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Poetry.

THE PRINTER AT HOME.

BY PROF. O. HOWE GREENE, Esq.

A PRINTER and his wife
Were sitting at their T,
Without domestic strife,
In wedded X T C;
"Dear 'Ibs," the printer said,—
Then paused, and turned his I,
Snatched up a "slice" of bread,
And "cheared away" some "pi(e)";
"Thou art a guiding "
"Set up in [space] for me;
"I love you better far
"Than 'X' "[capital black tea],
Then o'er his "battered form"
She bent her sweet "Scotch face,"
And "pulled" a proof-like smile,
The whilst they —— [two embrace].

GONE BEFORE.

THERE'S a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer
That I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand, and ringlet of gold,
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a cloless brow with a radiant crown
And a crown laid down to the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more—on those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their idleness trust.

Ah, well! and summer is coming again,
Singing her same old song,
But, I'll sorrow the while, for the soul pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and rain,
O'er hearts of the world's gay throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure re,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

Selected Miscellany.

A Strange Story.

It w... that now thi... ...ered by many ... about Auburn, lived in DeKalb county, was ... suddenly made away with after having left his home to visit Nashville. He was tolerbly well off, had a beautiful young wife whom he had married a year previous to his sudden and final disappearance, and whom he had successfully won from a powerful, pertinacious and rancorous rival. The young couple were deeply attached to each other, spent their honeymoon in Philadelphia, and returned after a month's joyous travel. At the time of Jolly's departure from home he confessed that he had a strange presentment of impending evil, and he passionately kissed his infant boy the morning he was leaving, and even shed tears. When he was away about a week his friends became alarmed. Nothing had been heard from him—no one had seen him on the journey. After a couple of days of intolerable suspense search was instituted. No trace of any sort could be found, except that the marks of feet, as if those of struggling men, were found on the banks of the Cumberland, about two miles from a landing where it was expected Jolly was to take a boat to come down the river. Several small saplings were either torn up by the roots or broken, thus giving evidence of a fierce combat. Save these marks, nothing that could, in any way, throw any light on the fate of Jolly was ever discovered. After remaining two years on the farm, and when her two little children were in a condition to run about, she became wearied of a scene the contemplation of which afforded her nothing but pain. It was a scene once bright and happy turned suddenly into desolation and gloom, and the fair young widow and sorrowing mother was losing her health. She, by the advice of friends and physicians, sold out and came to Nashville. In about three years afterwards she married the clever but eccentric Dr. Harper, who died down South during the war. She has since remained a widow, possessed of considerable property and an interesting family of three girls and a boy. These seemingly irrelevant particulars will have a significance when we tell the anxious reader that the early but unsuccessful suitor to her hand having never married, engaged in the Southern cause also, and was in the same regiment in which Dr. Harper was medical officer. He got along on apparent good terms with Dr. Harper, but was frequently heard to curse him bitterly in private, and, in fact, the day before his death, had a fierce altercation with him which was only prevented by the intervention of superior officers. For a long time after the death of Harper the manner of it was considered strange, but the thought of it finally died out of the minds of men. After the war the fierce but baffled suitor of her young days came to Nashville and renewed acquaintance with the twice widowed flame of his youth. Very recently he was on the point of succeeding; in fact some preliminary arrangements were already made for a wedding when a derangement occurred in the water pipe which supplied the house of the widow Harper, in South Nashville. Plumbers were set to work on the pipe, but could make no improvement on it. Finally the street was ripped up to ascertain the cause of the water stoppage. It was found. At the mouth of the pipe, where it was attached to the main street supply pipe, the skeleton of a hand was found; the fingers were closed up like a knot, firmly jammed into the small pipe. On being taken out a jack knife was found clutched in the fingers, covered with rust, of course, but sufficiently sound and perfect in shape to show that it had been once the property of the man to whom the widow was engaged to be married. Upon one of the fingers was found also a diamond ring which her first husband wore when he left their house, in DeKalb county, thirteen years ago. When these particulars became known the intended bridegroom hastily left town, and the good lady became sick. An attempt was made to hush up these facts, but they gradually leaked out and came into our possession yesterday. The lady has not yet recovered. She has frequent spells of delirium, and fears are entertained by her physicians that her reason has been impaired by the shock of the discovery.—*Nashville Press and Times, Feb. 19th.*

Missing People.

