LOVE CROWNED.

A maiden with a garland on her head
Sat in her bower between two lovers: one
Wore such a wreath as hers; the other none.
But him, in merry wise, she garlanded
With that she wore: then gayly, took instead
The other's wreath and wore it as her own;
Where[illegible] both smiled, each deeming she had shown
Himself the favorite. Though she nothing said
Concerning this by any spoken word,
Yet by her act methinks the maid preferred
The lover she discrowned A friendly thing
Or whimsical—no more—the gift she gave
(A queen might do as much by any slave,)
But he whose crown she wore was her heart's king.
—John G. Saxe in May Century.

HER SON'S WIFE.

"These things must be done, and the doer surely ennobles the work if she be true to [her]self."—[Dothy.

"So you can really send her a trusty person at once? I am sure I am vastly obliged to you. You have relieved me of a responsibility that I did not like at all. How like a picture you look, dear, with your hair a la Recamier! Delicious day for a promenade, is it not? Adieu, je m'en vais."

And with this valedictory medley, land a smile of great friendliness, pretty, voluble Carrie Thomas fluttered from the hotel parlor.

Katharine Wray waited until the black and silver brocade was no longer visible, and then went thoughtfully up to her room. The expression of her exquisite countenance was not happy, althougn a sparkle of unmistakable roguery brightened her magnificent black eyes.

"By a freak—a sudden impulse—I have doomed myself to wear the frieze of humility," was her mental reflection as she began a singular metamorphosis of toilet. "Cloth of gold is not for me; neither are pearls," she sighed, and with a half bitter smile unclasped a gleaming necklace from a

"White throat, whiter than the silvered dove."

As she put aside all her graceful ornaments, all her dainty habiliments, her self-counsel was practical and serious.

"A single coin—A poor little golden eagle—is the last of my funds," she deliberated; "and I may not obtain a position as a teacher for months. Without employment, I shall have no home. I have no friends who care enough about me to enquire whither I go or what I may be doing. Why, then, should I not become Mrs. Wilmotte's cook? Shall I be less worthy of respect because my labor is more menial than genteel? However it is dernier resort, and one is silly who does not make the best of the inevitable. And for a little time, at least, I shall have no more plodding through the dull, hot city streets to a big, bare school-room—no more teaching the dear, stuqid urchins that learning is something more than boredom. I shall have the sweet, green country—the music of the fresh wind and wild water—the waving trees, bird songs, sunshine and flowers—and lastly and luckily, I have been excellently instructed in all culinary knowledge."

Being a sensible young lady of no hyper-refinements, Katherine proposed to be a cheerful and conscientious serving-maid. Moreover, being humorous and inclined to the adventurous and romantic, she was confident of enjoying the situation she would secure by a little harmless masquerading. Still she was aware that the contingency of a lovely and talented young teacher manipulating in a scullery for her subsistence would be somewhat grotesque and inconsistent.

"If I should disclose my some-time station, no one would hire me in a vulgar capacity," she reasoned, sapiently.

There was mischief in her eyes, and some perturbation in her soul, as she presented herself to Mrs. Wilmotte, who scrutinized her with a cold and dubious gaze. The lady distrusted those lily hands, those graceful manners, and that refined voice. But she sorely needed a servant, and a recent epistle from Cara Thomas had fluently commended to her confidence the person procured by proxy. But undoubtedly, that credulous correspondent would have been astounded, could she have surmised the impositon of Katherine, whom she had never suspected of whimsicality, nor of any inferior proclivities.

Mrs. Wilmotte quickly ascertained that the girl was exceedingly capable—that the soi disant Katie was neat, prompt and skillful.

Those symmetrical hands wrought culinary miracles. There was magic in her touch; there was enchantment in her presence. There was much of the poetic in her composite temperament, and she did the homeliest tasks gracefully, and with dignity, and—

"Never an unkind word, nor a rude, unseemly expression
Came from that soft, red mouth."

And beside, her new life had a certain zest and savor, delightful to the city-jaded pedagogue. Her wan cheeks became plump and pink as the roses beginning to bloom in the great villa garden; her young voice was as blithe as the songs of the robins in the nesting trees when the morning wind shook the scented dew from the bloomy locust plumes. Drudgery was to her but the name of something she did not condsider intolerably disagreeable.

But with all her perfections and endearing graces, Mrs. Wilmotte did not regard her as a treasure.

Katie's beauty and intelligence were abnormal for a domestic; and the incongruity puzzled, baffled and almost angered her.

"Goodness! do but hear that girl affecting an operatic chanson, and do but see her floral garniture!" she observed satirically one day to her handsome son.

Katharine in a trim, dark dress, with red rosebuds in her black curls and at her white throat, with her shapely arms bared, sat by an open window, singing as she worked. All about her swung the yellow horns of a spicy, trellised honeysuckle, and a dove with breast of pearl, and silver wings, perched, cooing, on a basket, brimming with the strawberries with which she was busied.

"She makes a charming picture," commented Donald Wilmotte, his blue, dreamy eyes fixed interestingly on the simple, pleasing scene.

For a moment Mrs. Wilmotte eyed the young gentleman critically.

"Katie is a giddy young person and altogether too fond of making herself noticeable," she said incisively. "I cannot compliment Cousin Cara for the best judgment in sending her here. The girl is sufficiently apt and attractive for a genteel vocation; and I dare say if she has not misbehaved herself in some way, she would never be serving in a kitchen."

"How hard you are, ma mere," replied Donald, uneasily, twirling one silky curve of his auburn mustache so nervously that the diamond in his white finger flashed like a shooting-star. "I should say, rather, that if she had a propensity for misbehaving, she could never dignify labor as she does. And her work would never be considered degrading in indolence, and prejudice and sham delicacy did not make it so. She cheerfully earns her subsistence by doing precisely what the best of women and wives are better and happier for knowing how to do. And she has a too wholesome mind to feel a[bas]hed by what some pecuniary misfortune, very likely, has made unavoidable."

The lady was not prepared for moralizing; nor had she ever conjectured that the proud Donald admired and esteemed their mysterious domestic. And his earnest speech so defensively and agitatedly uttered, dismayed her. She could only appreciate some possible event that might not be felicitous.

She sat upright in her stiff Queen Anne chair—rigid, disdainful, dumb with alarm and displeasure.

Meanwhile the gentleman silently arose and sauntered from the parlor, presently appearing at the open door of the apartment where Katherine was still busy with her luscious, scarlet berries.

