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MEANING.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

France is truly "free,"
Bertha is purely "bright,"
Clara is "clear" to see,
Lacy a star of "light."
Felicia is "happy" as happy can be;
Catherine is "pure,"
Barbara, "from afar;"
Mabel is very "fair."
Henrietta is a "star,"
Margaret a "pearl" thrown up from the sea.

Muriel is sweetest "myrrh,"
Amelia is "sincere,"
Aratha is "very good,"
Bridget is "shining here,"
Matilda is a "lady of honor" true;
Susan is a "lily,"
Cecilia "dim of sight,"
Jane a graceful "willow,"
Beatrice "gives delight,"
Elizabeth "an oath," pure as morning dew.

Sophia is "wisdom,"
Letitia is "a joy,"
Adeline "a princess,"
Julia "a jewel toy,"
Rebecca is "faithful" as the light of day;
Constance is "resolute,"
Grace is a "favor meet,"
Charlotte is "nobility,"
Harriet an "odor sweet,"
Abigail is "joyful" as the robin's lay.

Sarah is "a lady,"
Isabella is "fair,"
Lucinda is "constant,"
Jemima "sound in air,"
Caroline is "noble-spirited" and brave;
Lydia is a "well,"
Judith "a song of praise,"
Cornelia "harmony,"
Priscilla "ancient of days,"
Selina "a nightingale" where branches wave.

Patience.

Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace;
Of all the virtue, 'tis the nearest kin t
Heaven:
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was sufferer
A soft, weak, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
Decker.

Love's Reason.

Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for my outward part—
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still but know not why,
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

Anticipation.

When failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
That darkness round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those fairest goods my life has known.

There is a lesson in flower,
A story in each stem and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read
Will lead you from earth's vagrant sod
To hope and holiness and God.
Cunningham.

FEMININICAL.

There is a skeleton in every lady's dress.

"Tea punch" soothes the New York feminine palate.

Crying widows marry first. There s nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

A New Haven lady climbed a lamp post to see the inaugural parade. She wished to see it in a good light.

They govern the world—these sweet-lipped women,—because beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom.

St. Petersburg has a prominent female barrister in the person of Madame Kriedzoff.

The Queen of Tahaiti is a gifted creature; she smokes with grace and plays carte to perfection.

The wife of the Marquis de Noailles, recently appointed French minister to Washington, is a lady of great personal attractions and most fascinating manners.

An old lady who inquired for "the dollar varden hat" went away sorrowing when the clerk told her that they were just out, but he had plenty of "six dollar vardens.'

The London *Spectator* is strongly in favor of a woman's University in England, on the ground that the judgment of educated women is needed on many of the most important questions of the day.

The word love in the Indian language is "schemlendamourtchwager." How nicely it would sound, whispered softly in a lady's ear—"I schemlendamourtchwager you."

A young lady says that a gentlemen ought never to feel discouraged when the "momentous question" is negatived by the oject of his choice, "for in life, as in grammar, we always decline before we conjugate."

A poor forlorn boy, only seven years old, complains most bitterly of his big sister's harsh treatment of him. Last winter she grabbed his astrachan cap, and now she has captured his straw hat, cut down the rim, and calls it a "sailor."

Women govern us; let us render them perfect: the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.

If a milkmaid, four feet ten inches in height, while sitting on a three-legged stool, takes four pints of milk from every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what was the girl's age?

A lady seeking a situation became interested in the advertisement of a rich widower who wanted a lady to do light housekeeping. So she wrote to the advertiser asking where the lighthouse was, and if there were any way of getting to shore on Sundays.

Musical criticism nowadays runs in this wise: Miss —— wore a rich purple suit trimmed with a handsome shade of lavender, a white over-garment, tight fitting, with flowing sleeves, and a white bonnet trimmed with the same shades of purple and lavender—and she sang finely.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a woman with no heart will be an easy creditor in the exchange of affection. There is not on earth a more merciless exacter of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman; and the more unlovely she grows the more calously and scrupulously she exacts ove to the uttermost farthing.

The congregation of the Methodist church at Geneva, Ill., is composed entirely of grass-widow and crossed-in-love spinsters. The efforts of the latter to get male members into the fold ar persistent but unsuccessful, for the widows, rendered wise by their matrimonial experiences, are anxious to keep them out.

The last proposition of eradicating polygamy is to introduce into Utah vast quantities of fashionable millinery goods and induce the Gentile women to "come out" in gorgeous style. This will produce such a competition on the part of the Mormon sisterhood and such heavy bills for finery, that the saints won't be able to stand the pressuc.

