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POETRY.

THE DARKENED NURSERY.

There's room enough in the nursery now,
'Twas crowded a little before—
For when the crib in the corner sat
The rockers came close to the door;
But the light was sweet, and the air was soft,
And the room was filled with cheer,
For we all were chained to the little spot
By the voice of the baby dear.

Where is the sunshine—where is the noise?
Where are the playthings gone?
What shall I do with my empty arms
Sitting alone, alone?
What shall I do with the empty crib?
Where shall I set his chair?
Must the darling little one's clothes come down?
Oh, let me leave them there!

Nay, fold them up softly and put them by,
Life is holier through this pain;
Lay up the carriage—check the deep sigh,
Take up life's duties again;
Turn the face fully toward Heaven and God;
His sweet peace shall keep thee still;
Bow low before Him, kissing His rod,
And murmur, love—"Just as God will."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

[The following characteristic whimsey of the late distinguished poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, is now published for the first time]:—*Hearth and Home.*

I will tell you a plan for gaining wealth,
Better than banking, trading, or leases:
Take a bank-note and fold it up,
And then you will find your wealth *increases.*

This wonderful plan without danger or loss
Keeps your cash in your hands and with nothing to trouble it,
And every time that you fold it across,
'Tis plain as the light of the day that you double it.

THE BLIND MAN'S FIRESIDE.

Talk to me, oh ye eloquent flames,
Gossips and comrades fine!
Nobody knows me, poor and blind,
That sit in your merry shine.
Nobody knows me but my dog—
A friend I've never seen,
But that comes to my call, and loves me
For the sympathies between.

'Tis pleasant to hear, in the cold, dark night,
Mounting higher and higher,
The crackling, chattering, sputtering, spattering
Flames in the wintry fire.
Half asleep in the corner,
I hear you prattle and snap,
And talk to me and Tiny,
That dozes in my lap.

You laugh with the merriest laughter:
You dance, you jest, you sing,
And suggest in the wintry midnight
The joys of the coming spring.
Not even the lark on the fringe of the cloud,
Nor the thrush on the hawthorn bough,
Singeth a song more pleasant to hear
Than the song you're singing now.

Your voices are of gladness;
Ever they seem to say,
After the evening—morning!
After the night—the day!
After this mortal blindness,
A heavenly vision clear,
The soul can see when the eyes are dark;
Awake! let the light appear!
—*All the Year Round.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Base Ball.

All classes of community get up base ball clubs; the little boys engage in the game with ardor and enthusiasm, and even the babies, it seems to us, never gave such specimens of base bawling as now.

Old men have caught the infection. We heard of a party of old gents in this vicinity, not long ago, who got up a club of "picked nine"—several of them picked out of the asylum for paralytics. The "pitcher" was too infirm to pitch (except to pitch on his nose), so he shot the ball out of a gun, touching the gun off with a slow match. It was the slowest "match" ever played. The "batter" hadn't raised a club in a long time, unless it was a club he raised for the *Weekly Times.* He gave some very good specimens of cotton batting, however, being nearly encased in that material for acute rheumatism. The ball had about as much show for being struck by lightning as by him.

The catcher didn't catch the ball once, he only caught cold. The runs were mostly made in carriages, though some of the more vigorous were able to get around on a pair of crutches and two canes. One old man said he would like to make one base before he died—hadn't made anything in forty years. They didn't get "home" any of them until they were carried home on stretchers. They call themselves "Olympics," every man of them having a limp. Their common title, however, is "*Base Ball Heads.*"

A "Blind Men's Base Ball Club" has been running for some time in the interior of the State. They don't confine themselves to the rules, "going it blind" for the most part. The pitcher sends his ball by the Hand Express. The batter can only touch the ball, going by the sense of touch altogether. It is altogether very touching.

The catcher catched the ball in his hat, having acquired great dexterity in the use of the article by catching pennies in it on the street corners. They are led around to the bases by a little dog and a string. Although blind, they never bark their shins, the little dog doing all the barking. If a "foul" is called, they all sing out with one accord, "Can't see it!" The fielders can only *feel'd* their way, and the umpire gives his decision by letter—raised letter. The club is familiarly known as the "Eye Openers," from a fond hope they entertain that the exercise will restore their sight.

The "Deaf and Dumb Men's Base Ball Club" came to a speedy end. The authorities interfered and broke up their game, claiming it was cruelty to dumb animals.

We have wondered they didn't get up a "Policemen's Base Ball Club," they are so handy with their clubs. The trouble would be, though, they would never be on the ground when wanted. The way to induce one of them to make a rapid "home run" would be to have a disturbance break out in some other locality. They would draw, though—salaries, regularly; and not interfere with the game if they were "in" with the game."—*Cincinnati Times.*

Affecting Incidents.

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* gives a picture of Minnesota, and in the course of his narrative tells the following:

"It was only the other day that a chubby-faced Swede made himself ridiculously prominent at the eastern depot, by telling every man, woman and child present that his wife and boy were coming on the next train, all the way from Sweden. The poor fellow had been in Minnesota for two years, and by the dint of hard work and living on a quarter a day, had scraped together enough to get him a little home and to enable him to send for his family, and now they were coming on the next train, and the months of anxious expectancy were almost over. The train dashed into the depot, the emigrants began to file out, and presently appeared a sad, weary-looking woman with something in her arms. The man rushed forward and asked for his boy, and the woman burst into tears. The boy was a corpse in her arms—had sickened on the journey and died on the train, and the poor man's heart seemed broken. The depot employes made a rude box for the body, and sadly enough they went away.

"A somewhat similar, but more sad event occurred the other day. Every day for about a week a young but careworn woman came to the end of the bridge, half an hour before train time, and waited patiently till the last passenger and the last wagon had come over, when she would turn disappointed away, sometimes with tears that she could not entirely conceal. At last a wagon came across, and in that wagon a trunk, which she no sooner saw than she darted forward with a wild cry, looked into the wagon, and saw the body of her husband, partially covered with a blanket, and dropped to the ground. Sympathizing strangers crowded round; offers of assistance were freely made, but all too late; from that time to this she has been a raving maniac. The explanation of all this is briefly as follows: She and her husband had started for St. Paul, he in advanced consumption, with just enough money to get them here, in the vain hope that he might get some light employment which would enable them to subsist; but he had grown rapidly worse on the journey; finally, he had been left at a point some seventy miles below St. Paul, unable to travel further, while the lady, probably forced to realize the fact that money here, as elsewhere, is the one thing needful, had come on to this city and obtained work as a seamstress, and he after a while had attempted to follow, and had died on the train."

Local Knowledge.—"I shay, my man," hiccupped an elevated civic dignitary of Edinburgh, as he emerged from the head of the Fleshmarket Close, and observing the illuminated dial of the Tron Church, addressed a sour milkman, who had just dismounted from his cart: "I shay, can you tell me if that is the sun or the moon?" "A couldna say, sir," was the simple reply, "I dinna belong to this part."

