"

"Why, bless you, no," said Miss Marigold; "how could I? I'm so surrounded; so *many* mercies!"

"Well, it's a beautiful thing if you can say so, Miss Marigold. I only wish we all had the same spirit."

"Oh, a beautiful thing," said Pinkie; "I only wish we could say so."

The tight-wasted calico made Miss Pinkham a return signal from the corner of her eye, to the effect that the central orb of the occasion was successfully placed in its sphere; which was equivalent to saying that the whole prandial system was adjusted, for Miss Pinkham had with her own hands completed the arrangement of every minor satellite, moon, and ring, in its own mathematical relations, and on its own particular figure of the tablecloth, at the very instant Miss Marigold's knock was heard.

"Did you say dinner was ready? Ah, then, Miss Marigold, if you please, we will sit right down. I hope you will find yourself with an appetite after your walk to church."

"Yes, we'll sit right down," said Pinkie; "I hope you find yourself with an appetite."

"Dear me, yes," said Miss Marigold, and if her humility had not been so genuine, she would have felt almost embarrassed at the contrast with her own little preparations left at home. The apartment also seemed so crowded with furniture, and there was no dividing seam in the carpet here; it was all sitting-room, and there were peacock's feathers over the looking-glass. And she saw under the corner of the cloth that the table was of shining mahogany. Then there were not only three kinds of pickles, but six stalks of celery in a very small tumbler; no onions, but the tight-waisted calico standing behind Miss Pinkman's chair, with a peacock-feather fly-brush in one hand, and the other at liberty to remove the covers.

But Pinkham Sisters were so affable that there seemed very little restraint after all, and Pinkham, when she had carved with dexterity, begged to know Miss Marigold's favorite part. Miss Marigold declared she had no favorite part; but after Pinkie had said with great freedom that she was never satisfied if she could'nt have a walker, and Pinkham had said *she* considered there was no portion equal for delicacy to the left wing, Miss Marigold got up courage to say that she had rather a weakness for the part that went over the fence last, although she always had some scruples about mentioning it. Then she ventured to speak of the table, and Pinkham said it was her mother's, and had eight claw feet, and Miss Marigold said her mother had one with six claw feet, and after that she felt perfectly at her ease. So much so indeed that she began to tell them about the sermon, and its appropriateness to the day, though she lamented that her mind did not succeed in tracing it as accurately as she could have wished, and that she had found her thoughts sometimes wandering towards common mercies. But she knew the fault was her own; it could never have been with the subject; that was—the future glory of our country as contrasted with the present condition of the island of Zanzibar.

Meantime the tight-waisted calico, in obedience to various stately signals from Miss Pinkham, had passed one dish after another, but being a good deal crippled by the fly-brush, accomplished it slowly, so that just as Miss Marigold pronounced the word "Zanzibar," she raised something to her mouth that she had not tasted before, and the tears rushed violently to her eyes.

"A very affecting subject," said Pinkham, as Miss Marigold was forced to take out her handkerchief quite suddenly.

"Oh, a very affecting subject," said Pinkie.

"Yes," said Miss Marigold, but her conscience would not allow any such little subterfuge, though innocently provided by another.

"Yes," she repeated, "but it wasn't *altogether* the sermon; I'm afraid it was the pickle. So precisely like the one my mother used to make, I have never met with it since. *Such* a reminiscence!"

"Ah!" said Miss Pinkham, "I consider there is nothing like a pickle for bringing up old associations. So pungent."

"I really must beg your pardon," said Miss Marigold, putting up her handkerchief and smiling, quite herself again, "but it was so sudden; I was so entirely unprepared. Why, only this very morning I was thinking over all those things, and the changes that have come, and the more I thought, the more my heart seemed to sing. So wonderful the way I have always been carried through! So *many* mercies!"

The tight-waisted calico at another mysterious signal from Miss Pinkham now disappeared, and after an absence of at least five minutes, during which the Pinkham Sisters were evidently suffering from extreme nervous uneasiness, reappeared with a pudding much the size and shape of a very small cannon-ball, and of such evident importance that the fly-brush had been laid aside, and both hands lent to its triumphal entry. After this crisis was passed, an air of repose, which Miss Marigold would'nt have quite liked to say she had missed before, stole over Pinkham Sisters, and everything went on more delightfully than ever; and when Miss Marigold had declared it would'nt be physically possible for her to eat another piece of the pudding as large as a pea, Miss Pinkham proposed they should take their nuts and raisins over to the window, and hold their plates in their laps.

"I consider there is nothing," she said, "that finishes a dinner with an air of more ease and elegance, than taking your nut-plates in your lap. It places one so entirely at leisure, and at the same time allows one to see all the passing."

"Oh, nothing!" said Pinkie; "so entirely at leisure, and one can see all the passing."