A man in Providence, addicted to tangled foot," having imbibed considerably more than was for his good, took a seat by the fire, and soon didn't fell as well as he used too. Near the fire was a brood of young goslings in a basket, that had been brought in, the weather being stormy. The heat made the man sick, and the disposition was strong within him to relieve his overcharged stomach. No vessel being handy for the purpose except the basket of goslings, the load was quickly deposited there. Calling his wife, he exclaimed. Phe-Phœbe, where did I (hic) did I eat those gos-lings?"

THE SPECTROSCOPE ON THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.—The existence of immense nebulous masses, from which Laplace supposed the solar system to have been derived, was thought to have been proved baseless by the increased power of modern telescopes, which have resolved into cluster of stars many objects supposed to have been nebulæ. But since spectroscope has been so improved as to be practically employed for determining the the character of such distant bodies the nebulous theory is again coming into favor, if indeed it may not now be considered fully established on a stronger foundation than ever before. Prof. Kirkwood has made extended observations in this direction, in which the evidence in favor of the hypothesis is decidedly cumulative. Even progressive changes in the physical condition of some of the nebulæ have been clearly indicated. In some parts of certain nebulae nuclei have been established—the mass of gaseous matter evidently passing from its attenuated form into a semi-solid state. The spectra obtained prove this fact beyond the possibility of doubt. This class of spectra reveals a constitution similar that recently observed in certain comets belonging to our own system.

GENERAL TACON'S JUDGMENT.

Since the Pearl of the Antilles has adorned the Spanish crown the island of Cuba has always been governed by a captain-general, a mighty personage, invested with much the same power of authority as that of a monarch in some countries, and, like a king, could not possibly do any thing that was wrong. The Cubans have seldom had reason to be grateful to Spain for the rulers she has appointed over them, because these have been usually selected rather on the score of influence than capacity or merit. There is, however, on record at least one captain-general whose name is held in esteem by the Cuban people on account of the good he effected during his short reign in Havana. Captain-General Tacon established some degree of safety for the inhabitance by introducing new laws, and by severely punishing certain social offenses which his predecessors had rather overlooked, if they did not themselves set the example. It is said of Tacon that, like Alfred the Great, he promised the Cubans that they should be able to cast their purses on the public pavements, and yet find them again after many days. Stories are current in Cuba of the general's singular mode of administering justice, which in many cases partook of an originality somewhat whimsical of its kind. The most popular story of this sort is that of the cigar girl of Havana, told to the traveler by those who were living in Cuba during General Tacon's administration.

The writer of this paper has gathered the facts of this very romantic tale, which he now offers to the reader in the following form:

Miralda Estalez was remarkable alike for the beauty of her person and the excellence of her tobacco. She kept a cigar shop in Havana, in the Colle del Comercio; a narrow street, with a footpath scarcely wider than an ordinary curbstone. It was the veriest section of a shop, without a front of any kind; presenting from the street side nothing of the same appearance as a burned-out dwelling would exhibit, or a theatrical scene viewed by an audience. During the hot hours of the day a curtain was suspended before the shop to ward off the powerful rays of the sun, under whose influence the delicate goods within might otherwise be prematurely dried, while the effects would be equally detrimental to their fair vendor. The easy mode of egress, assisted by the narrow curb-stone, together with many attractions within the shop, tempted many passers to drop in for a chat and a cigar. There was a little counter, with little pyramidal heaps of cigarette packets and cigars of the genuine Havana brand distributed upon it. Affixed to a wall at the back was a glass show-case, fitted with shelves, like a book-case, and laden with bundles of the precious leaves, placed like volumes side by side, and bound in bright yellow ribbon. Although Miralda was visited from morning till night by every kind of male, black and brown, as well as white, nothing was ever said against the virtue of the young tobacconist.

Like the cigars she sold, Miralda was of "Calidad superior;" and, in the same manner age had rather improved her quality than otherwise, for it had ripened her into a charming full-grown woman of sixteen tropical summers. Some merit was due to Miralda for the virtuous life she led; for, besides the temptations to which she was daily and hourly subjected, she was quite alone in the world, her parents, brothers, and sisters, being dead. Miralda naturally found many admirers among her numerous customers; she, however, made no distinction with them, but had a bright smile and a kind word for all who favored her with their praises and their patronage. One alone, perhaps, held a place nearer her heart than all others. This was Pedro Mantanez, a fine young boatman employed in the harbor near the Morro Castle. Pedro was of good white parentage, though one would not have judged so from the color of his skin, which, from long exposure to the sun and the weather, had turned a pale coffee-color. Pedro loved Miralda fondly, and she was by no means averse to the handsome creole. But the pretty tobacconist was in no hurry to wear the matrimonial chains. The business, like herself, was far from old-established, and she thought in her capacity of a married woman the attractions of her shop would diminish by at least one-half, while her patrons would disappear in the same ratio. Miralda once made her lover a promise that she would marry him as soon as he should have won a prize in the lottery; for, with his savings, this would enable Pedro to have a share in her business as well as in her happiness. So once a month Pedro invested a doubloon in lottery tickets, but, as he never succeeded in winning a prize, he failed to wed the pretty tobacconist. Still the young boatman continued to drop anchor at the cigar shop as often as his spare time would allow; and as the fond couple always conducted themselves with the strictest propriety, their engagement remained a secret.