—A hundred years ago it was settled that the shortening of the tap-root of a tree was no injury, and at the present day some of the most practical of our pear growers cut the tap-root so as to induce the tree to throw out lateral roots, and thus save the trees from being swayed so much by high winds.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

If I pride myself upon any mental endowment whatever, it is upon that humble one of Common-Sense. I live what is called by the intellectual people a conventional life. I have my pew in the neighboring church, and sit in it twice every Sunday. I know one captain in the army—just such a person as he should be—polished, and yet ferocious, gentle to ladies, but rather insolent to civilian males, boastful of his clubs, and giving all his leisure time, which is considerable, to the cultivation of his mustaches; but otherwise I am ignorant of the fashionable world and all its gay doings. I have made no endeavor to break through the gilded pale that separates it from the steady-going middle class to which I belong. I do not understand the feeling which prompts my superiors to be ashamed of being seen in an omnibus. Once every day I return from the city in one; and if it is wet I use the same conveyance in the morning to reach my office. I pay my tradesmen weekly. My best sherry is 48s. a dozen; and when the captain talks of vintage wines (as he will do by the hour at my table), I often wonder what he thinks he is drinking. However, with true good-breeding, he imbibes it in great quantities, as though it were the best. I do not keep a man-servant. Our cook cannot compass an *omelette soufflee.* My wife trims her own bonnets. We have eight children, who all know the Church Catechism by heart, except the baby and the last but one. In short, a more respectable and unfashionable family than our own does not exist in all Bayswater.

Under these circumstances, it may be easily imagined that we are as free from the vices of the great as we are without their privileges; and this was, I honestly believe, the case until within a very recent period. When I used to read in the papers that the Lady Day Coltay (of Norman ancestry and bluest blood) had left her husband's roof, and fled with Major Flutterby of the Life Guards; or that it was rumored among well-informed circles that the gentleman of the long robe would soon find employment in the domestic affairs of his Grace the Duke of Belgravia, I used to give a prolonged whistle, and remark: "Here they are again," in general reference to the habits of the *haut ton.* I knew that our hereditary aristocracy were given to these escapades, which in my own rank of life would certainly be crimes, and I perused such details as the press could furnish with an avidity unalloyed, I am afraid, without much reprobation. I seemed to be reading of a class of persons whose way of life was too far removed from my own to affect me, except as a spectator; just as when I went to the play I found myself in an atmosphere of intrigue, and misunderstanding, and jealousy, altogether unreal, and with which I had not the ghost of an experience in common.

Jealousy! Why, I had been married sixteen years without entertaining that passion, so that it was not very likely, however well acted, that that passion should entertain *me.* Misunderstanding! The thing was impossible, for whenever there promised to be "a row in the pantry"—and every married man will understand me when I make use of that metaphorical expression—I brought it to a head, and had it out, and off we started again (speaking for self and Mrs. R——) on the smooth current of our lives, with the little fracas buried forever in its depths. As for the mother of eight falling in love with another man—it is all very well in a stage-play, and particularly where the husband is a black man, and, as I have said, befitting enough among persons of quality; but upon the Notting Hill side of Bayswater any such mischance would, I felt, be out of place and ridiculous—a social presumption, as well as a grave domestic crime. Imagine, therefore, my astonishment when my opposite neighbor, Peabody, who also calls himself my friend, did me the honor to call upon me a few weeks ago, to speak, in confidence, of the alarming conduct of my wife. Having demanded and obtained a private interview, this scandalous old person, who was once an indigo-merchant, and yet retains the trace of his calling upon his nose, set before me in detail a number of curious circumstances connected with the "goings on," as he was pleased to call them, of my wife, which he was not, indeed, prepared to say, "might not possibly be only coincidences, after all," but which he felt it is his duty as a fellow-creature, and one who had been a husband in his time—here his lips made a dumb motion of gratitude—to let me know. Even as a neighbor, and an inhabitant of a common Crescent, hitherto remarkable for its respectability, and which, as I doubtless remembered, had declined to permit Mrs. Jones to put up *Apartments* in her window, lest we should be confounded with the lodging-house localities; nay, which, by the mere force of its public opinion, had prevented No. 484 from being let to a playactor—even in this character, said Peabody, he would have felt it his duty to make me aware of what was being said, though doubtless falsely, respecting the behavior of Mrs. R——. Here I should have locked the door, and informed Peabody that his last hour was certainly arrived, and that he had better make his peace with Providence before I cut his throat; but from ignorance of the proper conduct to be adopted in such exceptional circumstances, and perhaps from the knowledge that there was nothing but a paper-knife in the room with which to effect this righteous punishment, I only burst out laughing, and called him a meddling and impertinent old fool.

"Very true," returned he, for he always makes use of that form of words—"very true; but still the facts are worth investigating, even from their singularity. Do you know, for instance, that at eleven o'clock, three days a week, your wife goes out in a cab by herself?"

"No," said I, "I do not; though, if she does, it is surely better than if she had any ineligible companion. As a matter of fact, however, she does not do so, for I have offered to go shopping with her twice this week, and she has declined to accompany me on the ground of having a sore throat."

"Upon what days did she give this excuse?" inquired Peabody, taking out his pocket-book.

"Last Monday and last Thursday," returned I.

"Well, here's a memorandum: *Monday, 4th. Saw Mrs. R—— start, as usual, at 11; Thursday, 7th, ditto, ditto.* She could not be going to a morning concert, because she had no white gloves on."

"I will grant that much," quoth I, sardonically, and yet not by any means unmoved by this unexpected intelligence. "My wife does not go to morning concerts."

"Very true," observed Peabody. "Then the question arises, where *does* she go to? Now, as an inhabitant of the Crescent—"

"Peabody," interrupted I, severely, "I acknowledge the right of no man—no, not of the man in the moon himself—to meddle in my affairs upon *that* ground. I am obliged to you for the interest you have taken in this matter, but the simple fact is, that it has been entirely misplaced. I have been perfectly well aware of my wife's movements, and they have had my fullest permission and approbation. I only wanted to see to what lengths your impertinence and love of interference would carry you. That is your hat, I believe; your umbrella is the alpaca one; I wish you a very good morning."

I ushered my visitor out, and then sat down in my private parlor with my elbows upon the table, and both my hands thrust into my hair. I had temporarily extinguished Peabody, but I was on fire with jealous apprehensions myself. What *could* it all mean? For sixteen years my wife had never taken any excursion unless in my company, upon which, she had always given me to understand, she doted; and yet, after refusing to go out with me upon Monday and Thursday last, on the plea of sore throat, she had started, the instant that my back was turned, in a Hansom—or even supposing it was a four-wheeler—in a cab, without white gloves on, and—Confound it, here *was* a row in the pantry, and one which my peace of mind demanded to have cleared up at once. "Anna Maria," cried I, huskily, from the bottom of the stairs—"Anna Maria, I wish to speak with you immediately."

"Lor' bless me," answered my wife from the top story, "it isn't one of the children, is it, John? Pray tell me the worst at once."

"No, Madam, it is I," replied I, stiffly.

"Then it's the kitchen chimney," exclaimed she, in a dogmatic tone. "And didn't I tell Mary to have it swept a week ago; and now the fire-engines will spoil everything, even if we are not burnt out of house and home."

Was it possible that this woman could have deceived me, as Peabody had said, and yet talk so simply of her children, and of house and home? By the time Anna Maria had got down to the drawing-room flight I began to be rather ashamed of myself. When the mother of eight reached my sitting-room door, with her honest face aglow with animation, and her voice so earnest about the soot, I did not dare to mention what I had in my mind.

"I called you down, dear, to say that I was going to give myself a holiday to-day, and to ask you to come with me to Hamstead Heath, and dine at Jack Straw's Castle this afternoon, it being such a beautiful day."

A ray of joy passed for an instant over her features, and then, as if recollecting herself, she began to stammer that she was very, very sorry, but really she had so much to do about the house just then; if I would only wait till Friday week, which was my birthday, then we would go somewhere, and she should enjoy it above all measure. This afternoon, however, the thing was impossible.