Miss Marigold said she should be delighted with any way that would allow her to eat them slowly, for she had really taken so much more than usual, and then she fell into great admiration of the three nut-plates, which Pinkham said were all that were left of her mother's wedding dinner-set, that had been ordered for her in China, one hundred and thirty pieces, and a different design on each. On Miss Marigold's crawled three large beetles with sharp cornered legs; Chinese architecture was illustrated on the next, and Miss Pinkham reserved for herself a club-footed mandarin prostrate before a lady of whom little could be seen but her fan. Then they spread fringed napkins in their laps, and the tight-waisted calico brought a box of stilettos from the shop, of which they each took one, and after that Miss Marigold seemed irresistably led to refer to the pickle again.

"I'm sure," she said, "I can't think how I should have been so overtaken. Of all days in the year to appear like an ungrateful, discontented person! Why, I was thinking this very morning, as I sat in church, I did not believe there was a soul there so called upon to give thanks. So *many* mercies!"

"And yet," said Pinkham, "you have seen a great many changes."

"Oh, a great many changes," said Pinkie.

"Yes," said Miss Marigold, "but it is *so* wonderful the way I have always been carried through! Why, I can remember when there were so many of us, and not one of them would have believed I could ever take care of myself, and here I have never wanted for anything, and it's only my left knee that is lame, and this very morning I counted five buds on my clover pink!" And a smile of ineffable sweetness gave the Miss Pinkhams a glimpse of the superb teeth.

"Well," said Miss Pinkham, "that is a great deal to say especially the five buds at this season. Still, Miss Marigold, if that were all, I'm afraid I should'nt feel as thankful as you do."

"Oh, a great deal to say," said Pinkie, "but I'm afraid I should'nt."

"But it isn't all," said Miss Marigold, "not nearly; but I always feel such a delicacy in speaking of myself. So uninteresting to a stranger. But you know, dear friends," and her voice grew low, and a soft light shone in her eyes, "I am always looking for an inheritance, where we shall all be gathered home once more. All these mercies that I speak of are only a sprinkling by the way! And the way is *so* short, and it is *so* wonderful the way I have always been carried along!"

"Well, it's a beautiful thing if you can feel so," said Miss Pinkham, "but it seems to me a very solitary way. I think of you a great deal, Miss Marigold, and I cannot feel that it is good for you. Now I consider that it is a terrible thing to be married, but if one had not one's sister to live with, I don't know but I should even—"

"Oh, a terrible thing," said Pinkie, "but I don't know but I should even—"

The light in Miss Marigold's eyes grew still softer, as, with a little knob of English walnut on the end of her stiletto, she gazed absently down at the beetles on the plate. "Some day," she said, "some day—but not here. It's so *many* years since he was lost."

"Now, you don't mean to say!" said Pinkham.

"No, you can never mean to say!" said Pinkie.

"No," said Miss Marigold, "because I don't really know. Such uncertainty at sea, you know. I heard that he was, and I suppose it was true, though of course I would not believe it until I was forced. But it is wonderful how one *can* become reconciled. I felt so divided for a number of years; but you've no idea how natural it has seemed now for a good while to be just myself and live by myself."

They all fell into silence for a few moments—there was something so awe-inspiring in having a real love affair to speak of.

"What would you say if he were to come back?—such things have happened," said Pinkham, suddenly, piercing a pecan-nut and Miss Marigold's composure at the same moment.

"Yes, what should you say if he were to come back?" said Pinkie.

"*Oh!* dear me," cried poor little Miss Marigold, throwing up her hands with such a start as to shake several of her nut-shells down upon the carpet. "I should be so embarrassed I should'nt know *what* to do. The i-*dea* of having a *man* about! Oh, *dear* me!"

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Pinkham, "if you had not any one else. To be sure, I should not think of such a thing myself; but then if you had no one to speak to, week in and week out—"

"Oh, I should'nt think of such a thing myself," said Pinkie; "but then if you had no one to speak to."

"*Oh*, dear me," said Miss Marigold again, "I should be *so* embarrassed!" But then, as old memories began to steal back, the tender light came into her eyes again, and she held her stiletto thoughtfully pointed into vacancy.

"He used to call me 'Marigold—Goldi-Mary,'" she said softly, "And I"—with a little laugh—"used to call him 'Jack-at-a-pinch,' because his name was Jack Pynchon, and because it teased him. I am sorry now that I ever did, but it was *so* amusing!"

And then, as it flashed upon her that she was talking a great deal about herself, she changed the subject, with an air that did not admit of recurring to it; the tight-waisted calico took away their plates; they all took their knitting-work, and another hour passed very happily, until Miss Marigold declared she positively must go home. She was ashamed of herself that she had stayed so long.

"Dear friends," she said, as by a return to the inflated hood she became once more suddenly deformed, "you can't imagine what a pleasure this has been to me. So unexpected, and *such* social entertainment! And besides, I really had *such* an appetite! Everything so delicious! Why, what do you think I was going to have at home? A poor little stew, with an onion! And now that will be ready for to-morrow! But it is only a specimen of the way my wants are always met, *so* wonderful!" And a radiant smile, irradiated itself again by bringing the superb teeth into view, made the little bit of face that could be seen out from the hood very beautiful.

But when she had slipped round the projecting corner of the shop, and into her own little back-room again, she could not tell why the words of Pinkham Sisters would press in upon her mind so persistently.

"A little solitary?"