Any day in the year advertisements can be found in the daily newspapers to the effect that Madame R——, the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, causes speedy marriages, gives lucky numbers, and information of absent friends. These notices, daily paraded under the head of "Astrology," are the shadows gullible friends clutch at. Hence it happens that the clairvoyants derive a considerable income from this false pretense. In about six cases out of ten recourse is had to these cheats, and satisfaction found in their pretended revelations. Like the oracles of old, these are sufficiently ambiguous in their replies to suit almost possible contingencies and circumstances, and so manage to keep the fraud alive and remunerative. If the absence has been of long continuance, it is the fashion to state that the missing is dead, taking care to avoid such details of time and place as would lead to detection of the swindle by investigation. But the precaution is hardly necessary, for the searchers are so eager for something positive that they snap eagerly at the logus intelligence, and find rest and peace in it. The clairvoyants know this and have settled upon the death's head as their accredited card. Of course it sometimes happens that the grave gives up the clairvoyant-dead, who reappear in the home circle, but in the joy of their return the fraud is forgotten, and the fallibility of the medium rarely bruited abroad. The clairvoyants know this too, and continue to play death's head, only guarding against immediate accident by demanding the prescribed fee in advance.

As the clairvoyants do not keep books of accounts with their patrons it is impossible to say exactly how much they receive, and from how many different persons, for their pretended revelations concerning missing persons. But if any one of the greasy Madames can be taken in any one of her mandlin moments, she will probably confess that the missing branch of her art pays better than the speedy marriage fraud, and nearly as well as the lucky number hoax. Without such confession, however, it is certain that knavery makes a substantial banquet off wrecked hearts, and will until such time as the law-makers shall think it proper to protect the gullible, and consign these false prophets to the custody of a jailor.—*Edward Crapsey, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE New York *Tribune* has an article on advertising as a means of keeping business men afloat in these uncertain times, which concludes with the most excellent advice: "Be sure of one thing; whatever you have to sell, there are many people ready to buy; your goods are in the most depressed condition, and they want them; know them your wares; persuade them to buy of you rather than of another; when buyers are relentless, sellers must be active. It is neither cheap nor sensible to sit still behind your counter and wait for the hands of fortune to revive. When business is dull, that is the very time to advertise. In the first place that is when the people devote the most time to reading the newspapers, and when your advertisement consequently is most generally seen."

THE ALCHEMIST.

BY AEBY SAGE.

AT one end of a large room, so old and dusty that it looked as if ages had passed since the ponderous brown rafters in the ceiling were first fixed in their places, a huge fire roared with a hollow sound in a brick furnace. Over this furnace sat a deep brazen cauldron, filled with boiling liquor, which looked like molten gold, on whose surface and brim danced bluish, lambent flames. An old man, with streaming white hairs, bent over the cauldron. His figure was crooked and deformed with age and continued stooping, and his hair and long, silvery beard were dry and crisp, as if they were singed in the fierce heat in which he worked. This old man was Peter Althausen, who was working night and day, and had been working night and day for fifty years, to find the Elixir of Life,—that wonderful liquor which would make youth immortal and keep the body always vigorous and fresh.

On this day the old Alchemist was tendrously happy. Never had the fire in the furnace roared so deeply. Never had the mixture in the cauldron borne such ... bubbles on its surface. Peter watched it with the fierce glow from the fire reflected in his eyes. At length he cried,

"There is only one thing wanting now. The Elixir is nearly perfect. It needs only a portion of life blood from young veines."

As he said this he looked wistfully at his bared arms, but the sight of the flaccid flesh and wasted veins made him shake his head despondingly. After a moment's pause, he went to a staircase which ascended from one corner of the room, and called in a shrill, tremulous voice, "Madelaine! Madelaine!"

A light foot was heard upon the stairs in answer to his call, and Peter Althausen's youngest daughter, the only remaining child of his old age, came slowly down into the laboratory.

"Didst call me, father?" she asked softly.

All Peter Althausen's family wore the traces of subdued grief on their faces. They had waited so long for the liquid which was to give them immortal youth that their youth and prime had wasted in the slow fever of anxious expectancy. Their voices were low and mournful, they stepped slowly and irresolutely, as if all the freshness and buoyancy of life were deferred for them, and they were waiting in a patient quiet till it came.

Madelaine paused and repeated, "Didst thou call me, father?"

"Ay, my child," said the old man, looking up from his task of stirring the mixture in the cauldron; "the potent liquor is nearly perfected. It lacks only a little life blood from younger and fresher veins than mine. Hast courage to bare thine arm to me? Think, child, the Elixir that is to make us all immortal."

The young girl smiled a little—a sort of sad, weary smile, and asked, "Is it well to live always, father? I feel sometimes tired—so tired! Perhaps we might sometimes be glad to die."

"Nonsense, child!" said he, impatiently. "I am fourscore and five years, and I am most eager to live. To the young death is far off: they do not fear it. But decide quickly. See! the liquor foams higher and higher."

The girl bared her white, thin arm, and Peter pierced it with a sharp lancet. The blood trickled in a tiny stream into a silver bowl which he held close to the wound. When it was half full he bound her arm up hurriedly, and did not notice that she had fainted in the chair where she had seated herself.

