

The Cairo Bulletin.

SUPPLEMENT.

JOHN H. OBERLY, PROPRIETOR.

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BULLETIN BUILDING WASHINGTON-AV.

THE BULLETIN.

SELECTED STORY.

MR. MAYNARD'S HIRED MAN.

"Dickery, dickery, dock; The mouse ran up the clock; The clock struck one, And down he run; Dickery—"

Oh, my good gracious! how dare you? Fanny laid the pink bundle down in a rocking-chair full of pillows. The bundle protested with a vigorous movement, and in another moment the rocking-chair and the baby came down together. "Now, you awful man, the child is killed!" cried Fanny, with a scared face, as she lifted the tiny morsel from the floor; but the pillows had protected it, and the startled baby, after one effort at curling her lips, broke into a charming smile.

"No harm done; and I trust I'm forgiven," said Mathew Donn. "No you are not forgiven. I shall never forgive you Mr. Mathew Donn; so please leave baby and me. I have nothing more to say."

"Well, I—I'm going." "You can go, sir." The young man went softly, slowly out; but he looked neither grieved nor angry on the other side of the door; he smiled.

The circumstances were these: Fanny had been amusing her sister's child, and the little cherub seemed never to tire of musical sounds; so Fanny, who had "Mother Goose" by heart, liked nothing better than to sit in the cozy sitting-room, which was really the nursery, and sing those old, old melodies.

Mathew Donn was the hired man, and on this particular morning had stolen in quietly behind Miss Fanny, and, tempted of what? surely not the Evil One—had bent over and kissed her on the forehead.

And this he had dared to do, knowing that Fanny was a city young lady, living in a fashionable quarter, and used to the best society.

Fanny's sister had married a rich farmer not quite two years before. People talked about these Brysons buying themselves alive; but both Olive and Fanny loved the country better than the town. Every summer Fanny was glad to leave the "stuffy old house," as she called it, and almost by one leap on the express train find herself in paradise, breathing air redolent of white clover and sweet-brier. During the winter the sisters corresponded regularly, and Olive had sung the praises of Mathew Donn, their hired man, so often that Fanny found herself thinking of his acquaintance as one of the pleasant probabilities of her next visit.

"We don't pretend to treat him as help," wrote Olive, holding her baby on one knee and steadying the paper with a bronze weight; "for he is not in the least like the men who hire out in those parts. I should be ashamed not to ask him to come to the table; and just for the novelty of it, I want you to take a peep in his room. Harry calls him his *rara avis*; and the two really enjoy themselves together almost like brothers. Besides, he's nearly as handsome as my Harry; he, you know, is the handsomest man in the world!"

And the pleasant pen ran on and told about planting the prospective sweet corn, and pea blossoms, and how the grape-vines were full of the tiniest bunches, and the young peaches were going to do splendidly; and Adela had two of the "cunningest, milk-white teeth," and I know not how much more loving nonsense.

Now Fanny had a rich lover, and, like most rich lovers, he was not prepossessing in his personal appearance. In her own written language to Olive, "he pestered her to death." To be sure it was pleasant to see his splendid equipage in front of their door, with the two superb grays, for on rare occasions Fanny yielded to his solicitations to take a ride; and he always contrived to drive her by his castle of a brown stone-front, perhaps to tempt her; for Fanny was as fond of beautiful things as women ought to be, and was well aware of the advantages which money can give.

Both her father and mother were anxious that she should marry the Hon. Ebenezer Wolcott, but Fanny was high spirited, and they seldom advised her. The girl knew that they were living beyond their means for her sake, and this knowledge had been bitterly earned. She and Olive had many conferences over it.

"I think if you were married," said Olive, "papa would come here and take a small house; then business need not press him so in old age."

Ebenezer had done the proper thing—had offered Fanny his heart, his house, his carriage, and his horses; and although he was known for a pugnacious old gentleman, terribly set in his way, he was honorable, and he loved beautiful Fanny Bryson with all his heart. And Fanny had told him that she could not then decide—that she was going for the summer months to sister Olive's, and at the close of her visit she would give him his answer.

