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Poetry.

BRAVE, WISE AND TRUE.

BRAVE is he
Who conquers and controls himself;
Unswayed by blandishments of fashion,
Unmoved by the appeals of passion,
And the arguments of pelf,
Brave is he.

He is brave
As any at the cannon's throat,
Who dares to add to well-worn leather
A stitch to hold his shoes together,
Or wear a patch upon his coat,
He is brave!

Wise is he
Who has the wit and grace to shun
The debt which brings a scourge to-morrow,
And never feels the bitter sorrow
Of the humiliating dun,
Wise is he!

He is wise
And brave, who unashamed of toil,
Earns the sweet bread he eats with labor,
And never stoops to cheat his neighbor
With the thin sham of shining foil,
He is wise!

True is he
Who woos and wins a maiden true,
Without the plots of villains clever,
For nothing can his love dissever,
While shines the sun or drops the dew,
True is he!

He is true,
Though hard his hand his heart is soft,
Love's tender eyes can soon discover,
A brave man is a constant lover,
His vows are registered aloft.
He is true!

Miscellany.

THE GHOST OF LAWFORD HALL.

[EVERY word of the following story, taken down by me five years ago, from the lips of a lady in Warwickshire, may be relied upon as entirely true, without any addition from my pen.—W. T.]

It is now about thirty years ago that I and my husband, not long after our marriage, went on a visit to Lawford Hall, an old house near Rugby, which I had long desired to see. I remember I posted alone from Coventry, near which town we had been staying, as my husband had gone on two days before to attend to some country races, where the Lawfords were running a favorite horse, and to go hunting the next day with the old baronet. At the last Warwickshire house in which we had been staying, I picked up one wet day, in the library, an old book of trials, which contained allusions to Lawford Hall. For three hours in a cozy nook of that old Elizabethan room—where Vandyke's cavaliers seemed longing to come out of their frames to talk to you—I sat absorbed over a strange and terrible poisoning case which had made all Warwickshire shudder sixty years before. There are days when the brain seems unusually sensitive to impressions; and all the details of this crime, from some reason or another, became printed, or, I may rather say, photographed on my retina, with a sharpness and vividness that was almost painful. I saw the great plumed bed where the rich man lay; again the thin, Hogarthian figure of the younger step-brother, in the old costume, stole with silent foot through the shadow of the broad oak staircase, and past the curtained bed to the mantel-piece where the low row of bottles stood. I saw the thining, trembling, white hand, with the lace ruffle all but covering it, remove half the contents of one phial and substitute the laurel water that he had distilled, with cruel and calculating care, in his own locked-up room. I heard the dreadful cry of the dying man as his step-brother bent over him. I could hear the ringing hoofs of the doctor's horse as it came down the Rugby road. I could see the grave face of the man in black as he stood by the bedside, and, raising the cold, waxen head, let it fall again, uttering only these few solemn words, "It is too late, he is dead." Then I followed the surgeon down to the wainscotted parlor, where the murderer, with hypocritical grief, told his planned story of the cause of his brother's fit, and with subtle craft evaded any examination of the body. I tracked the poisoner to the quiet summer garden, where he eyed me with a bitter smile, as he passed the laurel from whence he had plucked the fatal leaves. I heard him stop and tell, with exultation, the old gardener, who was resting on his spade, "that it would be easy days with the old servants now, not as in Sir Edward's time, and that he had long worked to be master of Lawford Hall, and was so at last." I watched him tremble when the letter came from his brother's friend, sternly and coldly desiring that the body should be examined; step by step, indeed, I followed that soft-spoken, decorous, cat-like, cruel villain till I left him with irons round his small wrists, while the morning coach was preparing which was to take him to the Warwick gibbet, still lying, still unrepentant, still denying, in spite of the countless proofs of guilt that from earth, water and air had been drawn to cover him with shame. I saw him also in the dead of the night previous, when the grim keepers were asleep, steal from his pillow, throw himself on his knees, so solemn bent to God, and unite his thin, fettered hands tn passionate prayer to the Judge of all, and I hoped that even at that last moment he had found mercy.

These scenes again arose in my mind as, after hours of heavy rain, the sun shone out just as the post-chaise swept round a turn in the road, past Newbold, into Little Lawford. The light glittered on the yellowing leaves of the lime-trees, and flickered upon the wet gables of the old house. It was a stately, melancholy building, half Tudor, half classic. The huge Elizabethan porch contrasted unpleasantly with the ugly square windows of the Georgian era, that were rendered more hideous by the picturesque oriels that were here and there left. There was a solid comfort about the stone mullions that the old house had been so awkwardly patched. Just to the right of the porch there was an old Tudor window that especially struck my eye. It was overhung with a Virginian creeper, whose leaves were already turning scarlet. The moment I glanced at that window, a scene of the old trial came again into my thoughts. It was below that room that the prisoner stood that April morning and called, in his gay, thoughtless way, to his sister, to ask her if she was ready for a ride before breakfast. She had just been to her brother's room to give him the fatal medicine, and had left him as she thought, asleep. This window opened on a passage between her room and that of the murdered man, and she heard her brother call to her as she passed back from one room to the other. "I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour," she called from the window, upon which he went to the stable, mounted his bay mare, which was always ready saddled, and rode off to the Wells. Five minutes after, the sister returned to the brother's room, and found him in the agonies of death.

As the post-chaise swept round the drive to the front entrance, I observed on the right the dial court, of which I had read, with the great iron gates leading into the garden. It was there the prisoner had stood the night he distilled the laurel water, talking to two tenants who had come to see his sick brother. Stately as the house was, guarded by its avenue of limes, and girt with its broad gardens, I could not help fancying that a curse still rested upon it. There was a malign, unhappy look about it that weighed on my too active imagination, so that a curious presentiment of some impending evil came over me as the great bell, dragged from its socket, gave forth a clamorous, jangling clang that seemed to echo through endless passages with a querulous clamor that I thought would never cease.

