ENGAGED.

I've sat at her feet by the hour
In the property worshipful way;
I've carried her many a flower,
I've read to her many a lay:
Social battles with friends and with lover
For her sake I often have waged;
And now from her lips I discover
That she—oh, that she is engaged!
The season we led in the German,
And one we were partners at whist;
On Sundays we heard the same sermon,
The opera never once missed;
We were generally winners at tennis;
Our skill at the target we gauged;
But a difference between now and then is—
For now she—for now she's engaged.
I have carried a parasol o'er her
When we strolled in the deep-shaded grove;
Whole minutes I've dallied before her,
Assisting to button her glove;
As she sprang to the saddle my fingers
Her woe feet a moment have caged,
And the thrill in my pulses still lingers,
Though now she—though now she's engaged.
Does she ever live over, I wonder,
The night that we sat in the cove,
One shawl wrapped around us, while thunder
And wind-storm and hail raged above?
How, trembling, she hid her white face on
My shoulder, and how I assuaged
Her fears by the story of Jason—
Does she think of all that when engaged?
On my walls hang her many mementoes;
That cathedral she sketched me in Rome;
It was after my camp-life she sent those
Silk slippers to welcome me home.
I've the letters she wrote me at college,
In a book all sorted and paged;
How delightful to read with the knowledge
That now she—yes!—now she's engaged!
I'm going to call there to-morrow;
In her joy she will greet her old friend
Without even a shadow of sorrow
That our friendship has come to an end;
And close in my arms I will fold her,
No matter if papa enraged;
Shall his wrath from me longer withhold her,
When to me—to me she's engaged?

—Boston Gazette.

AN INDIAN HERO.

The Story of Damon and Pythias Repeated in the Everglades of Florida.

The following reminiscence is taken verbatim from the journal of an officer of the United States army who was on duty in Florida in 1842 with General Worth, during the bringing in of the Seminole tribe Indians:

In the latter part of August a scene occured at the headquarters, Tampa, which rivaled the far-famed story of Damon and Pythias. A party of Indians had been discovered by some of our troops operating in that quarter. They succeeded in capturing three of their warriors—the rest of the party, consisting of three men and some women and children, numbering in all about twenty, fled. The captives were brought to Tampa, where their cases were investigated by Colonel Worth, when it was discovered that two of them had been concerned in killing and burning one of our mail riders in March previous. After this discovery they were told that for this cruel act they would be hanged in fifteen days unless within that time the rest of their people should come and surrender themselves at the post. They were then placed in chains and were permitted to send out the third man of their party with a talk to bring in the rest of their people. The man thus sent out returned in five days bringing with him a warrior by the name of Holate Fixico and some women and children, among whom were the mother and sister of one of the prisoners, named Talof Hadjo.

The scene which followed may be dramatized thus:

Scene.—An open court in front of the commandmant's quarters. Indians are discovered seated under the trees, among them Holate Fixico (Pythias) on the ground, in the Indian posture; Talof Hadjo (Damon) in chains on a bench, his head resting against the trunk of a tree, looking towards the heavens with a countenance indicative of resignation, his mother and sister reclining upon the ground at his feet; the mother weeping bitterly at the fate which awaits her son; the colonel and other officers discovered at a short distance from the group of Indians, when the following dialogue takes place:

Colonel (to Holate Fixico). Where are the rest of the people sent for?

Holate. They have separated and cannot be found. Your troops have scattered them and they have taken different paths.

Colonel. Know you not that unless they are brought in these men (pointing to the prisoners) will be hung? (A pause, the Indians disconsolate, but apparently resigned.) If I send you out for the people will you bring them in in time to save their lives?

Holate. They have gone off and I know not where to look for them. Like the frightened deer they have fled at the presence of your troops.

Colonel. Indians can find Indians. If they are not here in ten days these men will surely die.

Holate. The track of the Indian is covered; his path is hidden and cannot be found in ten suns.

Colonel (turning to Talof Hadjo). Have you a wife?

Talof. My wife and child are with the people. I wish them here that I may take leave of them before I die.

Colonel. Do you love your wife and child?

Talof (with a glance of indignation). The dog is fond of its kind. I love my wife and child.

Colonel. Could you find the people who are out?

Talof. They are scattered and may not be found.

Colonel. Do you desire your freedom?

Talof. I see the people going to and fro, and would be with them. I am tired of my chains.

Colonel. If I release you, will you bring in the people within the time fixed?

Talof (with incredulous look). You would not trust me; yet I would try.

Colonel. If Holate Fixico will consent to take your chains, and be hung in your place if you should not return, you may go. (A long pause).

Talof continues throughout the scene with his eyes fixed on the heavens; his mother and sister now cast imploring looks toward Holate, who during the last few questions has struggled to maintain his composure, evincing by the heaving of his chest and his gaspings, as though the rope were already about his neck, that he is ill at ease. All eyes are turned toward him. At length he recovers himself, and with the utmost composure and firmness replies.