"And may I come out there sometimes?" asked Olive.

tallest man she had ever seen. Six feet four and proportionately majestic, he seemed like Apollo and Hercules in one.

"Can this be the hired man?" thought Fanny; and then she looked at his dress. Not a trace of servitude about him; but he treated her with extreme deference, said but little, drove with the precision of a man accustomed to horses, and drew up before the cottage in a grand style.

Fanny was in her sister's arms, and after her, the baby came in for a fair share of kisses.

"Well, is that your hired man?" queried Fanny, after her comfortable installment in one of the luxurious easy-chairs.

"Yes, dear; that is Mathew Donn. How did you like him?"

"He looks like a gentleman," said Fanny, after a little pause.

"He is a gentleman, dear, in the best sense of the word; I told you that."

"And does he speak English well?"

"Why, child, he isn't a foreigner," laughed Olive.

"I mean grammatically," said Fanny.

"Oh yes; I presume he has had a good common-school education," replied Olive, "and something better."

I know there are certain classical books in his room; whether he ever reads them or not I can't say."

"Why in the world does he hire out?" cried Fanny, dismay in her voice.

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Olive, laughing heartily again. "He likes the country, is used to horses, and—suppose he can't get anything better to do."

"But a man like him might—be somebody!" ejaculated Fanny, with vehemence. "My patience! has he no ambition? I'm afraid I shall despise him."

"Perhaps, dear, he wouldn't mind if you did," said Olive, hiding her face in the white neck of her baby. "He is so very independent."

Surely, why should he care what she thought of him? soliloquized Fanny, her cheeks flushing.

The next day she met him at the table. It seemed strange enough to sit down with hired help, but she was forced to confess that in nothing did he give the impression of being a menial.

"Shall we take hold of that five-acre lot this morning?" he asked, respectfully, of Mr. Maynard, Olive's husband.

"No, I prefer you should look to the drainage of that strip east of the hill," was the answer. "There'll be no rain yet a while, and I want to prepare that for potatoes."

Fanny watched Mathew Donn out on the sly, and Olive caught her at it.

"I wanted to see what kind of a dress he works in; said Fanny, with tell-tell cheeks.

"Don't you think him a little handsomer in his blouse and heavy field boots?" asked Olive.

"He certainly is very handsome," said Fanny, frankly; "but why in the world—However," she added, stopping short, "it's none of my business; but such a man as that should surely work his own land."

"That's true," said Olive quietly. Time passed on. Fanny became accustomed to eat, sit, and even talk with the hired man. One day Olive took her up into his room. Fanny stood aghast. It was as exquisite in its way as a lady's boudoir.

"He furnished it himself," said Olive, in reply to Fanny's look of surprise.

"A Whitton carpet," murmured Fanny; "marble-top set; that Psychel, those flowers!—and what is this?" She lifted a lovely little miniature from the table, one of the most beautiful and refined faces she had ever seen.

"Oh, one of his friends, I suppose," said Olive, in her undemonstrative way. "And see how perfectly neat every thing is kept; always in this beautiful order. Do you wonder Harry calls him a *rara avis*?"

"Indeed I can't," said Fanny slowly; "but he must spend every cent he earns to furnish himself in this extraordinary manner."

"He has nothing else to do with his money, dear," said Olive; "he don't even buy cigars. For my part, I think he is perfectly elegant."

Fanny said nothing, but she found herself wishing that she knew who was the original of that lovely miniature, and trying to reconcile the tastes and surroundings of the man himself with his servile occupation. Not but what the work was good enough, and honorable for any man; but why was he not laboring for himself instead of another?

For days she thought of the miniature. Every time she met him, heard him talk or sing—he had a fine voice and was not averse to using it—up popped that mysterious face with the Spanish eyes and the clustering curls.

Mr. Eben Wolcott, meantime, had taken advantage of her reluctant permission and brought his dashing team to Winnicut. Poor Fanny, at sight of his respectable aldermanic person, his gold-bowed spectacles, and thick gray whiskers, felt a strange sinking at the heart. Why would that six footer rise up in her imagination and cause by mere force of contrast a repulsion so terrible?