Now Pedro Mantanez had a rival, and, to a certain extent, a formidable one. The Count Almante was a noble of Spanish birth, and an officer by profession. He was one of those fortunate gentleman who, from no inherent talent or acquired ability, had been sent from the mother country to enrich himself in her prosperous colony. Besides his wealth, which report described as ill-gotton, he gloried in the reputation of being a gay cavalier in Havana, and a great favorite with the creole ladies. It was his boast that no girl beneath him in station had been yet known to reject any offer he might propose; and he would sometimes lay wagers with his associates that the lady whom he had newly honored with admiration would, at a given time, stand entered in his book of amours as a fresh conquest. To achieve any particular object the count would never allow anything, human or otherwise, to stand in his path; and by reason of his wealth, his nobility, and his influence with the authorities, his crimes were numerous and his punishments few, if any.

It happened that the last senorita who had taken Count Almante's fancy was Miralda Estalez. The count spent many hours and many pesetas at the pretty tobacconist's counter, where, we may be sure, he used his most persuasive language to attain his very improper purpose. Accustomed to have pretty things poured into her ears by a variety of admirers, Miralda regarded the count's addresses with indifference; and, while behaving with her wonted amiability of manner, gave him neither encouragement nor motive for pressing his suit. One evening the count lingered at the cigar shop longer than custom allows, and, under the pretense of purchasing and smoking more cigars, remained until the neighboring shops were closed and the streets were deserted. Alone with the girl, and insured against intruders, Count Almante ventured to disclose his unworthy passion. Among other things, he said:

"If you will love me and live with me I will give you as many golden onzas as you require, and I will place at your disposal another and a better shop in the suburbs of the Cerro, where you can carry on your business as before."

The Cerro was situated near the count's palace. Miralda said nothing in reply, but, looking the count steadily in the face, gave him the name of another shop where, she informed him, he would obtain better cigars than those she sold.

Heedless of the significance of her remark, which he attributed to shyness, Almante rose from where he had been seated, and, approaching the girl, endeavored to place his arm round her waist. Ever guarded against the casualties of insult, Miralda retreated a step, and at the same moment drawing a small dagger from the folds of her dress, warned the count not to touch her. Balked in his design, Almante withdrew, assuring the girl, with a smile, that he did but jest; but as he left the shop he bit his lip and clinched his fist with evident disappointment.

When Pedro heard of what had happened his indignation was great, and he resolved to take summary vengeance; but Miralda begged him not to precipitate, as she had now no fear of further molestation from the count; and as days elapsed, and Almante had not resumed his visits, it seemed apparent that he had taken Miralda's advice and transferred his custom elsewhere.

One evening, as Miralda was about closing her shop for the night, a party of soldiers halted before her door. The commanding officer entered, and, without a word, presented to the astonished tobacconist a warrant for her arrest. Knowing that it would be useless to disobey any officer in the employ of the captain-general, Miralda signified her readiness to accompany the military escort, who, accordingly, placed her in their midst, and conducted her through the streets in the direction of the prison. But, instead of halting here, the party continued their march until they had reached the confines of the city. Miralda's courage now deserted her, and, with tears in her eyes, she appealed to the officer in command.

"Por la Virgen Santisima!" she exclaimed, "let me know where I am being taken to."

"You will learn when you get there. Our orders strictly forbid us to make any explanation," was the only reply she obtained.

Miralda was not long in learning the worst. Very shortly her escort halted before Count Almante's castle, in the neighborhood of the Cerro, and, having entered the court-yard of that building, the fair captive was conducted tremblingly into a chamber elegantly fitted up for her reception. After waiting here a few minutes in painful suspense, an inner door was thrown open, and Count Almante stood before her. The scene which then followed may be better imagined than described. We may be sure that the count used every effort in order to prevail upon his prisoner, but without success. Miralda's invariable response was a gleam of her dagger, which never left her hand from the first moment of entering the odious building. Finding that mild measures would not win the pretty tobacconist, the count, as is usual under such circumstances with persons of his nature, threatened her with violence; and he would, doubtless, have carried out his threat if Miralda had not anticipated him by promising to relent and become his if her persecutor would allow her one short week to reconsider her determination. Deceived by the girl's assumed manner, Almante acceded to her desire, and agreed to wait the prescribed number of days. Miralda, however, felt assured that before their expiration her lover would discover her whereabouts, and by some means effect her release. She was not disappointed. Miralda's sudden disappearance was soon made known to Pedro Mantanez, who, confident that his beloved had fallen into the count's clutches, determined to obtain access to Almante's palace. For this purpose he assumed the dress of a monk; and his face being unknown at the castle, he easily obtained an entry, and afterward an interview with Miralda herself. The girl's surprise and joy at beholding her lover were unbounded. In his strong embrace she became oblivious of her sorrows, confident that the young boatman would now conduct her speedily into an harbor of refuge. She was not mistaken. Pedro sought and obtained an audience with General Tacon. The general was, as usual, immersed in public affairs; but being gifted with the enviable faculties of hearing, talking, and writing at the same moment, merely glanced at his applicant, and desired him to tell his story. Pedro did as he was desired, and when he had concluded, Tacon, without raising his eyes from the papers over which he appeared intently engaged, made the following inquiry,

