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THE FORSAKEN.

[This poem, written by "Stella" (Mrs. Estella Anna Lewis) at the age of fourteen, Poe said was "the most beautiful ballad of the kind ever written. We have read it," he remarked, "more than twenty times, and always with increased admiration." And on the strength of this opinion we reprint.]

It hath been said, for all who die
There is a tear;
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier.
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear?

Who'll watch life's last departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe my spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my bier will come,
In seeds of woe,
And follow me to my long home,
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed,
In icy sleep,
Who there, by pure affection led,
Will come and weep;
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And fall at her or my dark repose,
If joyly rest?

Could I but know, when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That sod's cold gloom,
Would mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes! in that hour, if I could feel
From halls of glee
And Beauty's presence one would steal
In secrecy
And come and sit and weep by me
In night's deep noon,
Oh! I would ask of memory]
No other boon.

But ah! a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe
From all I love in youth's sweet time
I soon must go;
Drawn round me my pale robes of white,
In a dark sprit
To sleep through death's long, dreamless night,
'Lone and' forgot.

HOW I ESCAPED BACHELORDOM.

A STORY TOLD BY FARMER BROWN.

I have no words for her sweetness; I can't describe her; perhaps were I to do so! or even could I place a picture before you, you might not see her as I did and do. Every eye makes its own beauty, and to me she was more beautiful than any other living creature. Nellie Brodie, I mean lovely Nellie Brodie, whose father was the sexton of our church, a good old man, but prosy, and prone to tell one or two good stories about ghosts, proved to be no ghosts after all whenever one found him. Many and many a time have I listened to them, out of his little porch, of a summer's night, with the moon bright above us, mysterious owlish chirps and cries in the bushes, and the smell of the evening primrose growing far sweeter and sweeter, and Nellie, still and quiet as a mouse, sitting with folded hand between us.

We are busy folks enough by day; but we idle away the long summer evenings together and thought no harm of it. It is good to be idle sometimes, in that happy sort of way; and to tell the truth I liked it. No man could say that I neglected my duty. A better farm no man ever had, and larger crops none gathered, and no starved cattle grazed in my meadows. As for my dairy—but that was sister Jane's doing. A good house. A pretty bright-eyed girl with a warm heart, and a laugh that seemed to be catching. Alone together we two were, and we were fond of each other.

I never told her I liked Nellie Brodie, but I did not hide it from her. Nellie and she were great friends. Over and over again I tried to find out from Jennie what she said about me—Nellie I mean—but the girl would never let a word slip out. A true woman hides another woman's secrets. I knew that and I built on it.

"For," said I to myself, "if Nellie disliked me Jennie would give me a hint, sister-like, and save me from mortification. Either she knows nothing, or she knows Nellie likes me."

After that, I may say I courted Nellie. She knew I loved her, I'm sure of that; even if I had said no one and out, she could not help knowing it.

But there was other young men in the place, of course, and many willing enough to listen to old Brodie's stories for the sake of looking at his daughter; and many a jealous pang I had in those days; for Nellie had the same pretty, kindly ways to all, and the same smile for every one.

I used to think that a "no" from Nellie's lips would go straight through my heart, like a bullet, and I found it hard to risk the hearing of it. She must say it to all but one of us, and I was not so handsome as one, and not so witty as another; and not so rich as a third. I think I never knew how plain I was, until I had my photograph taken one day, by a man who had a gallery in the village. I thought at first he must have made too much of my nose and too little of my eyes; but he showed me plainly that the machine must take a good likeness, because it was a machine and couldn't make a mistake. I took the things home and put them in a drawer, and showed them to nobody; but they took the little vanity I had out of me, though I kept saying over and over again, "My dear, what does it matter for a man?"

I meant, you see, to give Nellie one for her album, but I thought if I looked like that it was not best. I've heard other people speak of the same feelings since, in regard to photographers; and I am not sure now that they are always perfect.

Waiting and watching, hoping and fearing, I let the time slip by; and winter came with its frost and snow, and old Mr. Brodie told his stories by the fire, instead of on the porch; and the lamp light fell on Nellies yellow hair, as she sat knitting, making the prettiest picture you ever saw; and I made up my mind to put my fate to the test before Christmas, and didn't. You see when a young fellow is in love he loses courage. But one thing I vowed—Nellie should take a sleigh ride with me.

Tom Armstrong had said—I heard him—that he meant to drive the prettiest cutter, the prettiest pair of horses, and the prettiest girl in New Bridge. He meant Nellie by the prettiest girl. His turnout might be what he chose, but Nellie should never go with him. She should go with me.