She was not aware of his propinquity, and he watched her for several moments with mute gravity. When she glanced up and saw him standing there with that serious, intense expression upon his handsome, refined countenance, she uttered a little startled cry, and blushed consciously.

But she did not smile. She entirely comprehended the essential restraints of the station she had assumed; and no smile of hers had ever allured the fancies of this man, nor had ever enticed him to offer her more than passionless civility.

Nevertheless, she intuitively guessed what he had come to say, and she was scared and distressed.

"Katie," he asked, simply, "will you marry with me?"

Katherine averted her confused eyes; her lovely head drooped; and then she suddenly covered her face with her hands—those delicate hands so roughened and smirched with labor—and began to sob foolishly.

"Why, Katie!" ejaculated her unceremonious wooer, with a modicum of consternation in his pleasant voice—"why are you crying? You surely are not frightened because I love you dearly, and desire you for my honored wife? Or do you fear to pain me by confessing a lack of the affection I should prize as my best treasure?"

Then she uplifted her head bravely, and all the truth of her womanly spirit, all the poetic enthusiasm of her soul, shone in her splendid eyes.

"I do love you," she acknowled, sweetly. "But I love you so truly that I shall not allow you to sacrifice peace for me. Only when your mother and your friends shall have approved your preference for me will I be your wife."

At that instant they were startled by a slight exclamation of wonder and anger, and Katherine leaped to her feet, to confront the mother of her lover.

"Oh, do not be angry," she panted, impulsively. "I shall go away—now—immediately; and I promise not to marry him—not to see him again—until you will not be unwilling."

Mrs. Wilmotte laughed—a laugh of such insulting disbelief, such supercilious contempt, that the girl's bonny face paled with unspoken resentment.

White and stern, Donald put a protecting arm about her whom he had chosen, and drew her closely to his side.

"Mother," he began, firmly, "I entreat you to do nothing that you will live to regret. For just so surely as I am your son, just so surely Kitie will be my wife."

Before the lady could respond, an equipage flashed up the sunny drive, and in another second, with a shimmer of silk, a waftage of perfume, and a little warble of laughter, Cara Thomes fluttered through the hall searching for her invisible relatives."

"O, here you are!" she cried vivaciously, espying the dramatic trio. And then she stopped in pretty bewilderment, gazing almost rudely at poor, disparaged, distracted Katherine.

"Kate Wray," she enunciated at length, with her characteristic volubility and disregard for formalities, "what brought you here, and in that sort of dress? Have you been masquerading as cook for sous-in Wilmotte? I believe you have truly, or you would not be so disconcerted and so triste. What mischief have you done, O witch, with those fine eyes? Not a little, I should say, if one may judge by the significance of attitudes, tears and frowns. Has something dreadful happened really? or am I transformed into an ogress, that you all stare at me so? Will you please explain, my dears?" she concluded with an effectation of the pathetic, while her aspect was irresistably droll.

La petite Cara was heedless and frivolous, but, despite all her small faults, she detested any unpleasantness, and she was very well aware that a playful disposition often invokes peace.

"I think, Cara, you ought to make some explanation yourself," observed Mrs. Wilmotte, whose manner had become rather less uncompromising. "Why is this young woman here in a feigned guise?"

"May I be scolded if I know," pouted the coaxing creature. "I had no liking for doing what you delegated me to do some months ago; unluckily my forte is not that of engaging servants. And Kate, like the obliging creature that she is, assured me that she would send you an honest, reliable girl. It seems that she came to you herself. Is not that correct, Kate? Stupid child!" she continued diplomatically. You vanished when all the high excellencies of the city were searching for you. By the demise of some good old English dame you have inherited a modestly large fortune."

Kate started, while her lover regarded her with gentle, inquiring eyes.

"The lady mentioned was my kins-woman and my only relative," she exclained, quietly. "Aunty was captious, and not always kind to me. I believe she disliked me and suspected me of mercenary aspirations. So I left her and came to this country, where I hoped to support myself nicely by teaching. I secured a tolerable situation that I retained until I was incapacitated by a long illness. When I last saw you, Cara, I was in a pecuniary dilemma, and I meant no wrong when I appropriated the place with you, Mrs. Wilmotte. And I am glad I came for I have gained——"

She faltered, blushed divinely, and glanced at Donald.

"She has gained a husband," he interpolated serenely.

And then, right gallantly, before the half conciliated lady mother, before the highly diverted Cara, he took her in his caressing arms and kissed her bright uplifted face with the first kiss of such a love as rarely blesses a woman.

"Do not spoil their happiness, cousin by unavailing hostility," Miss Thomes pleaded for them.

Mrs. Wilmotte was not averse to wise counsel; and she was conscious, moreover, that she had no creditable reason for opposing the affections of the young people, and they had their way with no hindrance from her; and the time came when she was avowedly satisfied with her son's charming wife.

Turned White.

Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," tells a thrilling story of a man who, after undergoing a terrible temptation and coming off victorious, found that, as the result of the mental and moral strain, his hair had turned snow-white. The Louisville Journal gives an instance that occurred recently where the hair of young man turned white in a single night as a result of fright. His name was Henry Richards; his place of residence, Terre Haute. He was going home one evening about dark, from a visit to a friend, and was walking along the railroad track.

Some little distance from town was a very high trestlework over a creek, there being no planks placed across it. People in crossing had to walk on the ties. Richards was walking along at a lively rate, and when he arrived at the bridge he did not stop to think that a train coming in was then due, but being in a hurry to get home he started to walk across on the cross-ties.

He was nearly half way across the bridge when the train came around [illegible] curve at a lively rate. He saw th[illegible] and commenced running, [illegible] this was useless, as the train would [illegible] tainly overtake him before he could [illegible] off the bridge.

He was now in a terrible plight. To jump off was certain death. If he remained on the track the train would crush him to pieces. There was no woodwork beneath the bridge for him to hang to, so he saw that his only chance was to swing on a small iron that passed under the cross-ties.

No time was to be lost as the train was nearly on the end of the bridge. So he swung himself under the ties, and in a few moments was hanging on for dear life.

The engineer had seen him just before he disappeared under the bridge, and tried to stop the train, but did more harm than good, as he only succeeded in checking the speed of the train, and made it a longer time in passing over Richards.

As the engine passed the coals of the fire from the ash-pan dropped out on his hands, burning the bone, as he could not shake them off, and to let go would have been certain death.