"Well," said I, gravely, "we have not many holidays together, and I am sorry. You had a sore throat on Monday and on Thursday, when I offered you a similar opportunity."

"Oh yes," answered she, shaking her little head, which is very prettily—could it be *too* prettily?—set upon her shoulders; "it was quite impossible that I could go with that throat."

"Here," thought I, for she could not have gone out *without* her throat, "is some dreadful falsehood; but Peabody may have told it, and not she. Perhaps she never went out at all. Should I not rather believe the wife of my bosom than that scandalous old retired indigo-merchant? Was it not base even to suspect Anna Maria of deception? Doubtless it was; but yet I thought I would just satisfy myself with my own eyes."

"Very well," observed I, quietly; "since you cannot come with me to-day, I shall go to the city, as usual. I don't care for a holiday by myself."

"Poor, dear fellow," said Anna Maria, coaxingly, as she helped me on with my great-coat, "I am quite grieved to disappoint you. Good-by, John. Mind you have a good luncheon; it's very bad for you eating those buns and rubbish."

"Ah, what a tangled web we weave," says somebody, "when first we practice to deceive," though after but little trying, there's nothing easier than lying. I protest I felt like a pick-pocket, as I dodged and lurked about our Crescent, watching in the distance my own door to see whether Mrs. R—— would cross the threshold. I suppose I have none of the attributes necessary to the profession of a detective; for whenever a passer-by cast his eyes on me I felt myself blushing all over, and hanging my head on one side, as a dog hangs his tail. I dared not, of course, stop *in* the Crescent, but loitered at the corner of a street which commanded it, now trying to dig up the tops of the coal-cellars by inserting the nozzle of my umbrella in their circular holes, and now eliciting mournful music by dragging it against the area railings. Exhausted with these exercises, I had been leaning against a lamp-post for about ten minutes, when the door of a house opposite opened suddenly, and a widow lady of vast proportions came swiftly out upon me, with her cap-strings streaming in the wind.

"Now just you go away, my gentleman," said she, in a menacing voice, "before the police makes you. *I* know who you're a-looking for, and I can tell you she ain't a-coming, for I've got her locked up in the coal-cellar. I know you, although you have not got your red coat on to-day; and mind if you get another slice of meat in my house, I'll prosecute you as sure as my name's Mivins."

"Gracious Heavens, Madam!" cried I, "do you take me for a common soldier?"

"No, Sir," answered she, maliciously; "but for a tuppenny-ha'penny Life-Guardsman, who never saw a shot fired in his life; and if ever you come after my Jemima again—"

I turned and fled—into the very arms of the abominable Peabody. "Make haste!" exclaimed he; "there is not a moment to be lost. No; the cab is coming this way; you may see for yourself whether I am not right this time."

And sure enough, who should drive by, at a rapid rate, but Anna Maria, in a four-wheeled cab, and without her bonnet, and *with a flower in her hair!* This blow, coming so closely upon the attack of the widow lady, was almost more than I could bear. "Where can she be going to?" gasped I, half unconsciously. "It's the most extra ordinary thing I ever heard of."

"I have heard of similar things," returned Peabody, quietly, "although I never experienced anything of the sort myself. Of course, I don't know where she is going to; but the direction she has taken is toward St. John's Wood."

I hastened back to my own house, and with the air of a man who has forgotten something, began to search in the pockets of a great-coat hanging up in the hall. "By-the-by," said I, as the servant who had let me in was disappearing, "I think your mistress must have got it after all. Just run up, and tell her I want to see her for a minute."

Emily Jane, who has been in our service ever since we were married, turned as scarlet as her cap-ribbons. "Sir," said she, bolder than brass, "missis has just stepped out; she has taken two of the little girls for a morning walk."

"Which two?" inquired I, looking this abandoned young person full in the face. Her subtle spirit was cowed by this course of procedure; she replied that she did not know—she didn't recollect—she hadn't paid particular attention, but she rather thought that it was the two youngest—all in a breath.

"In that case," rejoined I, pointing with withering scorn to the perambulator, "how comes this here? No, Emily Jane; your mistress must have taken out with her today the same two children that she took on Monday and on Thursday, when her sore throat was so bad that she could not go out with me."

"Yes, Sir," replied she; "it was the same two."

"Emily Jane," said I, solemnly, "always tell the truth. *I know all.* Where is your mistress gone to all by herself to-day, with her hair so neatly arranged, and a flower stuck in the left-hand side of her head? and that after telling me she was too busy to move out. Concealment is worse than useless. Where is she?"

"Wild horses shouldn't do it," returned the domestic, resolutely. "I told her I would keep it dark, and I won't betray no confidence as has been reposed in me. You must find it out all of your own head, Sir. Oh dear, oh dear!"

Here, to my confusion, Emily Jane cast her apron, by a sudden and dextrous movement, over her features, and in that blinded condition rushed down the kitchen-stairs like a bull stung by bees.

At that moment the front-door bell rang with a violence such as none of our visitors, except the captain, ever dare to use. My wretched heart seemed to experience a little throb of joy. He at least, then—and I confess my suspicions had been turned in his direction, for was it not his profession to guard us from foreign foes, and to destroy our domestic peace—he at least, I say, *unless there was more than one*— I dared not trust myself to finish the reflection, but opened the front-door with my own hands.

It was somebody in uniform, but not the captain. "*Telegraph* for Mrs. R——," squeaked the boy, in his shrill thin voice; "please to sign on the right 'and side." Then dancing a double shuffle upon the door step, in order to keep himself warm, he broke forth into ballad, "There's somebody in the house with Dinah, there's somebody in the house I *know;* there's somebody in the house with Dinah—"

I didn't like his impudence, and I didn't like his song, but there was nothing for it but to submit. What could Anna Maria be doing with telegraphs? *From Rupert Merrington,* 6 *Cupidon Villas, St. John's Wood. Pray, be punctual this time. I am engaged after twelve. I trust you will be looking your best, not pale, as on Monday and Thursday.*

"There's somebody in the house with Dinah, there's somebody in the house I *know*—" I rushed out with the receipt in my hand, and the boy snatched it, and took to flight, for he saw that I was dangerous. What *could* this dreadful message mean? or rather what meaning could it have but one? Rupert Merrington! not at all a steady-sounding name, to begin with; the sender, too, was evidently no business-man, or he would not have exceeded his twenty words so foolishly. It had a military smack all over (and I didn't like *that* notion—a military smack!). Merrington was of course an assumed name. The handwriting was good, and so far unlike the captain's; but then people can't write there own telegraph messages. I felt that some immediate action was necessary, or that I should be suffocated. In a couple of minutes I was in a Hansom bound for Cupidon Villas, in a state of mind easier imagined than described; and yet I had often read descriptions of it in novels which professed to describe aristocratic life, and often had seen upon the stage (although principally in farces) the husband racked by jealous pangs.

What had there been to laugh at in that, I wondered now? Why should the tenderest emotions of the human heart be made the subject of buffon— But what a wicked-looking set of houses were these which I was now passing! If bricks and mortar—and especially stucco—*can* look vicious, certainly St. John's Wood possesses a patent for—

"What number, Sir?" shouted my driver, through the little hole in the roof. "*This* is Cupidon Villas."

"I am sorry to hear it," groaned I, passing my pocket-handkerchief over my brow. "Don't mind me, my good man" (for his countenance evinced much dismay at my voice and manner); "I know it is not *your* fault that I am miserable. Please to pull up at No. 6."