"Is Miralda Estalez your sister?"

"No, su excelencia, she is not," replied Pedro.

"Your wife, perhaps?" suggested the general.

"She is my betrothed."

General Tacon motioned the young man to approach, and then directing a look to him which seemed to read him through, held up a crucifix, and bade him swear to the truth of all that he had stated. Pedro knelt, and taking the cross in both hands, kissed it and made the oath required of him. Having done so, the general pointed to an apartment, where he desired Pedro to wait until he was summoned. Aware of the brief and severe manner in which General Tacon dealt with all social questions, Pedro Mantanez left the august presence in doubt whether his judge would decide for or against his case. His suspense was not of long duration. In an hour or so one of the governor's guards entered, ushering in Count Almante and his captive lady. The general received the new-comers in the same manner as he had received the young boatman. In a tone of apparent indifference he addressed the count as follows:

"If I am not mistaken you have abused your authority by effecting the abduction of this girl?"

"I confess I have done so," replied the count, in a tone intended to assimilate that of his superior; "but," he continued, with a conciliatory smile, "I think that the affair is of such a nature that it need not occupy the attention of your excellency."

"Well, perhaps not," said his judge, still busy over the documents before him. "I simply wish to learn from you, upon your word of honor, whether any violence has been used toward the girl."

"Non whatever, upon my honor," replied Almante, "and I am happy in believing that none will be required."

"Is the girl already yours, then?"

"Not at present," said the count, with a supercilious smirk, "but she has promised to become mine very shortly."

"Is this true?" inquired the captain-general, for the first time raising his eyes, and turning to Miralda, who replied,

"My promise was made only with a view to save myself from threatened violence."

"Do you say this upon your oath?"

"Upon my oath I do!"

The general now ordered Pedro Mantanez to appear, and then carefully interrogated the lovers upon their engagement. While doing so he wrote a dispatch and handed it to one of his guards. When the latter had departed Tacon dispatched a messenger in quest of a priest and a lawyer. When these arrived the general commanded the priest to perform the ceremony of marriage between Miralda Estalez and Count Almante, and bid the lawyer prepare the necessary documents for the same purpose.

The count, who had already expressed his vexation at what promised to be an attempt to deprive him of his new favorite by allying her with the boatman, was horrified when he heard what the governor's mandate really was. His indignation was extreme, and he endeavored to show how preposterous such an alliance would be by reminding the general of his noble birth and honorable calling. Pedro was equally disappointed at being thus dispossessed of his betrothed, and appealed to Tacon's generosity and sense of right. Miralda remained speechless with astonishment, but with the most perfect reliance in the wisdom of her judge. Meanwhile, in spite of all remonstrances, the marriage was formally celebrated, and Miralda Estalez and Count Almante were man and wife. The unhappy bridegroom was then requested to return to his palace in the Cerro, while his bride and her late lover were desired to remain.

Upward of an hour had passed since the count's departure, and nothing further transpired. The governor had resumed his business affairs, and appeared, as before, utterly unconscious of all present. He was, however, shortly interrupted by the appearance of the guard whom he had dispatched with his missive.

"Is my order executed?" inquired the general, looking up for a moment only

"Si, mi general, it is replied the guard. "Nine bullets were fired at the count as he rode round the corner of the street you mentioned in your dispatch."

Tacon then ordered that the marriage and death of Count Almante should be given every publicity, and that legal steps should be taken for the purpose of showing that the property and name of the defunct were inherited by his disconsolate widow. When the general's commands had been fulfilled, and a decent period after the count's demise had transpired, it need scarcely be added that Pedro Mantanez married the countess, with whom he lived happily ever after.

Startle's Wonderful Performance.

From the Turf, Field and Farm, of May 17th.]