The trial was at length over, and, nearly dead from fright and exhaustion, with his hands burned in a terrible manner, Richards swung himself upon the bridge again and ran home. When he reached there his hair had not turned, but in a short time afterward it began to get gray, and by morning was almost perfectly white.

About Noted People.

The present king of Siam, who is not yet 30 years old, is said to be the most enlightened and progressive monarch of Asia, excepting, possibly, the emperor of Japan. Though a Budhist, he is favorably inclined toward the missionaries, and has established schools for the liberal education of his people.

Queen Victoria has lost her farm manager, Mr. Tait, who died at the Shaw farm a fortnight ago at the age of sixty-six. He had had for 24 years the management of the royal farm in the Home park and the Prince Consort's Shaw farm, while since 1880 the care of the Flemish farm in Windsor Great park had been confided to him. Mr. Tait had frequently been chosen to acts as judge at different agricultural shows in England and other places.

Ex-Vice President Wheeler donated $1,000 to the Methodist Church extension society, telling them to go to the frontier and build up churches, and that "when they get the country well underbrushed, we will send out some Presbyterians to put on the finishing touches."

Gabriel Ravel, the eldest of a celebrated family of pantomimists, well known by the past generation, died in Toulouse, France, on the 14th of April. He was born in 1810, and made his first public appearance in Paris in 1825, in company with his brothers Antoine and Jerome.

Frank Leslie, the late New York publisher, left no disconsolate widow, who refused to be comforted because that had occured which could not be helped. She grappled with the great business which he left, and is managing it with a success that gives her an annual income of $200,000. She is an accomplished lady, being a clever writer, a good editor, and the master of several languages. Nine hours a day is the time she spends in her office.

A newspaper correspondent who sat by Lieutenant De Long's side at the hotel table, during the last few weeks of preparation for the Jeannette expedition, said one day to that ill-fated officer that the little family he was about to leave was worth more to his life than all the glory he could hope to gain. "Would you then let the bachelors have all the glory?" asked De Long, pleasantly; and his wife, who, with their little daughter, sat by his side, added: "I want him to go; I am as enthusiastic for him as he is."

Mrs. Virginia Jefferson Trist died at the residence of her son-in-law, John W. Burke, in Alexandria, Va., after a lingering illness, in the 71st year of her age. The deceased, was born at Monticello, Va., was the daughter of Thomas Mann and Martha Jefferson Randolph and was the grand-daughter of Thomas Jefferson. She was the widow of the late Nicholas P. Trist, who, as a special commissioner appointed by President Polk, negotiated at the close of the Mexican war, the treaty between Mexico and the United States.

Hon. Edward O'Brien of Thomastown, the oldest shipbuilder in the United States, died last week. He had been engaged in shipbuilding since 1825, and built upwards of 100 vessels. Within the past ten years he built and was sole owner of twelve ships of over 2,000 tons, and ten of them are now afloat, mostly plying between Liverpool and San Francisco. He also had extensive business interests and owned much property in Boston, New York and Brooklyn. He was distinguished for his benevolence and public spirit. He was 89 years old, but up to a few weeks of his death, attended personally to all the details of his business and managed it all with consummate ability. His wife, whom he married in 1820, and two children survive him.

A CHRISTIAN VOW.

The Pretty Story of a Christian Woman's Consecration

From the New York Presbyterian.

At the close of the eighteen century a farmer's daughter left her home in Yorkshire, England, to go as a servant in a farm-house. She had to fill the place at once of kitchen-maid, house-maid, milk-maid and cook. She milked six cows morning and evening, beside all else, and when she found leisure beyond these services she occupied herself in spinning wool. But with all that was lowly and unpromising in this young woman's life she had genuine piety. She had been brought up with the Bible as her guide, and with the pure and noble ideas which belong to Christian education. In the course of time she was engaged to marry a young weaver of Halifax, whose name was John Crossley. They married at length and settled down to a life of honest industry. Crossley was frugal and thrifty. He got on well, laid by his earnings, and at length was able to rent a wool-mill and dwelling-house. When the couple were about entering their new quarters a holy purpose of consecration took possession of his young wife. On the day of entering the house she rose at 4 o'clock in the morning and went into the door-yard. There, in the early twilight, before entering the house, she knelt on the ground and gave her life anew to God. She vowed most solemnly in these words: "If the Lord does bless me at this place, the poor shall have a share of it."

That grand act of a life of marvelos nobility. It was the law of this home for many years, while sons were born and grew up under its ennobling influence. John Crossly died, leaving a confortable property and a good name. The widow lived on to old age, and would never consent to remove from her first home to a better one. The sons carried on their father's business, educated and controlled by the spirit of the mother's early vow. One of the youngest sons became a baronet and a member of Parliament for West Riding. In nature life he said: "It is to this vow, made and kept with so much fidelity, that I attribute tho great success of my father in business. My mother was always looking to see how she could best keep her vow."

The Crossleys grew rich and great. The sons of the kitchen maid became owners of mills which covered acres of ground. These structers rose, story above story, in solid masses; the working people were increased to the number of 5,000. The good old mother became alarmed, and said that a crash would come. The sons answered:

"No we are well insured. "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all time increase; so shall thy barns be filled." This is our best policy of insurance,"

In 1853 of these sons was in America. On seeing a fine landscape at sun set the glory of the scene entered his heart and he asked himself. "What shall I render unto the L[illegible] [illegible] the purcha[se of] land for a people's park, after his return home, at a cost of $30,000. The park was given to the town of Halifax. At lenght two spacious almshouses were built and endowed by two of these brothers. Then came a row of workmen's dwelling houses, then an orphanage, and besides these any number of less conspicuous charities.

Mr. Lincoln and His Cabinet.

"We read in the papers now," said Judge Usher, "a good deal about Cabinet meetings and the discussion of questions at those meetings. There was nothing of that kind with Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. Each was too busy with his own department to discuss any question relating to other departments. When Cabinet meetings were called, Stanton would usually put his head in at the door and inquire, "Is there anything to-day, Mr. President?" To which Mr. Lincoln would reply, "No, I guess not, Stanton." The Mason and Slidell affair caused some discussion, but Seward decided that question, and not the Cabinet. There were never but two questions brought before the Cabinet, and one of them was the fearful massacre at Fort Pillow. Mr. Lincoln was very much in earnest about the matter, and retaliatory measures were talked of, but never resorted to."

SARAH BURR'S LIFE.

A Servant's Recollection of her Appetite, Wardrobe and Jewelry.

From the New York Sun.