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The dinner was dull. Lady Lawford, whom I had found so delightful, so charming, so vivacious at Paris, seemed oppressed with the social difficulties of her county position, and to be unequal to the task of entertaining alone a gathering of such equal pomposities. Some secret trouble, some sorrow seemed to have fallen upon her. She had an absent manner and often relapsed into embarrassing silences. The local doctor, the local solicitor, the rector, two or three old maids, and some shy, country Squires' daughters, were all that she had to amuse, but still she failed to amuse them. The Meet had been a long way off, and my husband and her's were not expected till late. Once or twice during dinner she rather alarmed me by mentioning the dangerous country they would ride over. She hoped all was safe. We ladies were just rising to go, to the evident delight of the doctor, the rector, and the solicitor, when we heard a sound of voices in the hall, a scuffling, and then a groan. At that moment, Sir Edward Lawford, in a soiled scarlet coat, entered hurriedly, looking pale and anxious, and with one arm in a sling.

"Mr. Dobson," said he to the doctor, who instantly pricked up his ears, "we want your help at once. A poor fellow has been thrown and a good deal hurt."

Then, seeing me, his face grew graver; he advanced to me and offered his hand.

"My dear Mrs. H——," he said, "you musn't be alarmed, but your husband has been thrown in trying a gate; his shoulder is put out, and one of his ribs I'm afraid off—but it will be right directly."

I remember no more; they told me afterward that I fainted. By nature I was strong-nerved, but from Sir Edward's manner I formed an immediate notion that my husband was dangerously injured, and so indeed it proved.

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It was a week before my husband was out of danger. He had dislocated his shoulder and broken two ribs, besides receiving a painful injury on his knee-cap. I watched him day and night, and gave him myself the narcotics that were required to give him the necessary sleep, for a neuralgic affection attended some of the contusions, and a low fever followed, to allay which rest was indispensable.

It was the ninth day, if I remember right, that, pale, anxious, and exhausted by want of sleep, I came for the first time sime since my husband's accident to take my doleful seat at the dinner table. Sir Edward was very frank and cordial; untiring in his attentions to me, and in his sympathy for me.

"Most unfortunate!" he said, "and just at the beginning of the hunting season, too—at the end one would not care—and I was so anxious to show him how straight our set rode. Tell him, poor fellow, when he gets better, that we have had to shoot Parepa—she'd broken her leg, just above the fetlock—but I'd rather have shot all my stud than have him bowled over like that."

"There is no danger now, I assure you," said the everlasting country doctor, who seemed perennial at Lawford Hall banquets. "I assure you on my honor, as a professional man, if he is only careful, and we can keep up this artificial sleep without injury to his sanguineous circulation and digestive organs."

"Ah! this riding, like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, Sir Edward," said the equally perennial rector, "is very much on the increase with our country aristocracy, and is likely, I fear, to be attended with the most terrible casualties. Where do you get your Moselle, Sir Edward?"

The inevitable old maid sisters uttered their usual exclamations whenever the accident was alluded to, of "Shocking—shocking! Oh, dear, it is dreadful to think of."

I bore it as long as I could, but that vast evening—a century in itself—was no bad preparation to a year at the hulks. Oh, that never-ceasing sonata of Beethoven, beaten out with remorseless exactitude by the rector's conscientious daughter; oh! the wearisomeness of that strictly scientific rubber at which I assisted as in a dream. At last the playing grew sleepier and sleepier; Sir Edward, tired with fox-hunting, fell asleep as the cards were being shuffled, and I gave an internal three times three when the servant announced the first carriage, and Lady Lawford said:

"Well, I think we are all getting sleepy together; perhaps we'd better go to bed."

Could this be the Lady Lawford I had known in Paris, I thought, as I mounted the old staircase, and, with a half alarmed look at my own shadow, entered the long corridor, in which our room was the only one inhabited. A miserable visit it had been. If past trouble weighed upon the house, was the shadow of that crime to cast a gloom upon the race forever? I could not account for the change in people I had known so gay and pleasant, and I puzzled myself in vain to invent a reason. Extravagant I might have expected to find them, their life a ceaseless whirl of excitement; but careworn, humdrum—it seemed impossible. One would really have thought that Sir Edward's father had been the murderer, instead of some grandfather's cousin, who had left no children. Oh, that George was well! I thought that we could get away from this dreadful place.

I uttered these words aloud as I opened the bedroom door, so loud that I almost thought they might have waked George; but there he lay in deep sleep, breathing heavily, and with one bandaged arm resting upon the counterpane. There was no lamp lit in the room, but a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and the merry shadows glanced upon the ceiling. The medicine bottles were drawn up in ghastly rank and file on the mantel-piece, and the careful servant had left jelly and meat essence and some fruit ready for use on the side table.