"It's positively wicked for me to seem to encourage that man," she said, almost passionately, one morning, the day after a drive.

"Which man?" asked Olive, innocently, and their eyes met.

The red blood flew all over poor Fanny's face; she felt hot to the crown of her head—and yet why should she?

"That's a pretty question to ask!" she exclaimed, nearly angry.

"Well, dear, but how am I to know who 'that man' is?" queried Olive.

"You know it is Mr. Wolcott," said Fanny, nearly crying.

"Well, he is a good man, and a rich one," was answer. "I know girls who would jump at the chance, as the saying is. I would either marry him or send him off."

"Pshaw!" said Fanny, biting her red lips and a few moments after she left the room, conscious of a now, a painful, and at the same time strangely delightful experience. No use to try to conceal it or cloak it to herself—not the slightest; she loved Mathew Donn, her sister's hired man.

How she paced her room, half-distracted, sobbing without tears, forming wild resolves, and then throwing herself down with a sense of her utter helplessness, I shall not describe. How could she ever meet him again? Could she keep her almost painful secret, and did Olive guess at it? What would Olive think—what counsel her if she knew?

Only the next time that Mr. Eben Wolcott came out she quietly dismissed him, and then made up her mind that she must go home. If she could only fly to the ends of the earth!

But Fanny did not go, for Olive would not hear of it. A slight cold convinced Olive to her room, but one evening she sent Fanny out and bade her peremptorily to take Harry and go for a walk. Then she summoned her husband to give him his orders, but when he came down stairs Alice would not smile, was taking down his hat.

"That's right, Don," said Harry, breaking into a laugh; "she ought to know better than to go alone. By-the-way, I happen to know that she has dismissed old alderman."

Donn smiled again and went out, closing the door behind him. There was a bright moon, displaying flower, leaf, and bud. Supposing that Fanny would only make the round of the place, he ran swiftly down to the back gate, and met her just as she had reached the great elm that stood guarding the lane.

She started at sight of him. "You will allow me to walk with you?" he said. "There is a squad of gypsies in the neighborhood, and some one might molest you."

Fanny could not say no; could not talk, even for with ready tact he took all the conversation on himself. What did he not touch upon? Opera, arts, nature, city, country—all derived new beauty from the glamour of his tongue.

Was it strange that Fanny found herself leaning on his arm and listening with rapt attention to the eloquence of his speech? From that time there was a certain tacit understanding between them, and all went smoothly till the morning he kissed her. For that Fanny was angry at herself that she was not angry with him. All day long she was full of moods, changing from grave to gay, from fits of reflection to the wildest merriment.

"Fanny," said Harry, coming up to his wife's room after tea. "Mr. Donn wishes to speak with you down stairs."

All the lovely color faded out of her face at this announcement. She longed to assert herself; but might they not read the truth in her eyes if she refused?

Slowly she went down stairs. Donn was the parlor, walking back and forth. He came to meet her with outstretched hand.

"I want you to forgive my rudeness of the morning," he said. "In my assumed character I had no right to take such a liberty, or, indeed, in my own."

"Your assumed character!" she exclaimed trembling, as she seated herself.

"Yes. My friend Harry met me a year ago, when we were both traveling. I was a good deal rundown in health, and the doctors said that were I a laboring man I might overcome the disease that was wasting me. So I contracted with Harry to work for him, like any common farmer and he was to keep my real name and position a secret."

He saw the change in her beautiful eyes.

"My real name is Donn Mathews," he added, smiling, "and there is no need of my working for a living; but I really think I shall go in partnership with my friend Harry, and turn farmer. But you have not told me whether you forgive me."

"I—I don't know," retorted Fanny half-laughing, half-crying.

"Fanny, Fanny! if you knew how I love you," he cried, suddenly stopping in front of her, "I do think you would."

"I—I am so, so glad!"

It was not polite, perhaps, this confession, but it was very natural.