James McCabe, the only witness examined yesterday before the Surrogate in the matter of the contested will of the late Miss Sara Burr, appeared in court with his arms full of paper bundles, and followed by two court attendants with an assortment of antique chairs and a dilapidated table. McCabe's mother was a servant in Miss Burr's University place, and he lived there with her for about four years, up to the time of Miss Burr's death. The chairs were those which Miss Burr had used daily. They were low splint affairs of a past generation, and were broken in many parts. There was also an iron sauce-pan, a little old teapot, and some craked cups and plates of coarse quality, a shabby old dress, a misshapen hoop skirt, and a box of hollow brass jeweley. McCabe testified in behalf of the contestants of the will, and in answer to the question of ex-Attorney-General Pierrepont, counsel for their proctors, Messrs. Franklin Bartlett and Clifford A. H. Bartlett.

"Were Miss Burr's habits uniform?" Mr. Pirrepont asked.

"No sir; they were very dirty," said the witness.

"Give an account of her daily life."

"Well, in the morning she would come down from her room in the second story to the kitchen, and would sit by the range. Then mother'd dress her and she'd ask for breakfast. She'd have toast and tea. Then after eating it, she'd ask if she'd had breakfast, and mother would say 'Yes,' and I'd say 'Yes.' Then she'd say, 'We'd better have an early dinner about 10 o'clock—turkey or porterhouse steak or roast beef. Half an hour after eating she'd ask if she had had dinner, and would complain of being hungry, and would have to have some cake or pie. Then she'd say: 'We'll have to have an early supper.' We'd have supper about 2 o'clock. She didn't eat much, but she'd be hungry after that, and in about half an hour she'd ask for some cake and say she felt faint and hungry. Then between meals she kept saying she was hungry, and kept eating all the time."

"What else did she do in the kitchen all day?"

"She sat up in this old chair or lay down on all these chairs. She went to bed before dark. We had a candle that we could use if she sat until it was dark. I helped her up stairs, and mother would undress her and put her to bed. This was her daily habit."

Gas bills were produced to show how little gas Miss Burr consumed. They averaged $1.12 every two months.

"During the four years you worked there," Mr. Pierrepont asked, "how many times did she take a bath?"

"Never took a bath since I can remember."

"What kind of a dress did she wear?"

"Calico."

The witness took the dress from a bundle. It was old and soiled and of a mixture of wool and cotton.

"What is the condition now?"

"Pretty dirty."

"Did she wear that during the four years?"

"She had another one."

"Hadn't she a silk dress?"

"She kept one down stairs in the pantry."

The witness exhibited a lot of Miss Burr's jewelry. It consisted of finger rings and breastpins. He said he had bought the rings of peddlers at Miss Burr's request. They were worth about ten cents apiece. She kept them in the sideboard. She also had some silver plated ware, which she would not permit them to clean for fear the silver would be rubbed off.

He Got What He Wanted.

New York Sun.

"You had better get rid of that stove-pipe hat; you'll be livelier without it," said a powerfully built red-faced young truck-driver the other day as he nearly drove over a delicate-looking gentleman. The pedestrian had to skip in an undignified manner to eocape. "You want your neck wrung badly," he said as he gained the sidewalk, and looked after the truck. The driver heard him and pulled up his horses at once. "Will you wring it?" he asked, in gruff tones. The gentleman took a few seconds to consider the question. Then he said: "No, I'll leave that job for the hangman; but I will flatten your nose, if that will suit you." It appeared that the proposal suited the driver, for in thirty seconds he stood before the fragile-looking man. "Now flatten my nose," he said, defiantly. It was done before the words were well out of his mouth; and as he lay on his back in the gutter, the expression on his blood-bespattered countenance was that of pain and amazement. "What did you strike that man for?" asked a policeman, hurrying up, and seizing the gentleman by the arm. "Because he asked me to strike him, you know," was the reply; "and as he looked like an honest, good-natured young fellow, I did'nt like to disoblige him." The policeman looked at the truckman, who rose slowly, and without making any complaint, mounted the seat of his wagon and drove off. "Well," said the policeman, impressively, as he walked away, "there's no accountin' for tastes."

Valuable Land, and Why.

New York Letter in the Troy Times.

The land on which the Drexel building stands cost its present owners at the rate of $14,000,000 per acre. It occupies the corner of Wall and Broad streets. Almost all the railroads on the continent are managed within three hundred feet of this spot, and the general pressure of our immense financial system gives it a value which a few years ago could not have been dreamed of. Standing on the Drexel corner you may see men entering their offices with rapid step, and if you could follow them you would find that their transactions, though of enormous sums, were accomplished with the smallest amount of words imaginable. No time to waste when so much is to be done in a few hours. The day here is from ten to three o'clock and one house closes an hour earlier. Such men are always ready to act, hence there is less need of talk. If anyone attempts a conversation he will find himself politely but positively neglected. Men may talk at their leisure, but not in the heaving and excited crowd in Wall street. Across from Drexel's is the United States treasury, where about $80,000,000 of government funds are held, and the rear of the treasury (on Pine street) faces the great turner building. All around, as you cannot but feel, is wealth; not in lands or any representative shape, but in money. Here money reigns; money is the theme. Moneyed men only are important, and if you want to see them, just come to this centre of capital.

My indignation is yearly aroused by the needless sacrifice of some noble oak or elm, and especially of the white pine the grandest tree in our woods, which I would not exchange for oriental palms. My thanks will be due to the public school which is to plant a row of trees in my honor. I could ask no better memorial. I have always admired the good taste of the Sakokis Indians, around Sebago lake, who, when their chief died, dug around a beech tree swaying it down and placed his body in the rent, and then let the noble tree sink back into its original place—a green and beautiful monument for the son of the forest.—Whittier.

Subdivision of property is making progress in Virginia. There are now 118,517 farms in the state, against 83,849 in 1870. Of these 83,531 are occupied by owners, 13,392 rented for money, and 21,594 on shares. Virginia has 1,563 farms with over 1,000 acres in each.

Senator Miller of St. Peter will go to Guayaquil, to swell the list of Minnesota consuls, his appointment having been confirmed.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

Farm Notes.

New wheat from Arkansas was sold in St. Louis two weeks ago at $1.50 per bushel.

A Chester county (Pa.), farmer who has a flock of 125 hens, says that he gets eggs enough from them to pay for their food the entire year, if it cost double its present value. The Germantown Telegraph says his fowls comprise mainly Plymouth Rodks and Dominiques, and he feeds them as much wheat as they can eat, mixed with a small portion of corn, pounded oyster shells and cracklings.