Madelaine had recovered her senses grossed all her senses. It was growing more and more brilliant, and the glowing bubbles rose higher and higher, till they overflowed the cauldron's brim and were devoured by the leaping flames beneath. Peter emptied slowly, drop after drop, the contents of the bowl in the boiling mass.

Then, from out the cauldron and encircling it, a vapor began to rise: a vapor which grew larger and denser, till at length it touched the ceiling like a flame-colored cloud. The cloud began gradually to change in form and shape itself, till, while the old man looked, the cloudy mass put on the semblance of a gigantic human form. Though it was like the figure of a man, it was still the color of fire. The streaming hair and beard were like licking tongues of flame. The eyes were glowing coals, and the robe which swept about this wondrous image from the head, and half covered the children, to the cauldron's brim whereon its feet were set, fell in quivering folds like sheets of glittering, yellow flame.

Peter cowered before the presence, but did not speak. The spirit did not wait for him, but spoke in deep, muttering tones, like the distant roar of a fierce fire:

"Peter Althausen, thy life-work is finished. In the bottom of this cauldron are some precious drops of the Elixir of Life—enough to make thee and thine immortal. It is thine—the reward of thy whole life's labor. Drink, if thou wishest it; but pause ere it is at thy lips. Once having quaffed it, thy life is no longer subject to the laws which govern the lives of other men. Thou art forever shut out from sympathy with them. Thou canst never again know any tender emotion, for if thou shouldst weep from any cause, from love, pity, or sympathy, the spell is broken, and thou art once more a poor, infirm old man with only a few hours of life remaining. Count the cost, then, before drinking the strange draught."

Peter Althausen heard as if he were in a dream. The human shape turned back to cloud again, the cloud melted into thin vapor, rolled away from the cauldron, and dissipated itself among the brown rafters of the ceiling. Peter looked into the vessel. At the bottom were a few drops, not more than a small vial full, of a liquid as clear as crystal and yellow as molten gold. He dipped into it a small ladle of silver, and quickly collected every drop into a crystal drinking-glass which he had ready. When he had taken up the last drop, the huge cauldron, with a loud crash, fell to pieces, and its broken fragments fed the flames which had so long nourished it. Peter held up the glass and looked for a moment at its bright contents.

"I will drink a few drops," he said; "a drop will suffice to make me immortal. The rest I will share with Madelaine and her mother."

Then he put the brim of the tiny goblet to his lips. As he tasted the first drop, the mixture seemed to circulate through his withered frame like liquid fire. His veins began to expand, as if fresh blood swelled out the dried channels; his nerves thrilled with the pain of a sudden waking to life; and the worn muscles on his arms filled out into the firm, hard roundness of youth. Still Peter held the glass to his lips. The memory of his wife and daughter faded from his mind. He forgot that he was to share with them the magic potion. When he turned the glass over on the table, only one or two drops trickled down its sides, and were lost in the thick dust which covered everything.

As he finished, a trembling foot was heard on the threshold, and looking out, Peter beheld his wife. She was a feeble, white-haired woman, with a worn, wrinkled face, yet not so old by many years as her husband. A patient, loving wife, in spite of many trials, had Dame Althausen been all the days of their wedded life.

She paused at the door, but did not come in.

"Is my husband not here, good youth?" she asked, somewhat wonderingly.

"Are you mad, or are you growing old so fast, Bertha?" he said, impatiently. "Do you not see it is I?"

As he spoke he started in wonder. His shrill, querulous voice had changed in a moment into the deep, ringing tone of manhood.

"It is true; I must be much changed," he said to himself. "She does not know me. I have been at last successful, Bertha," he said aloud; "the Elixir is mine. I have drank of it."

As he spoke the old dame saw Madelaine, where she had sunk into the chair, her head bowed forward on her breast, still unconscious.

"And you have killed our child, Peter Althausen: you have given her life as the price of your blind selfishness," said the poor mother wildly.

She ran to Madelaine, and kneeling beside her, tried to call her back to life. As she chafed her hands and called upon her by name, the girl sighed faintly and lifted her head. Dame Althausen uttered a cry of joy, and the mother and child were clasped in each other's arms.

Peter looked at them without emotion. He was not even conscious of any regret that he had not reserved a few drops of the rare liquor for his wife and child. He felt a desire to escape from a scene in which he had no sympathy, and turning away he went into an adjoining room, which was the poor little sitting-room where the dame and Madelaine were accustomed to sit at their work. There was an antique mirror, with a quaintly carved frame, hanging on the wall. He went eagerly to look in it, and on beholding, recoiled in amazement.

The figure which he saw was tall and elegant; the head was crowned with thick curls of black hair, the eyes glowed with youthful fire, and the skin was unwrinkled and fair, rosy with the flush of youth and health. The face and figure of the old man had instantly been changed into a shapely, handsome youth of twenty summers.