Holate. I have no wife or child or mother; it is more fit that he should live than I. I consent to take his chains and abide his fate. Let him go.

Colonel. Be it so. But do not deceive yourselves. So sure as Talof Hadjo brings not in the people within the ten days Holate dies the death of a dog.

With the utmost solemnity the two Indians were then marched to the armory, where the chains were transferred and in fifteen minutes thereafter Talof was on his journey. In a few days a messenger arrived bringing intelligence that Talof Hadjo was on his way in with people and might be expected in a day or two. There is more truth than poetry in the foregoing, and what makes it the more remarkable when compared with the story of Damon and Pythias is that in the one case a strong and devoted friendship existed between the parties, while in the other their appeared no such feeling, but the sacrifice offered by Holate arose from a purely noble and disinterested motive—a desire on his part to save the life of one whom he considered of more consequence than himself. Pythias placed the utmost faith in the promise of his friend to return at the appointed time; the noble Holate had no such assurance given him; on the contrary he well knew it was barely probable that Talof would return with his people in time to save his life.

This last act of the drama remains to be given. It has already been stated that a messenger had arrived bringing intelligence that Talof Hadjo was on his way in with his people and they might be expected in a day or two.

But Talof Hadjo and his people did not appear in time to redeem the noble Holate from his fetters. The cause of this failure was made known some months after. It appeared that on the night he was expected to arrive with his people some captive Indians, who were encamped within the chain of our sentinels, effected their escape, and meeting Talof a few miles from Tampa, represented to him that in going thither he would surely sacrifice his own life, as the commanding officer had determined to hang the two Indians who had been concerned in the murder of the mail rider, and that the sole object in postponing the time for their execution was that he might first obtain possession of their people. This was insisted upon to Talof. The account seemed to come so direct that he could not question their truth; besides he was not aware of the true character of the colonel commanding for humanity, generosity and kindly feelings towards the red men of the forest. He therefore sought safety in flight under the old maxim: "Self-preservation is nature's first law." He was not heard of again, I believe, for many months. When his people were finally removed to the west.

In the meantime the ten days had expired when the fact of poor Holate Fixico was to be sealed. This fact caused the Colonel great concern. At the worst, it could scarcely be supposed that he would, under more aggravated circumstances, enforce the decree; but it was necessary to make some example, and he was full of expedients, governed as he always was by humanity. The day at last arrived for the execution; the gallows was erected with a platform beneath, the troops paraded and the prisoner was brought forth. He appeared much depressed when he ascended the platform and raised his eyes to the rope which was to terminate his existence. Of all deaths that which results from hanging is, perhaps, the most shocking to an Indian. He may face danger in every other form with fearless courage and stoical indifference, but this by choking completely unnerves him. In his contracted view the tightening of the cord chokes down the the spirit within him and prevents it from ascending to the great spirit of his race, and this, as he considers, destroys the fancied hope of partaking in the pleasures and enjoyment of the spirit-land. There was scarcely a person present in the whole group which surrounded the place of execution who was not deeply interested in the fate which awaited the prisoner.

But the hour approaches, the signal is about to be given, when an express rider is suddenly descried at a distance spurring his horse to the top of his speed and shaking a paper over his head. All eyes are fixed upon him. Nearer and nearer he comes with impetuas haste until he reaches the astonished gazers; then throwing himself from his reeking steed and still shaking the paper aloft he shouts with stentorian voice: "Pardon for Holate Fixico." The shout is instantly taken up by the assembled crowd, and as the last echo dies in the distance the executioner reads aloud the pardon and explains to Holate that he is now a free man. This is to much for the noble fellow he falls senseless upon the platform, but is soon revived and conducted to more comfortable quarters.

Thus terminated the Indian scene of Damon and Pythias. Our gallant colonel was the moving spirit in the last act of the drama. Holate proved himself truly grateful for the pardon extended to him. He entered with great earnestness in the work with which he was entrusted in carrying friendly messages to some of the roving bands in different sections of the country and in urging their surrender for emigration. He was engaged in these friendly efforts when he was overtaken by a foe that has no respect for persons or character—he took the yellow fever, and died as he had lived, regretted by all who best knew his many virtues, a mild, gentle, unobtrusive, generous, brave and high-souled man.

Personal Matters.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade, who has been editor of several of the best children's magazines published in this country, and the author of many songs, a writer of ability and well known, died at her home in Fall River, Mass., of heart disease.

Rev. S. S. McMahon, of Rising Sun, Ind., was the only man in the place who refused to sign a petition for the pardon of Searcent Mason, and public sentiment is so strongly against him that he may have to give up his church.

Dr. Vinnedge has been expelled from the Indiana Medical society. He has for many years been the foremost physician in Tippecanoe county, and still remains so; but he committed the crime against professional ethics of advertising a prescription, and refused to say he was sorry.