The high and rising prices of beef may be reasonably attributed, in a degree, to the remarkable drought of last summer, which scortched the corn and hay crops, and oblidged feeders to encounter unusual expenditures in wintering their animals. When a steer is subsisting on corn at $1 per week and hay at $25 to $30 per ton, the owner may be pardoned for devising strategic measures for selling the best at the highest price he can fairly obtain.

Work not a rod of land more than you can work well. It is easier and far more profitable to reap sixty bushels from one acre than fifty from two. Manure and proper cultivation will enable you to do it.

If garden seeds, when planted in the spring, are firmly pressed when under the earth, by the ball of the foot, at the time the gardeners are setting them into the ground, they will invariably grow, drouth or no drowth; and what is still more important, they will spring up earlier and grow faster, and mature better than any of their kind which have not been subjected to this discipline. This same rule of pressure holds good in transplanting trees, shrubs and plants.

Mr. Eggleston in Harper's Monthly says that "with all the interest and energy that the West is manifesting in the subject, stimulated with the most pressing need, we are only planting one acre to trees, while thirty-five acres are being laid bare by the ax and by fire. Is there not need for an American Forestry Association; for similar local associations; for schools of forestry; for Arbor Days, timber bounty acts and State Legislative encouragement to tree planting?"

Some Cooking Recipes.

GINGER FRUIT CAKE.—Four eggs, beat separately; 1 cup brown sugar; 2 cups good Orleans molasses; 1 cup butter; ¾ cup sour milk; 1 teaspoonful soda, dissolved in the milk; 2 tablespoons of ginger; half pound raisins, cut small; half pound dried currants; 1 teaspoonful each cloves, cinnamon, and allspice; sprinkle the fruit thoroughly with flour to keep it from settling in the tin. In baking 1 quart of flour is enough to make the dough a good deal stiffer than most cakes are made. Add the beaten white of eggs. Lastly, bake one hour and ten minutes. This cake keeps well.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Set a sponge with one quart of wheat flour. I use compressed yeast, and my sponge rises in one hour. It must be kept warm. Then add a small tablespoon of salt, and two large ones of sugar. Then mix and stir in the brown flour with a spoon, a portion at a time, till the sponge will moisten all the flour. When a little stiffer than cake, put into a warm pan. It should rise in about an hour. Then "oven" from an hour to an hour and a half. The beauty of this bread is that one does not need to use her hands to knead it, and the only fault is that when made it does not last.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Mix one-half pint of wheat flour, sifted, with half a pint of graham flour and a good pint of salt. Then stir in one pint of sweet milk and lastly two eggs, slightly beaten. This is enough to make two tablespoonfuls each to sixteen gems, and should be dropped into snapping hot pans of iron, as they will not cook in anything else. "Oven" about an hour. I would like to hear of the applicant's success.

SAGO PUDDING.—One quart sweet milk, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sago, one cup of sugar. Cover the sago with water and soak over night, till it looks clear, then beat eggs, sugar and sago together; add the milk and enough grated nutmeg to taste. Bake or steam. If you wish frosting, beat white of an egg and sugar; spread over the top and set in the oven for a few minutes. The same receipt is good if made of tapioca.

LEMON PIE.—One cup sugar, butter large as hickory nut; grate the outside and squeeze out the juice of one lemon; stir together. Scald one cup of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful corn starch; then stir all together. Then frost with whites.

BLANC MANGE CAKE.—Whites of three eggs, butter size of a butternut, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with lemon. Bake as for jelly cake, then take yolks of three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, two table spoonfuls of corn starch, sugar and lemon to taste. Cook till thick enough to spread between layers of cake.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two cups of corn starch, three eggs; one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder; lemon or vanilla to taste.

A Cure for Heaves.

Heaves is a complicated disease of the digestive and respiratory organs, and is frequently the result of imprudent feeding, both as regards quantity and quality. Musty hay and oats and damaged grain of all kinds are particularly injurious. Some horses, especially ravenous feeders, are liable to become habitual gluttons, if allowed free access to the provender, and horses that are fed in such a careless manner are the usual victims of heaves. The proper way to prevent horses from having the heaves is to select the very best food, free from dust and all other impurities, and to feed it regularly three times a day. Horses should not be allowed to overload their stomach and bowels with hay; it should be fed at night in limited quantities only. The greatest care should be exercised in selecting for horses; the hay, when at all dusty, should be well shaken and sprinkled with salt water, previous to its being fed. The treatment of heaves should consist of proper restrictions in dieting, the selection of healthy, nutritious and easily digested food. Attention should also be given to the watering; horses should not be watered immediately before or after feeding—especially the latter, the better way is to water often through the day, a little at a time. It is well to commence the medical treatment by giving a cathartic, after which much benefit will be derived from the following powder mixed in the feed morning and evening. Arsenic 4 grains, powdered nux vomica 20 grains, powdered gentian root 1 dram, powdered Jamacia ginger ½ dram; mix for one dose.

Culture of Celery.

In the Kansas Farmer, we find the following brief and succinct article, which gives, it would seem, specifications amply sufficient, viz.: "First, the ground may be planted to an early variety of potatoes, as they keep the ground in good condition and come off early enough for the celery to be set out (too late this year.) For the celery plants, as soon as the soil begins to get warm (16th of April to 10 of May, usually,) take a box four to six inches deep, and for 100 plants, two to two and a half feet square. Set it nearly, or quite its full depth in the ground, and if possible, where the waste water from the pump will run under and around it. This box absorbs and equalizes the moisture. Fill it even full of rich, mellow earth, and sow the seed in drills one-quarter of an inch deep and two inches apart, same as for cabbage or tomato plants. The celery seeds germinate very slowly, and the plants seldom appear under forty days from sowing. When two to two and a half inches high level off your ground and set the plants out in rows three and a half to four feet apart and the plants six to eight in the row. Don't trench it; it is worse than useless. After setting out it will stand a long time without growing, but don't be discouraged. It is making root, and if the top all dies down it will still come, but very slowly till the cool weather of fall comes on, then its most rapid growth is made. Draw the earth close around the plant as it grows, being careful not to cover the center stalk. It will thus branch out in fine order, and at all times be ready for use. Just before frost take up and set into a trench nearly as deep as the height of the plant. Cover with straw and earth as necessary to keep out frost. In using take out from one end of the trench. For want of a knowledge of its slow growth at its various stages many are discouraged, but it is as easy to raise as any other plant, and is I think, the best of all.