The contrast between this young man, and the bowed, aged figure of the woman whom he could still hear weeping over her child, filled him with repugnance. "I will fly instantly," he said. "My knowledge of science will keep me from lacking bread. I will go to some strange city and take another name. That wheedling grandame shall never call me husband."

And without glancing back to where the two women still remained, clasping each other fast, without regret for those who had been the victims of his selfish devotion to his work, he went out and left them forever.

Twenty years had gone by since the fire had died out in the Alchemist's furnace. The old house had fallen into decay and had nearly all disappeared. Rising out of the portion of the ruins where the laboratory had stood, was a newer house, with fresh brick walls and bright little pointed windows looking out into the street. The street itself was much brighter and busier than of old. There was some sound of traffic in the shops, and many noises which disturbed the stillness and quiet which had prevailed when Peter Althausen dwelt there.

In the new house, which looked smiling and homelike, lived Madelaine Althausen, now a happy wife and mother. She was no longer pale and thin, but had grown plump and red-cheeked and comely. A tall youth called her mother, and a goodly array of girls and boys filled up the interval between him and the toddling urchin who clung to her ample skirts as she moved about her household. Her husband worked in a famous workshop, where they made wonderful clocks. He was very clever, and could make all sorts of time-pieces, with little birds flying in and out of them at all hours of the day, and clocks with little men and women who come out to ring bells or play on tinkling tambourines, every time the hands went round. Every room in the house had such a strange time-keeper, and at every hour there was such a singing, and striking, and "cuckooing," that with the noise of them, and the shouts and laughter of the children, one might almost lose his senses.

But Madelaine and her husband minded it not. They were happy and contented, and the roses bloomed on the dame's cheeks as they had never bloomed there when she was a maiden.

Peter had been wandering over the earth. There was a restless spirit in him which did not permit him to remain quietly in one place. He had great skill in medicine, and wherever he stopped for any length of time was much esteemed as a youth of great knowledge, but he could never stop to gain either money or reputation. He could make no ties to bind him, for his heart seemed quite dead in his breast, and he had no sympathy with the pursuits of his fellow-beings.

After twenty years, on the anniversary of the day on which he had drank the youth-giving Elixir, he had returned to his native town, led by a vague curiosity which he could not understand, and which was more like human emotion than anything he had felt in all these years.

He sought out the house where his daughter lived, and going softly up, he looked in through the diamond-paned window which fitted close to the sill. It was after dusk, and all the children were in bed, except the tall eldest, who sat at the table fashioning some wonderful piece of mechanism out of bits of steel, and wire, and wood. Madelaine sat in her low chair by the fire, which burned brightly on the hearth, holding her youngest baby to her breast. Her husband was seated by her side, smoking his pipe and curling slow wreaths of smoke up from his mouth, as he looked thoughtfully in the fire. All this Peter could see as he looked through the window. By and by Madelaine spoke. He could hear her voice.

"It is just twenty years ago to-day," she said, "since my father went away, and never to be heard from any more; and two years later, on the same day were we married, my Gottlieb."

"Yes," said Gottlieb, rousing himself from his reverie as he commenced speaking, "and thou hast been a good wife all these years, Madelaine."

"What became of my grandfather?" asked the youth, looking up from his work.

"I cannot tell," answered his mother sadly. "My poor mother, who died shortly after he disappeared, said the Elixir of Life he had so long worked for, came at last, and that she saw him changed into a youth of twenty summers. But her wits wandered, poor soul, from the day he went away. I only know he was gone one day and never returned again. I think he was crazed because his cauldron went to pieces and spilled the liquor for which he had worked so long, and he went away and died in his grief and madness."

"How strange it would be," said her husband, "and how sad to live always; to see all our friends die, and be left to live alone. How should I live without thee, dearest?" he added, taking her hand tenderly, while the head of the matron leaned over and rested on his shoulder.

"Ah, yes," she sighed, "what would life be worth if one lived without sympathy and without love? It pains me to think of it." And two tears which had stood in her eyes, fell over her cheeks upon the shining head of the babe which nestled in her fair, white bosom.

All this Peter Althausen saw and heard. A strange feeling stirred within him as he looked on the peaceful group: a mingling of emotions which had slept for many years, arose in his heart. When the tears fell on the golden hair of the babe, the ice about his heart seemed suddenly to be broken up. A flood of tears coursed over his cheeks, and falling forward, he smote upon the window.

In a moment Gottlieb came out, followed by his wife. There lay Peter Althausen, fainting and speechless, upon the pavement, no longer a youth with raven curls, but an old man, wrinkled and white-haired. The spirit had told him truly. At the touch of the tears upon his cheeks, the power of the Elixir was forever destroyed.

They placed him in the arm-chair by the fire, and he smiled faintly. He could not speak, but placing one hand on the head of his daughter, he pointed upward with the other, and raised his eyes as if in prayer. Then his head dropped forward, and raising him, they saw that the last spark of life was quite out.