At a recent meeting of the Unitarian Club in Boston, President Elliot related an amusing anecdote of two honored professors of Yale, one of whom he said, is long of speech, the other concise and pithy. The two were taking a walk spiced with conversation one day when they were met by a friend who greeted them with this paraphrase of a bible text: "Day unto Daight utereth speech, Dwight unto day showeth knowledge."

Ex-Governor Daniel H. Chamberlain has been very sick for several weeks with a nervous trouble, brought on by overwork. At one time it was feared that one side of his body would be entirely paralyzed. He is much better now, and he will sail for Europe, where he will spend the summer, about May 1.

The Marquis of Anglesy, who was married on the 26th of June, 1880, to the widow of Hon. Henry Woodhouse, daughter of M. J. P. King of Georgia, U. S. A., has separated from his wife. She is the third wife of the marquis, who announces that he will not be responsible for her debts.

John G. Saxe, the poet, though mentally afflicted, is fortunately not in want. Some years ago, he greatly increased the fortune he before possessed by a speculation in cattle raising in Texas with his brother Peter. "My brother John," Peter said, "has made more money out of cattle in one year than he has made in writing poetry in twenty years."

Michael Davitt has gained six pounds in weight since his imprisonment. The prisoner's lung complaint has been cured; he has a room to himself and a garden-plat, and is allowed books and writing materials. An Irish member having asked if Davitt would be permitted to read the parliamentary reports in Hansard, Sir William Harcourt replied: "If any gentleman wishes to read in Hansard, I am sure so far as I am concerned, he is welcome to do it. I should have thought it would have been an additional punishment."

A Methodist clergyman at the Long Island conference the other day got angry at the presiding elder for consigning him to a $500 parish. He arose, and looking at the bishop, exclaimed: "I denounce this appointment as an outrage, an act of persecution and oppression." There was a silence, but the bishop, paying no attention to the comment, went on reading his list. The clergyman had two boys he was desiring to educate and the meager salary of the new place will interfere with his plans. However, the boys did not threaten to cut the presiding elder's heart out, as a disappointed clergyman's son did in St. Louis the other day.

An exciting scene was produced in a Paris cafe a fortnight ago by M. Lullier and M. Lissagary, both ex-members of the Commune. These two men hate each other with the most deadly hatred, and cannot meet even in a chance way without a row. Lissagaray was quietly sitting in the cafe in company with M. Henry Marat, a radical deputy and journalist, when Lullier, entering the room, walked up to him with a cigar in his mouth and made as though he would strike him. Lissagary had his revolver out in a trice, and was pointing it at Lullier, when the latter, also producing a revolver, challenged him to fire. The two stood face to face, their weapons directed at each other, until some of the bystanders intervened. MM. Maret and Lissagaray eventually left the cafe, when M. Lullier coolly resumed his seat at the adjoining table.

Henry Greathouse, a young man of Lebanon, O., become a convert to Methodism, and believed he had a call to preach. His ambition was encouraged by his pastor, who recommended a course of study. The cost of this preparation for the ministry was beyond his means, and in order to raise money he engaged two spiritual mediums to give an exhibition under his management. No objection was made by his advertiser, as he was careful to advertise that he did not believe in the genuineness of the manifestations which might occur. Still, he seems to have privately had faith in them. While the show was in progress he asked one of the professedly entranced mediums if he would be successful as a minister. She replied that he would succeed for a while, but would eventually die of consumption, in abject poverty. He went home and shot himself.

Boots vs. the Guillotine.

During the French revolution, a feuilletoniste named Schlaberndorf, who possessed considerable ability as a writer, by heartily espousing the cause of the Girondists in all that emanated from his pen, rendered himself obnoxious to Robespierre, and at the dictation of that fierce leader was incarcerated.

When the death-cart, one morning, came to the prison for its load of those who were that day to be merciessly butchered, Schlaberndorf's name was on the list of the victims. The jailor informed him that such was the case, and he dressed himself for his last ride very nonchalantly and—he was extremely fastidious as to his personal appearance—with great care. His boots, however, he could not find. Here, there, everywhere, assisted by the jailor, he looked for them to no avail.

"I am quite willing to be executed," said he to the jailor, after their fruitless search, "but really, I should be ashamed to go to the guillotine without my boots. Nor do I wish to detain this excursion party," smiling grimly. "Will it make any difference if my execution is deferred till to-morrow? By that time I shall probably succeed in finding my boots."

"I don't know that it will matter particularly when you are guillotined," responded the functionary. "Suppose we call to-morrow, then?"

"All right," and the jailor allowed Schlaberndorf to remain, not unwillingly, as owing to his universal good-humor, he was especially liked by jailor and prisoners.

The following morning, when the cart dre up before the prison door for its "batch" of victims, Schlaberndorf—dressed cap-a-pie—stood waiting the summons of the jailer to take his place therein. But his name was not called that morning nor the next nor the fourth, nor, indeed, ever again. For, of course, it was believed he had perished on the original morning.

Till the sway of Robespierre had ended he remained in prison; then he regained his liberty, as did the rest of those, once prisoners, whose heads had not fallen beneath the blood-stained axe.