The snow fell fast, and by morning you could see nothing for miles around but great drifts, though the sky had grown clear as though it had been summer. I called for Nellie in the afternoon, and she was ready, and away we went. She looked charming, with her rosy cheeks and bright and sunny eyes and sunny hair; and I was happier than I had ever been in my life.

Going out of the village we met Tom Armstrong, with a splendid cutter. He looked daggers at us both—or at least I thought so, and he went as I heared afterward to invite Sue Nichol to ride with him. As he drove out of sight I made up my mind to ask the question that would settle everything, on our way home.

Man proposes but Heaven disposes. Things happened that evening that I had not thought of. We were going back, in the moonlight, when I put my hand on Nellie's, and made her turn her eyes toward me.

"I have been trying to say something to you for a long time," I said. "Perhaps you guess what it is,"

But before I could utter another word, my horses became frightened at something, and away they went like mad. Nellie clung to me screaming. I did my best to stop them. They left the road entirely and took their way across the field, and striking against a stump the snow had hidden, the sleigh was overturned, and we were thrown out together.

I was not hurt, but Nellie lay insensible. I lifted her in my arms and clasped her to my bosom, and begged her to open her eyes and speak one word to me. But she was like one dead; and in my terror I dare not take her home. I carried her, instead, to my sister, who, frightened half out of her senses, came forth to meet me. She took Nellie into an inner room and bade me bring a doctor, and he was there soon.

I spent an hour of agony, such as I had never felt before; but at last Jennie came to me, all smiles.

"There is no danger," she said. "She has come to herself; she only fainted from fright. You haven't killed her, or even hurt her much, you foolish boy."

And I burst into tears. Jennie bent over me.

"But to think she should be so sly," she said. "A gentleman's portrait in her bosom all the while and not a word to me of it. I'll punish her for it now."

And away she ran back to Nellie, but my tears were all dried up, and my heart was gall. She was engaged to some one else, this girl who was so dear to me. Some one had been before me, and she wore his portrait next to her heart. Fool that I was not to guess it.

I never asked whose portrait it was. Tom Armstrong's or Jack Mayden's, I did not care. When Nellie was well enough to go, in the course of an hour or two, I drove her home and bade her good-bye.

I said, "I regret that I should have been the means of alarming you so, Miss Brodie."

And she looked up into my face with her great blue eyes, and said, "It was not your fault; you could not help it. It was so foolish to faint away."

And I thought to myself, "what deceitful creatures women are!" for the look she gave me was as sweet as if she had not worn another man's portrait in her bosom.

A week from that day I went to New York, and sought out an old ship-owner who had been my father's friend.

"I'm tired of farming," I said, "and want to try the sea as a common sailor."

The old man would have laughed me out of the notion; but when he found me firm, he gave me what help he could.

I went on board a vessel bound for China, and wrote to sister Jennie, telling her to send for Uncle William and his wife to man ge the farm, which I knew they would be glad to do; but I never told where I was or what I had done. I meant, you see, to throw myself away, and be heard of no more by any one. Of course I was mad, for the time; that is the only excuse for me.

So I led the sort of a life a sailor in the merchant service leads—no very pleasant one, I can tell you—for a year or two. I grew no better for it, and no happier. The other men had mostly some one at home—mother or sister, wife or sweetheart—to get a letter or message from at times; I, of my own act, had no one. And all the while, at home, not a mess, or in the hours when watch was kept on deck, I thought of Nellie; saw her as she looked when she sat by her father's side in the summer moonlight; saw her smiling up at me, as she whirled through the snow-drifts that last bright day, and saw her as she lay like a dead thing in my arms. And fancy painted other pictures. I saw her as Tom Armstrong's wife. I saw her—oh, good heavens!—with his child on her knee.

I am not sure but that I should have turned idiot, had not something happened to alter the circumstances of my position. This was nothing else than the total wreck of our vessel, and my narrow escape from drowning, but with an arm broken by the falling of a spar. For a month I lay on a sick bed; and then with a softened heart and a feeling that I was sick of the sea, I wrote home to sister Jennie, to be a farmer again, if I could.

In those two years she had never had a line from me. Not an angry word did she give me, but ran into my arms and wept on my bosom like a child; and then she showed the wedding-ring on her finger, and the baby lying asleep in the cradle, and told me whose wife she was.

She was Mrs. Armstrong, and I had never guessed they liked each other.

"And I'm happy as the day is long," said she, "only fretting about you. How could you go away so, Ned? if you did not think of my feelings, you might have remembered Nellie Brodie's."

"Nellie Brodie's feelings!" I cried. "Nellie Brodie's! Don't laugh at me, Jennie."

"Laugh at you!" she cried. "Laugh at you my dear! I haven't a thought of it. Did you quarrel that night? It must have been a quarrel I think. Whose fault was it, yours or hers?"

"Miss Brodie and I never had a quarrel," I said.