I threw myself into a great carved chair that stood by the fire, and listened to my husband's breathing. There was no sound but that and the measured ticking of an old clock in the corridor, a bolt shot, a door slammed far away in the same distant wing of the house, then the house seemed to fall into the profoundest sleep. It was still as the family vault. Once a bough of clematus at the window tapped against the glass, as if a fairy was begging admittance; once a cold breath of air—spread from I know not where, and going no one knew whither—crept from under the door, and flowed in a cold, invisible current through the room in a ghostly sort of way. Half an hour later, as I sat and watched, the wind seemed to spring into a sudden sort of rumbling and bluster in the great chimney, then sank again to silence; gagged by some secret power which it could not resist. I was looking at the fire, thinking of I know not what, waiting for half-past one, when I was to try and rouse George to give him the strengthening medicine, when my eyes all at once fell on a picture in a row of portraits I had not before especially noticed; it was one of four that hung in a dark corner of the room, very dark by day, and within the shadow of the heavy crimson curtains; but now the firelight gleamed full on it; and I could see its features as if a sunbeam had fallen upon the spot. It represented a man about thirty; the features were firm, but rather sharp and Voltairean; the powdered hair, gathered into a club, was tied with ribbon; the thin-lipped mouth wore a cold, set smile. A sudden thought, from which I could not divest myself, arose in my mind—it was the portrait of the murderer. Just such a refined serpentish face I had imagined his to be. The scene of that tragedy came again into my mind; that was the face that had bent over the dead body with affected compassion; that had smiled in triumph upon the gardener; that had angrily rebuked the sister for complaining of his wish to rinse the fatal bottle; that was the face that with practiced courtesy had pretended to invite every inquiry. I knew the portrait would not be there if the Lawfords knew of its existence; but still I could not help thinking that the portrait of it was, and the name of the wretch it represented had in the lapse of time been forgotten. Consigned to exile in a garret, the picture had, somehow or other, with a sort of diabolical persistency, found its way back to its old haunts. Perhaps this had been his own bedroom, and that close by was the lock-up chamber where he distilled the poison. Perhaps (and this terrible thought made me shudder in spite of myself) this was the very room where the sick man had died in agony. Oh! this terrible house. I should never feel happy in it again. My mind relapsed into its old train of associations. One special scene occurred to me; it was that where the two doctors, sent for by the murderer, came to make an examination of the body. He received them in the hall with a candle in his hand, and invited them in. He was courteous and obliging. Sir William Wheeler, he said, had wished for an examination. For what purpose? they asked. Merely to satisfy the family, he said, and showed them a letter from Sir William, expressing such a wish, "merely that those who had been intimate with the dead might be beyond suspicion." Had Sir William written no other letter? asked the more suspicious of the doctors. Yes, there had been another equally friendly. This second letter had been by no means friendly; it had, indeed, words that expressed a suspicion of poison. The guilty man pretended to feel for this letter in his waistcoat pocket, and in doing so pulled out an envelope. The doctor had only time for one glance, but that glance was sufficient to show it was directed in Sir William's handwriting, still he said nothing. The examination did not take place, and the detection of the crime was for a time deferred, till a keener and less trustful medical man threw himself with untiring energy into the pursuit of the subtle criminal.

I looked up; it was half-past one. I went at once to the bedside and tried to rouse my husband to give him his medicine, but he only stirred once, reluctantly, gave a deep sigh, and relapsed into sleep; so, undressing and putting on my dressing-gown, I pressed together the wood, now burnt to a white ash, and threw myself on the bed beside my husband. I was just sinking into a doze, when a slight sound disturbed me. I was highly sensitive just then from want of sleep, and in a moment I recovered my senses. It was a faint sound like some one trying the handle of the bedroom door. I listened again—all was still. It might have been a rat scratching behind the wainscot; at night the faintest sound becomes magnified by the imagination. I sat up and listened; it was nothing. The burning wood just then gave way and so broke into a slight blaze. I lay down again, and I think fell asleep. I was awakened, not by any sound, but by a creeping, indescribable sense of something supernatural and terrible. I looked up without moving, and saw—to an infinite horror that paralyzed every limb—the door softly noiselessly open, and from the outer darkness the figure of an old man, dressed in an old yellow silk dressing gown, glide in. He turned as he silently closed the door, and I saw that his thin, emaciated face was as pale as the dead; that his head was bandaged and jaw bound up as that of a corpse is bound. The vacant eyes that seemed entirely colorless were bent on the fireplace, and the figure seemed not to notice the bed, or those who were on it. Slowly gliding over the floor, the spirit of the murdered man—for such it seemed to me to be—moved toward the fire, and there stood for a moment as if wrapt in thought. It then took a bottle from the row on the mantelpiece, examined it carefully and went through the action of filling a glass with it. The figure then sat down in the old chair by the fire, and sat there moving its thin, white hands, that seemed almost transparent, before and over the flame. My courage recovering itself slowly, I began now to question myself seriously as to whether I was delirious or dreaming. To be sure I was awake—softly I stretched out my hand and pressed my husband's arm. He slightly moved and uttered a faint groan. I looked up and counted the green and red flowers in the cornice of the bed. I recalled the position of the bell, which was out of my reach. I pulled off my rings and put them on again. I even took out my watch, and saw the time. It was a quarter past two.

As I lay there reasoning with myself that the hall-door and the pale figure in the faded yellow silk dressing gown were only illusions of the senses, arising from an imagination rendered sensitive by excitement, I again pressed my husband's hand tightly, so tightly that he moved and feebly groaned. At the sound the figure rose from the chair, stirred together the embers, and advanced slowly towards the bed. To my indescribable terror, in the firelight, I then saw that in one hand it held a long glancing knife, the blade of which it held turned upwards against its arms.

The wood ashes in the grate had now burned so low that they only cast a faint red glimmer on the floor, but there was still quite enough light on the end of the bed for me to see that the figure, raising the knife, was stealing toward me. I was frozen with terror, and had perhaps less power of voluntary movement left through my fear than I imagined, for I lay there uttering no cry, moving no limb. At that moment the figure struck against a chair that stood by the table where I had been reading, and overset it. In a moment my brain seemed to recover its lost power, my heart beat with renewed force. That one slight fact convinced me that the figure was not a supernatural one—it might be a murderes or a sleepwalker—but it was common flesh and blood. Its dreadful object I knew not; but there it stood, with the knife in its hand, eyeing us in a blank, deadly way, and with a sort of serpent-like malice. I had just resolved to spring upon it, struggle for the weapon, and scream for help, when it turned toward the door, and glided out as silently and in as dead-like a way as it entered. I watched it an instant, and then, with a sudden flush of fresh life, darted from the bed, closed the door swiftly, turned the key, drew the bolt with the rapidity of lightning, and fell back on the floor in a swoon.