A Plain Talk to Young Ladies on Every Day Matters and Things.

John Ruskin gives the following advice to young ladies: "In order to investigate one's self, it is well to find out what one is. Don't think vaguely about it. Take pen and paper and write down as accurate a description of yourself as possible, and if you dare not, find out why you dare not, and try and get strength of heart enough to look yourself in the face, mind as well as body. Always have two mirrors on your dressing table, and with proper care dress your mind and body at the same time. Put your best entelligence to finding out what you are good for and what you can be made into. The mere resolve not to be useless and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and most delicate way, improve one's self. All accomplishments should be considered as a means of assisting others. In music get the voice disciplined clear, and think only of accuracy; expression and affect will take care of themiselves. So in drawing, learn to set down the right shape of anything, and thereby explain its character to an other person; but if you try only to make showy drawings for praise or pretty ones for amusements, your drawing will have little or no real interest for you and no educational power. Resolve to do each day something uselful in the vulgar senser. Learn the economy of the kitchen and good and bad qualities of every common articles of food, and the simplest and best modes of their preparation help poor families in their cooking, show them how to make their niceties—coaxing and tempting them into tidy and pretty ways, and pleading for well folded table cloths, however coarse, and for a flower or two out of the garden to strew on them. One should, at the end of every day, to be able to say, as proudly as any peasant, that she had not eaten the bread of idleness. Get quit of the absurd idea that heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their own course in punishing its small ones. If food is carlessly prepared no one expects Providence to make it palatable: neither, if through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect divine interference to bring around everything at last for the best. I tell you, positively, the world is not so constituted. The consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life and of all the lives over which you have control depends as literally on your common sense and discretion as the excellence and order of a day."

A SECOND STRING.

Maggie was pretty and she knew it. She was nurse-girl at Squire Ridgeway's, but she knew it just as well as if she had been a queen. She knew others thought so, too, and though she was engaged—or "all the same as engaged"—to Dick Hopper, she could not keep from flirting with any one who showed the least desire to flirt with her. And Dick Hopper did not like it, and they quarreled and parted, and made it up again, not once, but a hundred times. But I think if Dick had known all the making up he would have been slower.

The flirtation with the young men he knew was bad enough, but there was something worse. Whenever Maggie took the baby, Squire Ridgway's little granddaughter, and pride of the family, up to the park to walk, she was sure to go nto the pretty summer house that overlooks the lake, and there, after a while to be joined by a young man—such an elegant gentleman Maggie thought—who paid her such compliments.

Nobody knew about this but cook, who declared that Maggie ought to be ashamed of herself, and that Dick was worth twenty of that fellow.

But Edward Montmorency was so elegant, so charming.

"And it's well to keep two strings to your bow, cook," said Maggie; Dick is so cross, sometimes."

Squire Ridgeway and his family were gone up town, and cook and Maggie kept house. Generally only one left the house at a time, but this was a special day. Maggie and cook were both going out, and Maggie was to take the key in her pocket and be home first. All was settled. She made up her mind to see the military parade in the morning and the firing of the guns and the fireworks in the evening, and was quite short with Dick when he came in the evening before, and said, in a hesitating sort of way, "Maggie, mother wants you to take tea and spend the evening with her. Will you?"

"I want to see the soldiers," said Maggie.

"Very well, Maggie," said Dick. I'd take you if could, but something will keep me from going with you to-morrow evening. Mother would like to have you."

"I shan't shut myself up indoors to-morrow," said Maggie.

Inwardly she added that she would not go to Dick's mother's and drink her wishywashy tea, and hear her old stories, when she could walk out with Edward Montmorency, have ice drinks, see the fire works, and be envied by every girl she met.

Cook went out early in the morning; so did Maggie, but at 5 she returned, made herself trim and neat and went out again. At the corner she met Edward Montmorency, and he offered his arm and took her to a great platform.

"I've got seats engaged here," said Edward; and Maggie, proud of her fine gentleman who could get seats on a platform amongst "quaity," mounted the steps and took her place.

"I'll stand behind you," said Edward; "and give me that great heavy key, for it's what no lady should have to bother with; it's too big. Besides your pocket is not safe in a crowd."

Maggie took the key from her pocket, and her beau leaned to her, talking to her; and the display of fireworks begun; and after a while Edward Montmorency whispered, "I'm going to get you some refreshments," made use of his long legs to clamber over the seats, and was gone.

Maggie sat still, gaping at the fireworks and uttering "ohs!" and "ahs!" of delight, and time passed so quickly that she did not know how long she had been seated, when suddenly the last gleam of color dropped down from the sky in a train of sparks, and people began to depart.

"Where was Mr. Montmorency?" Maggie looked about her. There was no sign of him. The crowd was dispersing; the windows were growing dark; the tipsy men seemed to monopolize the pavement, but he did not come, and she must wait for him, for he had the key in his pocket.

Maggie waited, and a policeman called to her, asking her if she meant to stay up there all night.

"It's 12 o'clock," he said, "and decent young girls ought to be at home."

"I'm waiting for my friend," said Maggie.

"Well, he seems to have forgot about you," said the policeman, and Maggie descended from the platform bathed in tears, and, with a dreadful presentiment of evil in her heart, hurried away homeward, and just as she turned the corner, two honest, fat, motherly figures waddled round it and came towards her—cook and Dick's mother.

"You've brought it yourself," said the cook; "but I'm sorry. If you want to see what has happened at home you'd better come."

"Dick sent us to see you took no harm," said the mother. "Ah! you'd better have took tea with me."

"What is the matter?" asked Maggie

"You'll see soon enough," said cook.

And Maggie, dreading she hardly knew what, hurried along the streets between the two old women. The fireworks had left only a disagreeable odor of gunpowder behind them.

Here and there a tipsy man lay on the steps of a public house; others staggered down the deserted streets, howling the dismal songs of intoxication.

At last they reached Squire Ridgeway's house, and saw, to Maggie's astonishment that it was brightly lighted, that a crowd had gathered about the doors.

"Now," said cook—"now Maggie, you'll see your elegant gentleman" and there in the midst of a group of stalwart policemen— there, indeed, was Edward Montmorency; and there were two other men, and all three were handcuffed; all three uttering furious imprecations.

Maggie screamed aloud, and suddenly the truth dawned upon her.

Cook put it into plain English.