"And I think I can match your alderman's house," he added, taking her hands in his "dear, dear Fanny!"

"And his horses?" laughed Fanny, looking up with beaming eyes.

"Yes, dearest, and perhaps—himself; and the ringing laugh, united, sounded through the house. Of course Harry—who had an inkling—and Olive came down stairs, and of course every body was very happy over it.

"Harry," said Donn, after a moment, "I think I am quite cured."

POETRY.

A MYSTERY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Crested into sunlight spray;
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang!

No clue of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
About its red design.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills
The mountain road should creep;
So green and low the meadow fold,
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took;
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Were no unwelcome look.

Yet never before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
And soft as all surprise;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it dim-remembered dream?
Or glimpse through some old
The secret which the mountains kept
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender hope I drew,
And, pleasant, as a down of spring,
The thought within me grew.

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise;
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of heaven arise.

—Atlantic Monthly for February.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

The going out of Bulwer is full of sweet suggestions. It recalls old summer days in summer woods, and by-gone rambles through country lanes, and sacred twilight strolls in high-walled gardens. It brings back to us the companionship, both in the story and in actual life, of the girl—

"Who wept with delight if you gave her a smile,
And who trembled for fear of your frown,"
to say nothing of the lover, who was always down on his knees, or standing erect, like a war god, with his hand upon his sword, ready to fight three or a dozen villains, be they fathers, brothers or mercenaries hired to do a certain bloody job at the heroine's expense! It summons before us the gypsy camp, the bandit's castle, the tinker's cart, the highway, the forest and the moor. It crosses the midland sea and carries us into Pompeii with Glaucus and Nydia, and a world of old Latin, to show us the streets, temples and heaters. It leads us among the nobles and the gentry; into manor-houses and country seats, where we meet the best company and hear the most noble discourses. It makes us once again familiar with literary life and *bonjour* *lady*, by reminding us of our old acquaintances, John Burley and Lenny Fairfield and Frank Vance. It takes us on an excursion with the strolling players. It says to us, as plainly as history says to us, as plainly as the cable says to us that Bulwer is dead, that Richelieu lived, and still lives, in Bulwer's drama. It does this, too, in a strange, phantasmic way, as though we had been all day half-hungry for a half-forgotten dream; for Bulwer's writing, as Hazlett said of Campbell's poetry, is like the purple glidflower, both for its color and its scent, its glowing warmth, its rich and languid perfection, as sweet as—

—the lids of June's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

This spell hangs over Bulwer's essays, and even over his speeches; which last deserved to rank higher than they did, for in them the politician curbed the steeds of the poet just enough to get on rapidly and at the same time respectfully, marking distance and time as he went with admirable sense and spirit. In America, however, Bulwer is known chiefly, almost only, as a novelist and a play-writer, as the author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "The Lady of Lyons," of "Money" and "My Novel," of "Richelieu" and "What Will He Do With It?" for "Eugene Aram" and "Paul Clifford" and even "Pelham" are well-nigh obsolete with the present generation. As a novelist and dramatist he is known among us, and by the standards of fiction and the drama we must judge him. In England the critics agree that "The Caxtons" is his masterpiece. In this country the palm seems to be given to "What Will He Do With It?" Each, and not least of the three, "My Novel," is an admirable performance, a fair critical preference being next to impossible, since they are all in the same vein, all wrought out the fullest, all entertaining and life-like. They are classed as "The Caxton Series," and are likely to hold their own just as "The Lady of Lyons" the most brilliant absurdity ever produced on the stage, can not be driven from it. In truth, Bulwer wrote for the young; and it is not easy to apply a strong or high critical test to his books. Dickens' sentiment is so interwoven into a soul-inspiring, robustness of humor; Thackeray's sham-clearing humor is so tinged and qualified by a natural and tender sentiment; Reade and Collins are so sensational; Trollope is so realistic; and George Eliot is so far above them all in power, learning and mind-interest, that one can not find a place for Bul-