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The next morning I went down and joined the party at breakfast as usual. I said nothing, but complained of sleeplessness and not feeling well. Great was the sympathy, and universal was the cry that I must not sit up watching another night.

"My dear Mrs. ——, you will take these things quieter a year hence," said Sir Edward, cynically.

I saw Lady Lawford fixing her eyes on me with a peculiar earnestness.

When we had done breakfast, Lady Lawford took me quietly apart into her boudoir.

"Mrs. ——," she said, taking my hand, "you look very ill. I am a woman of the world, and older than you. You cannot deceive me; something terrible must have happened to you last night. I think I can guess what it was. It was not the watching alone that made your hand shake as it now does! Come, dear, tell me."

I told her all, and concealed nothing, from the thought about the prisoner's portrait to the moment that I fainted. I saw her face grow very sad and serious as I went on. When I had done she heaved a sigh.

"My dear," she said, "I can and must explain this mystery, though I would have concealed it from almost every one but you. We have, in a distant wing of the house, an insane person—an old man, a relation of Sir Edward's. He was fond of Sir Edward when a boy, and my husband, in gratitude for his kindness, took care of him when his wife and friends deserted him. He is a great care to us; at times he is subject to paroxysms of homicidal mania. He is very cunning and dangerous, and has to be strictly watched, especially at such periods. Last night the person in charge of him, who had been drinking with the upper servants, fell asleep, as he now confesses; and the old man, watching his opportunity, stole from the room and passed down a back staircase leading to the kitchen. There he secreted a large carving knife left in the butler's pantry by one of the servants, and passed to your side of the house. The man, waking, pursued him, and found him crouching in the hall, but gathered from his few incoherent words that he had entered some bedroom, either yours or one near it. This is the whole mystery, my dear Mrs. ——, and I can only deeply regret that you should have been placed for a moment in such great danger."

We remained—were, indeed, obliged to remain—for days more in the house; but I was, I must confess, very glad, in spite of Lady Lawford's hospitality, to see the coach that was to take us away drive up to the front door. Often in my dreams, that old Tudor window, the great iron gate, the portrait, and the ghostly figure in the old yellow dressing-gown, figure in wild night-mare complications.—*London Society.*

Baby Talk.

IS THERE a language for babies? I have made a study of philosophy, yet I never found a lexicon for such language. Nevertheless, every mother and every nurse has a language for her baby. Generally, it is a distortion of her own; often a language of unmeaning words. Is it a law in the nature of the child that it should understand this lame, deformed language better than the mothers pure and perfect one? This reminds me of the one who takes excruciating pains to distort his own language so as to make the foreigner understand him better.

In the mother it is an affectation, playful and loving, if you please; yet it cheats her child into learning what it must soon unlearn. The affectation of language is often pretty; the Tuscans reach your heart with their melodious prattle; the Venetians attract you by a jargon that is pleasant to the ear; the Parisian inveigles you into the belief that he carries his heart on his lips. All this is done by a combination of sounds, untrue to their real vernacular—by a combination of manners untrue to their real nature.

I have no doubt that the mother, in the playfulness of her love, likes to feel that her baby is a creature "*per se*" and there never was one like it, and that it must be addressed unlike other human beings. "Baby go dey-dey," I have learned, is intended to convey the idea to her baby that he is going to take a walk. "Baby go by-by," that the baby should go to sleep. "Ta-ta" is to impart to it a sense of thankfulness, etc., etc.

Yet how cruel! That very baby has to learn that all such talk is foolish, and that it will be necessary it should say "walk," "sleep," "thank," as soon as it comes in contact with other mortals.

This language of playful-loving mothers is often the cause of their childrens' lispings and affectations that become ridiculous, in proportion as they grow older.

I know children who cannot talk a plain language at seven years of age, and others who at three talk a grammatical language.

I am from a country where a dialect was spoken, and I know how much labor it cost me to learn a language I should have known without studying.

Teach to your baby the language you speak, correct in pronunciation, correct in grammar, and refined in choice. You will surely one day feel a sense of pride in hearing the praises bestowed upon the good language of your child. Remember that praise, or censure, passed upon your child's language, will reflect upon you as the educator.—*T. S. Verai, M. D., in Excelsior Magazine.*

The Right Sort of Religion.

WE want a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the floor mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs; projects the honey-moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily, not on the exceeding "sinfulness of sin," but the ex, ceeding rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, otter from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk cans, and buttons from the contribution box. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wine than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the fields of New York grew and all her mills grind. It will not make one-half a pair of shoes of good leather and the other of poor, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit and the second to his cash. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton thread spool to the yard-stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard-wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvedge, nor all-wool delains and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamized with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of woolen rags pressed together to be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars a thousand into chimneys it contracted to build of seven dollars materials, nor smuggle white pine floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join, nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window blinds of slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred is according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand with or without interest, as a liar.—*Congregationalist.*

OUR experience in journalism, says an exchange, teaches us that there is nothing in this world that will so disgust and sicken the general reader as to learn, after wading through the particulars of an awful accident, that there is a probability of the victim's recovery.

SCOTLAND'S BRIGHTEST LIGHT.—Burns.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A SEA-SAW—The sword-fish.

CONNECTED WITH THE RING—The bell-handle.

SIXTY tons of steel pens are made every year.

WHAT is taken from you before you get it? Your photograph.

WITH what musical instrument would you catch a fish? Cast-a-net.

WHAT belongs to yourself, and is used by everybody more than yourself? Your name.

A SECRET has been defined as "anything made known to everybody in a whisper.

WHAT's the difference between truth and eggs? "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." Eggs won't.

A BROAD HINT.—"Sally, what time does your folks dine?" "Soon as you go away—that's missus's orders."

A POUGHKEEPSIE man died the same day that the news came of his having inherited $70,000 from a relative in the old country.