Almost an echo about the room. What did make it seem so? And there seemed so little furniture, and the color of the carpet seemed very dim, and the top of the looking glass had a sharp look for want of peacock feathers.

"It's only the sudden change," said Miss Marigold cheerily, "it will all come right in a few minutes; and I do believe that second bud has tipped out a little since morning."

She sat down in a low, red-cushioned rocking-chair, on the sitting-room side of the seam. The twilight was falling, and she felt quiet after the unusual excitement of the day. More words of Pinkham Sisters began to press back, and the soft look began to gather in Miss Marigold's eyes once more. How close they were drawing again, those days so long gone by! Just as they had done in the morning, only with such a strange tenderness added in their touch. Miss Marigold closed her eyes and leaned her head upon her chair, as if she felt a caress. And so, as the twilight deepened, the present hour still grew more dim, and, as if the years between now and then were blotted out, Miss Marigold seemed to herself a girl again. How soft and delicate her cheek was; how rounded every outline of her form; how long, and soft, and golden her hair, and how lightly she breathed as some one bent over her and whispered many things.

"Jack! Jack-at-a-pinch!" she said, and stretched out her hands into the dim light. Then starting up, she shook the red cushion into shape again with a little spat.

"Why, this will never do!" she exclaimed; "*do* get a light, Miss Marigold, and find out the longitude of Zanzibar! So unintelligent!"

But just as she was taking the match in her hand, there came another knock at the shop door, and Miss Marigold was startled again.

"A second time!" said she. "*So* unusual on such a day."

Nevertheless, seeing there was still a little glow of sunset on that side of the way, she ventured to step to the door and open it.

Not the tight-waisted calico this time, but a tall stranger, his face much concealed between his hat and a handsome curling beard of iron gray.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he raised the hat slightly. "I don't know that you attend to sales to-day; I don't know that I ought to ask you."

"Oh, yes sir," said Miss Marigold, with her own smile, "if there is anything really required;" and between that moment and taking her place behind the counter, she had arranged in her own mind the whole account of how he had come in town with his wife for Thanksgiving, and how they either lived where they could not make purchases, or how some accident had befallen her hat since she came in.

The stranger hesitated a moment; but Miss Marigold was accustomed to see men do that, when they forgot the name of the article they were sent for.

"Handsome eyes," thought Miss Marigold, "very;" but what a strange thrill they gave her, and how steadily they gazed into her own!

"What is that in the window?" he said. "Ribbon? That is what I want."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Marigold; "did she send a sample?" and she reached her hand half over the counter to receive it.

"No," said the stranger; "I'll take it all."

Then, seeing a startled look on her face, and reflecting that she might not like so sudden a diminution of her stock, he added, "Never mind. Give me any one of the pieces. And what are these? Feathers?"

Miss Marigold silently placed the box on the counter. Her little vision of the happy Thanksgiving party had vanished.

"*Oh* dear!" she said to herself, "I'm afraid he is going to a masquerade!"

"I'll take these," said the stranger, "and———." He looked about for some further purchases, and seeing nothing but rows of boxes, whose contents were past his divining, he turned his eyes towards the bonnets upon the frames, and added quickly, "One of these."

The masquerade became a nullity in Miss Marigold's mind, and the fearful thought of escape from the lunatic asylum was just ready to take its place, when the hat was suddenly lifted from over the eyes, the hands stretched toward her, and the very tones she had just been listening to in the red-cushioned chair cried, gently and lowly, "Marigold? Goldi-Mary!"

What Miss Marigold felt or did then, she never knew; only in an instant he had pushed away the boxes, sprang across the counter, and lifted her over to the little chintz-covered sofa in the back room. Then she did not know anything for a little while, and when she opened her eyes the handsome face was bending over her. She reached out a hand and touched it. "Jack? Jack-at-a-pinch!" and a smile such as Pinkham Sisters had never seen spread over her own.

That evening they were astonished in their turn by a knock at their door, and when they saw Miss Marigold come in, leaning on a tall, strong arm, they experienced a shock that displaced Miss Pinkham's plum-colored bow so far as to reveal an edge of the thin spot, and Pinkie, for the first time in her life, was startled off the relative breadth in the carpet.

"Dear friends," said Miss Marigold, "I could not help coming to tell you. I *knew* you would like to hear that Jack was not lost, after all; it was only I; and how he has found me again, and my cup runneth over as it always has. *So* wonderful the way I am always led? So many mercies? And was ever anything ever so fortunate," she whispered in Pinkham's ear, "as the way I was preserved from eating that onion to-day!"

A WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

The Governor of Missouri has recently pardoned an inmate of the penitentiary, under circumstances which furnish a remarkable and touching instance of what a devoted, trusting and energetic wife can do for an unfortunate husband. The latter used to live in Toledo, Ohio, and the facts of his case are vouched for by respectable journals of that place. Some time ago he removed with his wife, and early in 1870 the events fell ont that proved so disastrous to him. It appears that he was not very prosperous, and had occasion to sell—as nearly the last of his possessions—a pair of horses. For these he received $500 in clean, new national currency.