"Oh, Ned," she resumed, softly, "don't try to hide it from me, when I saw your portrait in her bosom. I told you so, I know, and thought it was all settled and was so glad."

I started upand caught Jennie's wrist, "My portrait?" I cried.

"Why, Ned, don't look at me so," screamed Jennie; "what does it all mean? Your portrait, of course; one of those photographs you had taken—I found the rest after you went away. Oh, Ned, don't, don't look so, dear?" I "thought you told me she wore another man's picture," I said. "That drove me away; that, and nothing else. Oh, what a wretched fool I've been. did not know she had my picture; and I might have cast her away! I, who loved her so, and have pined for her all these years."

But Jennie, dear Jennie, with her kind, motherly face and loving woman's eyes, came close to me, and put her arms about my neck, and whispered, "don't despair, Ned. She has never liked any one else, and I know, for over tain, that she wears your picture still."

And those words brought my youth back to me; and the years seemed blotted out and I saw the Ned Brown who fell in love with Nellie Brodie, once more.

Well, Jennie told the truth; I went to see Nellie Brodie, and found her sweet and beautiful as ever; and we were married when the spring came and the birds began to build their nests in the green orchard. Afterward, when she had been my wife for some time, Nellie told me, under those very apple trees how she had found my picture one day when no one saw her, and worn it afterward for love of me—worn it and wept over it while I was far away, and trying to forget her—trying, but never succeeding, for the love I had for Nellie Brodie was part of my life, and will be, I believe, part of the eternity, where, when death severs us here, we shall be reunited.

A FEW days since, at the Royal Italian opera, Covent Garden, London, at the end of the opera, when amid a hurricane of applause, Mlle. Albani, the Albany prima donna, was called before the curtain, a gentleman in the grand tier threw a bouquet and a box at the prima donna, the latter of which unluckily struck her with considerable force in the centre of the forehead. The author of this calamity was observed to throw up his arms with a gesture of despair when he saw the lady place her hands on her forehead and instantly retire to her private room, where some simple remedies were applied with good effect. Perhaps it should be added that the restoration was a little assisted by the discovery that the guilty box, when opened, contained a tiara of splendid diamonds.

PARLEY and surrender signify the same thing where virtue is concerned.

MASSACRE IN CHINA.

Ten Thousand Native Christians Slaughtered.

The French periodical, Missions Catholiques, of the last of July, gives the first authentic and detailed narative of the recent massacre of Roman Catholic native converts in China.

The account, as translated for the London Tablet, relates that the massacre broke out on the 25th of February, when the "literates," as the persecuting party is called, opened the campaign by beheading two men in the service of Pere Doare, and a christian, whom they then threw into the river. The same day they burned the three villages of Trun-Lam, Flo-Vinh and Ban-Tach, and massacred the inhabitants that were in them. Those who succeeded in escaping to the woods were hunted down with hounds brought back and killed on the following day. The river was covered over with bodies floating down it from the side of Lareg. At that time the murderers were massacreing the christains of the parish of Holven, and were burning their villages. Those who took refuge in the cliffs of the neighborhood were hunted down and burned alive. The grand mandarin of justice was at the market of La-Nam with 800 soldiers, but remained an inactive spectator of the massacre of the christians of Nam-Duong, only a few of whom were able to escape.

THE LITERATES,

who were the heads of the militia appointed to massacre the christians, say that the work of extermination carried out under the eyes of the mandarins was concerted between the court and the literates, and was done in reprisal for recent events. The mandarins have have just received orders from the court not to employ any other means save those of persuasion to stop the murderers in their career. One of the chiefs, who had just caused two christians to be murdered on the highroad, went on the parade before the governor of the citidal, by whom he was dismissed with honor. On his return twenty women and children fell under the sword of this man and his followers. He had just come from offering sacrifice to the goddess of prostitution, to whom a famous temple, that stands near the road, is dedicated.

MODE OF TORTURE AND DEATH.

In several localities they take an entire family—father, mother and children—bind them together with bamboos and then fling the bundle of living humanity into the waves. First, however, they take care to cut off the man's head. The multitude of dead bodies thus fastened together in groups of from eight to ten block up the principal river, but to the great surprise of everybody, does not send forth any bad smell. There are then five parishes, containing 10,000 christians, which have to be blotted out of the mission, namely, Lang-Thankhuyen, Nam-Duong, Hoy-Yen and Doreg-Thank. Many of the victims die in the midst of flames. A village of more than 400 christians was attacked by the literates, and soon became a prey to the flames. Among these 400 christians there were 120, more or less, who succeeded in saving themselves by taking refuge in a large village near by. The remainder, about 300, were nearly all massacred. Two small villages of christians, situated two hours's walk from the place at which I then was, were hemmed in by the pagans. The mayor visted each house, numbered the christians, and forbade them, under threat of most severe punishment, to go out of doors. A few of the christian women attempted to go to market to keep themselves from starving. They never returned. Some pagan women who went with them say that the christian women were captured and beheaded. Two men from one of these same villages hazarded a flight during the night. They passed the great river by swimming, and came to me to tell their misfortunes.