On the authority of Mr. Bonner, it was announced Friday morning last in the *Turf, Field and Farm* that Startle would be given a trial on Prospect Park, at 4 o'clock that afternoon. Startle had not been handled a single day this spring by a professional. Mr. Bonner has given him all the work he has received. He has trotted fast quarters, halves, and full miles, and yet in all his speeding has not made a single break. This is remarkable, especially when we remember the age of this horse. The weather was very sultry up to 3 o'clock on Friday. The Thermometer stood in front of the Astor House at 96 degrees in the shade. Oppressive as the air was, Startle was taken in the afternoon from Mr. Bonner's stable on Fifty-fifth street, and driven to Prospect Park, a long and exasperating drive. About half past three o'clock a gale of wind swept up suddenly from the ocean, raising clouds of dust and blustering wildly over the track. A number of ladies and gentlemen had assembled in the club house to witness the exhibition announced, and as the wind rose higher and higher, many expressed the fear that they would be disappointed. Experienced trainers like Loomis and Hiram Howe looked at the eddying clouds of dust, and gravely shook their heads. "It is impossible to make good time in the face of a gale like this," they said. Mr. Bonner, however, had announced a public exhibition of speed, and he was determined to give it, no matter how unfavorable the circumstances. Commodore Dodge, Mr. Robert Fletcher, the former owner of Socrates, and the veteran Sim Hoagland, were selected as judges. Startle was put to the sulky, and Mr. Geo. Hopkins, who had never pulled a rein over him but twice, and who, consequently, could not thoroughly understand the horse, got up behind him. The judges took their places in the stand, and Startle was off. The wind favored him the first quarter, but Mr. Hopkins failed to get him thoroughly down to his work. The quarter was made in 37 seconds, and people began to shake their heads. The half mile was finished in 1:14. The half mile now gave the horse his head, and he trotted faster and more at ease, doing the last half mile in 1:10¾, and the full mile in 2:24¼. "A wonderful performance!" exclaimed all; but a scowl was on Mr. Bonner's face. Evidently he was disappointed. It was no use to talk wind, clouds of dust, and the condition of the course, the track cupping badly in places. Neither would he heed the argument that the horse was young and fat, the season early, the weather debilitating. He was disappointed, and was determined that the mile should be repeated. The horse cooled out well, and in thirty minutes looked fresh and strong. The wind began to blow more gently, and finally lulled itself to sleep. Startle began his second effort well. He trotted squarely and steadily; no wavering, no inclination to leave his feet. He made the first quarter in 34½ seconds, and with a cheer from the crowd crossed the half-mile in 1:09; the three-quarter pole was reached in 1:43¼, and the mile was completed in 2:19¾. A shout went up when the judges announced the result, and the scowl left Mr. Bonner's face. The performance was truly wonderful. Consider it a moment: On the 12th of May, Startle, with no preparation but what his owner had given him, and not five years old until Tuesday, May 14, on a track none the best, repeated a full mile, carrying full weight, in 2:19¾, faster time than ever made by any stallion of any age!

Well may we regard him as a marvel. On the same day at Fleetwood Park, American Girl and W. H. Allen, both known to be fast, trotted a match race of mile heats, and the best time made was 2:33¼. The contrast is striking, and the comparison brings out the performance of Startle in the strongest light. At the end of the second mile the young horse did not show any signs of distress. In fact, Sim Hoagland, looking critically at him, gave it as his opinion that a third mile could be trotted in 2:20.

Wednesday morning Startle was driven a half mile at Fleetwood Park in the astonishing time of 1:04½—the fastest half mile by two seconds ever made on the track by any horse of any age. He was timed by Thomas Carpenter, Mr. McGowan, Mr. Gillender and other gentlemen.

It is evident that Startle has great endurance as well as marvellous speed. His pedigree foreshadows this. He was got by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and he is out of Lizzie Walker. The breeding of this old chesnut mare is as follows: By American Star; first dam by Old Hickory, Hickory by Whip, Whip by Semour's Wildair, and Wildair by Fearnaught. These stout crosses have given soundness to Startle; and the pedigree demonstrates that he is a brother in blood to Dexter. He stands 15 hands 1 inch, and his muscular development is simply grand. He is very gentle in disposition, and seems to know nothing but trot. His action is clear and beautiful. He never strikes himself, and has never worn a boot. Much of this, however, is owing to the scientific manner in which he is shod. He will now be "let up," as horsemen say; but in the fall, if he keeps well, we shall hear from him again.

Strange that parents can not learn—what it would seem that natural affection and sympathy would teach them—that it is not only cruel but dangerous to expose a child to the influence of extreme fear. It matters little whether the fear springs from a real or an imaginary cause. Not long ago a father and mother in Detroit left their four-year-old son alone one evening. The child begged to be taken with them, saying he was afraid of bears and wolves. He screamed violently when they left the house, and on their return they found him insane. It is feared that he will be an idiot for life.

