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Life.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

An infant wailing in nameless fear;
A shadow, perchance, in the quiet room,
Or the hum of an insect flying near,
Or the screech-owl's cry, in the outer gloom.

A little child on the sun checked floor,
A broken toy, and a tear stained face.
A young life clouded, a young heart sore;
And the great clock, time, ticks on apace.

A maiden weeping in bitter pain,
Two white hands clasped on an aching brow.
A blighted faith and a fond hope slain,
A shattered trust and a broken vow.

A matron holding a baby's shoe,
The hot tears gather, and fall at will
On the knotted ribbon of white and blue,
For the foot that wore it is cold and still.

An aged woman upon her bed,
Worn, and wearied, and poor and old,
Longing to rest with the happy dead,
And thus the story of life is told.

Where is the season of careless glee?
Where is the moment that holds no pain?
Life has its crosses from infancy
Down to the grave; and its hopes are vain.

—*Chimney Corner.*

"SHE HAS OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS."

Not long since a good-looking man in middle life came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied, "I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with some hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother had outlived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us sons and daughters; and as we could not find any one who would board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved about when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor and returned to the nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours; those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger: for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" These cruel, heartless words rung in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten——rang out the tale of her sports upon the greensward, in the meadow and beside the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen spoke more gravely of school-days and little household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Nineteen, brought before us the happy bride. Twenty, spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the loves, and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty, each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children.

Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but, hark, the bell tolls on! Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, and after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four. Ah, she is now a second child—now "she has outlived her usefulness; she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody;" that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance—we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love—sat on her marble features. Her children were there clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him, and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim His promises when heart and flesh failed them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently, "From a little child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all of these her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she has passed most of her life, toiling, as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home here clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health and strength left her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she had been to you of late.

"When you go back to your homes, be careful of your example before your own children: for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say in the presence of your families nor of heaven: 'Our mother had out-lived her usefulness—she was a burden to us.' Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that! No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures."

Adieu, then, poor toil-worn mother; there are no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed.

"The Fellow that Looks Like Me."

Mrs. Grinnell lives at Newark, Ohio. She once had a husband. Mr. Grinnell, don't reside at Newark much. Joe is easily satisfied, and is of a changeful disposition; consequently he "weakened" on Mrs. Joe in three weeks after marriage. But Mrs. Joe proposed to have a husband, and started three policemen on Mr. Joe's track. While on Joe's track they also got on the track of the New Jersey Central railroad, in front of a locomotive. On the locomotive was Thomas Palmer—called Tom for short. At sight of Tom these gallant guardians made a rush for him. One of them seized Mr. Palmer, accompanying the movement with the exclamation, "Joe, I want you." As Tom was not accustomed to being handled so roughly he mildly protested, and furthermore informed the trio that they had evidently mistaken their man. "No we havn't," chimed in the largest of the party, "you're just the bird we want; come along with us, or there will be trouble in the camp." The loud talk of the officer and the protestations of Palmer attracted to the spot the brakemen of the train, the conductor, and numbers of the passengers.

As the time for the departure of the train had arrived, the conductor mildly expostulated with the officers, and informed them that they were entirely mistaken in regard to Palmer. His name was not "Joe," nor had he ever been guilty of a mean action. "Besides," said the conductor, "I cannot spare him; here is my train ready to go, and how can the engineer possibly get along without a fireman? If you persist in arresting him, come to Jersey City and do so he will not run away." This exasperated the officers, who seemed perfectly blind to justice, and they pulled Palmer from the car and started up the street, cursing, an officer on each side of the prisoner and one in the rear. The railroad men grew maddened at this outrage and pistols were drawn, and a rescue would have been attempted had not several influential gentlemen interfered who witnessed the scene. Palmer was pulled and hauled, and fairly dragged through the streets, and finally brought to standstill in front of a cottage four or five blocks from the depot. One of the officers stepped to the door and knocked, an elderly female opened the door and the four entered.