"Alas," writes Archbishop Gauthier, from whose letters this information is chiefly derived, "I could do nothing but weep for them, being unable to do anything to succor them." Two or three days afterwards I learned that all the men in that village had had their heads cut off, but the women and children were spared. And, as their houses were intermingled with those of the pagans, it was forbidden to burn them down.

Two Rich Men.

A New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes: "The chief holder of personal estate in this city is Commodore Vanderbilt, who is estimated at $40,000,000, the largest part of which is in railway property. He owns enough in the Connecticut River and New Haven roads to be a director in each, and he also owns the controlling interest in the Central, Hudson, and Lake Shore, besides his stock in Ohio and Mississippi and other important roads. It was said of George Peabody that he made almost the entire bulk of his enormous wealth after his fiftieth year. I think a stronger statement can be made of the Commodore, for he has made the largest part of his money since he was sixty—that is, within the last score of years. I suppose that when the war broke out he was not worth five millions. The incessant and enormous increase of railroad values and the colossal extent of his operations have brought an increase so stupendous as to remind us of the old stories of Oriental magic. The only instance in which real and personal estate is combined almost equally in the vast possessions of one individual is found in A. T. Stewart. He owns enough in each of these shapes of wealth to make a dozen men rich. In point of real estate he has two dry goods establishments on Broadway; also the Metropolitan hotel, and the former Unitarian church. Add to these the Baptist church in Amity street now used as the stable of his business teams, the Depean row, in Blecker street, and above all his Fifth avenue palace, which cost $1,000,000. In personal estate is his stock in trade, capital and bills receivable, which must be $10,000,000; and also a large quantity of bank stock. In this manner Stewart wields both classes of property. He has differed entirely from Vanderbilt in this point. The latter has invested almost solely in railway stocks, while the former has eschewed this form of property in a very peculiar manner. He has a strong affinity for those things which pertain to trade and to this alone. It is said that his estate cannot be less than $30,000,000.

An Educated Chinaman's Ideas.

Hong Chin Foo, a Chinese exile, who has been educated in the United States, is lectured in Rochester. He said that, of all the people the Chinese came in contact with, the Americans were most liked. While hundreds of young Chinamen were sent to this country to be educated not one was ever sent to England or France. The people who came to this country, as a rule, did not properly represent the Chinese nation. They were low and ignorant, and the treatment they received here from the lower classes did not give them any complimentary or truthful character of the American people. He explained the reason why American missionaries labored under such great disadvantages in China. He said that the Chinese had been taught by Confucius to regard propriety of conduct as of the utmost importance. There was but one way for their clothes to be fashioned, one way in which to sit, stand, walk, and but one formula to be observed in the duties of life. In this country the speaker had observed the utmost freedom in these regards, and Americans taking their habits with them to China, greatly shocked the sensibilities of that nation. For instance, they would speak to the ladies and hand things to them—deeds which were gross insults in their eyes. Then they would hold conversation with people of the lower classes, which effectually debarred them from intercourse with the upper circles of society.

Business Since the Panic.

One of the most marked effects of the panic in the country has been the remarkable decrease in the consumption of foreign goods. According to the last returns of the bureau of statistics, the imports for the ten months ending April 30, as compared with the same ten months the year before, are as follows—the valuation in gold:

	1873-4.	1872-3.
Merchandise	$479,769,679	$538,066,910
Specie	25,584,697	18,366,548

Thus the imports of merchandise are $68,237,222 less for the ten months ending April, 1874, than for the corresponding months ending April, 1873. The imports of specie on the other hand are $6,974,189 larger, leaving the reduction $61,263,033. There were in warehouse on April 30, 1873, goods valued at $77,646,579; on April 30, 1874, $38,475,974. These figures represent the amount of imported goods, not the values consumed. To obtain this we must remember that there were in warehouse on April 30, 1873, imported goods to the value of $77,646,579. On April 30, 1874, the goods in warehouse were valued at $28,475,974. It thus appears that the amount of imports consumed in the ten months ending April 30, 1874, was $488,940,284, while for the ten months ending 1873 it was $588,682,908. Fully $100,000,000, therefore, represent the amount of economy in imports alone consequent on the panic.