The stock-dealer who bought the horses afterward disappeared. On the next day after the sale the vendor paid out two bills of $10 each. It was discovered that they were counterfeit, and the utterer was promptly arrested and lodged in prison. He of course, directly protested his innocence, and told how he got the money, and the remaining $480 was found on his person. The horse dealer was traced and brought forward, when to the horror and amazement of the accused man, he stoutly denied all knowledge of the bad bills and swore the money he had paid for the horses was in bills of an Illinois bank. No confirmatory evidence of the prisoner's tale could be got, and, as much counterfeit money had lately been circulated in that region, public feeling ran strongly against him. He was tried and, despite his earnest protestations, and his wife's determined struggles in his behalf, he was found guilty and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

But the wife never for a moment believed him guilty, and with astonishing resolution and pertinacity, she now bent herself to proving his innocence and effecting his release. To the latter end she first sought and obtained an interview with the Governor of Missouri. To him she stated her case as she saw and believed it. But the Governor, although kind, was firm. The prisoner had been shown to be guilty. Counterfeiting was greatly on the increase. It was necessary to make examples, and there was every just reason why her husband should be one of them. He could hold out no hope save in the condemned's restoration of his family after five years. The wife went home, converted all she had in cash, and thenceforward devoted all her whole time and brain to following the horse dealer who had given her husband the spurious notes, with the hope of convicting the really guilty person of that offence.

Pursuing him like a shadow, but keeping out of his sight, she soon found that when he went to a place that counterfeit money was said to be in circulation soon after. This happened at Freeport, Ills., and afterward at Fort Wayne, Ind. At the latter place she caused his arrest. But nothing was proved against him and he was set free. She then dogged him to Canton, Ohio, to Pittsburgh, Altoona, Lancaster, Chambersburg, Philadelphia, Goshen, Binghampton, Oswego, Elmira and other towns in New York, sometimes staying two or three months in each place. The man was however so guarded and ingenious as always to manage and cover his tracks; in fact he never passed false "paper" himself at all, and his implacable pursuer was unable to bring him to account. At last, however, he fell ill at Newton, Sussex county, N. J., and she believed that her golden opportunity was at last at hand.

When the horse dealer fell ill, the wife of the victim was at the same hotel. She found out the physician attending him, and frankly told her whole story. She described how she had tracked the cause of her husband's misfortunes, and begged the doctor for the sake of right and justice to help her. The physician was moved by her tale, and agreed to do what she asked, which was to give his patient some depressing but safe medicine, and adroitly to think that he was in a very critical condition. This was accordingly done, and worked to a charm. The patient begged at once for a clergyman, who, arriving, pointed out the necessity of full repentence, and at this juncture the wife entered the room and implored the supposed dying man to repair the great wrong he had done her husband.

The result was that the sufferer made a depositien before a magistrate, confessing that he had passed the five hundred dollars as described, and furthermore, that he was a member of an extensive gang of counterfeiters, his special business being, not to utter bad money, but to spread it among confederates in different parts of the country. He also said that on the occasion of making the trade in question he happened to have no other money, and greatly wanted the horses. Armed with his documents, the now happy woman hastened back to Missouri, laid her evidence before the Governor, and had the satisfaction of carrying a full pardon to her husband, almost immediately after. The two are now living joyfully together on a farm in Southern Illinois, and their case is naturally attracting abundant comment and congratulation.

GOLD.

A little more than a year ago, or on a day in october, 1871, a miner, riding a fine mare and followed by a colt, came into the town of Bannack, Montana, for supplies, in the purchase of which he displayed such a liberal quantity of the precious dust as to excite the inquisitive comments of the lookers-on. Responding to the curiosity of these, with apparent frankness and a peculiar air of suppressed exultation, he declared that, after long years of unsuccessful gold-seeking in all the mines of the world, he had at last found a glorious rich "placer," bearing wealth beyond computation. It was on one of the tributaries of the Big Hole River, in the heart of a great wood; and when he had gathered his own fortune and called a few faithful friends from the East to gather theirs, the whole world should know the place. Not until then, however, should any mortal be informed of the true trail, and he would not hesitate to shoot any man undertaking to follow him. As the speaker evidently meant what he threatened, and bore weapons to revenge any attempted abuse of his confidence, he was allowed to ride away from the town unattended, though leaving behind him a strong popular disposition to know more of his whereabouts. Later in the same season a half-breed Indian came in from a hunting expedition along the Big Hole, toward Salmon, bearing a bag containing gold-dust to the value of several hundred dollars, which he said had been given him as the price of his eternal silence by the miner of the woods. He had come unexpectedly upon the later in his golden solitude, and solemnly swore, after a view down a rifle-barrel, to direct no human being to the place of secret treasure, nor even intrude there again himself. The bag of gold was his share of the secret, and no argument or bribe could induce him to break his Indian oath. This episode, of course, with its additional proof of the wonderful riches of the trackless "placer," increased the curiosity and cupidity of the townspeople, and several prospecting parties started out in search for the mysterious golden fleece. Not, however, until a month ago was any trace of the prize discovered. At that time, as the *New Northwest* alleges, three strangers from one of the Eastern States arrived at Deer Lodge, summoned thither by a letter from the solitary miner of Bannack. They were the friends whom he proposed to make the sharers of his wonderful golden fortune, and were directed by his writing to procure their mining outfits at French Gulch, and then, without followers, pursue a certain trail, which he defined for them, to a point where he would await their coming. He had sent them a rude map of the country they were to traverse to that point, but left them to infer that the exact locality of the treasure could be revealed only by himself in person. His own life's grand success was found at last; years and years of wandering, bitter toil and renunciation of the fellowship of his kind were rewarded with untold wealth at last, and the miner of Bannack only waited to show his friends where they too could realize their wildest dreams of fortune before entering upon the full enjoyment of the riches and power now his beyond prevention. Guided by this letter, received by them in their home in "the States" two or three months before, the three strangers left French Gulch on the trail given, to follow their map to the point designated for the meeting with their friend. After a few days one of them came back to Bannack and Deer Lekge with word that the miner had not kept his appointment, and with a request that some persons familiar with the country should join the party of search. A number of the formerly unsuccessful prospecters for the hidden "placer" went back with the messenger, and are even now exploring a belt of unknown country, thickly wooded, for what they may never find. A mare and her colt have been discovered though, and near where they were grazing—with head resting upon a weather-beaten saddle, mining implements scattered all around, and fingers clasping a bag containing gold—a human skeleton!