MAGNETIC MLLE. MARIANI.

A Languid Blonde Medium Whose Performances Electrified Paris.

Paris has been enjoying an unwonted sensation of late with reference to magnetism and the trance-state, or, to speak more accurately, two sensations. The experiments of Dr. Charcot found an echo in the seances given by Donato and Mlle. Lucile, which attracted more attention than any similar performances since the time of Mesmer, and provoked both criticism and imitation. M. Carmelli, whose "subject" is a tall and pensive blonde, Mlle. Mariani, has certainly succeeded in dividing public attention with Donato, who, by the way, is shortly to arrive here. His modus operandi is that usually employed by mesmerists, and the subject having been cast into a magnetic sleep the customary manifestations follow. She stands erect, rigid, corpse-like, with eyes open and startling. Matches are burned under her nose and lights held close to the eyeball without moving her. Brought out of the trance; she returns to life again with a melancholy sigh and an expression of weariness touching in the extreme. Once more she is brought en rapport with Carmelli, four men are placed in a row on the stage and bade lean against each other with all their force to make a barrier against her, and at Carmell's gesture of command she breaks through the living wall to join him as if it were a slender thread. Twelve people write each a question on a slip of paper, and a spectator in a remote corner of the room draws one of the slips, the writing on which is at once revealed to the medium. A complicated calculation in arithmetic is instantaneously performed. A dice-box with eight dice is produced, and on a throw being made Mlle. Marian; states the total correctly; another throw is made and again she states the number cast. A long pin is thrust completely through her arm without awaking her, and finally the cataleptic is laid upon three chairs, and not only is the central one removed, but the magnetizer stands upon her body, which is supported rigid as a beam by the unyielding muscles. Having concluded these experiments, Carmelli bows to his applauding audience, and says: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mlle. Mariani and myself have had the honor of humbugging you all the time. She is not asleep, and never was. You may rise, mademoiselle," and the "living corpse," without waiting for the formality of awakening passes, jumps up laughing, bows to the audience, and runs off. When the electrified audience has recovered its equaminity Carmelli obligingly explains that his subject is an expert and clever performer; and when the matches are burned under her nose she takes a full breath, and instead of inhaling gently and steadily breathes out so long as the fumes are rising; that she fixes her eye on a point before the light is waved before it keeps her gaze steadily fixed upon it; that four men ranged in a row not only offer no more resistance than one man, but that the barrier is broken more easily in proportion to the strength with which they lean against each other; that the mysterious question was known to her in advance and "force-d" upon the selected spectator, and the arithmetical problem was given by a confederate; that the dice was loaded, and to bring up a different number in the second throw one die was removed; that there is not everybodye's arm a place where the member can be perforated without sensation or bleeding, and that the "cataleptic" feats were merely tricks known to any circus performer. Admitting the truth and genuineness of all of Dr. Charcot's experiments, he adds that the phenomena in question are only produced in cases where disease exists and cannot be produced in persons of sound health. The whole performance, it may readily be supposed, does not provoke the enthusiastic approval of the "serious" magnetizers.

The Romantic Flea.

This is the tale of the philosopher and the flea:

I. The former, having been bitten by the latter seized and was about to dispatch his foe, when he reflected that the little insect had only acted from instinct, and was not to be blamed. Accordingly he deposited the flea on the back of a passing dog.

II. This dog was the poodle of a lady, and she was very fond of the pretty animal. On his return to the house, his mistress took him on her lap to caress him, and the flea embraced the opportunity to change his habitant.

III. The flea, having in the course of the night engaged in active operations, awakened the lady. Her husband was sleeping peacefully beside her, and in the silence of the chamber she heard him in his dreams whisper, with an accent of ineffable tenderness, a name. The name was that of her most intimate female friend.

IV. As soon as it was day the outraged wife hurried to the house of her rival, and told the rival's husband of the disgusting discovery she had made. He, being a man of decision, at once called out the destroyer of his household peace, and ran him through.

V. The widow, when her husband was taken home to her upon the medium of a shutter, was so terribly smitten with remorse that she precipitated herself from the fourth-stor window.

VI. The other lady convinced her husband that he had wronged her by entertaining any suspicions as to her fidelity, and becoming reconciled with him, seized an early opportunity of poisoning him.

VII. Inasmuch as the jurors of the country had heard of "extenuating circumstances," and the chief magistrate thought that he could not put a murderer to better use than guillioting him, the guilty woman was duly decapitated, and the sole survivors of the tragedy were the philosopher and the flea.

O'Connor's Work for Ireland.

New York Tribune.