Of all the wicked-looking houses in Cupidon Terrace, No. 6 was, it seemed to me, the wickedest. The round eye which formed its staircase winked viciously in the sunlight, and in the garden door was a little grating, as though for the purpose of reconnoissance before admittance, which was not a little grating to me. The drawing-room shutters were closed. This latter circumstance gave me some satisfaction, since it might signify that Mr. Merrington was dead, but a glance at the gay attire of the servant-girl who answered my summons cut away this ground of consolation. "Is Mrs. R—— within?" inquired I, with a tone of assumed indifference.

"Well—yes, Sir—but you can't see her just at present. Mr. Merrington has a great objection to—"

"Confound Mr. Merrington!" cried I, pushing my way in. "I want to see my wife."

"Oh, your wife is it, Sir?" replied the maid, with a giggle. "Then of course you can go up, if you please, although it's as much as my place is worth. You will find them in the drawing-room."

"What! *there?*" exclaimed I, passionately, pointing to the closed windows.

"Yes, of course, Sir! That's the room they always sit in."

They *always* sit in! Then this sort of thing must have been going on for years! I cleared the two little flights of stairs in a couple of bounds, and hurled open the drawing-room door like a catapult.

I found myself in a large apartment, darkened, indeed, upon one side, but well lit by a huge window (invisible from the front of the house) at its northern end. In the centre of the room was a raised structure, hung with purple, and rather resembling a scaffold decorated for the execution of royalty, and upon the scaffold sat my wife in an uncomfortable attitude, and with an expression of countenance that she only wears upon those ceremonious occasions which demand what are called "company manners." Between her and the window stood a gentleman with mustaches, and in a velvet coat—at an easel, and evidently painting her portrait. He elevated his eyebrows at my peculiar mode of entering the room, and looked toward my wife, as if for an explanation of the phenomenon.

"It is only my husband, Mr. Merrington," returned she. "Oh, John, I am so sorry that you found me out, for I had meant my picture to be a pleasant surprise to you upon your birthday next week. This was to be my last sitting but one; and nobody knows the trouble I have taken to keep you ignorant of my coming here. That stupid Emily Jane must have let it out."

"No, my dear," said I; "I discovered the fact for myself through the telegraph; and really I—I couldn't help coming down to see how the picture was getting on. It was so very kind of you. And, dear me, Mr. Merrington, what a charming likeness!"

"Well, it's not in a very good light, you see," rejoined he, deprecatingly. "Not having a room with a sky-light I'm obliged to block up those windows, and manage how I can. It makes the house dark, and, I'm afraid, caused you to stumble at the drawing-room door."

"Yes," said I, "that was just it; I very nearly came in head first. I—I only thought I'd look in on my way to the city. I won't interrupt you another moment; and, indeed, I have myself no time to lose."

I gave the maid five shillings, and—thinking it would be more likely to insure her silence—a chuck under the chin. Then I wrote to Peabody from Bunhill Row (where my place of business is situated), to tell him that I would not make a fool of him any longer; but the fact was that, during the last few weeks, I had been making my wife sit for her picture, which he was to come and pass his judgment on as soon as it was finished: there was a question as to whether the flower in her hair was an improvement or not.

But I knew that Emily Jane would tell Anna Maria all about it. However, nothing was said until my birthday arrived, and with it the portrait, for which the dear creature had saved up her pin-money, and put herself to the greatest inconvenience. I declare my heart smote me for my base suspicions when I looked upon that honest face, which had never worn paint before. Upon that day she said: "By-the-by, John, when that telegraph arrived for me from Mr. Merrington, it didn't make you *jealous* at all, did it?"

"Oh dear no, my darling! Jealous of you? Impossible! Not, of course, that you are not beautiful enough to make all the world fall in love with you; but I never dreamed of such a thing."

"That's all right, John," said she, kissing me; but there was a wicked twinkle in her kind eyes as she added, dryly: "I am glad to hear you say that, for, do you know, my dear, I almost thought you *were* just a little jealous."

The Milkman's Donkey.

Some forty years ago my husband spent some months in Spain, and what he witnessed and heard there quite revolutionized his opinion of donkeys. When habitually overloaded, beaten and half starved, they undoubtedly become vicious, obstinate and stupid; just as human beings do under similar treatment. But with the peasantry of Spain the jackass is a petted favorite, almost an inmate of the household. The women and children of the family feed him from their hands, and talk caressingly to him. He knows them all, and loves them all. He will follow his master, and come and go at his bidding, like a faithful dog. He delights to have the baby placed on his back, and to walk round with him gently on the green sward. His intellect expands in the sunshine of affection, and he that is quoted as the stupidest of animals becomes sagacious. They told Mr. Child of a peasant in the neighborhood, who had for many years carried milk into the market of Madrid to supply a set of customers. Every morning he and his donkey, with panniers well loaded, trudged their accustomed round. One morning, when he was attacked by sudden illness, and had no one to send with his milk, his wife advised him to trust the faithful animal to go by himself, since he always knew just where to stop. The panniers were accordingly filled with canisters of milk, and the priest of the village wrote a request to customers to measure their own milk and send back the empty vessels. The donkey was instructed, and set off with his load. The door-bells in Spain have a rope hanging outside the house to which is appended a wooden handle, or the hoof of some animal. The donkey stopped before the house of every customer, and, after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time, he pulled the rope with his mouth. When he had gone the entire round, he trotted home with the empty canisters. He continued to do this for several days, and never missed a customer.—*Lydia Maria Child.*

The Hornet.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

The hornet is a inflamible bugger, sudden in his impreshuns and hasty in his conclusion, or end.

His natral disposishen iz a warm cross between red pepper in the pod and fusil oil, and hiz moral bias iz, "git out ov mi way."

They hav a long, black boddy, divided in the middle by a waist spot, but their phisikal importance lays at the terminus of their suburb, in the shape of a javelin.

This javelin iz alwuz loaded, and stands reddy to unload at a minuit's warning, and enters a man az still az thought, az spry az litening, and az full ov melankolly az the toothake.

Hornets never argy a case; they settle awl ov their differences ov opinyun by letting their javelin fly, and are az certain to hit as a mule iz.

This testy kritter lives in congregations numbering about one hundred souls, but whether they are male or female, or conservative, or matched in bonds ov wedlock, or whether they are Mormons, and a good many ov them kling together and keep one husband to save expense, I don't kno nor don't kare.

I never hav examined their habits much, I never konsidered it healthy.

Hornets bild their nest wherever they take a noshun to, and seldom are disturbed, for what would it profit a man to kill 99 hornets and hav the one hundredth one hit him with hiz javelin?

They bild their nests ov paper, without enny windows to them or back doors. They hav but one place ov admission, and the nest iz the shape ov an overgrown pineapple, and iz cut up into just as menny bedrooms as their iz hornets.

It iz very simple to make a hornet's nest if you kan, but i will wager enny man 300 dollars he kant bild one that he could sell to a hornet for half price.

Hornets are az bizzy as their second couzzins, the bee, but what they are about the Lord only knows; they don't lay up enny honey, nor enny money; they seem to be bizzy only jist for the sake ov working all the time; they are alwus in az much ov a hurry az tho they waz going for a dokter.

I suppose this uneasy world would grind around on its axle-tree onst in 24 hours, even of there want enny hornets, but hornets must be good for sumthing, but I can't think now what it iz.