SAVE THE BOYS.

BY B. W. CHIDLAW.

Near Lancaster, Ohio, is located on a farm of 1,160 acres, the Ohio Reform Farm School. For seventeen years its quiet and effective work in the reformation of juvenile delinquents, boys under sixteen years of age, has progressed with satisfactory results. It is founded and managed on the "Family System." Its inmates, sent by some court of record, wayward, vicious and criminal boys, are received into a good, safe home, and not a gloomy prison. They enjoy personal liberty as far as is consistent with good discipline. They are trusted to the full extent of their worthiness, and most of them honestly reciprocate this confidence, settle down cheerfully in their new home, and accept the conditions of a sound reformation, the adoption of good religious principles, and devotion to their daily labor and study in the school-room.

Over three hundred and seventy-five boys are divided into seven families, each family in charge of an officer called "elder brother," and an assistant. These brethren are the overseers of the boys when at work—their teachers and companions. The boys work half the day in shops, on the farm, in the gardens, orchards and vineyards, and go to school the other half. Work and study are important agencies. Idleness and truency give place to habits of skillful industry and a personal interest in education. Special efforts are made in the family, the Sunday-school and the chapel to afford religious instructions, to lead the erring ones into paths of righteousness and the way of life through Jesus Christ. Many of our inmates are deeply interested in the study of the Bible, treasuring its sacred truths in their memory, and we sincerely hope adopting its teachings as their rule of faith and practice.

In this large household we have a common kitchen and dining-room, otherwise each family is a separate and distinct organization. The food is abundant and well prepared, and a healthier and more robust set of boys cannot be found in our broad land. The punishments inflicted are neither severe or degrading. Very few escapes occur though we have no lofty walls or bars of iron surrounding the premises. The boys are held by kindness, vigilant oversight by the officers, and a "guard of honor" of boys that are to be trusted, and take a deep interest in the good order of the family. Helping to reform each other, is a power felt among the inmates, and works the best results.

The peculiarities and advantages of the Ohio Reform Farm School are these: The boys are completely separated from their vicious companions outside and are free from the temptations to which they were exposed. Every appliance—social, intellectual, industrial and religious, is earnestly employed for their reformation, under the most favorable circumstances. The feeling of being punished and degraded, does not enter the heart of the poor boy struggling to overcome evil and to do good. Every step he takes in the right direction is recognized and approved by the officers, and it imparts strength to all his efforts to reform. He feels that as far as he deserves, he is trusted and enjoys personal freedom, appealing to his honor not to abuse it. In a word, each inmate has the opportunity and is encouraged to do well for himself, that in due time he is worthy of an honorable discharge, and goes forth into the battle of life with a will and the power to earn an honest living, to serve his God, and to honor the commonwealth that saved him.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD AND THE ALASKA PURCHASE.