Palmer had faced death on the rail, had met the foe on the field of battle but this strange and startling denoument was utterly beyond his comprehension, and for once in his life his teeth began to chatter. The gas was lit by the same female, and then for the first time after they had entered the room, the silence was broken by the large officer, who said: "Madame, we have got your truant husband." This was a stunner for poor Tom. "My God, gentlemen, what does all this mean?" he said; "I am as innocent as a babe. I assure you there has been a great mistake, or else there has been a plot laid to ruin me." Turning to the woman: do I resemble your husband?" At this the woman, after eagerly scanning his face, answered in the negative, and the prisoner was at once released, and he ran to the depot, where he found the train still standing, and an excited crowd talking over the outrage. He resumed his usual station, and the train arrived at Jersey City an hour behind time. Here Tom found out what the trouble was, and started for his home whistling the tune, "The fellow that looks like me."

Who, when his brother asks for bread, would give him a serpent? Yet how often when the sick ask for medicine, they receive poison. Mercury, iodine, strychnine and prussic acid, are prescribed daily, and the larger the dose the more heroic the practice! Shun all deadly minerals, and concentrated vegetable poisons. Let Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters be the first resort of all who suffer from general debility, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, intermittent fever or rheumatism. They will need no other medicine.

The British Census Returns.

Thirty-two thousand men began on the 3d instant to take the census returns of Great Britain. An interesting circular from the Registrar General, concerning this enumeration, contains the following:

The first census was taken under Mr. Pitts' Administration in 1801. It was the year of the Union with Ireland; a year of famine, and a year of sanguinary war with France, having the Northern Confederacy for its allies. England in 1871 will take her census in peace. The population of Great Britain was estimated at 7,392,000 in 1751. Manufactures and the large towns increased, but emigration was commencing, and some country villages were deserted in the last half of the century. Dr. Price contended that there was an absolute decay of the population. This gave rise to a protracted controversy which, in the critical state of the country, it was important to clear up. The population of Great Britain was hence enumerated in 1801, and amounted to 10,834,623, which with that of Ireland, made above 16,000,000. This was a triumphant reply to the doubts of those who despaired of their country. Notwithstanding the war, the population increased, as the census showed, at the rate of two or three millions every ten years until 1841. Then immense emigrations took place; there was a depopulating famine in Ireland, which had an imperfect Poor Law, and cholera was epidemic; yet the population of Great Britain increased, and although the population of Ireland fell off, the enumerated people of the United Kingdom, including the islands in the British Seas, amounted to 27,724,849 in 1851, and to 29,321,288 in 1861. Since those dates there have been great emigrations, but the marriages have increased, the births have exceeded the deaths, and the mortality of the towns have been diminished by sanitary measures.

What Vaccination has Done to Check the Scourge of Small-Pox.

From "Nature."

It is a well known fact that when persons have once had the small-pox they seldom or never take it again, and that the disease known as cow-pox is modified form of small-pox, and that persons who have had this modified form of small-pox are as little liable to take the disease as those who have had the small-pox itself. This was the great discovery of Jenner, and the discovery of vaccination has more than realized the hopes of its discoverer and his friends. Where vaccination has been carried out with energy, and communities by wise laws or individual action have seen that every child is duly vaccinated, there small pox has not spread. It appears that where communities are all property vaccinated, there, even if an isolated case of small-pox does occur, it has no pabulum to feed on, and it does not spread. It is only when the small-pox contagion is communicated to unvaccinated persons that the disease is set up, and has sufficient vitality to spread through a community. Forty-five millions of persons died in Europe from small-pox in the century preceding the introduction of vaccination, while it is calculated that it has not killed more than two millions of persons in Europe since the introduction of vaccination. In London, during the last century, one death in every fourteen was due to small-pox. Up to the present time in this century not more than one-fiftieth of the persons who have died in London have died of this disease. Greater differences than even these have been observed in some of the cities and towns of the Continent of Europe. At Trieste the deaths from small-pox have been seventy-five times less than before vaccination; in Maravia, twenty-one times less; in Silesia, twenty-nine times less; in Westphalia, twenty-five times less; and in Berlin, nineteen times less.