Thomas Power O'Connor, the Irish member of parliament, who has been lecturing in this country in the interest of the Land League, was seen by a reporter at the New York Hotel last week, and asked what had been the result financially of his tour in the United States. "I have been in eighteen states of the Union," said Mr. O'Connor, "and have in nearly all cases had large audiences at my lectures. I have secured subscriptions for about $45,000." "When do you propose to sail for Europe?" "That I am unable to tell. I am waiting instructions as to what I shall do. I am entirely ignorant of what has taken place in Ireland since I left there, until just now. I received a letter from my father telling me of the arrest and imprisonment of my sister in Mullingar jail, county Westmeath. It was a scandalous outrage; such as one would only expect to see in Russia. She made a sensible speech, counseling the people to avoid outrages and stand by one another. She was convicted on a law promulgated in the reign of Edward III." "Whom are your instructions from, Mr. O'Connor?" "Oh, from home. I am unable to state what the policy of the government will be in the future, owing to my want of news from there. I have had no communication with Mr. Parnell since I landed here."

HOUSE AND FARM.

For and About Women.

Dresses of fine French lawn will this summer be made in short princess style, the upper part formed of perpendicular shirrings and bands of insertion, and the lower portion of flounces embroidered twelve inches deep.

Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage, they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure but with poisoned points.

Black straw broad-brimmed hats trimmed with full black ostrich tips and garlands of gay flywers, long black Jersey gloves, and black silk hose, will again be worn with summer toilets of white and pink.

French wisdom—Women who have not fine teeth only laugh with their eyes.

Ladies of the highest rank in England are again wearing their hair short and curled. The same style prevails in Timbuctoo.

"What do you think of my new bonnet?" said Mrs. Spicer. "Too much poke for a shilling," said Seth; but he will change his mind when the bill comes in.

A young lady, having "set her cap" for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win him, was telling her sorrow to a couple of her confidants, when one of them confronted her with these words:—"Never mind, Mollie; there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." "Mollie knows that," replied her little brother, "but she wants a whale."

Mrs. Senator Jones, of Nevada, has introduced a very pretty hospitality this winter at Washington, which will be imitated. She invites twenty pretty young ladies to an afternoon luncheon, having the edibles temptingly displayed on a central table. Ten little side tables or tea-boys are ranged around the walls of an adjoining parlor. There are no servants visible, each cavalier waiting upon the maiden of his choice, and enjoying a tete-tete with her for his reward. After the luncheon the clever ones of both sexes amuse the others by solos, duets, recitations and readings.

A lovely tidy, which will brighten up a dark chair, is made of two strips of shaded scarlet satin ribbon. Paint a little green vine or two or three daisies on the ribbon; between the two strips put an insertion made of hand-knit linen lace; on the edge put lace made the same way, pulling it at the corners so that it will lie out flat. Of course torchon may be used for this, but the knit lace is a little later style.

The sixty-third anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth occurs on May 24 next and will be celebrated on that day excepting in England, where, owing to exceptional circumstances, June 3 will be observed instead.

An American lady who has spent some time in Hungary writes enthusiastically about the beauty of the people. The men are simply gorgeous creatures—the handsomest in the world. The women are pronounced nearly a match to the men.

Long corsets are now almost universally worn, and over the hips of the more expensive kinds are set narrow V-shaped pieces of India rubber webbing, which, though fitting the form perfectly, give it uncommon ease. These corsets are necessary, now that the outlines of the form are made so conspicuous by the sharp-pointed corsage and scantily draped cuirass bodice.

A Chinese woman who had been so unfortunate as to lose her nose was recently fitted with a brand-new one, made of celluloid, in San Francisco. When the operation had been completed, she called for a mirror, and her delight at the improvement in her appearance knew no bounds. In a transport of gratitude, she gave the artist a handful of ten-dollar gold pieces, without stopping to count them, and ran off to show herself to her friends.

The corsage open to the waist, with the puffed and frilled white chemisette, will be in order for house dress. This fashion is adapted for street wear by replacing the lingerie with a large velvet plastron hooked to the front and held by a small velvet collar passing around the neck.

Spring Papering of Rooms.

As the season of house-cleaning is upon us—that season whose advance is hated by the head of the house, dreaded by his other self, who is supposed to revel in it, loathed by the servants, who find that work added to the regular and daily work, and only thoroughly enjoyed by the children, who make it a sort of saturnalia—then we are stirred, with all the other stirrings, to make inquiry concerning the latest fashions and manners in wall hangings and what we had best do ourselves under our circumstances. Shall we re-paper or not? Will not soft cloths, covering the broom's brush, wipe off the dust, and the liberal rubbing of its surface with clean bread-crums so brighten the old paper that it will answer for another year? Is it past hope? Have we some detestable association with it? Has there been contagious sickness in the room? Are we tired to death of it? Do we really mean to have another? Then what shall its character be?—dark or light, cool or warm, patterned conventional, or in imitation of the real? And shall we have a dado?

In most modern houses it is supposed that the dado is built in; when that is not the case, and a paper dado is used, it is divided from the upper wall surface by a little hand-rail or moulding, either painted or of hard wood, to match the rest of the woodwork of the room. The preference, however, is, this season, given to an entire surface, ending just above the base-board in a narrow border some four inches wide, or, better still, an no border at all below, but with contrasting frieze for a top border, ten inches or more in depth, according to the height of the room, just above the picture rail. This frieze is, to our thinking, best when it seems to take the idea of the body of the paper below, and elaborate and finish it; but many are sent to the market intended to make the strong contrast indicated.