"You see it was a plan from the first," she said: "he made love to you to get information about the silver and the safe, and asked you to the fireworks to get the key; I guessed what he was and told Dick, and it is Dick that has managed to have him caught at his work; and well for you I knew all or master would have had you arrested for an accomplice. Dick and me knew you were honest and only just a fool; you ought to be thankful."

"And I hope my son knows his own value now," said the old mother, "and don't go after any girl that plays off and on with him."

Poor Maggie, she suffered a great deal—it was weeks before she dared to speak

Dick, though they met at the Sabbath school every Sunday, and she thought herself well and fitly punished, and told cook that she should surely be an old maid now; but it was only six months from that day when faithful Dick came behind her as she was drawing the perambulator up and down the pavement one afternoon and said:

"Maggie dear, hasn't this gone on long enough?"

"O, Dick!" said Maggie, "I never expected you to like me again."

"Ah! but I did," said Dick; "and since your master thinks I did him a service and has made me a present of enough to furnish a house nicely with, shan't we set our wedding day for this day month?"

All that Maggie said was, "O Dick!" and there was tears in her eyes, but he kissed them away.

THE SOCIETY YOUNG MAN.

There isn't much in him, 'tis true;
But his eyes they are porcelain blue,
And his hands—oh, such loves!
With their delicate gloves,
That are always an exquisite hue!

But one thing about this Le Clare,
With the perfumed ambrosial hair,
That makes him the pride
Of his set far and wide,
Is his witching society air!

He lacks a man's inches in height,
But his linen is faultlessly white,
And the grace of his "tie,"
As he goes mincing by—
It would put a mere artist to flight!

His soft little heart knows no care;
He is fond, he is sweet, he is fair;
His voice has a squeak,
For its timbre is weak;
But, oh, my! his society air?

As he journeys through fashion's gay street,
So small are his dear little feet,
With his feminine "three,"
Which he wears with such ease,
That his walking is something complete!

The charming Adolphus Le Clare,
Who parts in the middle his hair,
Ne'er racks his poor brains
With deep thought yet sustains
His witching society air!

THE STANDARD BEARER.

Translated From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

The regiment was fighting upon a slope of the railroad, and served as a mark for the whole Prussian army massed opposite in the wood. They were exchanging shots at eighty metres. The officers shouted "Down! down!" but no one would obey, and the proud regiment remained on its feet, grouped about its standard. In the broad stretch of fading sunlight, of grain in the ear, of pasture-grounds, this mass of men, tossing, enveloped in confused smoke, had the air of a herd of animals surprised in an open field by the first whirlwind of a formidable tempest.

It rained lead upon the slope. One heard only the crack of the fusilade, the hollow sound of mess-plates rolling into the ditch, and the balls, which made long vibrations from one end of the field of battle to the other, like the stretched strings of some sinister and sonorous instrument. From time to time the standard, which was raised over head, agitated by the wind of the canister shot, sank amid the smoke; then a voice arose, grave and commanding, sounding above the fusilade, the death-rattles, the oaths of the wounded: "To the flag, my children, to the flag!" Instantly an officer leaped forward vague as a shadow in the red mist, and the heroic standard, restored to life, again soared over the battle.

Twenty-two times it fell! Twenty-two times its still warm staff, escaped from a dying hand, was seized, lifted up again, and when, as the sun disappeared, what remained of the regiment—scarcely a handful of men—slowly retreated, the standard was but a rag in the hands of Sergeant Hornus, the twenty-third standard-bearer of the day.

This Sergeant Hornus was an old fellow with three stripes on his arm, who hardly knew how to sign his name and had been twenty years winning promotion to the ranks of a sub-officer. All the misery of a foundling, all the brutishness of the barrack, could be seen on his low and resolute forehead, on his back crooked by the knapsack, in his stolid bearing of a soldier in the ranks. With this, he stuttered a little, but, to be a standard bearer, one has no need of eloquence. On the very evening of the battle his colonel said to him: "You have the flag, my brave man; keep it." And upon his wretched campaign capote, terribly faded by the rain and the fire, the cantiniere immediately sewed the gold embroidery of a sub-lieutenant.

This was the sole ambition of a life of humility. At once the form of the old soldier straightened up. The poor creature, accustomed to march bent, his eyes on the ground, would for the future have a proud face, a glance always lifted to see that strip of bunting float and hold it upright, very high, above death, treason and defeat.

Never was man as happy as Hornus on the days of battle, when he held his flag-staff with both hands, firmly planted in its leather support. He spoke not, he moved not. Serious as a priest, he seemed to be holding something sacred. All his life, all his strength was in his fingers, clenched around the beautiful, gilded rag upon which the balls hailed, and in his eyes full of defiance which locked the Prussians straight in the face with an air of saying: "Try to take it from me!"

No one tried, not even death. After Borny, after Gravelotte, those fearfully sanguinary battles, the flag went everywhere, cut, torn, transparent with wounds; but it was always old Hornus who bore it.

Then September came, the army in Metz, the siege and that long halt in the mud when the cannon rusted, when the finest troops in the world, demoralized by inactivity, by the lack of food and news, were dying of fever and weariness at the foot of their defenses. Neither chiefs nor soldiers, no one, had any further faith—Hornus still alone was confident. His tri-colored tatter was everything to him, and while he knew that it was safe it seemed to him that nothing was lost. Unfortunately, as the fighting had ceased the colonel kept the flag at his quarters in one of the suburbs of Metz, and the brave Hornus was somewhat like a mother whose infant is out to nurse. He thought of it incessantly. Then, when he felt too uneasy, he ran all the way to Metz, and the mere sight of it still in the same place, motionless against the wall, sent him back full of courage, of patience, bearing to his soaked tent dreams of battle, of marching in the van, with the tricolor spread out to its utmost extent floating over the Prussian trenches.

An order of the day from Marshal Bazaine destroyed all these illusions. One morning, Hornus, on awakening, saw the whole camp in an uproar, the soldiers in groups greatly animated, exciting each other, with cries of rage; with every fist lifted towards the same quarter of the city, as if their ire designated a culprit, they shouted: "Let us drag him out! Let us shoot him!" And the officers did not check them. They walked apart with bowed heads as if ashamed to look their men in the face. It was, indeed, infamous. They had just read to a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, armed, still sturdy, the order of the marshal which surrendered them to the enemy without striking a blow.

"And the standards?" asked Hornus, turning pale. The standards were given up with the rest, with the muskets, with what remained of the equipments, everything.

"Th—th—thunder of heaven!" stammered the poor man. "They shall never have mine!" And he started for the city on a run.