wer's beautiful, heart-inspired doll-house. It is impossible to classify him, just as it is impossible to classify Goldsmith unless we say he was the king of the sentimentalists of England, which is a poor description, since English literature, whilst possessing a sufficiency of sentiment, is not essentially sentimentalistic. It is more to our taste to regard him as we regard other of our youthful benefactors, as a sort of later genius, who met us as we were coming fairly out of the nursery with a wolly and realistic, but still fairly-like and fabulous, adaptation of the dear old lies which erst lulled us to sleep; who said to us, "See how splendid the world is! Behold, the Palace of Aladdin is not a myth, but a real palace and just beyond the wood yonder. As you pass through the shadows you are pretty sure to meet Robin Hood. Nay, if you will turn but to the left, and tear away the thickets that shut up the entrance to the glade, you will come upon the Sleeping Beauty. Here are the Enchanted Sandals. This is Excalibur, the real and not the ideal sword. Listen how the trees are murmuring love songs to the stars as they spread their sweet leaves in the air and dedicate their beauties to the night. Be not afraid. The whole earth is peopled with fairies and goblins—the very same you met in your cradle—and the goblins were made only to be overcome by the fairies. So you be good, and brave, so you be noble-minded, you may do anything. You may—"

—bestride the gossamer,
That wantons in the idle, summer air,
And yet not fall.

This oak here talks like an oracle;
And that pretty elm is Cinderella in disguise. How soft the grass is; how the red light of the sun steals in among the branches to warn us of the coming dusk, when the satyrs and the gypsies will roam abroad, and the part of valor will be the rescue of damsels in distress. The owl hoots. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. The bats fly i' the solemn air. The hares aie to the cosses. The moon comes out to shine on the walls of magic towers and glimmer into the mirror of rivulet and lake. Be not afraid; but move forward, like Orlando, in quest of adventures. There is magic in everything—

The brook that waters violet and rose
From hence to the enchanted palace flows.
All enchanted; all peopled with enchanted beings; the dells, meadows and streams, stars and moonbeams, for the true, grown-up nurselings, who are good to one another, for love is the wizard of all life, and his wand is ever circling over faithful hearts.

Thus Bulwer speaks to us ever, such being his philosophy. There is reason to believe that in his own personal experience he did not find the world so fair or love so potential. But he never loosed his hold to the end. The same quiet stars were ever shining in the same quiet skies which bend over his undoubting page. He was a hard worker always. Born to a great name, inheriting a fair fortune, he made himself the slave of his mind and fancy; and, if he leaves us nothing so impressive as Col. Newcome and Capt. Cuttle, as Becky Sharp and Lady Dedlock, he at least has left a mark on our page which can never be effaced. In the years to come, and in the changes that thrust themselves into the fashion of literary life, Bulwer may hold his own more tenaciously than he can now fairly surmise that he will. This is a small matter. His death, whilst momentarily lighting up the century of English literature with the glare of an exploding rocket, which, though it went not highest, has come down last, brings with it to thousands of old and middle-aged people the feeling of sorrow that is kindled in loving minds by tidings that a half-forgotten sweetheart or well-remembered, long unseen schoolmate has dropped from the maelstrom of the ever-dying present into the Valhalla cloisters of the ever-living years. The common run of daily newspaper readers may not appreciate this feeling; but, away off in the country, where people still have time to remember, to think and to regret, it will be understood and experienced. Thus, the oldest being the last to go, passes from earth the most remarkable trio of imaginative writers who ever appeared contemporaneously in any literature. When Bulwer was famous Dickens was pasting labels on pots of blacking and Thackeray was wearing the blouse of Christ's Hospital School, where Lamb had been before him. They passed him on the road; they left him behind them. He wrote of both of them kindly when they were gone. There was a respectful friendship; a friendship which was not broken even by the intermeddling of Mr. Charles James Yellowplush, which was broken only at the grave. They are once more coteremporaries in that fairy world which, each in his way, tried to conceive, and, conceiving, to realize in this.—[Courier-Journal.

THE STORY OF MISS HOWARD.