Thare hain't been a bug made yet in vain, nor one that want a good job, thare iz ever lots ov human men loafing around blacksmith shops, and cider mills, all over the country, that don't seem to be necessary for anything but to beg plug tobacco and swear, and steal water-melons, but yu let the cholera break out once, and then yu will see the wisdom of having jist sich men laying around; they help count.

Nex tew the cockroach, who stands tew the head, the hornet haz got the most waste stummuk, in reference tew the rest ov his body, than enny ov the insec population, and here iz another mystery; what on 'arth duz a hornet want so mutch reserved corps for?

I have jist thought—tew carry hiz javelin in; thus yu see, the more we diskover about things the more we are apt to know.

It iz always a good purchase tew pay out our last surviving dollar for wisdum, and wisdum is like the misterious hen's egg, it ain't laid in yure hand, but iz laid away under the barn, and yu have got tew sarch for it.

The hornet iz an unshoshal kuss, he iz more haughty than he iz proud, he iz a thoroughbred bug, but his breeding and refinement has made him like sum other folk I kno ov, dissatisfied with himself and every boddy else, too much good breeding ackts this way sometimes.

Hornets are long-lived—I kant state jist how long their lives are, but I know from instinkt and observashun that enny kritter, be he bug or be he devil, who iz mad all the time and stings every good chance he kan git, generally outlives all his nabers.

The only good way to git at the exact fiteing weight ov the hornet is tew tutch him, let him hit you once with his javelin, and you will be willing to testify in court that sumbody run a one-tined pitchfork into yer; and az for grit, i will state for the information ov thoze who havn't had a chance tew lay in their vermin wisdum az freely az i hav, that one single hornet, who feels well, will brake up a large camp meeting.

What the hornets do for amusement is another question i' cant answer, but sum ov the best read, and heavyest thinkers amung the naturalists say they hav target excursions, and heave their juvelins at a mark, but i don't imbibe this assershun raw, for i never knu enny body, so bitter at heart, az the hornets are, to waste a blow.

Thare iz one thing that a hornet duz that i will giv him credit for on mi books—he alwuz attends tew his own bizziness, and wont allow any boddy else tew attend tew it, and what he duz iz alwuz a good job, yon never see them altering enny thing, if they make enny mistakes it iz after dark, and aint seen.

If the hornets made haff az many blunders az the men do, even with their javelins, everyboddy would laff at them.

Hornets are clear in another way, they hav found out, bi trieing, that all they kan git in this world, and brag on, iz their vittles and clothes, and yu never see one, standing at the corner ov a street, with a twenty-six inch face on, bekause sum banker had run oph, and took their money with him.

In ending oph this essa, I will cum tew a stop, by concluding, that if hornets was a little more pensive, and not so darned peremptory with their javelins, they might be guilty of less wisdum, but more charity.

But yu kant alter bug natur, without spileing it for ennything else, enny more than you kan an elephant's egg.—*New York Weekly.*

A Generous Husband.

Perhaps 15 or 17 years ago, in a very good State, I saw a woman with a pleasant Quaker face, under a simple Quaker bonnet—I rather liked it—and her Quaker husband sitting by her with his broad-brimmed hat on. They had spent many years together, you could see by their faces. He was just bidding her good-by as the train was starting, and I heard her ask him for a little money. I did not at all wish to hear what they said, but I heard that he had bought her ticket, and saw that he had taken her satchel politely on his arm. She hated to ask him for the money; a good many other women have hated to ask for it, too. She began to say, "I wish I had a little"——, she did not want to finish, thinking that he would think of it and give it to her; but he did not. So out it came all at once. "May be I'll want a little money while I am gone." The good, honest Quaker turned his face toward her with surprise, and said, "What hast thou done with the quarter I gave thee last week?" [Laughter and applause.]—*From Lucy Stone's Chicago Speech.*

There is a straight-forward, broad-shouldered, honest drayman standing every day with his team at the corner of Third avenue and Twenty-third street, who once lived where Mr. Field now resides in Grammercy Park, and whose father owned all of what is now Union Square, and much of the neigboring land. He bears his downward turn of fortune quite bravely.—*New York Mail.*

In one of his plays, Addison makes an undertaker thus upbraid a mute who had laughed at a funeral: "You rascal, you, I have been raising your wages for the last two years, on condition that you appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look."

Safety in Thunder-Storms.

Edward E. Quimby writes, in *Hearth and Home:* "The safest place in a thunder-storm is the interior of an iron building, or a house well provided with lightning rods. As to what meets the latter condition, it is sufficient to say that the application of lightning rods is a matter demanding the exercise of expert knowledge and judgment, and intelligent apprehension of the law of electricity. Experience has shown that it is not safe to trust to an ignorant person the decision as to the quantity and location or arrangement of lightning rods for any building whatever.

"Under ordinary circumstances, in a house without any rods, or with rods improperly adjusted, the safest position is a horizontal one, in the middle of a room, upon a feather bed, elevated above the floor.

"An iron bedstead, however, furnishes a perfectly safe position, and a wooden bedstead may be a safe place of refuge by attaching metallic wires to the corner posts, and running from one to the other around the bed. In these circumstances a discharge of lightning is provided with an easy path in any direction, either vertical or horizontal, and no injury can ensue to a person lying upon such a bedstead.

"Number nine annealed iron wire, or a smaller copper or brass wire, may be conveniently and effectually used in this way, or strips of sheet-metal may be tacked on.

"Nails, bell-wire, stove funnels and other metals in buildings present an interrupted path for lightning. It is especially dangerous, therefore, to assume a position between two detached lines or masses of conducting matter. For example, a person has been killed by lightning while seated in a chair with his head leaning against a bell-knob; in another instance, a man was killed by a discharge of lightning, which passed from a so-called lightning-rod on the outside of the wall to the quicksilver on the back of a mirror, in front of which he was standing; thence through him to the floor, and to a stove-pipe in the next lower story. Positions near windows, doors and fire-places are to be avoided as particularly dangerous.

"Out of doors, the safest position is flat upon the ground, away from any tree or other elevated object. Thoroughly wet clothing is a partial conductor, and gives increased security to the wearer.

"An umbrella with an iron or steal shaft, having attached to the handle a metallic chain or flexible wire cord long enough to trail upon the ground, would protect the person carrying it.

"Farmers might easily arm their wagons with wires in a manner similar to that already suggested for a bed-stead, or they can fasten a wire on a long-handled pitch-fork or rake, then hold it vertically, with one end in the ground, and secure protection.

"The interior of a barn containing new hay or grain is a very dangerous place in a thunderstorm, and such buildings need lightning rods of the most complete and perfect description."

Humboldt.

The following description of the appearance of Alexander von Humboldt is from the pen of Bayard Taylor, who saw him in November, 1856, three years before his death. It was at this interview, it is said, that Humboldt remarked that Mr. Taylor had traveled farther and seen less than any man he ever met:

"As I looked at the majestic old man, the line of Tennyson, describing Wellington, came into my mind: 'Oh, good gray head, which all men knew.' The first impression made by Humboldt's face was that of a broad and genial humanity. His massive brow, heavy with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bent forward and overhung his breast like a ripe ear of corn; but when you looked below it a pair of clear eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, met your own. In these eyes you read that trust in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which made the snows of eighty-seven winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trusted him utterly at the first glance, and you felt that he would trust you, if you were worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth and chin had the heavy Teutonic character, whose genuine type always expresses an honest simplicity and directness. His wrinkles were few and small, and his skin had a smoothness and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His hair, although snow-white, was still abundant, his step slow but firm, and his manner active almost to restlessness. I could not perceive that his memory, the first mental faculty to show decay, was at all impaired. He talked rapidly, and with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in English or German, and, in fact, appeared to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the course of the conversation.