IT is estimated that, including spring lambs, there are now about 11,000,000 sheep in California, which is an increase of 6,025,000 since 1869.

A NEW JERSEY physician prescribes nauseous medicines, but directs his patients to bury them under the doorstep. He has a large practice.

IT is much better to decide a difference between enemies than friends; for one of our friends will certainly become an enemy, and one of our enemies a friend.

AN exchange says, at a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Time Coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed: "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

A CHICAGO man dreamed that his child would be scalded to death. He took every precaution against such a catastrophe, but precisely five weeks and two days after the dream, the little boy was run over by a dog-cart, and escaped uninjured.

THERE are seventy-five hospitals connected with the United States Marine Hospital service. The Secretary of the Treasury has directed a detailed report of all operations performed and diseases treated to be sent to him, in order to have a report made out, giving statistics never yet collected.

LITTLE BOY—"I don't like you, Mr. Brown; my mamma says you are a regular sneak." Mamma—"Good gracious, James, what could induce you to tell such a story? I confess to saying what a pity such a noble-hearted man as Mr. Brown has turned out a regular cynic."

A WOMAN at Danville, N. H., having been notified by the Highway Surveyor to appear and work out her tax of four cents, made her appearance at the appointed time, armed with a hoe, and toiled vigorously till her tax was cancelled, which was effected in fifteen minutes from the time of beginning.

THERE are now living of the family of the late Mr and Mrs. Isaac Hicks, of the town of Milan, Duchess County, N. Y., nine daughters and two sons, whose ages are respectively as follows: 73, 71, 69, 65, 63, 61, 59, 57, 55, 53—making the united ages of the living members of one family of brothers and sisters, 693 years.

AN inhabitant of a suburban town, after spending a convivial evening, was discovered among the carrots and cabbages of his humble garden, wrapped in slumber. "Well, Bill," said an admiring friend, as he shook the prostrate youth, "what are you doing out here?" "Watching for a hen that's stole her nest," was the sententious answer. "But what are your eyes shut for, Bill?" "Don't want the old hen to see me," gruffly replied the sleeping philosopher.

IN a Detroit barber's shop the other day, a purblind colored customer arose from his seat to take one of the barber's chairs, when, looking at one of the pier glasses, he saw, as he supposed, another gentleman about to take the chair. The old fellow at once apologized for rising out of his turn, and was about to sit down, when he noticed his image about to do the same. He again arose, and the mysterious stranger followed. This was repeated three or four times, much to the customer's disgust, when he finally yelled out: "If it's your turn, why don't you sit down?" amidst shouts of laughter from the rest of the customers.

IN an article on Longevity, Professor Owen has explained how it is that aged persons are said to have cut new teeth late in life. Many readers will remember to have heard or read of such occurrences, which are regarded as extraordinary. The facts are these: it often happens that teeth break or decay, and leave a stump in the gum. The gum closes over the place, and the incident is forgotten. As years go by, the jaw and the gums shrink; the long-buried stump is in consequence laid bare, and is hailed as a new tooth, and is sometimes mentioned in the newspapers as a kind of wonder. Thus a "fact" is shown by competent authority to be an error; and it is always well for public opinion to get rid of an error.

HOW TO GO TO SLEEP.—A scientific journal tells "How to go to sleep." It says: "Very few persons can count a hundred and find themselves awake; but should this happen, repeat the dose until cured." Mr. Nubbins couldn't sleep well, so he tried this counting cure. He counted one hundred, and was still awake; then he counted the same hundred backwards, and was not asleep; then he began in the middle of one hundred and counted each way at the same time, and this didn't throw him into the arms of Morpheus. Then he repeated the dose, and counted about seventy-five thousand, he thinks, which didn't send him to the land of Nod, even; so he just got mad, and turned over and went to sleep without any more fooling about it.

A PHENOMENON.—An Irish surgeon, who had restored the sight of a poor woman, observed in her case what he deemed a phenomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them that the sight of his patient was completely restored, that she could see to thread the smallest needle, or to perform any other operation which required particular accuracy of vision. But when he presented her with a book, she was incapable of distinguishing one letter from another. This very singular case excited the ingenuity of the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker from every explanation, when at length, by a question put to the servant who attended, it was discovered that the woman had never learned to read.

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.—There is a place in Oregon called the smoky Valley, where the people have a curious way of cooking. They do not have the trouble of making a fire every morning when they wish to get breakfast. They just walk out with their kettles, coffee pots, and whatever else they need, and cook them, at the boiling spring. The water seems a great deal hotter than the common boiling water, and all they need do is to hang their ketties in it for a short time, and their food is nicely cooked. They are able even to bake in it. The bread is put into a tight sauce-pan, and lowered into the boiling flood for an hour or two, and then drawn up most exquisitely baked, with but a thin rim of the crust over it. Meat is cooked here, and beans, which are the miner's great luxury. It takes but a minute to cook eggs, or to make a pot of coffee or tea; but if there should be a "slip between the cup and the lip," food would be gone beyond recovery.

A PARSON is responsible for this story: "Poor Jones died while you were away last summer. In all my experience I never saw so disconsolate and grief-broken a creature as poor little Mrs. Jones; it was very sudden, you know. I went to the house as soon as I heard of it; I offered my sympathy, but her sorrow was uncontrolable. In such cases I think it best that the mourner should be left alone. So I prepared to depart. 'I will leave you, poor bereaved one,' said I, 'with this injunction: Pray—pray that God will vouchsafe His comforter; that He will enable you to perceive the promised bow in the —' 'Oh, rector, she burst in, 'how can you think of such a thing? It's too—too —too *premature*, I'm—I'm sure!' "And," continued the old gentleman, checking the off rein and wheeling away from the gate, "after some cogitation I fancied that I discovered that the bow I was talking about and the 'beau' she was thinking abo ut wasn't the same kind of bow at all."