Shall Women Speak in Meeting?

This is one of the questions continually agitated, never settled, and talk about it calls to the mind of the *Independent* an incident which took place in the lecture room of an eminent Baptist minister of New England, whose reputation for conservatism is in all the churches. At the weekly prayer meeting a good woman present, who did not happen to know that it was not the custom for women to open their mouths in that lecture room, knelt down and lifted up her voice in a fervant and touching petition. The breath of a warmer clime filled the room where they were sitting the ice of the meeting was thawed, and the courtly doctor himself, whose opinions were well known to be quite adverse to such practices, was on his feet in a moment after the prayer had closed. "I am sure, my friends," he said, "that we have all been greatly delighted and profited by what we have heard. It is true that St. Paul says something about its being a shame for a woman to speak in the church; but Paul has no reference to anything of this sort. What Paul referred to was this: Paul was speaking of—Paul meant—the fact is, brethren and sisters, I don't know what Paul did mean." That was the last time Paul was ever quoted on this subject in that lecture. Several of the brethren who lately spoke in a conference in Brooklyn confessed that they had strong prejudices against the practice; but that these prejudices had always yielded when the experiment of allowing women to speak had had a fair trial. A prejudice that dissolves in tears at the sound of a woman's voice in prayer, is hardly worth cultivating.

A Dirty Fling.—A preacher at a camp-meeting in the West delivered a discourse which chiefly turned upon the affectionate regard of Naaman for the land where he was cleansed from his leprosy. Alluding to Naaman's request to be permitted to take two mule-loads of the earth back to his own country, of course he applied to his own conversion. Warming to his subject, he remarked that if he could go back to Old England he could point out the spot where he knelt when he was converted. "And," said he," "I often feel like Naaman. If I could get two pints of that dirt I would not give it for all that I have eaten at the boarding-tent since I came upon this ground."

Bluebird's—'Tis said the little birds feel blue, because their bills are over dew.

Mr. Darwin's Experience with Monkeys and Snakes.

In "The Descent of Man," Mr. Darwin gives this account of some of his experiments:

Brehm gives a curious account of the instinctive dread which his monkeys exhibited towards snakes; but their curiosity was so great that they could not desist from occasionally satiating their horror in a most human fashion, by lifting up the lid of the box in which the snakes were kept. I was so much surprised at his account that I took a stuffed and coiled-up snake into the monkey house at the Zoological Gardens, and the excitement thus caused was one of the most curious spectacles which I ever beheld. Three species of Cercopithecus were the most alarmed; they dashed about their cages and uttered sharp signal cries of danger, which were understood by the monkeys and one old Anubis baboon alone took no notice of the snake. I then placed the stuffed specimen on the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected around it in a large circle, and staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous; so that when a wooden ball, with which they were familiar as a plaything, was accidentally moved in the straw, under which it was partly hidden, they all instantly started away. These monkeys behaved very different when a dead fish, a mouse, and some other new object was placed in their cages; for though at first frightened, they soon approached, handled, and examined them. I then placed a live snake in a paper bag, with the mouth loosely closed, in one of the large compartments. One of the monkeys immediately approached, cautiously opened the bag a little, peeped in and instantly dashed away. Then I witnessed what Brehm had described, for monkey after monkey, with head raised high and turned on one side, could not resist taking momentary peeps into the upright bag, at the dreadful object lying quiet at the bottom. It would almost appear as if monkeys had some notion of zoological affinities, for those kept by Brehm exhibited a strange, though mistaken, instinctive dread of innocent lizards and frogs. An orang, also, has been known to be much alarmed at the sight of a turtle.

Tale of a Handkerchief.

There is one touching incident in the life of William Wirt. In his younger days he was a victim to the passion for intoxicating drinks which seems particularly the bane of our profession. Affianced to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, he had made and broken repeated pledges of amendment, and she, after patiently and kindly enduring his disgraceful habit, had at length dismissed him, deeming him incorrigible. Their next meeting, after his dismissal, was in a public street in the city of Richmond. William Wirt lay drunk and asleep, on the sidewalk, on a hot summer day, the rays of the sun pouring down on his uncovered head, and the flies crawling over his swollen features.