The patterns on papers are in great variety this year, but in desirable ones, wherever any natural imitation is allowed, it is on a perfectly flat background, often of gold; and a certain arrangement of design made that would hardly be seen in nature, the flowers sprinkeled over a diaper, or represented in tints that heighten and idealize their own, seeming more like a beautiful strange dream of the flowers than a real sight of it, and the colors mingling to the eye at a little distance in a bloom. Palm branches and tropical shapes in general, especially bursting pomegranates, are to be found in all sorts of brilliant and delicate tintings and they bring a sort of reminder in them of the old-fashioned landscape papers, without the landscape; others represent a sheeny damasked or calendered expanse; and there are others in tangles and tangles of spiders' webs or fish nets, either in sheets of gilt lines or in dark tints, in grays and maroons. The dull maroon, neither so light nor bright as the Pompeiian red, is found at last to make an excellent wall and background for pictures and statuary, broken by unnoticeable blossom shapes in gilding of neutral tints. But the paler tints are in preponderance, and there are many lovely designs in the Pompadour pinks and blues; olive greens are also given, verging, as they pale, into sulphur and many singular combinations of vivid tints that do not make a vivid whole.

In selecting our papers we should pay more heed to the outlook and situation of the rooms to be dressed in them than it has been usual to pay. A room full of sunshine can afford a paper that absorbs a great deal of light, and so looks in every way better from an artistic point of view, and there is usually in the end found the most comfort to the senses in a well-covered and dark paper. It is not advisable, however, to choose a preponderance of purple tints, as they fade more rapidly than any other. A northern room, on the other hand, wants all the lightsome gayety and variety it may have, and the pale yellows light up such a room with a mock sunshine that goes a long way in promoting its cheerfulness. Whatever the paper chosen, unless the room is to be painted, it must be sure to harmonize or else contrast with the body-color of the existing paint, and not make a discord and confusion with that and the upholstery—a discord which forever teases the nerves in a sensitive person; and as the carpet of the room is but seldom to be renewed, that also must throw its weight into the discussion of the question. Let us hope that wisdom prevailed at its dyeing and weaving, and that with a change of material, like Desdemona's handkerchief, "the worms were hallowed that did breed the silk."

Latest Colors.

Philadelphia Progress.

Spanish lace promises to be most fashionable this spring, and will be used in profusion on mantles and draperies. Scarlet satin and velvet will be employed to relieve the somber effect of dresses of black gauze, and grenadine. Chene silks have taken the place of heavy brocades. Watered silk combined with satin finished surah will be popular for visiting toilets. Short dresses are the undeniable favorites, and are worn on all occasions, even by elderly ladies, except for grand balls, and even then it is quite appropriate for young ladies, especially those who dance, to appear in skirts ankle length. The latest colors are coffee shade and mahogany color, the latter a dark and the former a light shade of brown.

The Flower-Bed.

In your flower-beds, if the plants sickened last year, change the soil. Renovated earth is renewed health to consumptive flowers. Sow Annuale as soon as the ground is warm. Too early sowing and deep covering rots seed very often. This is frequently the cause of one's seeds being "bad." Prepare flowers in their winter quarters for the summer campaign, by gradually inuring them to the air before setting out finally. Set out when all danger of frost is over. Don't set out a plant with a dry ball; but water well while in the pot an hour or so before.—Gardener's Monthly.

Any good garden will grow roses. A rich loam well enriched with well decomposed manure is to be preferred. Do not use fresh stable manure. Pruning may be done during the growing season, to get the plants into fine form. This for a heavy sort is desirable; their shape can be easily controlled by pinching off the young growth after the plant has attained the height desired. When protection is removed in the spring, all the dead branches should be cut out.

LUXURY AND BEAUTY.

Epigrammatic Sayings, Witty and Otherwise Picked Out of an Eloquent Lecture by Henry Ward Beecher.

"There is no civilization, no permanent morality," he said, "unless men grow in wealth and minister to the needs and uses of luxury. There is current an undertone of feeling that riches are dangerous. Life is dangerous; the grave is the only cure. Everything that has power is dangerous. The devoutest person is prejudiced in favor of riches; I admit that their prejudices are cured when they acquire riches [Laughter.] Influences of generations back have ceased, but their power lingers, as in the case of the Puritans. The Puritan decried beauty and luxury, and he is at a discount with many nowadays. He was thought to have been sour, disagreeable, morose, and tramped down what he didn't like. I'll admit that there have been morose, disagreable men. By far the larger part of the human race have little more power than to eat, live and die. One metal type is worthless, but many types, properly put together, indicate a meaning to us. Our brick is of no consequence, but with a million you can make a warehouse. In old Europe millions of men were worthless individually, but they were made to suffer and die and used to build governments and nations with.