The old Alchemist was dead.—*Riverside Magazine for March.*

A GENTLEMAN in Auburn recently dropped his wallet and several hundred dollars in the morning, while going out of his yard. His dog saw it drop in the snow, and stayed by it all day, until the master's return home, when the faithful animal attracted his attention, and pawed it from under the snow.

THE SNAKE-EATER AND HIS STORY.

IN the year 1828, a man, under the *nom de guerre* of John Thompson, was traveling through the United States exhibiting himself as a snake-eater, to the astonishment of the natives. He had a horse and van, carried his own tent from town to town, and generally pitched it in the suburbs. The tent held about 150 persons comfortably, and when John Thompson, who was his own door-keeper, found he had a sufficient number within, he closed the aperture, jumped upon a small platform, and tinkled a bell, upon which a curtain was raised, and the performer commenced his duties. The man seemed to be about 28 years of age; his face was thin, and a leaden wanness overspread his features; but his sunken eyes had that supernatural brightness so often seen in the eyes of the consumptive. His voice, though faint, was musical, but interrupted by an occasional cough; and as he removed his cravat and turned up his wristbands over the cuffs of his coat, he pointed to a box before him covered with glass, and said, "If any one desires to satisfy himself with regard to the reptile which I am now about to devour in the presence of you all, and to restore again from my throat alive, he will please draw near and examine it."

He then turned the box on end displaying the glass cover to the audience, and disclosed to their sight a hideous rattlesnake. It was coiled, and when disturbed, elevated its spiry head from its circle, and while its forked tongue played with a rapid motion, it darted against the glass, in vain attempts to escape, while its rattles continued to quiver with a violent and whizzing sound, accompanied by that apparent flattening of the head which denotes the highest pitch of resentment. Its dilated eyes shot fire, and the coarse scales in its contorted form grew rugged in its anger. There was no mistake about its being a veritable snake.

After this the box was put in its original position of glass uppermost. A chilly shudder ran through the audience at the next performance. The snake-eater turned his back to the company, and bent his face for a moment over the edge of the box, and a kind of chuckling gulping was heard before he drew forth the horrible reptile in his hand. The snake now seemed languid and passive, although the rattles continued to sound. He then placed the head of the venomous serpent to his lips, and opend his mouth, and the long coil began to descend. It was an appalling sight to see the huge reptile gradually going down the throat of a human being. The cheeks of the young man began to dilate, and his complexion became a livid purple. His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets; masses of foam gathered about his lips; and he looked as if he was undergoing the utmost mortal agony, and even exhibited the throes of death. On one occasion no less than twelve of his audience were taken out in fainting fits.

After apparently mumbling and crushing the fearful meal, the snake-eater again partially opened his lips, and the forked tongue of the reptile was seen playing like threads of bright red fire between them. Presently it began to emerge. It moved very slowly, as if held back by other serpents who had preceded it, in the awful deglutition of its master. At the long, loathsome folds hung from his lips, and continued to extend, the features of the snake-eater assumed their wonted aspect, and in a moment the reptile had emerged, was replaced in the box, and the feat was accomplished.

Then, after seating himself for a few moments to recover from the perilous execution of his task, the snake-eater arose and addressed the audience. He desired them to believe that he had wished not to appal but to surprise them. There was no trick in what he had done. It was done; but it was a mysterious and undiscovered one. "They call me mad," he added, bitterly, "and a conjurer, but a conjurer I am not, and though I have been mad, I am not now. Yet often do I wish I were. You will denominate my calling one of foolish hazard, and perhaps of disgust; but did you know all, you would judge me better. I thank you for your attendance; and if I have succeeded in surprising you, my aim has been won."

THE SNAKE EATER'S BIOGRAPHY, AND THE WAY THE TRICK WAS DONE.

One day John Thompson had performed in the suburbs of a western city, when a gentleman appeared among the audience who had known the snake-eater under a different name, and in a different sphere of life; in fact, they had been college chums, and the visitor this evening had considered that the snake-eater's life could have been cast in quite a different mould. The old fellow-collegians met. Eight years only had they parted, and yet what changes had taken place in that period!

"Will you go back with me to England?" said Thompson's old companion.

"No," answered the snake-eater, "I must die in a land where all those I hold sacred are buried. I will tell you my short but melancholy history, and afterward don't question me, but keep my secret. Let me spin out the few years allotted to me as John Thompson, and let me select the spot where I must be buried.

"But to come to facts, my friend; I am not what you think me. Though regarded hereabouts as one who has dealings with familiar spirits and wizards, I am only a broken-hearted man, the child of sorrow, and almost without hope. I do not speak this for your sympathy, for human sympathy can but at best awaken afresh the wells of mournful tenderness in my breast, without pouring one ray of sunshine upon the troubled fountains; they must flow on in darkness without a prospect of day; yet listen to my story.