As the young lady approached in her walk, her attention was attracted by the spectacle, strange to her eyes, but alas! so common to others who knew the victim, as to attract little remark. She did not at first recognize the sleeper, and was about to hasten on, when she was led by one of those impulses which form the turning points in human life, to scrutinize his features. What was her emotion when she recognized in him her discarded lover! She drew forth her handkerchief and carefully spread it over his face, and hurried away. When Wirt came to himself he found the handkerchief, and in one corner the initials of the beloved name. With a heart almost breaking with grief and remorse, he made a new vow of reformation. He kept that vow and married the owner of that handkerchief.

The Hindoo Suttee—A New Explanation.

It has been generally believed that by the act of suttee Hindoo wives declare their undying attachment to their husbands, but Dr. Chever, in his recent work on Indian Medical Jurisprudence, traces the custom to a very different origin. He brings forward authorities to show that the Brahmins themselves invented the law as a means of self protection against their wives. Before its introduction the wives were in the habit of avenging themselves on their husbands for neglect and cruelty by mixing poison with their food, and at last things came to such a height that the least matrimonial quarrel resulted in the husband's death. An easier remedy for the evil might have been found in permitting the wife to eat out of the same dish as the husband, but this would involve too wide a departure from the customs of society; and it must be admitted that there is a peculiar refinement of cruelty in the expedient adopted which would commend itself to the Asiatic mind. Of late years the law of suttee has been occasionally set at defiance, but the widow cannot altogether escape the consequence of her husband's death. His family degrade her, and put her to the most menial duties in the house.

A Baptist Church With a Private Box In It.

Hunter's Point is a suburb of New York, familiar to all who approach that city by the way of the East river. It now receives new notice by reason of a unique Baptist church which has there been erected, largely through the efforts of Mrs. Horace Waters. There are two main galleries in the church, and adjoining one of them is a small inclosed gallery, very much like a private box at a theatre, which is intended for the accommodation of the friends of parties who are to be baptized. The baptistry, of which this "box" commands a fine view, of course, is described as the characteristic feature of the church, being of pure white marble, and one of the finest in the country. It is in the rear of the pulpit platform, above which its glistening front rises eighteen inches. The wall around is wainscoted with marble, and stairs of the same material lead to dressing-rooms beyond. The interior walls of the church, as well as the arching timbers of the roof, are painted white, with red traceries, and the ceiling is a light lavender color.

The weather in England is favorable to the growing crops.

Miscellaneous.

The steamer City of Brussels made the run from Queenstown to New York in 8 days and 17 hours.

The New York ladies are wanting paniers larger than ever. They do say that they find newspapers a good substitute for the steel springs.

The newest bonnet is called th "Congress." Fashionable milliner say a new style now comes out every two hours.

A Boston paper mentions an individual there who clasps his hands so fervently in prayer that he can't get them open when the contribution box is passed round.

Lavender kids, ten-cent paper cuffs, eye-glasses and paste diamonds are considered quite the the thing at the opera house now.

During last month nearly 750 carriages were shipped from Amesbury, Mass., and it is estimated that 10,000 will be constructed this year, and that the pay of the workmen will be fully $500,000.

The last scientific sounding experiments in the Atlantic show an upper stratum of warm water, 700 to 800 fathoms deep, moving northward, and the entire deeper stratum below, of almost icy coldness, moving southward from the Arctic basin.

Some ingenious miscreant has contrived a method of transporting that most diabolical of all beverages, pulque—the national liquor of Mexico—without exciting fermentation; and there is a probability that the infernal stuff will soon find its way into the American market, and down American throats. A gallon of it will eat up an ordinary demijohn in a week.