The Vice-Presidential Candidates.

At the present time there are two candidates for the second office in nomination before the country, and it is important that the voters should scan their qualifications carefully with a view to their succession to the Presidential power. Of B. Gratz Brown, the present Governor of Missouri, but little is known except as a bolter from the Republican party in that State, anda facile instrument in the hands of that artful and unscrupulous intriguer, Frank Blair. The latter took the little man up, and made him Governor by combining the Democratic vote with that of the disaffected Republicans who sympathized with Brown, and in return Brown and his friends made Blair an United States Senator. This truck and dicker business worked so well in Missouri that the Blair tribe were emboldened to try it on a larger scale, and consequently the Cincinnati movement was planned. Brown was taken to Cincinnati with his new fledged Gubernatorial honors, and put forth as a Presidential candidate, with that utter recklessness of propriety or fitness for which the Blair tribe are notorious. Having accumulated in that Convention a show of strength sufficient to trade on, the Brown stock was promptly sold out to the Greeley men for a second place on the ticket. Such was Mr. Brown when the Tammany Ring gave him the Baltimore nomination for the Vice-Presidency, as per agreement. We have called him a little man, and he is so, using the term in no disrespectful sense; but altogether too small for the Vice-Presidency. The caliber of the man is well demonstrated by his recent exhibition at New Haven, where he made a stump speech to the public on the occasion of a congratulatory serenade upon his nomination at Baltimore. There Brown was jubilant. He said he "had labored and fought for freedom manfully and well;" that he was now and had always been a Republican; that in the recent nomination "he had been crowned with one of the most distinguished honors that the people can bestow;" that Greeley was "a good and grand statesman," and "of all men he had ever had opposed to him in conflict on great and vital questions, the ablest and the best;" that Greeley is the largest brain in America;" and that there would be for the ticket "such a wave of popular enthusiasm from the great West as would make the hair of the New Haven people stand straight upon their heads." Nothing more can be necessary to show to the world, the length, breadth and depth of Mr. Brown's intellect than this, or to demonstrate the utter folly of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency.

Of Henry Wilson, the rival candidate for the Vice-Presidency, we have heretofore taken occasion to speak in such terms as his public services merited, free from any partisan aspect. He has been in public life for a long time, and the fact that he has sustained an honorable and influential position among the directors of public affairs during all that period, is of itself an assurance of his worth and ability. Mr. Wilson's public addresses have method and matter in them, and no such vain and braggadocio speech as that of Mr. Brown at New Haven could ever be uttered by him. When he was waited upon at Washington by the committee of the Republican Convention and notified of his nomination for Vice-President, he made a brief impromptu speech in reply. He said he had ever striven to maintain the principles of freedom and equality, to be true to the country and to the rights of our common humanity; and that in the future as in the past, he should unfalteringly adhere to these principles, which were alike the convictions of his judgment, heart and conscience. He alluded pertinently to the illustrious military services of General Grant, and commended his humanity to the vanquished, his firm vindication of the rights of the humble and defenseless, and his devotion to the leading ideas of the Republican party, and expressed his high sense of the honor of being associated with him in the coming contest. He concluded with a sentiment of large and catholic fraternity for all true men, however widely separated heretofore, who were now disposed to unite with the party which had saved the Union and established freedom over the whole land.

This modest and manly expression of statesmanlike ideas is in marked contrast with the fanfaronade of Mr. Brown, and indicates the great superiority of the Massachusetts Senator over the Missouri Governor. The ability of General Wilson, his large public experience, straightforwardness of purpose, and thorough sympathy with the masses, are a sufficient guarantee that the duties of the Executive office would devolve upon able hands, should his chief be stricken down in the midst of his term.—*Boston Globe (Independent).*

A Charge Which Cannot be Denied.

THE Cleveland *Daily Leader* reminds the public of a fact which ought not to be lost sight of, and which is of some interest in its bearings on the present political contest:

"The New York *Tribune*, which was and is now under the supreme editorial control of Horace Greeley, accepted from Tweed, Connolly, Mayor Hall & Co., a New York city advertising contract, ranging from $50,000 to $100,000 per annum, with the tacit understanding that the *Tribune* was to say nothing about the gigantic expenses of the city Government and frauds of the above named managers. The *Tribune* kept its part of the contract until it was compelled to speak out by the tremendous force of public opinion, six weeks after the *Times* made its expose of the fact that the Tammany ring had stolen $20,000,000 from the public treasury. Mr. Greeley, as a *Tribune* stockholder, pocketed his share of the bribe. Is it any wonder that the Tammany thieves, Tweed, Connolly, Sweeney, Hall, Brennan, Wood and the rest, should have celebrated the nomination of Greeley with rejoicings as they did yesterday?"

A PRINTER, having been jilted by his sweetheart, tried to commit suicide. The "devil" found him out and took him to the sanctum where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. The picture of despair presented by the editor reconciled the printer to his fate. He began to consider himself as comparatively happy.

Youths' Department.

PLAYING PUSSY.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Tripping lightly o'er the greensward,
Jewelled with the flowers of June,
Alice went to visit Gracie,
One bright, golden afternoon;
Long they gambolled, rolling "hoople,"
"Jumping rope," and "dressing doll,"
Last, of course, came "*playing party*,"
As the crowning joy of all.

Gayly, then, these little maidens
Flitted to and fro like birds,
Bringing on the dainty dishes,
Greeting each with merry words;
Plates there were, like white moss-roses,
Cups, like fairy lily-bells,
Knives, like tiny blades of grasses,
Forks and spoons that shone like shells!

Roll and biscuit looked like snow-flakes,
White and small and just as light;
Mites of cakes, with amber jellies,
Nice and tempting to the sight;
All were ready in a twinkling,
Then, cried little Grace with glee,
"Alice, *ladies* in the garden
Walk before they take *their* tea!"