Our reports for the same period were:

	1873-4.	1872-3.
Domestic merchandise	$473,775,710	$520,765,311
Foreign merchandise	15,692,281	13,418,200
Total merchandise	$489,468,691	$532,183,511

The export of specie, domestic and foreign, was $44,184,567 for 1873-4, and $73,379,426 for 1872-3, making the total exports in the one instance $537,653,558, and in the other $507,562,946. These figures show that we have exported in specie and goods $30,090,612 more during the ten months ending April, 1874, than during the ten months ending April, 1873. The New York Daily Bulletin thinks that these figures are an evidence of economy on the part of the American people. We wish we could look upon it in the same light. To us they are evidence rather of poverty. We imported $100,000,000 less, simply because we had nothing to give in exchange nor that $100,000,000 worth of goods. And, if we exported more by over $30,000,000, while our importations not only did not increase but decreased, it is because we have been largely in debt to foreign countries and had to pay it in exports. On neither fact have we any reason to congratulate ourselves.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Cramming Poultry.

It is altogether a vitiated taste that creates a demand for over-fattened meat. There is no nutriment in fat, and with the large consumption of sugar, syrup and starchy food, that is common among us, the necessities of the system for carbonaceous food are fully, if not over supplied. The use of excessively fat food then is a waste of material, and it probably induces some of the billious disorders which are so common. With regard to poultry these remarks are especially applicable. The markets of the cities are filled with fowls that are lined with fat, a useless addition that is a loss to the purchaser, and its presence has been at the expense of a waste of food to the feeder. Besides, housekeepers complain of these over fat fowls, that they are deficient in delicacy of flavor, and are coarse and greasy, thus losing in quality as well as in weight. This matter is in the hands of farmers to remedy. They alone decide as to what degree of fatness their fowls shall be brought, or rather, not knowing exactly how fat they are, they continue to feed them much too long for their own profit. A very thin fowl can be brought into good condition for the table in three weeks' feeding. Generally a fowl from a grain-stubble or barn-yard at a time when waste grain is scattered about liberally, as well as at other times, when it roosts about the barn, and the feeding of the poultry, is sufficiently fat for the market, without extra feed. If poultry is marketed at the age of two years, and none older than that kept, the quality of the flesh will be all that can be desired, without any cramming of extra feed, and the extra fat that is laid upon an old fowl, is no addition to its goodness, but rather adds to its bad qualities. A good judge of poultry looks to the age of a fowl, and passes by the old birds that have been crammed to fit them for market.—*Agriculturist.*

Circumstantial Evidence.

"There is always a terrible uncertainty about circumstantial evidence where human life depends upon its acceptance," says the Boston Post, in referring to Frank Wagner, arrested by the police the other day, for the murder of James McCann, at Jersey City. Against him the evidence was apparently strong to conclusiveness. He was proved to have been near the scene of the tragedy shortly after its commission; he gave signs of great fear on being arrested; he denied being out that night, which was at once proved to be a falsehood; he was known to have exhibited a pistol at a saloon close by when the murdered man was found; and, finally, a revolver found in his room was shown to have chambers just fitted for bullets of the size taken from McCann's head. Now, however, a man named Thomas Brooks comes forward to say that the deceased died by a pistol shot from his hand, fired at him as he attempted to board his team, as he believed, for the purpose of robbery. As he fired his horses started, and he could not pull them up for half a mile, and had no idea that he had killed the man. Reading in the papers of the discovery of the dead body on the spot where he fired, he delivered himself up and now awaits trial. Wagner was, of course, discharged, though he evidently owes his liberty entirely to Brooks' candor.

"Come Home; the Beans are Burning."

Last Sunday morning a family living in the suburbs of the city went to a suburban church, leaving a little girl about seven years of age and a boy about twelve years of age in charge of the house. The church was situated but a short distance from the house. The family were to have beans for dinner, and these were left in a vessel on the stove to cook. The little girl while playing, suddenly began to smell the odor of burnt beans, upon which she rushed out of the house over into the church where the pastor was gravely and earnestly preaching the profound word of God. The first person of the family the little girl espied was a young lady cousin, and to her in a loud voice which startled the assemblage considerably, she cried, "Come home, come home, the beans are burning," and immediately rushed out again. The astonishment was great, and all the solemnity of the preacher as well as of the congregation disappeared beneath a broad smile at the ridiculousness of the matter.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

How to Look at Pictures.