Miss Cozins is credited with the following chemical illustration of marriage: "A molecule of oxygen roaming lonely through space, seeking for its mate, but finding none, when of a sudden in some hideous nook it discovers a molecule of hydrogen, when lo! there is a rush, an embrace, and there is neither any more oxygen nor hydrogen, but a diamond drop of dew reposing on the bosom of the lily."

The Sioux City *Journal* says: "We were yesterday shown a specimen of fine, clear syrup, made by Miss Ella Bellowsfield, last March, in the valley of Rock River, in Sioux county, from the sap gathered in the usual manner from trees of the soft maple variety. This is the first sample of the kind we have ever seen. It is represented to us that the quantity is only limited by the number of trees, and that the yield is sufficiently large to make the manufacture of the syrup an important branch of industry during the sugar season."

The Petroleum Regions—Their Present Condition.

The Titusville *Herald* sums up the condition of the petroleum region at the end of March. The production of oil during the month of March shows an average daily decline for the month of nearly 900 barrels, or 13,531 barrels per day against 14,381 in the month preceding, and a total yield for March of 419,468 barrels. With a few exceptions there was a steady decline in the production of nearly every tract in the region, which though not large in any single locality, aggregated the amount mentioned throughout the producing districts. The largest increase for the month occurred in the vicinity of Pithole, and at this point did not exceed 70 barrels per day. In the vicinity of Rouseville several farms show a slight increase, but this was counteracted by the falling off on other tracts in that vicinity, which was greater in the aggregate than the increase. A large number of farms show no change in the production, while others vary so little as not to require mention.

At Parker's Landing the number of drilling wells increased considerably during the month, and developments are progressing in a Westerly and Southwesterly direction, while the completion of several good paying wells in the vicinity of Bear Creek has kept up the production in this district, and shows the limits of this territory are far from being defined as yet, and from the developments in progress, there is reason to believe that this will be one of the most important oil fields for months to come, and the production in all probability maintained at its present figures throughout the coming summer.

The shipments of petroleum by rail and river, during March, exceeded those of February by about forty-one thousand barrels. Following is a recapitulation of the shipments:

To	Bbls.
New York	109,658
Cleveland	109,000
Boston	13,849
Philadelphia	40,631
Pittsburgh	79,147
Other points	19,188
Total	371 331

Curiosities of Color.—An English magazine writer, writing of colors and their durability in reference to dress, gives some interesting particulars of the infinite diversity of shades. Although 2,000 different shades of color can be dyed at present, this number gives but a faint idea of the effects that might be produced by a continually varying admixture of one hue with another. Sax-blue counts from 20 to 24 shades produced by manufacturers in printed cottons, linen, and silks, and a still greater variety could be furnished if demanded. In royal blue, there are this season from 24 to 28 varieties in the light middle shades. Scarlet has from 30 to 40 shades; crimson, the same number. Yellow has from 40 to 50 shades. The writer adds: "Scarlet, so rarely seen in ladies' dresses, may be termed the emperor of colors, and is very beautiful in its light middle, and rich and dazzling in its middle shades, and in certain combinations looks elegant in connection with a silver-gray or an olive."

Decidedly the best remedy that has ever been discovered for rheumatism, swoolen or stiff joints, flesh wounds, sprains, bruises, cuts, and burns, is *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* We use it, and always recommend it to our friends.

If your house is mortgaged, insure your life in The Mutual Life of Chicago for a sufficient amount to cover the mortgage.

Foreign Gossip.

Peach trees were in blossom in England on the 25th of March.

Swedish brandy is flavored with red ants.

Sebastopol is now being fortified by the Russian Government on a gigantic scale. Thus vanishes the last vestige of the Crimean war.

The world moves; one hundred and forty-nine books were published last year in Constantinople.

One of the high officials of Japan is the Lord of the Forty-five Umbrellas, and another the Supreme Controller of the Golden Poodles.

The fortress of Bitche has not yet surrendered, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, and the French flag still floats over it.

Ponson du Terrail, the most popular and productive novelist in France under the Second Empire, who died suddenly at Bordeaux, after his return from Germany, left the manuscripts of sixteen unpublished novels.