About eight years ago, with the spirit of adventure stirring within me, I came from the walls of an English university to the far western States of America. I wrote to my parents for money; in fact I asked for my patrimony, and said I would never expect any more from them. They sent me a handsome sum, and I sought with this capital in hand to make trade with the Indians, and, therefore, took land close on the frontiers. I bought furs from the native hunters, and bartered generally with them. For all the country could produce I gave manufactured articles; and thus I went on prosperously. My capital doubled, trebled, quadrupled—in fact, in all respects I was prosperous. Then followed a love affair, and it was pure love with me, my friend. The family of my affianced thought I lived too much out of civilized life, and would not consent to our union; and so we eloped, and what a wife she made me! I speak not in rhapsody, but she was the loveliest being that ever inhabited this lower world. None could excel her in beauty, and she made that beauty perfect by the graces of a mind pure and highly cultivated. Her voice was melody, her smile a burst of pure and living light, and her calm, blue eyes were the sweet expositors of a sinless affection. To speak no more of her perfections, suffice it to say that I loved her with my whole soul. She was my idol; her happiness was the center of my every wish, and she was the object of every aspiration.

"We were married; time went on, and brought me a bud from the rose I had established in my green bower at home. We were indeed happy then. Aloof from society, though we missed a few of its luxuries, we suffered none of its vexations and demoralizing corruptions. On Sundays we rode many miles through the wilderness to attend a place of worship established by the missionaries, and to hear the word of God read and revealed.

"On the day that my dear little Sarah had attained her second year, she was seated near to my counter, and her mother was standing by, when three fierce-looking Indians entered the store. They had evidently traveled a long way, for their leggings were torn and dirty, and their feet were almost bare. I recognised one of them instantly as the Crouching Wolf, a desperate being who hung alternately around the skirts of settlements, begging for rum, or getting it in barter for the furs of wild animals. Just a year previous to this he had visited me for the purpose of procuring the 'fire water'; I had refused him, and he left me with the vow of future vengeance.

"'Hough!' said he, as he reeled up with his gruff-looking companions toward the counter where my child was playing and my wife stood, 'the Crouching Wolf said he would come back. He wants the talking-water; he wants that, or revenge. He will have one.'

"I tried to reason with him, but he was deaf to reason. He had tasted from the flagon of one of his red companions, and the fumes were in his brain.

"'Come, medicine-man,' said he, 'the Wolf wants the fire-milk. Where is it? He cannot wait. His spirit is up, and his forehead is warm.'

"I saw that he grew desperate; but my resolution was taken. I sternly denied him; it was a fatal denial.

"During the colloquy my wife and child had gone out on the green sward, and the latter was picking wild flowers and stringing them. The Crouching Wolf left me, growling some guttural sentences to his companions; and, oh! merciful Heavens! I saw them advance toward my child. I was motionless, and paralyzed with terror. As the Wolf approached my little girl, he drew a tomahawk from his belt, and flourished it on high. I sprang toward him, but was pushed back by his companions. The dear, innocent, unaffrighted child smiled in the face of the Crouching Wolf, and it seemed as if the cheerful purity of her look stayed his vengeful arm. He paused, until a scream from the mother aroused the terror of her little girl. She then shrunk back from the relentless savage, while her mother, like myself, was kept at bay, and the dear little innocent, quivering with dismay, said, in childish simplicity, 'Naughty Indian! if he hurts Sarah, ma will be angry, and punish him.'

"As she said this she burst into tears; her last for ever!

"In one instant the tomahawk weapon of the infuriated Indian clove asunder the head of my babe; in the next his excited comrades, of whom now there were five, had murdered the wife of my bosom. I have an indistinct and horrid remembrance of my burning store—the red fiends yelling over the consuming roof and walls—and my escape to the forest. The rest was but silence and oblivion. I was a madman!

"Ten months after that I found myself in New Orleans. I had reached the city, no one knew how—had been conveyed to a hospital, kindly treated, and discharged as cured, but an outcast and a beggar. Misfortunes seldom come alone. I found that during my seclusion from the world my father had died, and as I had already received my share of his property, the residue melted away among several brothers and sisters. My inheritance on this side of the Atlantic being destroyed by Indians, I was without a home or a friend.

"How I subsisted I scarcely know. At last, as I was one day walking moodily along, I saw a group collected around an Indian who was performing tricks from a box with a rattlesnake. The Indian was the Crouching Wolf.

"The murderer of my wife and child!' I exclaimed, as I penetrated through the ring, and with one fierce blow felled the vile monster to the earth. I seized him by the throat. I placed my knee upon his breast. In a few moments he was a distorted and ghastly corpse beneath my feet.