THE LEVEL OF THE DEAD SEA.—A few years ago a party of English engineers were employed, under the command of Captain Wilson, to make a survey of Jerusalem, and to take levels of this region from the coast of the Mediterranean to the sacred city, and thence to the Dead Sea. The leveling was made by independent observers, with different instruments, and with accuracy that the result is reliable within three or four inches.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Horace Greeley delivered a brief address to the young men in attendance upon a business college in New York. We give it for its intrinsic interest, as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The greatest orator and agitator of the New England States—Mr. Wendell Phillips—is reported in the journals as having lately asserted that every State owes to every citizen, male or female, instruction in some useful trade. I do not know that I should care to be responsible for a proposition so broad and so bold as that; but this I am perfectly prepared to stand by—that if I had my choice either to have every youth in this community provided with a good useful trade, and then take his or her chance of what we now call education—that is, the education of schools—to have every youth get our school education and then take his or her chance with a trade, I would prefer to take the trade, and do as we could about school education. [Applause.] That is, I do not believe, if it was practicable to have every citizen provided with a good trade, that there is another good within the reach of human efforts so important and so advancing as that would be. I do not believe that there is anything by which our people suffer so much. In the whole community people are growing up all around us in ignorance—not so much in letters as of the rudiments of some means of earning an honest living. Nothing so oppresses me as to be accosted on this hand and on that by the plaintive appeal and inquiry, "Can't you find something for me to do?" You know as well as any what that means; that they not only lack—the persons who so appeal—for something to do, but they lack in knowing how to do it. That is the trouble, and the main trouble. It is not altogether confined to that class born to poverty, but extends even to the classes born to affluence. I wish it were possible that every one should have a good trade; for I know men and women in this city, many of them, who know not how to read, who cannot write their own names, and yet each of them is earning an honorable subsistence. On the other hand, many men and women, on whose education large sums have been spent, are helpless and hopeless.

"I sometimes lament the narrowness which governs the common views of the term education. For if there is anything in the world which education should mean, it is the arming and equipping men for the battle of life. [Applause.] We who are not seeking for reinforcements to the means of education are not disparaging critics of what was done before we were born. We don't mean to say that colleges are bad or useless, but merely that there is a large variety of continually expanding wants for which new devices must be created in order to meet them. Thus the business college means not that other colleges are worthless, but that there are wants that pre-existing institutions were not calculated to meet. Human tastes and wants widen, and create new means for their own satisfaction.

"I have the largest and deepest interest in what is called our agricultural colleges—[great applause]—institutions intended to educate young men, and I trust, in time, young women also, for useful work. [Applause.] Men say they will fail. No doubt if you start sowing fifty years in advance of the public sentiment you are likely to fail, not because it is bad, but because it is too good. [Applause.] It is so grand, so noble, that it does not meet an ascertained and expressed want of the community, or a respectable part of the community. I fear that out of one hundred young men who enter an agricultural college, you won't find ten who want to be farmers. They want to get an education, and then men wonder they do not turn out the best possible farmers. Just so with the business colleges, and yet I am sure they meet a very decided want.

"I was glad to hear Mr. Packard say he did not expect all his young men to find clerkships. The young divinity school that never was cannot make a theologian out of a man who is not qualified for it. [Applause]. Unless nature has qualified him for that exalted vocation he cannot be a good theologian. So you may give a man the best education for a merchant, and if he have not the qualification necessary his education would not make him one, for aspiration is one thing and capacity is quite another. [Applase] The business college would be a desirable thing if there were never to be a clerkship on earth. I apprehend tha the community unconsciously strives to that state of things wherein there shall be fewer clerks and book-keepers in proportion to what is done than now. There are less now than there were fifty years ago in proportion, and I think this reduction is destined to go on. The time will come when a great merchant will buy and sell millions' worth of goods with fewer clerks and fewer figures than he now requires. So then, if young men are looking forward to a growing demand for clerks, I think they will be disappointed. But this is a narrow conception of the subject. Why, there is farmers to-day who work on a tolerable farm—or an intolerable one—[laugter] who would not be a better farmer for a good education. He would be able to keep debit and credit with everything—with every crop, and ascertain when he came to sell it, whether he had made money or lost by it. And then he could shape his husbandry for the next year so that he could produce that on which he made a profit, and cease to produce that on which he had suffered loss. Instead of this, many go on from year to year producing the same things, never able to eliminate their expenses on unprofitable productions, or to increase those crops on which they may have gained. So it is in every vocation. I wish business education were ten times as widely diffused as it is, even though many entered it with false ideas, as they now do—for I am sure the country suffers in its prosperity by the want of knowledge. One grand difference of what is called the Yankee race from some, perhaps from most of the races, is its ability to do many things; to run from one business pursuit to another. I don't say it is desirable; but I was impressed with it when our war broke out, and several regiments were centered at Annapolis, and the Constitution lay there aground. One of the officers asked how many men were able to work that ship, and fifty-eight men stepped out ready to do it, and fight her, too, if necessary. [Applause.]