A melancholy interest attaches to the fate of Miss Howard, whose name is better known than the circumstances of her life. The story, as given in detail by Griselli, is as follows:

"On a night of such a fog as they have in London a man was walking up and down the Haymarket. His height was some five feet and seven inches; he was thick-waisted, short-legged, with a pallid face, small eyes, moustache, buttoned to the neck, and carrying in his hand a loaded cane, without any hat. The passerby

might have taken him for a policeman. Suddenly a door gave entrance to a lady elegantly dressed. The man exclaimed, 'Hailo, madame, alone so late, and in such bad weather?'

"Without any invitation he followed the lady, who, arriving in her parlor, and thinking him a civil policeman, offered him two shillings.

"Madame! Money—to me?"

"And who are you?"

"I am the Prince Louis Napoleon."

"Next day the conspirator of Strasbourg and Beulogne, the escaped from the Fortress of Ham, recalled himself to the memory of his followers by sending them some English gold with which to still conspire against the government that had twice left him his life. From this day the misery which had overwhelmed the son of Admiral Verhulst was driven away by the bank notes of Miss Howard. While he was president he had called Miss Howard to Paris and had taken for her a house, No. 14 Rue de Ciry. Miss Howard, who had given eight million of francs to Napoleon at the moment of his elevation, was considered and considered herself as the future Empress. But the daughter of Albion counted without him who, when he speaks, lies; when he is silent, plots."

One day Napoleon sent Miss Howard to Havre in company with his accomplice, Moequart, promising to come and see her upon the Sunday. Saturday he married Mile. de Montjoy. Taking her tea the morning of the day when she should receive the visit of him who owed everything to her, Miss Howard read of the marriage in the *Montreuil Official*. Precipitately leaving the Hotel Frascati, she engaged a special train, and reached her home in Paris, where she saw the strangest spectacle. Furniture, cushions, papers, notes, letters, contracts—some were broken, others emptied, and others stolen. Pietri, warned by a dispatch from Moequart, had gone to No. 14 rue de Ciry. He was able to hear, and others heard like him, the insulted Englishwoman call Napoleon assassin, swindler and robber. Next day upon her awakening Miss Howard was saluted by Mmes. Fould and Flcury with the title of countess of Beauregard. At the same time they gave her the deeds of ownership to a property bearing this name, situated upon the route to Versailles. Several months later, the new Countess left France and established herself in Florence, where she built a splendid palace upon the banks of the Arno. But, ten years after, ennuied aged her, and she wished to again see Paris. Every day, at the moment when Napoleon and the Empress came from the Tuilleries, Miss Howard showed herself in a superb equipage and dazzling toilet. Rumor said that the Empress was furious. Some days after a performance at the Italiens, during which the Englishwoman, covered and occupying a box directly in front, had amused herself by eyeing through an opera-glass the woman who had stolen her "Polon," Miss Howard was found suffocated in her bed."

RANK AND RAIMENT.

The last relic of glory is dropping from the masculine raiment. Until the last year or so, the gentleman's full dress has kept one little scrap of decoration, as a reminder of the splendors of other days, in embroidered shirt-fronts and ornamental studs. But these, we hear, must go, for fashion now commands her choicest cavaliers to appear at dinner or soiree severely simple in the plainest of bosoms, with mother-of-pearl buttons at two for a penny. It only remains to condemn sleeve-buttons, and make gutta-percha or leather-twist the "correct thing" for watch-chains, and the manly attire will be reduced to its ultimate expression of funeral plainness, beyond which lies no further depth, unless it be good plain sackcloth and ashes.