The house of Emile Erckmann, the novelist, at Phalsburg, was almost entirely destroyed by the bombardment of the fortress, it is stated, and his loss is set down at $40,000. He is reported to be in great grief over a number of favorite books, pictures, and articles of bijouterie.

Theophile Gautier, the renowned literary animal-fancier, had at the beginning of the siege of Paris 150 cats, and at the capitulation discovered that his feline stock had been reduced to nine, owing to the roving habits which made them a prey to the hungry population. Even of the nine, four had their tails shot away. Gautier is sorely troubled over his losses, as his love of cats, he says, passes the love of women.

Sandal-wood was formerly obtained by the East India Company in large quantities from the Fejee Islands. As many as seven large Indiamen have been known to be lying at anchor in one of the bays at once, waiting for cargoes of the precious wood. The trees have been felled with such reckless improvidence, that on the shores of this same bay a solitary sapling, planted by a missionary, is now the only living sandal-tree for many miles around.

Love Through a Speaking Tube.

There is a story told of a young man who got into trouble through his persistent folly in reading the newspapers! It seems that he saw an account of how lovers in Seville, when they are forbidden to visit their hearts' delight, stand under the young ladies' windows at night, and converse with them through a hollow tin tube made in sections, so that it can be shut together like a spy-glass and used as a cane. This youth loved a damsel whose father regarded his love's young dreams as an inferior kind of nightmare which had to be shaken off at all hazards. So he refused to permit the dreamer to come to his house. Well, this infatuated one went right down to a tinner and procured about forty feet of tin tubing, which closed up into the smallest possible space. Then he used to go round in the evening, unreef his speaking trumpet, and run it up to the second story back window, where his angel was, and roost out on the fence, whispering all kinds of sweet things along through that forty feet of pipe. This was all very nice as far as it went. But one evening the eagle-eyed old man came to the room door with a pitcher full of hot water in his hand and sent his daughter off suddenly on an errand. Then the despicable old man called down the pipe in a falsetto voice until the youth had placed his ear against it, and then——! There was only about a quart of hot water, but it was sufficient to make one side of the young lover's face resemble an underdone tenderloin steak. When his friends ask him what is the matter, he says he has been down in the country and has been sunburned; but he is convinced that Spanish customs—take them as a whole—are abominable!

"Property Is Robbery"—The Old and New French Lesson.

A letter, printed in large type, is published in the official journal of Paris, in which the writer points out the equity and possibility of compelling the owners of property in France to bear exclusively the burden of meeting the German indemnity. He divides the population into five classes, ranging from extreme opulence to the lowest poverty, and sets forth their possessions in due arithmetical progression. The total value of the entire real and personal property in France he estimates at 310 milliards. In the possession of the first class, comprising 7,200,000 households, and including workmen's clothes and tools, he reckons 10 milliards, or 400 millions sterling. The second class, of 3,600,000 households, comprising workmen on their own account and laborers with small possessions of land, is credited with 20 milliards, or 800 millions sterling. The third class, the smaller shopkeepers and retail dealers, taken as representing 1,800,000 families, with a total property of 40 milliards, or 1,600 millions sterling. The fourth class—the wholesale dealers and upper middle classes—are assumed to possess property worth 80 milliards, or 3,200 millions sterling; while the fifth class, including the great landowners and capitalists, and comprising 450,000 families, is represented as possessing property of the aggregate value of 160 milliards, or 6,400 millions sterling. The writer concludes from this statement that the proper course to pursue is "to impose a tax of 3 or 1 per cent. upon the fortunes of the last-mentioned class, which is comprised in great part of the organizers or the favorites of the Imperial banditti; and by that means the amount required to satisfy German rapacity will be easily raised.

Daniel Webster once penned the following beautiful sentiments: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble to the dust; if we work upon the tablets of the human heart and imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we may engrave upon these tables something which will be brightened for all eternity.

Red Hand.

