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Hold on to Faith.

On the journey of life, outstretching before us,
May the emblem of faith be fixed to our breast;
For the skies that to-day hang pleasantly o'er us,
May bring with the morrow the bitterest test.
Our path though to-day be a garden of roses,
To-morrow may lie through hedges of brier,
For whatever we plan fate often disposes,
And we reap in disaster our fondest desire.

Though now we may dwell in the sunshine of gladness,
And the hearthstone of home be lighted with joy;
The charm of affection, unbroken by sadness;
And the cup of our pleasure untouched by alloy;
Yet these may all flee like a mist of the morning,
And the warmest of friends grow cruel and cold;
Adversity's pall may enshroud the bright dawning,
And our happiness end, like a tale that is told.

And our life, that to-day is blooming with pleasure,
To-morrow, perhaps, it may blossom with tears;
For one whom we guard as earth's richest treasure,
May be garnered by death in his harvest of years.
Our heart may be strong in its life-giving function,
And suffuse our young brow with the mantle of health;
But the destroyer thinks not of a soul's denied unction
Like a thief in the night he cometh by stealth.

Be this then our motto, life's journey pursuing,
Hold fast on to faith if we would to our God;
In believing alone is the way of subduing
The pain that is suffered whilst under the rod.
And when at the end, the dark valley descending,
We shall not be lost in the depths of despair;
the light of our faith, with radiance blending,
Shall illume the brighter the crown we shall wear.

—*Howard N. Fuller.*

THWARTED.

"Mother!"

A look of tender expostulation; the swift moving of aged lips to a smile. Two faces almost touched as a pair of strong arms relieved feeble ones of a heavy package of books.

"Well, dear," said the mellow old voice of Mrs. Maples, addressing her son, Lynn; "I thought you had enough to carry."

Lynn Maples' arms might have been said to be full, for he carried a dry-goods bundle, a valise, a well-packed shawl-strap and an umbrella; but he took quick possession of the books, and then, after an instant's evident regret that he had no arm to offer his mother, stepped from the store door, and turned to hail a horse-car.

A fair face, that had been turned steadily toward the two since they emerged from the store, leaned forward now into the sunshine, as Annie Loraine, among the velvet cushions of her phaeton, followed with her brown, attentive eyes the movements of mother and son.

"Amusing, watching the crowd sometimes," remarked an elegant young man at her side, reconciling himself with what grace he could to Miss Loraine's inattention.

"Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly.

The next momont, with a sharp cry, she had sprung from the violet cushions and was foremost in the gathering crowd.

Bewildered, and for once shaken out of his boasted repose of manner, Percy Dudley followed her.

An aged woman, her beautifully silvery hair disheveled, her black dress covered with dust, had just been lifted from the ground by a burly policeman, and was instantly claimed by a young man.

"Will some one call a carriage?" cried Lynn Maples, his mother lying senseless across his breast.

"Take mine! pray, take mine!" the astonished Dudley heard Miss Loraine saying.

But before he could get his breath, he was shouldered one side by Lynn, who had accepted Miss Loraine's offer without a thought, and was only anxious to get his mother to a place of safety.

He laid her in the deep seat, and supported her with one arm, while Miss Loraine put the lines into his other hand.

"Turn down this side street—quick—out of the crowd," she said; "and leave the phaeton at the St. James hotel for Miss Loraine."

"The burly policeman had finished placing his packages and bundles about his feet, and mechanically Lynn Maples obeyed the mandate given him by the silvery voice and sweet brown eyes.

The pretty ponies bore him quickly from the scene, and through several quiet streets to his home.

By this time Mrs. Maples had regained consciousness, and could descend from the vehicle with his assistance, though much shaken.

In stepping from the sidewalk to take a horse-car, she had been interrupted by the passing of a carriage, and stepped back beneath the horses of another.

Lynn Maples was a blue-eyed, tender-hearted fellow, with nothing remarkable about him but his purity of character and domestic tastes, contrasting strongly with the habits of the young men of the day.

Though six-and-twenty, his mother had hitherto been the sole lady of his love, and she was a little surprised to hear him exclaim suddenly, out of a reverie, the next day:

"Wasn't she beautiful?"

"Who, Lynn?"

"The young lady who offered me her carriage."

"You forget, dear," placidly, over her knitting, "I did not see her."

"I wonder who she is?"

And Lynn continued to wonder. He had left the phaeton at the St. James hotel, and the proprietor had assured him that all would be right. Apparently the episode had closed.