"Impress men that every individual man has value, and the sanctity of humanity and you reach the end that resulted from the Reformation. The Catholic church has a corporate conscience; the Protestant maintains an individual conscience that he is responsible for himself. The Puritan took his view and held it against oppression. Medieval art taught lies, superstition, monarchy, absolute prelacy. The Puritan smashed the painted church windows because the art in them taught those things. A man riding along the highway sees a rabbit. He lets fly a missile at what wasn't a rabbit. The animal lets fly also. [Laughter.] Well, it's no use for a man to go home and sprinkle rosewater on his clothes. He must destroy them. The Puritans also thought they must destroy that which offended them. I never saw a picture in New England until I was twenty-two years old and that was in Cincinnati. [Laughter.]

"I think that nothing in the Bible so approaches grim humor as in that part where the disciples—paupers all of them—turned to each other and asked breathlessly and frightened, 'What shall we do to be saved?' [Laughter.] The promise of the Old Testament was that all should reap as they sowed; not merely comfort, but wealth is in the reach of those who sow properly. You never did and never can pray the Lord's Prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' You can't do it—why you have a month's supply ahead. I think that prayer must have been uttered in a time of famine and want. The poor man is one who has to expend all his time and energies to find him clothing to wear, bread to eat and shelter against the seasons. Man went to work only when he was hungry; he was ruled by his belly; he was merely an animal. The fig leaf was a poor garment in the beginning and it is no better yet.

"I have been told that a poor picture is worse than no picture. I don't believe any such thing. The poor picture is a means of education to those who cannot afford a good one. I never knew luck to pick out a worthy man yet; if he does he is a fool. A man makes luck—if he is worthy. Something for nothing is the foundation of dishonesty. Wealth, however earned, is perverted if it is spent only in luxuries. Multitudes of men measure everything by what it will bring in money. I don't say that neatness itself is beauty. You must disabuse your mind of the notion that beauty is expensive. Every step of learning is a step of self-denial. Self-denial is that faculty that makes a man act the man rather than the animal. Self-denial is like putting your foot on one step to reach another above it; no man roosts in the middle of the ladder. We send abroad a great many missionaries and a great deal of religion; when I think of the Chinese I think we send too much religion. [Laughter] Pleasure is but a sign that you are working in the line of nature. Every man should be happy that he may show he is right. Large properties that are accumulated and centered upon selfishness are lost."

Courtship Under Difficulties.

A fair but not faithless Parisienne has devised a novel, ingenius, and altogether satisfactory manner of celebrating the 1st of April. Having for some time been pestered by the attentions of an aged beau, she finally consented to permit him to visit her on the day in question. Punctual to the hour he rang, all in his gay attire, and was ushered into the reception room and into the presence of the lady's husband and brother, one of whom was playing carelessly with his revolver, while the other was putting an edge on a murderous-looking dagger. There was an awful silence for about a minute when the husband remarked carelessly: "Oh, you're the man my wife said was to call to clean the kitchen coppers, eh?" "Precisely," stammered the by no means gay Lothario, catching at this desperate hope. "All right, step this way!" and the lover was led into the kitchen and set to work. At the end of his task, having ruined his new suit and sorely abraded his knuckles, he was summoned into the presence of madam, who paid him three francs and, promised to recommend him to her friends as a good workman, and desired the bonne to give the poor man a glass of something to drink.

Woman of Tact.

The wife of Senator Bingham used to tell a pleasant story of the time when her husband was trying to get votes in the Pennsylvania legislature. He gave a dinner party to a number of the members, one of whom managed to break a plate—one of an exquisite set of Sevres of great value. The unhappy guest fell into an agony which Mrs. Bingham at once soothed by saying, with a careless air: "It is of no sort of consequence, for this ware is exceedingly brittle and breaks very easily; just look"—and to illustrate her statement she took up another of the priceless plates and placidly broke it into bits with a knife. Fresh plates were brought, and the clumsy member was so pleased and relieved that, as soon as might be, he voted for the husband of this woman of tact.

Patti Coming Again.

Manager Mapleson reveals the terms of an incompleted compact with Patti to appear next year in New York at $4,400 a night. The plan depends upon the stockholders of the Academy consenting to suffer an increase in their subscriptions, which will bring their scale up to the price to be charged the public. Several music lovers among them have not only consented, but offer from $1,600 to $4,000 to help the season out. Mapleson promises untold grandeurs in the way of choruses, mise-enscene, ballet and range of opera, from the heavenly music of Semiramide to the minstrelsy of Don Pasquale. [illegible] complete [illegible]

AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.

The Price Which a Belgian Miser Paid for His Picture.

Wiertz, the famous and eccentric Belgian artist, (says the New York *World*), who avenged himself when the Parisians rejected one of his pictures by writing his name on a genuine Rubens and sending it in to be rejected also, should not be omitted from the list of painters who have brought refractory customers to terms. The object of the his vengeance was a Brussels notary. The artist rarely made the concession to paint a sitter, but he fell in love with the visitor's face on first sight. The notary was bald, his forehead heavily wrinkled; two piercing eyes looked out from under bushy eyebrows; the nose had a cimeter's curve, and the mouth was like the edge of a sabre; the cheeks were flat and colorless and the chin was pointed; all the face was cleanly shaven, angular, keen, but the professional white cravat gave it a touch impossible to describe but easy to imagine.