There, also, great animation reigned. National guards, citizens, gardes mobiles were shouting, agitating themselves. Deputations passed, trembling, going to the marshal's quarters. Hornus saw nothing, heard nothing. He spoke to himself, as he ascended the Rue du Faubourg:

"Take my flag from me! God above! is it possible? Has he the right? Let him give to the Prussians what is his own—his gilded coaches and his beautiful silver plate brought from Mexico! But the standard, that's mine. It's my honor. No one shall touch it."

All these bits of phrases were torn by his speed and his stammering speech; but in his brain the old man had his idea. It was a clear, firmly fixed idea—to seize the standard, bear it away into the midst of the regiment and pass over the bodies of the Prussians with all those who would follow him.

When he reached his destination he was not even allowed to enter. The colonel, who also was furious, declined to see anyone, but Hornus was not to be put off thus.

He swore, hurled himself upon the guard and shouted: "My flag—I want my flag!" At last a window opened.

"Is it you, Hornus?"

"Yes, colonel, I—"

"All the standards are in the arsenal; you have but to go there and get a receipt for yours."

"A receipt? What good will that do me?"

"Such is the marshal's order."

"But colonel—"

"Be quiet, will you!" and the window closed again.

Old Hornus staggered like a drunken man.

"A receipt—a receipt," repeated he, mechanically. At length he walked away, comprehending but one thing, that the flag was in the arsenal and he must get it, no matter what the cost.

All the doors of the arsenal were wide open to admit the Prussian army wagons which were waiting drawn up in the court-yard. Hornus trembled as he entered. All the other standard bearers were there, fifty or sixty officers, mournful silent; and those wagons, sombre beneath the rain, those men grouped behind them, with bare heads: it looked like a funeral.

In a corner all the standards of Bazaine's army were heaped, mixed together upon the muddy pavement. Nothing could be more sorrowful than those rags of gaudy silk, those wrecks of gold fringe and of carved staffs—all those glorious objects hurled to the ground, soiled by the rain and the mud. An officer of the commissariat took them up one by one and as his regiment was called out each standard-bearer advanced to procure a receipt. Stiff, impassable, two Prussian officers superintended the loading of the wagons.

And you were to depart thus, oh! holy, glorious tatters, displaying your wounds, sadly sweeping the pavement like birds with broken wings! You were to depart with the shame of beautiful things in disgrace, and each one of you would bear away a little of France. The sunlight of long marches would remain among your faded folds. In the marks of balls you would keep the remembrance of the unknown dead, killed by chance shots beneath the banner aimed at.

"Hornus, it is your time. You are called; go and get your receipt."

A receipt, indeed!

The flag was there before him. It was truly his—the most beautiful, the most mutilated of all, and, on beholding it once more, he thought himself again upon the slope of the railroad. He heard the balls whistle, the clattering mess-plates and the voice of the colonel shouting: "To the flag, my children!" Then he saw his twenty-two fallen comrades, and himself the twenty-third, leaping forward in his turn to lift and support the poor standard, which was reeling for want of arms. Ah! that day he had sworn to defend it, to keep it until death! And now——

At these thoughts all his heart's blood mounted to his head. Drunken, beside himself, he srang upon the Prussian officer, tore from him his beloved standard, which he grasped with all his strength; then he started to raise it again, high overhead, straight as a mast, shouting "To the fla—," but his voice expired in his throat. He felt the staff tremble, slip from between his hands. In that oppressive atmosphere, that atmosphere of death which hangs so heavily over surrendered cities, the flag could not float, nothing noble could live—and old Hornus fell dead, his beloved standard fluttering down upon him and reverently covering his corpse.

Great Discovery Partially Tested.

Dr. Koch, who recently addressed the Physiological society of Berlin on the subject of the latest theory of consumption, appears to have been a perfect Darwin in the matter of experimenting His claim is that he has discovered the precise means by which consumption is communicated from one person to another. This is by the transfer of a "tubercle parasite." The parasite he finds in every tubercle cell. He subjected the diseasee organs of men and animals to a long series of ies of microscopic examinations and in all cases found the parasites present. It is the parasite which produces the tubercle. Having ascertained thus much the doctor entered upon a very long and exhaustive series of experiments with Guinea pigs and other animals, proceeding by inoculation. A Guinea pig inoculated with the parasite will die of tuberculosis inside of forty days. The matter expectorated by a consumptive patient always contain these germs, while that thrown off as a consequence of a simple cold never does. It seems to make little difference how the inoculation takes place. By inhalation or by infusion in the veins of the abdomen, limbs or any part of the body, the effect is equally deadly. Speculation is now rife as to the possibility of inoculating against the disease as in small-pox, by using a modified form of the germ. The importance of any new discovery relating to the nature or treatment of consumption is beyond computation, since one-seventh of the human race fall victims to this scourge. The great dread of the disease has led to the advertisement of hundreds of quack theories designed for the extortion of fees for nostrums, but the result of Koch's experiments is indorsed by Prof. Tyndall in a letter over his signature to the London Times, and seems therefore entirely worthy of credence.

Balzac's Taste of Fame.

The late Madame de Balzac first saw her famous husband many years before she became his wife. When traveling in Poland he arrived late one evening at an isolated chateau, and was asked to stay there. He soon made himself known to the mistress of the house and had had some conversation with her, when a beautiful girl came in and silently poured out the tea. She was advancing toward the stranger with a cup in her hand, when the lady of the house again took up the conversation: "You were saying, M. D. Balzac——" At that moment the cup the young girl was holding dropped on the ground, and she clasped her hands, exclaiming, "Can it be the great M. de Balzac?" "For that one instant," writes Balzac, "I tasted the sweetness of fame!" The young girl was Eveline Rzewuska, who afterwards became Countess Hanska, and finally Madame Balzac.

HE.—If he was at the lodge last night, look in his pockets for theater tickets. If he saw the other one yesterday, there will be a hair or traces of powder on his vest pattern. If he brings home to his wife a "peacemaker" at midnight, he was not "working on those books." If he thinks she "ought to visit mother, for she needs rest and recreation," it will be found the governess is good-looking. If he is gay and tender all day, he will not be home till 1 p. m. Then is the time to get a new bonnet.

J. McGraw was arrested Saturday at Unity Wis., for ravishing a little ten-year-old girl of Mr. Stevens. Her parents were away at the time and he took her by force and outraged her. It is feared the little child will die. He was brought to Neillsville Sunday and lodged in jail.