On the contrary, Annie Loraine, a remarkably independent young lady for one of but twenty years of age, had taken pains to inform herself that Mrs. Maples was not seriously injured.

She asked a hundred questions of her informant—who chanced to know the Maples—and learned that they were in moderate circumstances; perfectly respectable; that they lived in a flat in Hotel Dighton; that Lynn was a dry-goods clerk, and supported his mother and a young sister.

Percy Dudley stood by chafing.

"It seems to me you are very much interested in that fellow, Annie!" he exclaimed, at last.

"I am, I think," she answered, carelessly.

Dudley looked at her from under a frowning brow. He, Percy Dudley, the irresistible, the best match of the season, had paid this girl the most unmistakable attentions for four months without the slightest sign of having made but the most ordinary impression upon her.

Yet he continued his suit, since there was not another girl worth one hundred thousand dollars in his set, nor anywhere that he knew of, to be had.

His jealous eyes observed that in driving with Miss Loraine, they never passed the store where Lynn was employed without turning her glance toward the entrance; and once, when he chanced to be filling a lady's carriage with bundles, she bowed to him, with a faint flush upon her lily face.

From that moment Dudley hated Lynn. Though he did not for a moment entertain the thought that Miss Loraine gave him more than a passing approval, and he could see that the young man had something noble and attractive in his air, he was jealous even of her mere respect for him.

It was mere accident that the two met again and again during the winter, at church, at a fair, in a picture gallery, where Miss Loraine offered Lynn the sweetest courtesy, but it infuriated Dudley.

"Curse the fellow! I'll make him cut his own throat before long!" he muttered.

He caught Lynn out, and obtained an introduction. It was in a concert-room.

"Good many ladies present. By the way, there is Miss Annie Loraine in front. Do you know her, Mr. Maples?"

"I have the pleasure—slightly," replied Lynn, a flush coming into his frank, blonde face.

"Pretty, eh?"

"Very beautiful, I think. Do you know where she resides, Mr. Dudley?"

"What, don't know? Oh, up town somewhere!" answered the other, catching at a sudden thought. "So you don't know much about her circumstances?"

"No. Do you?"

"Something," carelessly. "She's an orphan. Lives with an aunt. By the way, my dear sir, she seems to know you better than you do her."

"She did me a favor last fall, on the occasion of an accident."

"Ah! Well, it seems that on that occasion you took the young lady's fancy. In short, she fell in love with you."

"With me?" stammered Lynn, blushing furiously. "I am not worthy the honor."

"There is no accounting for women's fancy," burst forth Dudley, savagely.

Lynn was too bewildered to notice the sneer.

"You are a friend of hers?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—an old, and intimate one. She's an odd girl—given to unaccountable fancies, you know. Oh, yes, I know her well! And my advice to you is to strike while the iron is hot, and offer yourself to Miss Loraine—that is, if so inclined yourself."

"I—I admire her very much!" stammered Lynn, trembling with agitation.

"Yes, certainly; I understand. Well, she's going South next week; but she'll be at the Parker Fraternity to-morrow evening. You'd better see her there, and make a sure thing of it. I'll give you my word she'll accept you."

"Thank you! thank you!" murmured Lynn, the lights swimming before his eyes, and the music fading on his ears.

He cared no longer for the latter. He got away out of the hall, and spent a restless night, full of excitement and the most exalted emotion. For the first time he knew that he loved the lily-faced, brown-eyed girl.

The next night found him at the musical entertainment of the Parker Fraternity. He was foolish, perhaps, but not more so than a score of other young fellows in love. But a more honest, fervent fellow never trembled at the touch of a woman's hand.

"You are as fond of music as I am, Mr. Maples," she said, with a sweet cordiality of manner which made her irresistible to all men who looked at her.

"May I escort you home, Miss Loraine? I—I have something to say to you."

She gave assent. Her brown eyes widened slightly with surprise, but she chose to accept, and, for once, Percy Dudley gracefully yielded his claims.

She came down into the moonlight her rich evening dress over her arm, her face cool and sweet. Lynn had a misgiving that he was mad, but he could not help it. Before they had walked six blocks and crossed the park, he had offered himself to Miss Loraine.

She did not speak—her face was quite white. He felt the little hand on his arm tremble. But her voice was silvery clear when she spoke at last:

"Mr. Maples, you have known me but a comparatively short space of time. What has caused you to address me like this?"