Most people understand the principle of the stereoscope. They know that when nature is looked at with both eyes, each eye sees a somewhat different view—though from the way in which these views are combined the difference is not generally recognized—and that in order to give the true appearance of objects, receding and standing apart from each other (as viewed with both eyes), two different pictures must be taken, which must likewise be combined by means of lenses, as is done in the stereoscope; and when this is properly managed, the pictures no longer look like flat surfaces, but like the things themselves they are intended to represent, the objects all appearing to be in actual *bona fide* relief. That a great deal more is seen with two eyes than with one (when looking at things around) can easily be shown by simply holding up a finger at a span's length from the face, and at the same time looking at a small object behind it (such as a thimble) at a distance of a yard or two off. It will be found impossible to make the finger hide the thimble with both eyes open; but if one eye be shut, the finger can at once be made to conceal the thimble from the sight. Again, should a single painting such as that of a statue in a niche in the wall, may be so well executed that at a considerable distance it is almost impossible to decide whether it is a statue or only a representation of one—and people have been deceived by such mural paintings when looking, for instance, from the boxes of a theatre to the walls opposite, under the influence of artificial light—still, there are no means at present known, or likely to be known, by which a single drawing, (of landscape, scenery, shipping, buildings, and so forth), whatever its truthfulness or excellence, can be made to represent at a distance, say of from two to five feet, what would be seen with both eyes when looking upon the shipping, buildings, etc., or what would be seen when two stereoscopic pictures are combined, though a single drawing can, and often does, represent very exactly the scene presented to one eye by nature.

The conclusion to be drawn from this is that the proper mode of looking at a drawing or picture is to do so with one eye only, for if looked at with both eyes, you can immediately detect that it is a mere picture on a flat surface (because, as before stated, there must then be two pictures to make a perfect deception), whereas, if only one eye is used, and the head is held perfectly still, then (as the mind is under precisely the same circumstances as it would be if the real objects themselves were being looked at with one eye, and having no means of detecting any difference between the representation and the real things represented) at a short distance a drawing, after a few seconds, does almost seem to be a stereoscope, or no longer appears as a mere flat surface; and this is the point to which we wish to draw attention. The same reasoning will of course apply to photographs and good sized engravings, especially to those of buildings (such as the Forem at Rome), cloisters, and interiors, and views of bare trees. Whether the foregoing explanation accounts for the phenomenon or not, there can be no doubt that the pleasure of quietly studying good drawings will be greatly enhanced by looking at them with one eye only.

Scandal.

There is nothing in social life more ignoble and contemptible than what Byron calls "the abominable tittle-tattle" of those who delight in circulating scandal, who glean, and even while they profess to deplore, the details of a slanderous story, whose very manner of deprecating credence in the tale confirms the listener's belief in its truthfulness. How many there are of these mischief-makers in every circle, who know how, with a skillful touch, to heighten the tints of a slanderous rumor with insinuations worse than open lies, because they can not be met by open denial; by mingling sneers with smiles, and by a pretense of candor. And the pity of it is that they shound find so many people willing to listen; that so many would rather believe evil than good of their neighbor. Nothing spreads like a scandal, and the worse and more unlikely it is the more readily it obtains circulation and credence. Society has quite as much to blame as the scandal-mongers themselves. It is as mean and disgraceful to listen to a slander as to utter one.

It is a common trick with slanderers and scandal-mongers to scatter their vile inventions broadcast among the community, and then point triumphantly to the widespread circulation their stories have obtained as confirmation of their truth. They bespatter a man with mud, and cry out upon him for a dirty fellow. "Calumniate! calumniate!" is their motto; "some of it will stick." Perhaps the most effective, as well as the meanest, way of slandering is to do it with affected pain and reluctance, as if well-nigh heart-broken at hearing evil things whispered round about a man so dearly loved and honored. An adept in this method of slander can work infinite mischief.

There is something marvelous in the way a slander grows as it passes from mouth to mouth, well illustrated by the well-known story of three black crows. Without intending, perhaps, to exaggerate or be untruthful, each one who repeats the story adds something of his own, and by the time it has gone the rounds of society it has grown into a hideous Frankenstein, a monster of untruth and maligulty. This may be tested by the game of "exaggeration," where one whispers a story, couched in as few words as possible, to the person sitting next him. He repeats it in the ear of his neighbor, and so on through a circle of ten or twelve, each one trying to tell the story just as he heard it. The last person in the circle tells it aloud, and in nine cases out of ten it will be found that it has gained something every time it has been told. The moral of all this is expressed in the line already quoted from Tennyson, "Speak no slander; no, nor listen to it."

SPEAKING about races and racers, what a terrible amount of interest is evinced of late years by the ladies who visit Saratoga in the success of their favorite horses. Formerly they limited their debts to a pair, or, perhaps, a box of kid gloves. Now-a-days, however, they purchase their French pool ticket just as carelessly—as the greatest gambler, whose living depends upon his favorite coming first. Last season I remember well seeing a very handsome widow lady drive out each race day in company with a grass widower, and taking her position on the grand stand, select her horse, and then send "Old Baldy" down to the pool-shed to buy her one or more tickets.—*Saratoga letter.*

A WRITER who has flirted with the women of Paraguay says: "Only imagine yourself about to salute the red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin and flashing with diamonds, as she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the other she draws forth from her mouth a brownish-black roll of tobacco quite two inches long, looking like a monster grub, and then, depositing the savory lozenge on the brim of your sombrero, puts up her face and is ready for a salute. However, one soon gets used to this in Paraguay, where you are, per force of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to."