Next to her spirit-like face—
Or I almost would rank it before—
Is my beautiful lady's glorious hand,
Beckoning on, like a magic wand,
To Love's own exquisite fairyland
Upon Phantasy's golden shore.

Veil it, O, never veil,
Even with the delicate glove!
Its beauties unadorned must be,
That I may study mesmerismry,
And in its whiteness an emblem see
Of my lady's heart of love.

Garnish with never ring
Even of gems most rare;
'Twere to gild the gold from nature's mint,
Man's image in place of God's to print,
The painted lily's hues to tint,
To bedeck those fingers fair.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Humorous.

The board of health—A plain diet.

What's the proper age for a parson? The parsonage, of course.

When is an apple like four figures? When it is given one for to ats (1, 4, 2, 8).

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"

A man lately made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. In answer to the the question, "What are the facilities for extinguishing fires?" he wrote: "It rains sometimes."

At a school at Newcastle the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite." After a short pause, one little boy said, "I know, sir; when I'm eatin' I'm 'appy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

A Frenchman took a room in Paris, on condition that the landlady would wake him up every morning at eight o'clock, and tell him the day of the week, the state of the weather, and under what form of government he lived.

A London music firm recently sold a piano and the buyer soon afterward wrote to the dealers that he and his wife couldn't find the place to wind it up; and they wanted to be told at once how to make the thing go. They were told to leave the instrument outside their house for a night or two.

On a certain occasion an editor managed, by a circumlocution of words peculiarly his own, to find a place for the couplet:

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

The hero of the types was just emerging from a protracted and unusually severe period of imbibing, and like the immortal Burns, "saw double." The manuscript was placed in his hands, and when the article appeared the quotation read thus:

"There is a divinity that shapes ous ends rough.
How them how we will."

Burning for a Hundred Years.

The London *News* says: "One of the most curious phenomena in connection with the coal mining is exhibited at the Bank Colliery near Rotherham, the property of Earl Fitzwilliam. This pit caught fire one hundred years ago, and the efforts of the workmen at that time and subsequently, have been quite ineffectual to extinguish it. A short time ago it was ascertained that the flames were approaching the bottom of the shaft, and it was then resolved, if possible, to stay the progress, so that they might not extend to other parts of the workings. At length the superintendent of the collieries, Mr. T. Cooper, conceived the idea of building a wall to shut in the fire, well in order to ascertain the best site for this wall, several of the officials crept on their hands and knees, through the dense stifling smoke, as far as possible into the workings. Their efforts were successful, and a wall is now completed nearly one thousand yards in length, and varying from nine inches to five feet in thickness. At distances varying from thirty to fifty yards metal pipes have been inserted in this, which are securely plugged at the end, so that at any time, by removing the plugs, the state of the air at the other side, and even the fire itself, can be ascertained. So intense is the heat arising from this fire that people possessing gardens above the colliery declare that the growth of plants is materially affected, and that they are enabled to put in two or three crops every year."

A Good Wife.

The following sentences from Archbishop Secker's Wedding Ring, are worth reading twice:

Hast thou a soft heart? It is of God's breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife? She is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, "He is not a man who hath not a woman." Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that man should be alone. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted from the sun of mercy. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding. Let none but those who have found favor in God's eyes find favor in yours. Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wive's infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives should provoke one another to love; and they should love one another notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up in the midst of the family as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing; good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a help let him seek for that lacks one; let him sigh that has lost one; let him delight in that enjoys one.

The balmy zephyrs and moist atmosphere of the past two diurnal periods have gently dissipated the crystallized liquid formations which have of late rendered locomotion hazardous in our thoroughfares. That's the short Boston style of saying the mud is drying up.

The Little Corporal for May is an excellent number, full of pleasing and instructive reading matter for boys and girls, and older people who have young hearts. Terms, $1.50 a year. Send stamp for specimen number and Premium List to John E. Miller, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

We should not hesitate to recommend to any friend of ours, *Parsons' Purgative Pills;* they are scientifically prepared and are adapted to all the purposes of a good purgative medicine.