"My fervent love would not have given me courage to do so, Miss Loraine; but an old friend of yours—one who claimed to know you well—assured me that you were not quite indifferent—"

His voice failed him.

"Who was this friend, Mr. Maples?"

"Mr. Dudley."

He saw her eyes flash. She stopped at the foot of a flight of marble steps.

"I am at home now. Will you come here to-morrow and get your answer, Mr. Maples?"

Her face, gentle and downcast, did not tell him enough to bid him hope, but he could not forbear doing that in the sight of her loveliness. He glanced up at the wide portals, bronze lions and arched casements, thinking, after he had bowed and left her, that Annie Loraine's aunt must be rich.

Another night of palpitating hope and fear, yet he came with a manly face to Annie Loraine to learn her answer.

He was a little surprised to find Dudley in the room into which he was ushered. He sat lolling in an easy-chair, smiling, complaisant, yet with a flushed face and covert sparkle in his eye.

Miss Loraine rose from the sofa, and advanced cordially to her visitor, offering her jeweled hand.

"You have come promptly for your answer, Mr. Maples," she said, "and I will be prompt with you. I accept your offer of marriage, and give you, in the very acceptance, my most sincere affection. Yesterday was the first of April, and I think it is Mr. Dudley who will tell us who is the April fool."

With a cry of rage, and a furious oath, he sprang to his feet; but Miss Loraine turned her back on him, and walked with Lynn into an adjoining parlor, and he made his exit from the house without her adieux.

In scheming to make Lynn Maples offend the heiress by an offer of marriage, he had shot beyond his mark, and, losing all hope of Annie Loraine and her fortune, bitterly repented his trick of the first of April.

Two Terrible Duels.

The London *Telegraph* prints the following: A horrible story of a duel between two inhabitants of Morocco is reported from Oran. The two principals, both occupying a good position, were enamored of the same beauty, and agreed to fight for her possession. The combatants met at a short distance from Mequinez, each being armed with a carbine, a revolver and a hunting-knife, and mounted on horseback. The duelists rushed at one another at full speed, which resulted in one of the horses being killed, and the fight was continued on foot. After the two men had received several bullets in different parts of their bodies, they closed, and commenced a violent and horrible struggle with their knives. One of the men thrust his knife into the other's throat, and received a cut from his enemy which opened the whole of his chest. Too weak to use their arms, the dying men took to biting one another, and expired, the one with his teeth closing on the other's cheek, who gave up his last breath in endeavoring to rip open his adversary's body. The object of the encounter was thus gained, as each prevented the other from obtaining the hand of the girl, who must in future endeavor only to captivate one admirer at a time if she wishes to secure a husband.

After all, this is child's play compared with a desperate encounter described by the *Imparcial*, of Madrid, as taking place at Valparaiso. A quarrel between two rival professors of music led to a challenge, the instrument selected being neither pen nor sword, but the piano. The conditions of the "encounter" were that neither party should eat or drink until honor had been declared duly satisfied, and that no waltzes or other lively airs should be indulged in. Seconds were appointed, and the duel proceeded without intermission for forty-eight hours, at the end of which time one of the musicians, after playing a "Miserere" for the one hundred and fiftieth time, fell forward, and sank exhausted on the floor. He was taken up a corpse. His adversary had been literally transformed into an "enranged musician," and was in that state removed to the hospital. The seconds themselves gave signs of being seriously "touched," and each of the pianos was found to be in a hopelessly crazy condition. Such, at least, is the result of the medical examination.

Women can keep secrets. A Worcester girl, on a friend's promising solemnly not to tell, told that she was going to have four new dresses costing $60 each. The friend religiously kept her promise not to tell, and the first-mentioned young lady doesn't speak to her now.—*Boston Post.*

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has been thoroughly investigating the different varieties of candy fed to children, and finds glucose, sulphuric acid, sulphate of lime, arsenic and alba among the principal ingredients. The conclusion is also arrived at that the poisonous coloring matter increases all kidney complaints.

A Leader of the Gauchos.

The north Atlantic coast is not the only region whose inhabitants are demoralized by the northeast wind. Governor Rosas, of Buenos Ayres, who was successful in subduing the Indians of the pampas, never treated with them when the wind blew from the northeast. He found from experience that during such periods the savages were morose and indisposed to submit to reason or force. When, however, the wind came from the southwest they became reasonable, and then the governor found little difficulty in making honorable arrangements with them.