"My award of retribution was considered just, and no effort was made to arrest me. Availing myself of the box belonging to the Crouching Wolf, which I contended was mine as a debt, I soon learned the mystery of his art, as if by intuition. An upper drawer of the box contained the real rattlesnake; an under drawer merely the skin of one, which could be inflated by the breath at will. The motion of the tongue, which was dried, and had wires within, was produced by hard-strung ... Filled from the lungs, it could readily be taken into the mouth and compressed into a very small compass, and so made to pass outward, inflated again. I bought a new snake from the museum, which I killed and prepared according to the model before me. I could not endure the thought of even using the same instruments employed by the destroyer of all that I most loved on earth, and I turned from his trickery with a feeling of almost positive loathing; yet in the end I did not see why I should not make capital out of it.

"A little practice made me an adept in the mystery of snake-eating, and I have since wandered in loneliness from town to town, attempting this curious enterprise. My pecuniary success has been sufficient for my comfort and convenience, and the danger of the feat is only in appearance. With a slight exertion I can turn my face into the colors and contortions you witness this evening, and which heighten the interest of the spectacle. But these things can only temporarily divert my thoughts, for I carry within my heart an aching fever, which no prosperity can allay or remove. The objects which have cheered me can cheer me no more. I stand alone in this wilderness world, a mourner and a pilgrim. My visions are of my wife and child; my day-dreams are of them; but I must suffer, as you see, until I meet them in that better country where the sun descends not, and darkness is unknown; 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.' I can forget my child, for her existence seems to me like a misty trance, in the fond assurance that the sparkling dewdrop has exhaled in heaven; but for the cherished rose that sustained it, I cease not to grieve. Alas for the wife of my bosom!"

With the last words the snake-eater's voice failed, his body was convulsed, until a flood of tears relieved him. He would hear no sympathetic words from his friend, but parted with him thus: "You alone have my secret. In a few months more my body must be consigned be consigned to the earth on the sacred spot where my wife and child were murdered. You shall be one of the executors of my will, and I beseech you faithfully to carry out my instructions."

The snake-eater was right; a few months after this interview he died; and now, in the very centre of a populous town, on the banks of the Mississippi, may be seen a tombstone recording the events which occurred on that spot, and the hope of the departed husband that he should meet his wife and child in heaven.

A Juggler's Trick.

REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, in an account of a visit to Bombay, gives an account of a juggling feat, known as the "bamboo trick." He says:

"While the tom-tom was beating, and the pipe playing, the juggler, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place on the gravel, three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared a bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the place, covering it with a thin blanket. The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip around the loins. The time seemed to have come for the detective's eye! So just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and while the tom-tom beat and the pipe shrilled more loudly, I stepped forward with becoming dignity, and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me. The juggler cheerfully complied. I examined the basket. It was made of open wicker-work. I then examined the covering. It was thin, almost transparent, and certainly there was nothing concealed in it. I then fixed my eyes on his strip of clothing with such intentness that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery, and bade him go on. I felt perfectly sure that the trick could not succeed. Sitting down, he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; he then lifted the basket off the ground, and behold a green plant, about a foot high! Satisfied with our applause, he went on with his incantations. After having sat a little, to give his plant time to grow, he again lifted the basket, and the plant was now two feet high. He asked us to wait a little longer that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured by those who had seen the trick performed before, that this result would be obtained, I confessed myself "done" without the slightest notion of how. I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and upturned. Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up, laughing. One of his companions just then chucked a pebble to him, which he put into his mouth. Immediately the same companion, walking backward, drew forth a cord of silk, twenty yards or so in length. But this was not all the discharge, for the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth two decanter stoppers, two shells, a spinning top, a stone and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire!"

Falling Eyes.

PERSONS suffering from dyspepsia, or any other malady, must take care of their eyes. Any disease impairs the strength, and the nervous system is depressed; and when laboring under this form of depression the eye is particularly liable to become weak. The reason of this is, that of the ten nerves which go off from the brain, six are distributed wholly, and the other four partially, to the eye. Through the great sympathetic nerve, the disturbed stomach, or liver, or intestines, communicate with telegraphic speed with the brain, and so with the eye. The first advice to be given with reference to the comfortable use of the eyes undoubtedly is to keep the intestines and liver and stomach in a healthy condition; in other words, do everything to confirm the general health. If this be impaired, do not read, and, especially do not write long, without giving the eye rest. The great remedy for an eye whose disease depends upon the nerve, and not the muscle, is rest! rest! rest!—*Montpelier (Vt.) Journal.*

Beauty on Skates.

A PRETTY girl on skates, if any girl can be otherwise than pretty, clad in one of those jaunty, fur-trimmed *polkas* the Cupid himself must have fashioned, the little form bending to and fro in undulous and rhythmic motion, the glowing cheeks and radiant eyes kissed by kindly winter into tenfold beauty, is such a sight as the holiest and hardest of anchorites might be pardoned for falling in love with.