Mother, looking from her window,
Smiled, their ways so grave to see;
Then she heard the faintest tinkling
Near the plates; what could it be?
Quick, on tiptoe, there was Bobby,
Eating fast of every sort!
"O you naughty boy! how *can* you
Rob the girls of all their sport?"
"*I* am playing *Pussy*, mamma!"
Bobby's quick and keen retort!
—*Our Young Folks.*

SUPERSTITION.

That looks like a very long word for the Little Folks' column, but I am only going to tell some little stories I know, to show how foolish it is for people to believe in ghosts, and signs, and dreams, and haunted houses. Perhaps you will say, *good* people do not; but I know of many who will not start on a journey, or have a new garment cut, or begin any piece of work, on Friday, because they say it is an unlucky day, and you cannot prosper if you do so; and if a looking-glass breaks, they look solemn, and say it must be there is going to be a death in the family; or if you drop a fork, company is coming; if a dog howls, a death is sure to follow; if you see the moon over your left shoulder, bad luck for that month; and so on, making themselves uncomfortable by imagining a thousand things which never come true, or if they do, have nothing to do with the sign they have connected with it. One evening, a good many years ago, my father took me upon his knee, to tell me a story for which I had teased him, and looking at me with a droll expression on bis face, said,

"Nellie, did you ever see a ghost?"

"Why, no sir," I said at once, "did you?"

"No," he answered, "but I almost did," and went on to tell me his story:

"One beautiful moonlight evening, when I was about thirteen years old, my father said to me,

"'My son, I want you to put the saddle on the black horse and go over to Hadley, and do some errands for me,' and told me what they were.

"Well, when he told me this, my heart almost stood still for a moment, for my road lay through very dark, heavy, pine woods, which I had often heard were *haunted*, as very strange noises had been heard in them. But my father was a man who had no faith in such stories, and would not have allowed me to wait till daylight, even if the errands had not been urgent, because he would have thought it best for me to go, and if I heard a strange noise, to trace it and find out what it was. So I put the saddle on the horse and started on my way, and sure enough, when I was about half through the first woods I heard a strange sort of 'hoo-ou-ou-ou-ou,' which seemed right opposite to me, though far in the wood. I tried to be brave; I stopped my horse and listened; but the sound became more and more distinct as I listened, and with a great effort I made up my mind to ride into the woods and see if I could find what was causing it. So in I rode to the thickest part, where, after resting a moment, I heard just the same sound, several times repeated, only instead of being *beside me*, as I had expected, it was out by the road, which I had just left. Well, I had found out that it was something that could move, so after it I went again, and as soon as I reached the road, there it was back in the woods. Well, *now* I had learned that it did not wish to stay by *me*, and the thought occurred to me that I might frighten *it*, instead of being frightened by it, so in I rode again, but with just the same effect. So in I made up my mind this time I would watch, and not allow anybody or thing to pass me without my seeing it, but this time I looked *up*, instead of on the ground, and what should I see but a large white owl, which flew over my head and rested on a tall tree. So this proved the great wonder which had frightened the whole neighborhood; and I smiled all to myself, and went on to do my errands, and then went home and told the boys what haunted Old Hadley's woods, and that they need not fear to go through them, let the night be ever so dark, and if they would like to, we would make up a party and see if we could not catch the ghost and bring it home with us!"

So I think the best way is, when we hear strange noises, *not* to run away from them, and believe there is something unnatural in them, but try and trace them out, and we are pretty sure to find some simple cause, but if we lay up all the signs and omens we hear, and put faith in them, they are sure to make us unhappy. Only a few days ago, a friend called to see me, and I spoke about *moving*, as I was expecting to do so in a few days, and said:

"I am so afraid old Kitty will not stay with us, as she is so attached to this place."

When I looked at her, I saw she looked very sober; and she said to me.

"Oh, don't think of moving *your cat*. Don't you know it is a very bad omen? I should expect one of the children *would die*."

I said, "You know I do not believe in such things, and if they should *all* die, I should believe it was because God's time had come for them, and not because I moved my cat."

I knew a women once who thought her husband died, because he looked into the grave of his own dear pastor, and she said,

"You notice it, and you will find if any one looks at a coffin after it is lowered into the grave, the next funeral will surely be his own.

I was speaking of these things a day or two ago, to a very dear friend of mine, who said,

"I feel as you do about believing such things, and I remember when I was a boy how strange I thought it; as I was dining with a little boy friend of mine, a servant came to wait upon us at table, and upset the salt-cellar. She immediately took a spoonful of salt and threw it into the fire, and then put the rest back into the salt-cellar. I looked at Tom to see what it meant, and he, seeing my wonder, said, 'Don't you know she would quarrel and have bad luck if she did not do that?'"

Such notions are all silly nonsense. God is a God of Providence, and watches even the fall of a sparrow, and surely will not leave his own children to be the sport of caprice, or reveal to the moon, or to dogs, or salt, those things he does not tell to the wisest of men.

"No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there."

—*Christian Union.*

If He Said He Did, He Did.

A little story I am going to tell you happened before the war, when every one was very, very busy. Soldiers were enlisting and going away from almost every home in the land.

One young man had volunteered and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home that night she said. "Did you pay the bill?" "Yes," he answered. In a few days the bill was sent in a second time. "I thought," said she to her son, "that you paid this."

"I really don't remember, mother; you know I've had so many things on my mind."

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said, "my son paid this some days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it; but he told me that day he had, and says if he said then that he had, he is quite sure he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forgot about it; but if he ever said he did, he did."

Wasn't that a grand character to have? Having once said a thing, that was enough to make others believe it, whether he remembered it or not.

I wish all the boys in our land were as sure of a good reputation.—*Christian Weekly.*

Speech by Secretary Boutwell.