OLD DIGGLYBONES.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

You would think from his name that he was old and wrinkled, bent and brown, with a dreadfully cunning, wicked face; but he isn't at all. His cheeks are round and soft and downy, and pink like peaches; and he has such a bright, innocent look that he walks into your heart at once without knocking.

We call him Digglybones because he is so fond of the play in which a dreadful wicked old man steals all the lady's children and turns them into pies; the poor lady, heartbroken for her loss, goes to the baker's to console herself with a pie. She calls for gooseberry but no sooner has she received it than she exclaims:

"Mercy me! This is my daughter Amelia!" Then old Digglybones cries out "Pie, pie, pie," and chases her home. If he catches her he gets Amelia back, and the poor mother has to go pie-buying again.

You would never think that our little round-cheeked boy would be able to run fast enough to make a successful Digglybones, his legs are so fat and so short, but he can catch the mother and get Amelia back four times out of five.

He has a big sister named Rose; he calls her Wosie with his little unmanageable tongue, and thinks she is the most wonderfully wise, perfectly beautiful, dearest and best sister in the wide world.

Wosie is eighteen and still goes to school, where her anxious teachers haven't half such a high opinion of her as Digglybones has; though they can't help liking her after knowing her a little.

There is a tall young fellow with black eyes and a great mustache who comes to see her sometimes, and I really believe that he quite agrees with Digglybones in his high opinion of Wosie; at least the little boy put his naughty eye up to the keyhole of the parlor door one day and saw the black mustache as near wosie's mouth as his own sweet lips ever got.

One fine summer morning while Digglybones was building an Indian fort with his blocks in the dinning-room table, there came a terrific peal at the door-bell.

"Land!" cried grandmother, nearly leaping out of her seat. "What do people want to ring that bell in that style for? It's set me all in a flutter. Run to the door, pet."

Grandmother doesn't call him Digglybones; she thinks it is a dreadful name.

When, after no small amount of tugging, he succeeded in opening the door, he found the postman there, not looking so very pleasant as he might, because he had been kept waiting so long. "Here, bub," he said, "here's a letter for you; and don't let the grass grow under your feet another time."

Digglybones was so astonished about the grass that he let the letter fall out of his hand, and did not shut his mouth or pick the letter up until the postman had disappeared, and might have stood there longer if his mother had not called out to him to shut the door quick, before the house was full of flies.

When he took the letter into grandmother the good old lady read the direction aloud:

"Miss Rose Stillingfleet. City."

"Land!" she said, "I guess that's from Mr. Alford. I wouldn't wonder if Rosie would give the best two bits she ever saw to get this letter. Well, put it on the table in her own room, dear."

Digglybones trudged off up stairs with it, thinking all the time, as hard as he could think with his busy little brain; he had never breathed a word of his putting his eye up to the keyhole, for he had a strong suspicion that everybody, from grandmother down, would strongly disapprove of such a performance on his part; but he hadn't forgotten it all, and he "guessed" that Mr. Alford, the owner of the black mustache, was the most dangerous rival he had; and he thought to himself that Wosie *would* give two bits to get the letter.

After a while Digglybones knocked down his Indian fort and went out of doors to play; he knocked at Jimmy Lee's back door and asked Mrs. Lee, in his sweet voice, "Could pease Jimmy come out doors and play soldier?"

But Mrs. Lee said Jimmy had gone in town with his auntie, and wouldn't be back until lunch-time; so Digglybones' played soldier by himself for a little while.

But he found it exceedingly dull to be captain, lieutenant, company and everything, and began to wish he had some company, or somebody to play with, he didn't care which.

"Grandma," he said, straying into the house, "I wish you would give me five cents."

"What for, pet?" said grandmother, who had been reduced to the verge of bankruptcy by Digglybones already.

"I want some tandy."

"It isn't good for you," replied grandmother. "Some of these days some dady will say, 'Why hasn't that nice little boy any teeth?' and somebody will have to answer, 'Because his naughty grandma gave him so much candy.'"

"Then I can buy teeth like yours," answered Digglybones; "I want some tandy anyway."

Poor grandmother shook her head, and that day she was proof against teasing, although Digglybones teased his best.

He found his mother equally untractable, and then his busy little brain began to think; and he thought, among other things, that Wosie had some "five centses," and if he gave her that letter she would give him some of them. Grandma had said that she would give two bits to get that letter, and he was sure there was a good many "five centses" in two bits; and visions of an unlimited amount of candy passed before him.