Wm. H. Seward died in Auburn, N. Y., on the 10th inst., aged 71 years. Biographical sketches meet our eye in all our exchanges; but though all of our cotemporaries speak of the departed statesman in kind and eulogistic terms, they strangely enough, says the Alaska *Herald*, omit to mention the crowning of his long and useful career. That the starry banner now waves over Alaska, in token of American supremacy, is due to the wisdom, foresight, and earnest advocacy of William H. Seward. And the acquisition of the vast domain, lightly as it is spoken of at times by writers, who are uninformed or incapable of appreciating its value, will yet bear the highest testimony to his good judgment and patriotism. Alaska is now a detached possession; between her border and that of Washington Territory, Great Britain holds undisputed sway; but in securing the territory which margins the northern extremity of the Pacific and borders on Behring sea and the Arctic ocean, we have created a stimulus to the extinguishment of foreign title and rule upon the western side of the American continent. In obtaining Alaska by peaceful measures we have invited a further cession of foreign territory, and have shown what may be accomplished without the intervention of the sword. If Russia could give up her colony and sell her acres, Why not England? Because of the moral influence thus brought to bear upon a project which is cherished by every true American heart, we have abundant cause, in a material sense, to be satisfied with the purchase. Mr. Seward's visit to Alaska after the cession, confirmed all that had been told of its wonderful resources and capabilities, and, as he declared, the reality even exceeded his most favorable anticipations. Since that time, without any special aid from the government, and in a very quiet way, a number of promising industries have been developed by far seeing, shrewd businrss men, which have added greatly to the wealth of the nation. In the matter of expense to the general Government, Alaska occupies an exceptional position, yielding a direct revenue far in excess of disbursement owing to the fortunate provision made for the management of her seal fisheries. The cod fisheries of the Shumigan Islands, the timbers, furs, oils, ivory and ores—and even the ice—of the territory, all point to the employment of labor and the enrichment of the country in the near future. The experiments made in agriculture indicate a nature of soil and climate far less prohibitory than lines of latitude would seem to decree. On account of what has already been accomplished, and because of the hopes we entertain for the future of Alaska, we regard her acquisition from Russia, as one of the best, wisest and most patriotic measures to which Wm. H. Seward ever gave his support, and to his individual work and word, more than to all others combined, we attribute its successful accomplishment. Other journals have written his praises as a liberal thinker, an earnest advocate, a profound scholar, and an honest politician who could rise above party and do right, in the face of the most unjust aspersion and vindictive abuse. We concur most heartily in the general estimate of his character and services, and in speaking of his connection with the Alaska purchase feel that we add a deserved tribute to his memory.

CHEAP FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

After a great fire it is natural for a man to indulge in the illusions of hope that he may invent some apparatus which will thereafter prevent houses from burning; but the probability is that so long as there is fire and accidents continue to happen, even in the best regulated cities, there will occasionally be great conflagrations. In the first place, houses in cities are necessarily close to each other, and every one of them contains combustible material and means of setting fire to it. Some Mrs. O'Leary has a cow or a cat always prowling about to upset lamps, or there are rats to draw matches under the floors, and careless children, servants, and watchmen to forget to do something that should be done; and then, above all, there is the calculus of probabilities which shows us that inasmuch as no occurrence is, strictly speaking an accident, we must always take into consideration the likelihood of something disagreeable happening. If houses were to last forever, what would become of builders and architects and art? The last promulgated theory of how to make cheap fire-proof buildings is that of the *American Artisan*, according to which partition walls should be erected in a manner analogous to the way in which sectional steam boilers are made. There should be two iron walls, one enclosing the other, with a space an inch in width between them, which, in case of fire, could instantly be filled with water, and need never be subjected to a hydraulic pressure of more than three or four feet head, the water to be supplied either by the common water-service, or by tanks placed on the roofs. The iron could not melt, for it could not, with water within it, reach a higher temperature than 212 degrees Fahrenheit. It may be feared that this plan would hardly work in dead of winter when the water in the tanks would be frozen and, likely enough, that in the pipes also; but even should the space be filled, would not the water, expanding at the freezing point, burst the iron and ruin the building? Evidently the grand method has not yet been discovered.

USED UP MONEY.

A correspondent who visited the United States Treasury at Washington, says: I made a tour of one of the rooms in which the used up money was being counted, a few days since, and one of the ladies showed me a pocket-book which was sent to the Department by one of the officers of the Department, who stated that it had been lost three years and just turned up in the shape sent. He said that the man who lost it claimed that it held $45 when lost. It was forwarded with the hope that, notwithstanding the seeming impossibility of deciphering the mass of pulp remaining, something might be made of it. As I looked at it not a line, mark or figure denoting its value could be traced, and I asked the lady to whom it was assigned for verification if she could do anything in the way of deciphering it.

"O yes," she replied, turning over some of the fragments, "There is a five dollar legal tender."

I looked into her face, expecting to see a smile at the joke she was playing upon me; but was instead earnestly putting the fragments together, to see how many legal tenders she could make. To me this seemed a display of genius not to be attained by many members of the human family, and the successful few must belong to the female sex.

This lady has remarkable skill in this particular direction, and has saved many hundreds of dollars to the Government, as well as gladdened the hearts of numbers who would, except for this ability on her part, have lost a large sum of money. The loser of the pocket-book will, from the wreck otherwise total, save perhaps his entire $45 through her.

HOW TO READ.

One may read much to little profit. It is the way one reads, and what he remembers, that is of advantage.

Read with attention; this is the one golden rule that should govern all reading. It is not an easy thing to read with that degree of attention which is most serviceable for the end in view, at all times and in all places. This very desirable habit must be gained by effort and continued practice. The results that will flow from such a habit once acquired will richly repay the possessor of it for the toil bestowed in securing it. It is said of Edmund Burke, who was a great reader, and a great thinker, also, that he read every book as if he were never to see it a second time, and thus made it his own, a possession for life.

Daniel Webster was one of the most earnest and intelligent readers all his life long. His favorite authors were read and re-read with a passionate fondness. His critical conversations upon the standard poets and essavists, and orators of the English tongue are still remembered and quoted by those who were present to hear when the mood and opportunity were upon him.