"If we had a hundred thousand young men educated for business, we should find employment for them in a thousand ways everywhere opening around us. We have resources that we do not develop, merely because the brain and education necessary to develope have not been provided. We have a thousand wants which a business education will aid us to satisfy. I say, then, honor to this form of education, and honor to every form of education.

"Let us multiply and diversify our methods and means of education. Let us have colleges to teach men everything that needs to be done, so that we shall be, as I trust the world will recognize, the most effective people on the face of the earth, best qualified for doing what the head devises and the hands find to do; best qualified for doing the world's work, and for teaching nations, also, how the work ought to be done. I say prosperity and success to business colleges." [Great and continued applause.]

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once—this forever.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Condemn no man for not thiuking as you think.

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

By the street of "By-and-by" one arrives at the house of "Never."

This term is equally applicable to all ranks—whoever is ignorant, is vulgar.

Joy has its limits—we but borrow one hour of mirth from months of sorrow.

Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from, because it is always at our disposal.

The more earnestly you exhort your confidant to secrecy, the more likely he is to tell.

The influence of costume is incalculable. Dress a boy as a man, and he will at once change his own conception of himself.

To draw a Rusted Nail.—First drive it in a little, which breaks the hold, and then it may be drawn out much easier.

A lady boarding-house keeper, who was afflicted with boarders with very extensive appetites, seasoned their hash with snuff, because she heard the articles recommended as a certain "cure for consumption."

It is an established fact that there is no other State in the world that occupies itself so largely with the education of women as Russia. As much care should be bestowed upon the higher education of girls as boys.

A young lady, while standing in a window in Morgantown, Butler County, Ky., received a slight shock from a flash of lightning. On her recovery, it was found that an ailanthus tree, standing near the window, had been accurately photographed, by the electric flash, upon her breast.

To cure ear-ache, apply a warm poultice or warm oil to the ear. Rub the back of the ear with warm laudanum. In case of a fetid discharge, carefully syringe the ear with warm milk and water. In all cases keep the ear thoroughly cleansed. Relief is often given by rubbing the back of the ear with a little hartshorn and water.

A Norwegian, seventy years old, at White Bear Lake, had the most extraordinary fight with a wolf on record, recently. The animal tackled him, and he fought, first with a club, then with a pitchfork, and finally he got a rope around the neck of the beast, and therewith drew him to a carpenter's vice, into which he screwed his head. Then he got a gun, and killed him.

A cement of great adhesive power may be made by rubbing together, in a mortar, two parts of nitrate of lime, twenty-five of water, and twenty of powdered gum arabic, thus forming a transparent cement of remarkable strength, and applicable to wood, porcelain, glass and stone. The surfaces to be united are painted with the cement, and bound together till the drying is complete.

A young German architect in Chicago has drawn a plan whereby the great fire shall be commemorated. His design is to erect in one of the public parks a tower upon one hundred feet in height, which shall be surmounted by a Phœnix—the tower to be built with blocks of stone or bricks taken from the prominent buildings destroyed by the fire. On each of these blocks the names of the building, from the ruins of which it was taken, is to be conspicuously engraved. That all these names may be seen by the curious of future years, the top of the tower is to be reached by an exterior winding stairway.

A correspondent recommends turpentine as a cure for lockjaw. He says: "Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, or of what nature it is, and relief will follow in less than one minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut than cold turpentine. It will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sure remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel over the throat and chest, and in very severe cases, three to five drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly. Every family should have a bottle on hand." This remedy is simple, and can be easily tested. In all serious cases, an application should be made under medical advice.

How to Manage Daughters.

From the San Francisco News Letter.]

An old gentleman who ought to be seated astride the topmost ridge of Mount Shasta, with a similar mountain pendant from either foot, writes to a literary paper that he has a daughter. We are delighted that this antique malefactor is blessed with progeny; that daughter will be a comfort to him when he gets along in years. We have ourselves wished for a daughter to support. But we wander. This relic of a vanquished age concludes that his daughter is very fond of gentlemen society. That precisely the species of illness that would probably afflict our daughter, if we had a daughter to feed. We once knew a man whose daughter was so extremely fond of the society of gentlemen, that her parent caught her one day hanging on the arm of a wooden Indian, and had to wean her from this singular partiality by an ax-handle. To resume: This hoary inquisitor goes on to explain that the gentlemen of whose society his daughter is mainly fond are, he has reason to believe, addicted to the consumption of cigars and the vice of billiards. It is probable. If any young woman shall ever secure the advantage of having us as a parent to buy her clothes, it is reasonable to apprehend that she will favor the same low class of gentlemen; they mostly do. But the aged parent would like to know what he would best do about it.