While the notary was explaining his desire to patronize art by ordering his portrait, Wiertz was conning his visitor's features and getting his striking face by heart. When, however, Van Speck, N. P., learned that the price would be ten thousand francs, he rose brusquely, and took his hat.

"Pray sit down," said the artist, soothingly. "That is my usual price, but as I am interested in your face, and have an ardent desire to paint it, I shall be willing to make more favorable terms. What will you give?"

The notary named a ridiculously inadequate sum. The artist rejected the offer warily, and a long bargaining ensued, during which Wiertz obtained the study he had coveted of the face, with its every lineament bearing the imprint of the notary's ruling passion of gain.

At last a bargain was closed for three thousand francs, and Wiertz bade his patron adieu, announcing that he would shortly make an appointment for a setting.

So soon as the man of parchments had departed Wiertz leaped to his easel, and feverishly set to work on the portrait which he had in his mind. Rapidly and surely the picture came out upon the canvas till, when night fell, from the dark back ground Van Speck, N. P., looked out at the spectator, caught to the life, leaning his cadaverous face on one long, lank hand, while on the table before him were books, parchments deeds, and all the apparatus of the notary's study. Next morning he gave the finishing touches to the picture, put it in a case, and calling the porter, bade him take it to the notary's house and await an answer.

In about an hour the Porter returned. "The gentleman," he reported, "had the case opened in the hall and looked at the picture. He said nothing but he made a face and shook his fist. Then he went up stairs and presently he sent down this note, and said I was to take the picture back. You owe me four francs."

Wiertz took the note, which read as follows: "Sir: I desire a portrait, and you have sent me a thing which bears no resemblance whatever to my face. I return it, and beg that all communication between us may cease."

Wietz replaced the picture on his easel, and in a few hours had completely changed it, especially as to the accessories. The eyes now evaded the gaze, the lips were more closely drawn, the hook in the nose became more pronounced, the chin more severe. The background became a dungeon wall with a grated window, and in lieu of a notarial "properties" appeared a heavy stool, a water-jug, a mouldy crust and a bundle of damp straw. This done, the artist boldly signed his picture, placed in the frame a large ticket—"In prison for debt"—and put it in a dealer's window.

The next day, as a friend of the notary was passing the shop, he stopped for a view of the picture. Great heavens! Five minutes afterwards he was in the notary's office, four minutes later the notary was before the dealer's window, and in three minutes more he bounded in the artist's studio.

"Sir-r-r!" hissed the notary. "There is on exhibition at this moment a picture which is making me the laughing stock of all Brussels. You will have the picture removed instantly—immediately do you understand?"

"I do not. There is a picture of mine on exhibition, but I really can not see what earthly concern of it is yours——"

"But, sir, it is my portrait."

"You are in error, sir. I agreed to paint your portrait for three thousand francs, and thinking to give you an agreeable surprise, painted it from memory. I thought the picture rather a good one, but you disabused me of my illusion, and indeed I have your written authority for declaring that there is not the slightest resemblance to you. The picture was returned upon my hands, and so I had no option but to endeavor to dispose of it."

"Well," said the notary, after a long pause, "rather than have any scandal about it, I will stand to my bargain and take your picture. Here are the three thousand francs."

"Pardon me," retorted the artist, "I could not think of parting with it for less than fifteen thousand francs."

"Fifteen thousand devils! Good-morning, sir!"

But Van Speck, N. P., had rushed into the street, and saw the crowd around the dealer's window in the distance grown larger during his visit to the artist, he reflected, and presently he returned to the studio.

"I have thought it over," he said, "and have concluded to accept your offer, I will take it at fifteen thousand francs."

"Pardon me," said the artist, "but I have been thinking it over, too, and I have an idea. The picture has made a sensation, and I think the more it is seen the greater that sensation will become. Now, how do you think it would take if I were to leave it on show for another fortnight and then send it round Brussels on a porter's back, and get up a popular lottery for the picture at five francs a ticket? I don't think I should have any difficulty of disposing of six thousand tickets, which would give me thirty thousand francs. Thirty thousand francs is the lowest price I could think of accepting for my masterpiece, and the longer I think over the lottery idea the more——"

With tears in his eyes the notary wrote a check for thirty thousand francs, twenty-seven thousand francs of which the artist next day turned over to the local charities. Then, having obtained the artist's order, he rushed to the dealer's, carried the picture home, and in a frenzy of fury, danced upon it, tore it with his teeth and nails into a handful of painted shreds, and crammed it into the grate.

The Physiology of Walking.

A medical contemporary devotes considerable space to a consideration of the physiology of walking, a subject suggested by the recent p