He knew the school where Wosie went, and was sure he could find it; he had watched her go down street so many times.

So, without saying a word to anybody, he put the letter in his little jacket pocket and started off. The letter stuck up so high that it scraped his soft skin, so he doubled it up and crowded it down. He walked along very complacently, with his ragged straw hat on one side, totally unconscious that his face was dirty and his hair in his eyes; in fact, he felt perfectly satisfied with himself.

By and by it occurred to him that he was pretty hungry, and it was queer that he did not find the high school. "My dacious!" he thought to himself, I wonder if Wosie doesn't get awful tired going to school." He thought a little rest would do him no harm, so he found a nice, shady doorstep, and sat down.

When he put Mr. Alford's letter into his pocket he had felt something hard in it, and now, being reduced to great necessity, he much wondered if that something hard wasn't something to eat.

"Perhaps," thought Digglybones to himself, "it is five cents. I dess it is, and I dess Wosie would just as lieve dive it to me as not."

He could not imagine a tenderer mark of affection on Mr. Alford's part than his inclosing five cents to Wosie.

He opened the letter as carefully as his clumsy little fingers could do it, and out slipped—not something to eat, and not five cents, but a round, firm curl cliped from Mr. Alford's black, curly head.

"O dear!" said Digglybones, disgusted.

He tried to slip it back again, but his small fingers were "all thumbs," and it slipped down to the sidewalk beside him; he thought, however, that he had got it in again all safe, and he stuffed the letter back into his pocket, feeling rather dubions about what Wosie would say when she found that he had opened it.

Not being in the habit of borrowing trouble, however, Digglybones dismissed the subject from his mind and started off again on his journey.

The farther he walked the more forcibly it occurred to him that it was queer that he did not find the High School; and the more certain he was that he felt decidedly hungry.

These two circumstances together caused Digglybones' spirits to descend to zero, and putting his fingers in his mouth and rubbing his eyes with his dirty fist he began to cry.

For some time he walked along, crying harder and harder every minute, and nobody noticed him; but at last a brown eyed gentleman, who, perhaps, had a half-dozen little brown eyed children at home, stopped Digglybones and said:

"What's the matter, little man?"

Digglybones took his fist away from his eye to see who it was that had spoken to him; and being won at once by the kindly light of the brown eyes he took his finger out of his mouth and answered:

"Please, sir, I want to find the high school; and I hain't had no lunch, and I'm hungry!"

The last words came out with a bellow that would have made grandmother's heart ache for her pet if she could have heard it.

"Hungry!" said the gentleman, who could not suppress a grin at the nature of Digglybones' complaint. "Well, well, my boy, we'll soon cure that. Now tell me which high school you wish to find, the boys' or the girls'?"

This was a poser for Digglybones, who instantly clapped his finger into his mouth again to consider the subject; and he came out bravely.

"I want to find Wosie," he said.

"Ah, ha!" said the gentleman. "Is Rosie your sister?"

Digglybones nodded.

"Take my hand," said his new friend, "and we will find something to eat first, and Rosie afterward."

They walked along together very confidentially indeed; for the indiscreet Digglybones told the gentleman all about Wosie's letter, and what grandmother had said, and what his naughty eye saw at the parler keyhole, and the curl of black hair that had dropped out of the letter; all of which made the gentleman laugh so uproariously that Digglybones was profoundly astonished. He filled his little companion's pockets with cakes, candy and nuts, however, so that the little boy could not feel hurt at his laughter, and took him to the very steps of the high school.

"Where is your letter, my little man?" he said. "Let me see the curl." Digglybones took out the letter and shook it, but no curl fell out; then the gentleman took the letter and shook; and all in vain.

"Why, my boy," he said, "what will Rosie say to you? You've lost the curl of hair."

Digglybones looked a little puzzled and worried for a moment, but his face soon cleared, and he replied, very calmly:

"Oh! Wosie can det another; his head is all covered with 'em."

When even the gentleman took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, and shook very hard; Digglybones looking on wonderingly.

Just then a young girl came down the steps, and the young gentleman said:

"Can you tell me if Miss Rose Stillingfleet attends school here?"

"Yes, sir, she does," said the young girl.

"Will you take this little boy so that he can find her?"

"Certainly," she answered.

"Good-by, then, my boy," said the brown-eyed gentleman, patting Digglybones' head, and then, walking away.

Perhaps he told his brown-eyed children that night about the funny, dirty-faced little boy whom he met, out hunting for "Wosie."

The young girl led the way up-stairs and, opening the door, ushered poor, shocking-looking little Digglybones into a room full of neat, pretty young ladies.

"This little boy wants to see Miss Stillingfleet," said the young girl to the teacher.

Wosie stood