And if she be, on the contrary, a poor skater, the charm is, if anything, heightened, at least to her cavalier. There is such an irresistible fascination in her absolute dependence on his protecting arm; there is such a charm in her pretty terrors, her delicious helplessness, her graceful tumbles; such a music in her little shrieks of dread and her self-accusing laughter; and then it is so delightful to pick her up after each comical upset, and she is throughout so good-natured, and so grateful, and so provokingly pretty, that she is, if anything, more adorable than if she skated like a championess.

An ice-pond, too, on a bright, still night, with the moon and stars all in their places to smile an encouraging approval, is no bad place to make love in. When the most adored of her sex asks you, for exhibition's sake, to go gliding like the wind over the glassy surface, "If this isn't heavenly," and says "she could go on so forever," what is easier or more natural than to press a little tighter the tiny hand that nestles in your own, and suggest that it is heavenly, and that it will be her fault if you don't go on forever.—*Round Table.*

A Winter Funeral.

TO BURY a friend in winter is a kind of trial that connects strange inward emotions of feelings which it is difficult to master. We have cleared away the snow, and hewn a passage down through the solid pavement of the frost, and then in that inhospitable place we come to bury our departed; be it child, or wife, or mother, or much-loved friend, our heart shudders in convulsive chill at the forlorn last resting-place we have given our friend. The flesh, feeling is protesting, the solemnly, so-called, goes on, and before we have gotten our own consent the "tribute of respect" is ended. The frozen earth, cold, hoisted again by blows, are piled on the loved one's rest, and we turn to go. "Will it storm to-night? The wind, alas! is howling even now in the trees, and the sleeting has already begun. O God, it shall not be! We were going to be fools, we see, but now the spell is broken. The grave-yard is no longer a place to scorn to say our farewell over it. Let the snows fall heavy, if they will, and the winds rage pitiless and wild above, ours it shall be to thank thee, Father, Lord of the warmer clime, that our dead one lives with thee." Practically, almost nothing will more surely compel a faith in immortality, even to the chances to be disbelieving, than to bury a friend in winter. And, as a matter of fact, it is not in the fresh, unbursting life of the spring, or in any other softer season of the year, that we think of immortality with half the tension that we do at winter funerals. We ask it instinctively, as we do a fire for the cold.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

Quite Romantic.

The following story, as was told to us, happened near Lake city, Ind., where there lived, at the breaking out of the war, a wealthy farmer whom we will call Blank. This man kept a large number of servants; among them was a good and religious young girl, possessing unusual personal attractions. She was courted by an officer of some rank in the Federal army, while at home recruiting for his regiment. When the day of his departure came, he made know to the servant girl how deeply she had interested him, and begged to know if there was any hope. She confessed that his attachment was reciprocated, and they were at once affianced.

"Should Mr. Blank," said Jennie, "come to know of this, I should at once be discharged. He believes that it was his daughter for whom your visits were intended."

"Should this be so," returned the fond lover, "I only write and let me know, and you shall not suffer."

With an affectionate kiss, and a promise that both would be punctual in their letter writing, they separated, he to join his regiment among the boys of the Potomac.

He waited long and anxiously for tidings of his loved one, but not one word was received to ease his troubled mind. Finally, his own letters were returned. What could it all mean? Was Jennie false? He could not believe it.

After the soldier's departure, Mr. Blank took Jennie into a room, fastened the door, and, with a rawhide in his hand, commanded her to tell him if she was betrothed to Colonel ——. When the poor girl had told him all, he had her blindfolded, taken to the great city of Chicago, and there left, without friends or money.

He reported that she had died of cholera, and, to make the deception complete, built a false grave.

When the war was over, and Colonel —— returned home he made his way at once to the old graveyard, and sought out that of his lost Jennie. After bathing the little mound with tears, he made his way to the house of Mr. Blank to learn the particulars. While he was there the guilty man ordered the tombstones for the false grave. In due time they came, and were placed at the supposed grave with some evergreens and flowers.

Col. —— had been a mourner from two years before the war closed until December, 1868, when business called him to Chicago. There, in a street car, with a bundle of soiled clothes which she was taking home to be washed, he found his buried Jennie. He flew across the car, taking her in his arms and almost screaming with joy. He could scarcely believe his eyes, but it was Jennie, and no mistake. He had found her at last.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Journal of Commerce.*

Rates of Travel.

In a single second a snail travels one five-thousandth of a foot; a fly, five feet; a pedestrian, at ordinary gait, five and three-tenths feet; a camel, six feet; an ordinary breeze, ten feet; a running stream, twelve feet; a trotting horse, twelve feet; a whale, twelve and three-tenths feet; a fast sailing ship, fourteen feet; a reindeer with sledge, twenty-five feet; a steam engine, twenty-nine feet; a skater, thirty-six feet; an English race-horse, forty-one feet; a tempest, fifty feet; a sw