In his speech at Greensboro', N. C., Hon. George S. Boutwell, Secretary of the United States Treasury, protested against the advice to clasp hands across the bloody chasm. The chasm must be filled up. Produced by injustice, let it be cemented by justice. It cannot be filled by the denial of the protection of native-born citizens of the United States in North Carolina, South Carolina and Texas. He counseled his hearers not to be seduced by the idea that Democrats are supporting a Republican for the Presidency, and said if their candidate could offer what he cannot offer, a consistent life in the past as a pledge of his policy in the future, even this would be without value in the presence of the fact that nearly all his supporters are from the Democratic party. In the nature of things, the bloody chasm cannot be filled until a fixed majority of the South accept the doctrine, not only that men are equal before the law, but that all men by right are equal before the law. If bitterness ever existed it has passed away. One act of justice only remains to be done. The country waits for the evidence that you heartily and cheerfully accord the full rights of citizens, under the Constitution of the United States, to all within your borders. Give this evidence, and the bloody chasm is closed.

Mr. Boutwell presented at length the financial policy of General Grant's Administration, and claimed that none more than the President will strive to make the nation what it ought to be—a general government, strong enough to maintain its own existence against all enemies, foreign or domestic, strong enough to protect the rights of its citizens at home and abroad; the States will be powerful, complete sovereigns over all local affairs, members of a Union indissoluble, and so attractive that citizens shall not hereafter consider whether their duty to their State or their country is supreme.

He said the financial policy of the Grant Administration was:

1. To secure the faithful collection of the public revenue.
2. Reduction of public expenditures.
3. To re-establish public credit and reduce the interest account.
4. To reduce taxation, and finally prepare the way for the resumption of specie payments at the earliest moment consistent with the prosperity of the country.

He attributed much of the fraud in revenues to the laxity of Johnson's Administration, and his indisposition to enforce the laws. In consequence of the conflict between a Democratic President and a Republican Senate, dishonest men were most successful in obtaining office, as they only could resort to such means as would make themselves favorable to both. "Now," continued Mr. Boutwell, "if you contemplate electing Mr. Greeley to the Presidency, you must contemplate it in view of the fact that the Senate, whatever may be the present opinion of the country, will be Republican for the next two years, and with almost an equal certainty for the next four years. You must contemplate, therefore, a return of the State of things which existed during Johnson's Administration. You will secure the retention of dishonest men in office, and the appointment of dishonest men to office, by a process which does not admit of control. The Administration of General Grant has given to the country the benefit of a common purpose in all departments of the Government. That common purpose was the collection of the revenue, and this result has been secured. It is ascertained by careful comparison that if the average rates of taxation during the last three years of Johnson's Administration had been continued and extended over the first three years of Grant's, the receipts into the Treasury would have been greater than they were by $288,800,000. So it appears that with the same facilities for revenue that were enjoyed by Johnson's Administration, the total payments on the public debt during the first three years of Grant's would have amounted to $600,000,000, and that the payments toward the public debt on June 30, 1873, would have reached the enormous sum of $653,000,000. This shows at once the reduction of taxes that has been effected by Grant's Administration and the immense losses by fraud and corruption under Johnson, due largely to division of sentiment and purpose between the Senate and the Executive.

Mr. Boutwell expressed his belief in the practicability of continuing the redemption of outstanding six per cent. bonds, and the issue of five, four and a half and four per cents., and said it must be accepted as a truth for this country in its present condition that the resumption of specie payments will not be due directly to any measure of legislation, nor can it be forciby maintained by any act of the Government. It must be the natural result of the existing condition of things which would enable the Government to resume specie payments without affecting violently or prejudicially the great interests of the country. The further equalization of the value of coin and currency will depend on the increase of the business of the country, the amount of our exports and the value of the foreign trade of the United States carried on in American vessels. There is but one measure in legislation, except such as foster the business interest of the country, and can facilitate or hasten the resumption of specie payments, and that is the reduction by force of law of the volume of paper money in circulation. This policy the country has not been prepared to accept; nor am I prepared to advocate the adoption of a measure which, unless very gradual in its operation, would produce great injury to the business interests of the country, impair the revenue, and cost more than the value of the result produced. The growth of the country under a wise administration of its affairs will soon enable the Government to resume specie payments without violence or injury to any. For three years Greeley, through the columns of the *Tribune*, has advised the Secretary of the Treasury to sell the gold in the Treasury and apply the proceeds to the payment of the public debt, thus saving the interest, and then to resume specie payment, or rather these two bits of advice have been frequently and interchangeably presented without at any time stating which, in his judgment, is entitled to precedence in order of events. But it can well be understood that the sale of gold in the Treasury, whether for payment of the public debt or otherwise, would put it out of the power of the Government to resume specie payments; that the sale of gold in the Treasury, forcing down the price unnaturally, would stimulate imports from other countries, increase the balance of trade against us, create an unnatural and excessive demand for coin, and ultimately advance the price of gold for the benefit of the speculators and gamblers, but to the great injury of the country. I do not hesitate to declare that this policy, which is the only policy in any department of the Government to which Greeley has adhered for even three years, would end in disasters such as the country has not witnessed since 1837; and if Greeley is pledged to anything, it is to the inauguration of this policy, if unhappily he should be placed at the head of affairs. The way to resume is not to resume arbitrarily, and without regard to facts, but to place and keep the country in that line and condition of prosperity which shall enable it to meet all its obligations, and it is for this reason that the Administration has believed it to be wise to retain an amount of gold which should be sufficient when the appropriate moment arrived to enable the Treasury to resume payment of our national liabilities in specie without going into the market to borrow, and without making any special effort for an undertaking which would certainly result disastrously if the Government were not strong enough to move free of all dependence on external aid.

"ONE of those things no fellow can find out." A good husband after 11 p. m.