In one of the last evenings of his life he beguiled the weariness of his attendants by reciting a poem from Cowper. How he came to be so successful and so intelligent a reader is explained in his autobiography. Whatever he read, he read so often and so earnestly that he learned to repeat it.

"We had so few books," he says, "that to read them once or twice was nothing; we thought they were to be got by heart. Many other students read more than I did; but so much as I read I made my own. When a half hour, or an hour at most, had elapsed, I stored my book and thought on what I had read. If there was anything peculiarly interesting or striking in the passage, I endeavored to recall it, and lay it up in memory, and commonly could effect my object."

LOVE.

BY TIMOTHY MANIFOLD.

Love is a thing which people like to talk about; but people who love a good deal don't talk much about it. Love is like an apple pudding, however good it may be, it cannot be relished until tasted, and then you want more of it. Love is like a good many things: it is like a brooklet seeking a river, if you stop it in it's course, it'll run over and get there any way; it is like beeswax, if you warm it it'll get soft and may be moulded, if it becomes cold it will get hard, but 'tis beeswax all the same; it is like the sun, which is just as bright behind the clouds as when there are none; it is even like hate, the more you cherish it, the more you have of it. Love is a funny thing. Everybody laughs at everybody else for being in love; it makes everybody do what no other body would—that is, they say they wouldn't, but let them try it. I know a man who walks six miles every Sunday and Thursday night for love, and hav'nt yet seen the weather that could keep him back—he loves. Love is a stubborn thing. You can't make it when it won't. I once knew a man who killed his wife trying to make her love him,—but she wouldn't.

They err who say love's blind. It sees faults where no faults are, and virtues that were never seen by other eyes.

Who has no love should get it; and having to show it. It is a jewel that may not be laid away, but must be worn to be preserved.

ABOUT BEARS.

The provisions of nature are strange. Climate forces upon animals different habits. Towards the middle of December the female white bear places herself in a position where the snow will drift over her. Lying still upon a rock, the snow falls thickly upon her, and a cell is formed for winter habitation. In this cell the animal resides during the period of accouchement. The cubs are produced, and the mother remains secluded with them until the month of March. The young are very small at first, but as they grow the heat of their bodies melts the snow and thus enlarges the cell. The warm breath ascends upward and makes an aperture for the admission of pure air. Before hibernating, the bear eats enormously of nutritious food, and becomes very fat, on which fat she exists during her Winter retirement. The phenomenon is all the more singular, as the female bear is compelled to give sustenance to her young, as well as to live herself, and the surplus fat in her own body is her only store of food. Pertinant to this Dr. Wood remarks: "It is worthy of notice that in the bears of the Old as well as the New World, is found the curious phenomenon of 'tapper,' a hard, cornered substance, which plugs up the intestines, and seems to be of service in retaining the animal in condition."

One of our English exchanges announces that the sword of William Wallace—long exhibited as such—has been discovered to be of a much more modern date, assigns it to the time of "Edward V.," and says it was "probably borne by that monarch." Probably not, we would say, as "that monarch" was smothered under a bolster by his wicked uncle's orders at the early age of twelve.

ADVERTISING RATES.

ONE INCH IN SPACE MAKES A SQUARE.

SPACE.	1 w.	3 w.	6 w.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
1 square	$1 00	$2.00	$3.50	$5.25	$8.00	$12.00
2 squares	1.75	3.00	5.25	7.00	12.00	17.00
3 squares	2.50	4.00	6.00	8.00	15.00	22.00
4 squares	3.25	5.00	7.00	10.00	17.00	28.00
5 squares	3.75	5.50	8.75	11.00	18.00	32.00
¼ column	4.50	7.00	10.00	14.00	22.00	37.00
⅓ column	5.25	8.00	12.00	16.50	25.00	45.00
½ column	8.00	12.50	18.50	21.00	35.00	65.00
¾ column	10.50	16.00	23.00	35.00	55.00	95.00
1 column	12.00	20.00	31.00	47.50	75.00	13.00

Business notices in local columns will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per line for first insertion and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion

Business cards 1.25 per line per annum.

Yearly advertisers discontinuing their advertisements before the expiration of their contracts will be charged according to the above rates.

Transient advertisements must invariably be paid for in advance. Regular advertisements to be paid at the expiration of each quarter.

MELANGE.

Stanley did not draw a regular salary during his expedition. He merely got so much—and found.

An Irish broker tells his customers that he can not give them as much maregin as he would like.

Many of our citizens can appreciate how Richard felt when he offered "My kingdom for a horse!"

A cautious young lady declined to eat a philopena the other evening for fear of catching the plague.

There never before was a time in Cleveland when so many people were afflicted with horseness.

It is not a breach of etiquette to turn the colt shoulder to the veterinarian when he visits your stable.

Though this is a time of epizootic trouble, horse owners nevertheless find it difficult to preserve their equine-imity.

A believer in the eternal fitness of things remarks the appropriateness of this horse distemper originating in the hippo-bore-'un regions.