There are several methods of reform. Probably the most obvious and effectual is to kill her, take off her skin and hang her up to bleed. The final disposition of the body is not important. If in the progress of the centuries we shall ever confer upon some comely damsel the honor of being daughter to us, and responsible for her bills, it is to be presumed that we shall adopt this method. Another way is to restrain her of her liberty by putting her into an abandoned well and dumping some tons of gravel atop of her. This plan is highly spoken of, and commends itself strongly to the judgment. Or the old gentleman may bind her ankles to an anvil, and upset her out of a boat. It would be needless to point out the advantages of this plan. Finally, if he is too tender-hearted or affectionate to adopt any of the foregoing methods, let him lay her—properly chloroformed—beneath the upturned root of a mighty oak, and severing the trunk, let back the mountain of earth in to its appointed place. With so great a variety of methods from which to choose, this anxious old gentleman ought not to be very long in solving the problem to which he has set his intellect.

From these observations it appears that on the 12th of March, 1865, the surface of the Dead Sea was 1,296 feet below that of the Mediterranean, which result confirms the calculations of the Duc de Luynes and Lieutenant Vignes, who by the barometer made the difference 1,286 feet on the 7th of June, 1864. At the season of the winter freshets the waters of the Asphaltic Lake stand two or three feet higher than usual, and during the fierce heats of summer sink by evaporation six feet below the average height. Lieutenant Lynch found in the Dead Sea a depth of 1,308 feet opposite the Wady Zerha Maia. Thus the bottom of the Dead Sea is, in one locality, 2,594 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

The Scraps of Spanish History.

The failure of the Carlist insurrection, and the rumor that Serrano, is intriguing to put the son of the ex-Queen Isabella on the throne, will lend some interest to the following extracts from John Hay's pleasant book, "Castilian Days:"

Ferdinand VII., his mind weakened by illness, and influenced by his ministers, had proclaimed his brother Don Carlos, heir to the throne, to the exclusion of his own infant daughter, Isabella. His wife, Queen Christine, broken down by the long conflict, had given way in despair. But her sister, Dona Louisa Carlota de Bourbon, heard of the news in the South of Spain, and leaving her babies at Cadiz, (two little urchins, one of whom was to be king consort and the other was to fall by his cousin Montpensier's hand in the field of Carabanchel,) she posted without a moment's pause for rest or sleep over mountains and plains from the sea to the royal chateau of La Granja. She fought with the lackeys and the ministers twenty-four hours before she could see her sister, the Queen. Having breathed into Christine her own invincible spirit, they succeeded, after endless pains, in reaching the king. Obstinate as the weak often are, he refused at first to listen to them; but by their womanly wiles, their Italian policy, their magnetic force, they at last brought him to revoke his decree in favor of Don Carlos, and recognized the right of his daughter to the crown. Then, terrible in her triumph, Dona Louisa Carlota sent for the Minister Calomarde, overwhelming him with abuse, and unable to confine her victorious rage and hate to words alone, she slapped the astonished minister in the face. Calomarde, trembling with rage, bowed and said—"A white hand cannot offend."

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A few years later, when Ferdinand was in his grave, and the lady Isabel reigned under the regency of Christine, a movement in favor of the constitution of 1812 burst out, where revolutions always do, in the South, and spread rapidly over the contiguous provinces. The infection gained the troops of the royal guard at La Granga, and they surrounded the palace bawling for the constitution. The regentess, with a proud reliance upon her own power, ordered them to send a deputation to her apartment. A dozen of the mutineers came in and demanded the constitution.

"What is that?" asked the queen.

They looked at each other and cudgelled their brains. They had never thought of that before.

"Cramba!" said they, "we don't know. They say it is a good thing, and will raise our pay and make salt cheaper."

The political economy was somewhat flimsy, but they had the bayonets and the queen was compelled to give way and proclaim the constitution.

The following anecdote is a characteristic illustration of the despicable despotism of the Spanish Bourbons. The prince of Asturias mentioned is the person whom it is said Serrano desires should supplant Amadeus:

A Colonel of Engineers, in the summer before the late revolution, was standing before the palace with some officers, when a mean-looking cur ran past. "What an ugly dog!" said the colonel. "Hush," replied another with awe-struck face, "that is the dog of his royal highness the prince of Asturias." The colonel unfortunately had a logical mind, and failed to see that ownership had any bearing on a purely æsthetic question. He defined his position "I do not think the dog is ugly because he belongs to the prince; I only meant that the prince has an ugly dog."

The window just above them slammed, and another officer came up and said that the devil was to pay. "The queen was at the window and heard every word you said." An hour afterward the colonel received an order from the commandant of the palace, revoking his leave of absence and ordering him on duty at Madrid. It is not very surprising that this officer was at the bridge of Alcolea.

HUMOROUS.

Where once the prairie was trackless save for the Indian trail, it now bears tracks of T-rail; which shows what a difference a little dash may make.