"'You have traveled much and seen many ruins,' said Humboldt, as he gave me his hand; 'now you have seen one more.' 'Not a ruin,' I could not help replying, 'but a pyramid.' For I pressed the hand which had touched those of Frederick the Great, of Foster, the champion of Captain Cook, of Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitt, Napoleon, Josephine, the Marshals of the Empire, of Jefferson, Hamilton, Wieland, Herder, Evettie, Cuvier, La Place, Guy Lussac, Beethoven, Walter Scott—in short of every great man whom Europe has produced in three-quarters of a century."

A Boy on His Travels to the Land of Big Pears.

On Wednesday, a bright looking lad of ten years of age called at our office and asked the privilege of looking over the exchanges. We gave him permission, when he drew a chair up to the table, put his feet on it, took out a badly charred briar-root pipe, fumbled down into the bottom of his pocket for smoking tobacco, borrowed from us a match, and went to work scanning the papers with the zeal, motions and grace of a veteran editor, smoking fiercely all the while. Laying down the papers, he inquired at what time the next train left for the West, remarking that he would be much obliged by the information. We answered his question, and then asked him one. In reply he said he was bound for San Francisco. That he was from Scranton, Pa., where he had last year driven trade as a newsboy and boot black, and conceived the idea of going farther west. He started last June, traveling on foot and dead-heading by rail until he reached Northern Illinois, about harvest time, where he remained for nearly a month with a farmer, helping to get off his crop by driving a machine. He was flush again, and started on his tramp, striking across Iowa, partly by rail, but mostly on foot, until he reached this place. The little fellow does not belong to the impertinent young America, though he has some of its characteristics. There is no insolence in his behavior at all, though he sometimes puts on the airs of older persons in exhibiting some of their most prominent vices. He has slept in all manner of places, sometimes in a cow-shed, on depot platforms, in lanes, in farm houses, and wherever he could get shelter. He speaks very highly of the hospitality of Iowa farmers and Iowa landlords, but says that he occasionly meets with a curmudgeon who denies him shelter, but he has nothing to complain of, for it is his business to get the place to sleep, and another's to give it to him. He says that he has, once or twice, been kicked out of railroad offices, and several times been put off trains, but they were only temporary inconveniences. He hopes by hook or crook to reach California before winter sets in. He is as lively as a cricket. Neither drinks nor swears, and at the end of his journey will be a hero.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

A correspondent of the *Journal of Agriculture* says he has been taught, by mishaps from the opposite course, not to cut more hay in the morning than he can reasonably expect to haul in the afternoon. If a shower should then come the damage would be small, as but a small quantity would be exposed.

CHARITY.

"And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity."

It is a hopeful sign in a young man when his meditations on heavenly virtues are so deep and earnest as to cause him, almost unconsciously, to repeat aloud to himself passages of Holy Writ, as did Dr. Norton, riding slowly home in his sulky, one clear June afternoon, the above quoted verse. But when we confide to you that he had just come from well-to-do Farmer Abbott's, whose three blooming daughters were severally named Faith, Hope, and Charity, it may reasonably be doubted whether the handsome young doctor's meditations were as much on heavenly virtues as on earthly.

It was rather a pretty tableau that he interrupted when he stepped into the Abbott's cozy sitting-room that afternoon and somehow its memory haunted him still. The wheels of his light sulky made no noise as they rolled over the grassy lawn in front of the house, and with all the freedom of an intimate acquaintance he sprang lightly to the steps, then in through the open door without knocking, and was in their midst before they knew him to be anywhere near. Now Charity, the youngest of the sisterly trio, had that very day purchased a pair of new gaiter boots, and at the very moment when he darkened the doorway, was exhibiting them for the opinion of her mother and sisters. So she stood in the middle of the room, her dress raised just far enough to show the trim boots, a little strip of snowy stocking, and, above all, the faintest suspicion of dimity ruffling. Down went the dress, however, when she suddenly saw her trio of spectators changed to a quartette, and up, up to the very verge of her brown hair, mounted the rosy blushes; but the burst of laughter from her mother and sisters at her discomfiture, restored her composure.

"I'd like to know your opinion of my new boots, Dr. Norton?" said the little puss, saucily, walking up to him, determined to face it bravely out, and thrusting forward one dainty foot.

"Hum, well," said the doctor, with as much gravity as though he were pronouncing on a case of malignant typhus, "let us see. Cloth, but that's no objection if you always remember your rubbers in the damp. Heel rather too high; if I were a cobbler I'd take a half inch off that; but perhaps you'll stand it if you've been used to that sort of thing. Don't pinch anywhere do they? Consumption soled? No, as I live, good, honest, half inch soles! I think they'll do, Miss Charity."

"What is your consultation fee?" said Charity, gravely, pulling out a neat portmonnaie.

"Five dollars in so important a case as this," replied the doctor, subsiding into a cosy rocking chair, "but don't pay me the money; I'll take this chair for a few moments, and a glass of water, and call it even;" so Charity went for the water. When she came in with it he was just making known his errand.

"I've been to see old Mrs. Wells. She is very low, won't last much longer; but the family are all worn out, and I agreed to send a watch for to-night. So I called to see if one of you ladies wouldn't go."

"I can't I'm sure," said Mrs. Abbott, promptly. "I haven't been able to watch for years; but one of the girls could go."

"I shouldn't like to go into such a place," said Faith, "they are so poor, and everything seems so disagreeable there;" and her handsome face expressed such lofty disdain that for a moment Dr. Norton felt quite ashamed that he had ever made such a suggestion to one so gracefully fastidious.

"I should be really afraid to go," and Hope raised her soft blue eyes timidly to him. "What if the poor creature should die in the night?" Hope Abbott looked just what she was, a gentle, confiding girl, and we must pardon our young hero if the thought did pass through his head, what a pleasure it would be to cherish and protect one so lovely all his life.

"I'll go," said Charity, quietly, "I'm not afraid, and if the place is disagreeable I can endure it for one night. Even if the poor creature should die, I can call the family."

"Yes, certainly," said the outer Dr. Norton, while the inner man was commenting: "Most sensible of the three sisters! Behold true Charity!" "I'm very glad to have found a suitable watcher for the night, and also much obliged to you, Miss Charity," said he, as he took his leave a few moments after. "The family will tell you all about the medicines and drinks, and I shall be over myself in the morning unless I hear of her death previously. Keep up good courage, and take good care of yourself. Good-day." And with a wave of his hand to the whole family he whirled away in a cloud of dust, the noble, prepossessing young doctor, whom half the girls were breaking their hearts for, but who, as they indignantly averred, seemed to have not the least bit of a heart to give anybody except his patients, to whom he made himself very dear, no matter who they were, or how old and repulsive. His breakneck pace, however, subsided into a slow walk as he rode up the hill beyond, and it was then that his reflection gave rise to the scriptured quotation which heads this story.