One of our German citizens is industriously searching Prescott's "(P) Ferdinand and Isabella" to find something about the horse disease.

An absent-minded expressman hearing a man say he had the nightmare quickly asked how much he'd hire her for for the next ten days.

Mrs. Annie Denton Crudge is giving Virginia City, Nev., psychrometric spiritualism. Some folks think she is a polyacoustic polyandrian.

Mis Temperance Andernon, a resident of Baden, Beaver County, Pa., has hair six feet and a half long. It is quite thick and fine, blonde in color.

Judge Bond, of North Carolina, has sued the Wilmington *Journal* for calling him a scoundrel, and wants the editor put under Bond not to do so any more, cause it did not "please the pigs," which must have been very corrupt animals, as even the saying about "pleasing the pigs" is said to be a corruption of "please the pyx."

Professor Rudolf Virchow, the distinguished German physiologist, has had conferred on him the freedom of the City of Bologna; probably he because he has shown himself so-sage.

We are authorized to contradict the report that Mr. Bikrypes has sent for Andy Johnson to come and tend his horses, having understood him to be the greatest veto-rinarian of the age.

Fashion reporters announce that satin dresses are to be worn no longer by brides. They couldn't well be worn any longer than they have been without tripping up every one in the room.

The Connecticut agriculturist who last week found a five-dollar gold piece in the crop of one of his chickens remarks that for its size it's the most profitable crop ever produced on his farm.

According to the London *Church Times* a church in Heene has been allowed to fall into decay and finally to be pulled down because it was dangerous to pigs who loved to root about it—in short, be-

A stuffed specimen of that rare and beautiful bird, the Himalaya pheasant, is displayed in a hatter's window, and young ladies compete with each other in trying to obtain feathers from it for their hats.

A Water street merchant, negotiating for a yoke of oxen, hesitated about closing the bargain until he was assured that the absence of upper front teeth in the beasts was entirely oxi-dental and not the result of age.

Much curiosity has been expressed to know if the mule in the tunnel at Cleveland has got it. We are informed that no animal of that race has been there since the *Leader* reporter interviewed the submarine excavation.

An inexperienced man drafted as an ox driver exhausted himself plying the whip to urge the phlegmatic creatures out of their normal gait. He finally gave up the attempt, saying he believed that was ox (h)ide of iron.

The aeronaut Glaisher, who by taking a thermometer up seven miles made it go down to 80 degrees, is reported to have made the neat remark on descending that he felt every inch a Glaisher while displaying his zeroic coolness.

And now Mrs. Fair has been trying to cheat her lawyer, Judge Quint, out of his counsel-fees. Trusting that her forte would reach his foible, after a feint in tears, she thrust at Quint. Her adversary, however, has taken the law to foil her.

Mr. Barnum has had occasion to send South a couple of parcels, consisting of a live elephant and a cage of sea-lions, and not having a Congressman at hand to frank them by United States mail was put to the expense and trouble of sending them by express.

A new epizootic has broken out among hogs, and simultaneously comes the report that the French champagne vintage is almost a total failure this year. The two events may be meteorologically connected perhaps, as the difficulty affects (s)wine in both instances.

A colored woman in New Jersey is under arrest for trying to kill a neighbor's bay by feeding it bent pins. An emetic was administered to the innocent, and the pins came to the surface. If the woman had only used fish-hooks they couldn't have circumvented her in that way.

In one of Mr. John Fiske's articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* an Indian superstition is noticed, according to which a man became blind because a demon had eaten the soul of his eye. Probably had the demon preferred to make a meal of the soul of his foot he would have become lame.

There are at present three European ladies inmates of the harem of the Shah, or King of Persia, at Ispahan—one a Parisian and the other two English blondes. Though very handsome, they are not the favrites of their royal owner, that honor being held by two Circassian women of rare charms but low birth.

The communist Assi recently made another fruitless attempt to escape from the vessel which was carrying him to his place of exile in New Caledonia. If it be true, as reported, that he had previously failed in eight similar endeavors, this latest effort to swim ashore at the Cape of Good Hope may appropriately be counted as Assi-nine.

Ungallant men in Terre Haute are making unseemly mirth over the lack of euphony in the cognomens of Drs. Susan Van Ripenhausen and Ellen Probisciter, who have recently commenced the practice of medicine there. It seems to us that the blame should rest with the male residents who have failed to offer these ladies a fair opportunity of changing their objectionable names.

The last unexpected heiress to a foreign fortune is a young lady of St. Louis, who is reported to have had $5,000,000 left to her by her late lover, a subaltern in the Spanish army. The immense wealth of all classes in Spain has long been known to every traveller in that thriving kingdom; but one would scarcely have expected even there to find a five-millionaire drawing the not over munificent pay and rations pertaining to the military service.

An enthusiastic member of a secret society recently moved to town. Three or four evenings ago he went to a lodge meeting, telling his wife he was going among the stables to see about the distemper. Next morning she went through his pockets for some change. Not finding any she asked where his money had gone. "Affiliated," he muttered as he turned over for another nap. "You can't me make believe a filly ate it," she spitefully retorted.