Morally speaking, the innovation is well enough. In a democratic country it is right that social usage should give as few chances as possible for caste and class to invent badges or insignia, or offend the self-respect of their more modest neighbors by any needless signs of superiority. But rich toilettes are just such signs; for ornament and splendor in dress afford the best of chances for the display of wealth and that artificial taste or esprit which so often go along with it, and are supposed to indicate social position or refinement. Man do not think much of these things, but women do. Augustus with his more than modest professional income, has yet been used to move among the most gorgeous "swells," as well dressed, and evidently as well bred a man as any in the company. He thinks his sweet little bride amazingly tasteful and correct in her plain ornaments and modest toilette, and looks forward with a certain pride to comparing her with the millionairesses at Mrs. Cressus' soiree. But when poor little Jenny sees her pretty light silk and simple ruffles side by side with Mrs. Cressus' last Worth costume, on which the lace alone is equivalent to about all of Augustus' yearly income, her heart sinks within her. She is classed and judged. She sees at once that, spite of her husband's manly figure and distingue address, to say nothing of her own youthful grace and prettiness, there is not the slightest use in their trying to pass for "swells"—and she feels with the half angry, half-omalous resentment of a sensible woman in a false position, that every parvenue in the room has set them down at first

glance as only "three-thousand dollar people."

In view poor Jenny's very natural mortification and annoyance, we may rejoice that the trouble, serious as it is, is limited to the feminine half of humanity. A hundred or two years ago, Augustus would have not merely shared her vexation, but had just the same to endure on his own part. The rich velvets and satins, lawns and laces, swords and garters and jewels of the finished exquisite under the Georges or the Grand Monarque, made correct dress impossible without money, and a good deal of it. In those days a man carried his income-returns blazoned on his back. The quiet scholar or poor artist was as easily distinguishable from the grandee as if he had worn a badge or a placard, like a railway conductor or a Broadway advertising medium. What vexation must have gnawed the hearts of numberless good fellows, in those days of external distinctions, at having to go about tickered as the poor devils they were, in worldly sense, one does not like to reflect; and though we smile at poor Goldsmith's tussy embarrassment over his famous bloom-colored suit, our amusement is tempered with a pang of pity and sympathy.—[Home and Society; Scribner's for January.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly in the house of representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—pay as you go!" John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that. "Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables. "Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and a manly front, and have no fear of those you meet. You won't have to cross the street to avoid a dun, or look intently in a shop window, in order not to see a creditor. "Pay as you go," and you can snap your finger at the world; and when you laugh, it will be a hearty, honest one, and not like the laugh of the poor debtor, who looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not in doubt of his creditors, and not included in articles "exempted from attachment." "Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-checked, smiling children—a contented wife—a cheerful hearthstone. John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

SPECTACLES.

The use of yellow spectacles instead of green or blue is proposed by a recent writer, on the hypothesis that yellow is the ray having the least actinic or photographic power. This error has originated in a want of knowledge of the fact that, of all the rays, yellow has the most powerful action on carbon compounds. Since the eye in its construction involves the use of such compounds, it follows that the yellow ray of all others will have the strongest action on the eye. This agrees with our actual experience; for the yellow is by far the most powerful light to the eye, and the universal preference for green and blue glasses is owing to the fact that these, by shutting out the rays that act with the greatest energy on the carbon compounds of the retina, produce a milder and less irritating action on the organ when by disease or other cause its sensitiveness is increased.—[Nature and Science; Scribner's for January.

HOUSE RECEIPTS.

A SPLENDID SPONGE CAKE.—Weigh one pound of fresh eggs in the shell, an equal weight of pulverized white sugar, half a pound of fine flour. Break the eggs and beat separately the yolk and white. Always, when practicable, have one person beat the yolk steadily the same length of time it takes another person to beat the white until they stand up perfectly stiff and dry. Add the sifted sugar gradually to the yolk, then mix in the white. Lastly, cream gently in the flour, and be sure not to beat at all afterward, or you will certainly spoil the cake. Grate in the peel of one lemon, and add also its strained juice; more if the fruit is indifferent. Lemons are to be preferred as the seasoning for sponge cake, but if they are not to be obtained, substitute mace.

APPLE FLOAT.—Pare the apples as for sauce, stirring them until thoroughly done. Then wash them up and sweeten. Beat the yolk of two eggs and white of one; stir into the apples and cook but a moment. Put this into a fruit dish, over which cover with the white of one egg beaten to a foam. To be eaten with sugar and cream. It is a nice dish and easily