That evening, just at sunset, Charity Abbott went leisurely down the meadow path across lots from her pretty home to the humble cottage of the Wells family. The grass waved and surged around in the evening breeze, a sea of billowy green, gemmed with tall, nodding buttercups. The delicious breath from the crimson clover on the hillside came wafted to her like purest incense, and a little further on, a faint delicate odor from the lowlands, told of strawberries ripening to luscious sweetness down among the rank grass and weeds. The bobolinks nodded their saucy black caps at her as they followed along in friendly proximity; trilling forth, meanwhile, their unintelligible jargon, rich and clear in its silvery sweetness; and thus attended she traversed slowly the long meadow path, drinking in at every step the beauties of earth and sky and cloud. Down the little hill which hid her home from view, then through a huge gate which opened a little way with its creaking sweep, letting through her agile form, then around the corner of a field of rye, already standing stout and tall, and she entered a little pine grove. The breeze was whispering and sighing in the waving branches, making a sweet, pensive music which chimed pleasantly with her thoughts, so attuned to nature's harmony, and she lingered in the charming grove a little, pleased with everything, even the soft, brown carpet which the fallen leaves made under her feet. Regarding it then, and not till then, she noticed that she had on her new gaiters. Provoking! The morning dew would nearly spoil their beauty, but it was not worth while to go clear back again; so, resolving to make the best of it, she passed on out of the bars and down a little piece of dusty road to the brown little house which was her destination.

The soft, clear summer night passed slowly away, the patient watcher moving quietly about, doing all that sympathy could prompt for the poor old woman now so nearly beyond the reach of her gentle ministrations. With a touch as though the invalid was a dear friend, she chafed the aged limbs, smoothed back the snowy hair from the wrinkled face, and bathed the aching head. Unwearied were her attentions, and much were they needed by the worn sufferer, until toward morning they took effect, and she sank away into a quiet, peaceful sleep. Still Charity sat by the bedside, driving away with her fan the villainous mosquitoes that persisted in annoying her charge, and at the same time creating with it fresh currents of air for the comfort of the sufferer, whose lungs were well nigh wasted away.

At sunrise the family was up, and Charity was released from her post, glad to go forth in the fresh morning air, after her wearisome night.

The fresh rays of the morning sun shone full in Dr. Norton's face, rousing him from a night of unusually quiet and undisturbed sleep. To visit old Mrs. Wells was his first thought, and he made a hasty toilet and started out. A sudden determination seized him to go across the fields on foot, instead of taking his horse to go around by the road, which was twice as far. The morning was so invigorating that he felt as if the walk would be a decided benefit, so he struck into the path across the pasture, which, at the rye field, came into the path Charity traversed the night before, and walked briskly on.

Mindful of the well being of her new gaiters, Charity picked her way carefully along the road, wetting them in the dewy grass when she tried to avoid the dust, and covering them with dirt when she tried to avoid the dew by taking the middle of the road. Once in the shadow of the pines, she paused to look at them in disgust, when a brilliant thought struck her. Why not doff shoes and go barefoot? It was so warm and pleasant, and the path smooth and soft. There was no danger of meeting any one, and she could slip in unobserved by the back door at home, so that even her watchful mother need not know it. To plan was to execute with this active young lady, and seating herself on a fallen tree trunk by the path, she quickly bared her feet, rolled the snowy stockings into a snug ball which she put into her pocket, light knotted together the strings to her gaiters so she might hang them over her arm, then rose and went bravely onward, congratulating herself on her brilliant idea. Alas for the frailty of human calculations! Out of the pine wood, along by the edge of the thrifty rye, and there was Dr. Norton, himself, just coming around the corner, within ten yards of meeting her, palpably and undisguisedly barefoot as she was, with her skirts caught up to avoid the dew, and her new gaiters carefully strung across her arm.

It was a trying moment for Charity Abbott, and all sorts of wild thoughts careered through her mind at once, though she still kept on her way, since it was too late for concealment. Yesterday's blushes, when he caught her showing her new gaiters, were as white as roses to peonies compared with the burning red which suffused her cheeks and forehead, and even crimsoned her shell-like ears. That he should think her so careful and penurious as to save her new gaiters at the expense of her feet—her confusion overwhelmed her. What thoughts passed through his mind we will not pretend to say, but it is certain he then and there discovered that he was fully in love with the girl before him, whom hitherto he had thought he only half loved. So careful, and so modest a girl as her blushes betokened her to be, could but make her a prudent, faithful wife. The impulse of the moment came over him, and he yielded to it, so that when at last they met, and he took her hand to say "good morning," he looked frankly into her clear eyes and said instead, in a quiet way, "Charity Abbott, will you be my wife?"

Charity's answer is not on record, but we are told that not many months after she bought for herself a pair of snowy satin slippers, and that her feet were shod with them as she stood dressed in pure white by Dr. Norton's side in her father's large parlor, while the gray-haired minister said to them some very solemn words—from all of which we infer that her answer at that embarrassing moment was not especially discouraging.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Brigham Young weighs two hundred and forty pounds avoirdupois.

It is said that operatic singers eat an early breakfast on the day they are going to sing.

The late Henry Keep left four million dollars, which will be a fine keep-sake for the heirs.

Professor Judah Dana, of Rutland, Vt., has a copy of Virgil printed over three hundred years ago.

The first newspaper published in Virginia, a weekly issue, in 1780, was $50 a year subscription.

Harry Schmidt, a newsboy on the Kentucky Central Railroad, has fallen heir to a fortune in Germany of $138,000.

It costs eight hundred dollars a year to clothe the hand of the Empress Eugenie with appropriate gloves.

At a recent wedding reception in Brooklyn, there was present a gentleman who wore a $25,000 soltaire diamond pin.

A French lady was detected, the other day, in trying to smuggle through the New York Custom House six poodles, stowed in her pockets.

A story is told of a belle at White Sulphur Springs who, according to a vow, accepted the one hundredth man who proposed to her.

The largest tannery in the world is at Kane, Pa. It is not yet finished, but has 600 vats in operation, and consumes 15,000 tons of hemlock bark per year.

Rev. James Durborow, an Episcopal clergyman in Philadelphia, recently solemnized his 1,000th marriage ceremony during a fourteen years' pastorate.

Some one has sent to Postmaster-General Creswell $500 for the widow and children of Secretary Rawlins, with the request that his name shall not be mentioned in connection with the matter.

There is a letter in the Postoffice at Richmond, postmarked Savannah, Ga., directed as follows: "To Mr. Porter, a young man in Richmond, Va., whose first name I have forgotten."

The Brooklyn Mercantile library is a vigorous and flourishing institution. It has on its list 23,000 books. The membership is about 2,000. Thirteen thousand dollars are to be expended annually in the purchase of new volumes.

A gloomy octogenarian was complaining to Auber of the hard necessity of growing old. "Hard as it is," replied the veteran composer, "it seems to me the only means yet discovered of enjoying long life."

The largest manufactory of gas fixtures in the world is in Philadelphia. They have built the largest chandelier in the world for the Philadelphia Academy of Music—16 feet in diameter, 25 feet long, with 250 burners.

A married couple in the Palatinate were about to make a journey by cars from Germersheim to Durkheim, and missed the train; the man began to abuse his wife; she returned his abuse with interest, which exasperated him so much that he pulled out a pocket pistol and shot his wife and himself.

The Young Men's Christian Association of this country has a membership of 99,000, having property to the value of $3,350,000. Nearly 3,500 conversions are attributable to their efforts. There are 7,000,000 of young men in our land, and only 250,000 profess to be Christians.

The full strength of our navy actually on duty, in ships and guns, is stated to be as follows: North Atlantic squadron, 10 ships, 68 guns; South Atlantic, 4 ships, 43 guns; European fleet, 5 ships, 66 guns; Pacific, 11 ships, 77 guns; Asiatic, 9 ships, 55 guns; on special duty, 3 ships, 36 guns. This force could be trebled at short notice.

John Coffin, of Chichester, N. H., recently seized by the tail a black snake which had taken refuge under a rock. Coffin held on at one end and the snake at the other, and the result was that the snake parted, breaking open in the middle. The two pieces, when put together, measured six feet in length.

A French Canadian girl, aged nineteen years, was killed a few days ago, at the St. Alexandre Station, near Riviere du Loup, in attempting to cross in front of an engine. Her mother remonstrated, and said the train was too near, but the father said, "Go, you can do it, if you're smart." The girl was crushed beneath the engine wheels.

The entire cost of the Suez Canal, to be opened next December, has been about $81,000,000. But to include improvements, which will be applied as experience may suggest, we may safely set the sum at $85,000,000. It is estimated by some authorities that the annual business of the canal will amount to 10,000,000 tons, and that its gross receipts will be $20,000,000.

The Hottentots living in Cape Colony, South Africa, number in all 79,966. Many of them are rising in the scale of education, civilization and religion. In one of their towns, having a population of over 1,000, they have lately built a Christian chapel which will accommodate about 600 hearers, and it is generally crowded with sober and attentive worshipers.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost. The drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf of flower
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood.
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay.
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless alway.

Fishing with a Beardless Hook.

Some months ago, business led me to an out-of-the-way place, where, near by a fall of water, there lived two boys, one eight and the other ten. They were bright-eyed, inquisitive little chaps, but generally without either hat or shoes, and often with pants and jacket sadly rent.

Busied as I was in the repairs of an old mill, these boys were handy to send on errands, bring tools, look after my horse turned out to bait in the road, and do numberless little things to save the steps of those who were older.

One day, on reaching the mill, I saw the oldest boy standing upon a rock, partly hidden by the foliage of the surrounding trees, fishing, and as often as he felt a nibble he would jerk his line as spitefully out of the water as though he bore the little fish some terrible grudge, and wanted to pay it by twitching their heads off. I asked him why he did so, and explained as well as I was able the best modes of taking such fish as made the little brook their home.

After hearing me patiently and respectfully, he said: "Mister, you fish with a hook that has got a beard on it, and when you hook one he stays. My hook ha'n't got any beard. It's an old broken one that Liger Green gave me. I ha'n't got any money to buy a new one. Mother wants the pennies you gave me. I like to fish, like to catch 'em for mother, and I have to twitch 'em when they bite, or they will wiggle off, and I shall lose 'em."

I liked the talk of that boy. He did not grumble about his old hook, but did the best he could with what he had to do with; and day after day, as I saw him doing it, and taking to his mother the reward of his toil which had cost him so much care and thought and skill, I knew that he was laying with that alder rod in his hands the foundations of a grand character.

That is the way Horace Greeley began. He fished awhile with a beardless hook. His father was very poor, and he had scarcely any books, and what he had he was obliged to read by the dim light of pine-knots which his own forethought had gathered; but he is now one of the ablest writers, as well as one of the most influential men in America.

And so with John Jacob Astor. He had no money, or comparatively none, when he came to this country, but he wanted to trade, and so he carried his little bundle of goods around under his arm or in his hands. He fished with a beardless hook. Afterward he bought furs, and carried them on his back hundreds of miles to market, and when he died he had grown from absolute poverty to be the richest man in the country.

There is scarcely a great man or a good man on this side of the Atlantic that did not have a tough time in his boyhood; did not fish awhile with a beardless hook; and of all the boys now in the country, those only will arrive at eminence who do the best they can with what they have to do with; never complain, but push cheerfully and resolutely on in the path that leads upward to a noble and good and grand manhood.—*Hearth and Home.*

The Little Slate.

"There, I did mean to sew these buttons on Fred.'s jacket before night. I have thought of it just in time, for he must have it early in the morning. I do forget so many things I have to do," said Lucia Warren to good Aunt Patience, who was visiting her for a day or two. "You can wait a few minutes for me, can't you, aunty? I will not be long;" and Lucia went to get her work, taking off her gloves, and throwing back her veil. It was troublesome to stop just as she was going out, but the work must be done. Indeed, it was nothing so very unusual, as Lucia seemed always forgetting things, as she said.

"I will tell you an excellent plan I have followed for years," said Aunt Patience. "It is that of keeping a little slate with a pencil attached, hung up in some convenient place, and noting down on it all the things I wish to do. If you like, we will buy such a slate while we are out, and I will get you started in the same system."

Lucia entered into the scheme with great enthusiasm, and that night saw one side of her little slate well covered with items she wished to remember. She did not attempt to classify them, but noted them down in just the order she happened to think of them. Aunt Patience did not wish her to undertake too much at once. The classification would come afterwards. The other side of the slate had been reserved for tomorrow's duties. A regular plan was not laid down for the whole day, with the hours set to them; for aunty knew that no house-mother could bring all the rest of her household to time in such matters, even if she could herself. By undertaking too much, young housekeepers are often discouraged, and give up all efforts at systematizing. It was the ground-plan only of her work which was laid down, but it helped her wonderfully all through the day. It was such a satisfaction to draw a line through anything which had been completed; and then, by glancing her eye down the list, she was sure not to forget just the thing she ought most to remember.

In time, the little slate came to be regarded as one of the most useful articles of furniture about the house. It saved hours of time and dollars of waste, besides adding fully a third to the family comfort and convenience. If you are sceptical, hang up one in your own home, and consult it as Lucia did, and I do not doubt but you will arrive at a similar conclusion.

If the youthful reader will begin early the practice of making a memorandum of the duties to be performed each day, and discharge those duties in their proper season, a habit will be formed which will prove of incalculable benefit in after years.
—*Exchange.*

At Jamaica, L. I., a few day ago, Lewis Carter, a colored man, descended into a well to take out the tube of an iron pump. At half-past 3 the earth and stones fell upon him, and he remained thirty-seven feet below the surface until extricated the following night at half past 11. He was interred thirty-two hours. Heavy stones lodged on his shoulders and pressed against his sides, and he was unable to move. He was entirely without light, but air reached him through crannies between the stones. He experienced no bodily pain, and his mental sensations were not distressing, inasmuch as the sounds above gave him assurance of rescue. After working the whole of the first night, the laborers were gratified at daybreak to hear the man's voice. His head was uncovered in the afternoon, and brandy was administered to him, but it required six hours more to release his body. When drawn up he was weak from bruises, but perfectly able to walk to his home, leaning on the arm of a friend. Beyond being stiff and sore from the contusions received, he was in no way injured.

—The latest story of progress in Hindostan has a certain grim picturesqueness which is almost humor. The great festival of Juggernaut was held at Serampore in July. We all know what this used to be—for is it not in all the missionary story-books and pictorial geographies?—the priests upon the platforms of the huge cars dancing and shouting, hundreds of worshippers pulling at the ropes, and crazy devotees flinging themselves beneath the wheels. This year the crowd attracted by the spectacle was small. The cars were dragged a short distance, by hired men, and then left half in a muddy ditch, with the idols still in them and the flags flying. When the priests urged the people to pull, the irreverent populace cried out, "Why don't you come down and pull yourselves?" Nobody was crushed, nobody was hurt, and only three men got drunk!

—Some excitement has been created at Columbus, Miss., by the appearance there of four immense insects, supposed to be Egyptian locusts. They were three times as large as the common locust, with large black eyes, legs of great strength, tails like a shanghai chicken, tails similarly adorned, and a hard shell covering. The like of them was never seen before by the oldest inhabitant.

—The clerk of a Portland hotel threw a man down stairs and killed him for insulting the head waiter girl.