This Rosas was a remarkable man. He was a splendid horseman, and even the gauchos, the modern representatives of the centaurs, admitted that he excelled them in riding and throwing the lasso. Once, at a public celebration in the city of Buenos Ayres, he gave an exhibition of his skill. Stationing a gaucho, with a lasso, at a corner of the public square, Rosas rode at full speed down the street. As he entered the square the gaucho threw his lasso and caught Rosas' horse by the foreleg. The animal fell headlong and broke its neck. But Rosas leaped from the saddle, alighted on his feet, and walked off, raising his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers of the people.

The leader of the aristocratic party was Lavalle. Rosas shut him up in Buenos Ayres and then besieged the city. The war was a shocking one, no quarter being given on either side. Lavalle's supplies giving out, he determined to come to terms with Rosas. One day he rode out to the gauchos' camp, under a flag of truce, and asked to see General Rosas. As he was absent, Lavalle accepted an invitation to enter the general's tent, remarking that he had had but little rest for a long time, and would, if there was no objection, sleep until Rosas' return. Stretching himself on the ground, he fell asleep in a few minutes. When Rosas entered the camp he was informed that Lavelle was in his tent.

"To what good fortune am I indebted for this news?" asked Rosas.

"He came under a flag of truce," replied the officer, "and asked permission to repose until your return."

"Do not allow him to be disturbed," said Rosas. "Any one who can sleep in the tent of his most deadly enemy must be a brave man. Let his fate be what it may, he shall have a peaceful sleep to prepare for it."

When Lavalle awoke he and Rosas had a conference. It resulted in the termination of the civil war, and both sides welcomed peace.

Giving and Taking Advice.

Giving advice is certainly one of the hardest things in the world, both for the speaker and the person spoken to. It is the property of few to be able to say just the right thing in the best way and at the proper time; and still fewer are able to receive advice precisely as they ought, without misunderstanding or suspicion, and with a determination to profit by it to the fullest. But it is certain that much good council, which is really needed, and which is decently given, fails of its good effect because the receivers of it do not properly distinguish between true advice and improper interference or mischievous meddling. "A great deal of the outcry against meddling," says an English reviewer, "comes from persons who most need some interference with the swing of their course of action. How violently indignant are young people when engaged in a course of excitement or dissipation, or any career of passion or self-will, at a word or a hint of interference; how jealous of the mere suspicion of it; how insolent in thought, and often in word and act, against the offender! In all headlong doings of any kind, and at any age, there is the same resentment at any sense of external check." It is hard to be advised aright, especially when one's own conscience approves of the wisdom of the counsel; for none are so bold in self-assertion as those who know they are in the wrong. But that person, old or young, is wise who weighs advice for what it is worth, and is at least as ready to accept and profit by it as to spurn it and follow a contrary course of action. The chances are, when a person really takes courage to advise you on any matter, that there is something worth looking at in what he says.—*S. S. Times.*

Words of Wisdom.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

Many men claim to be firm in their principles, when really they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

It is well worth remembering that the whole world will breathe a little freer if you will only resolve to be an honest and upright man.

He who indulges his sense in any excesses, renders himself obnoxious to his own reason; and to gratify the brute in him, displeases the man, and sets his two natures at variance.

To commit the execution of a purpose to one who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one-third of the man; his heart and his head are against you, you have commanded only his hands.

Duty itself is supreme delight when love is the inducement and labor. By such a principle the ignorant are enlightened, the hard-hearted softened, the disobedient reformed and the faithful encouraged.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

The plain colored French buntings that were so fashionable last summer are becoming the popular costumes for afternoons at home and at the watering-place resorts. The new fancy is to combine these with figured foulards, instead of the heavy brocaded silks used with them last year. These are especially pretty in the creamy white buntings that are known also as nun's cloth, and as religieuse veiling. White challis, white mohair, camel's-hair, and Chuddah cloths are also used for summer-dresses for the country. Some of these have the Tallien overskirt draped very high on one side, or else opened its whole length to show the flounces of a heliotrope or blue silk skirt beneath. Cashmeres in the new heliotrope shades in which a gray tinge prevails, are also made up in conjunction with summer foulards; indeed, this fabric rivals the brilliant red satin for illuminating dresses.

Hints About Dresses.

While the basque and trimmed skirt are the prevailing style, a great many polonaises are also used. Some of the latter are seen with straight backs not caught up in the least, and quite full in plaits that fall lengthwise; others have combinations of different fabrics for scarfs in front or on the sides; and many are cut off in front like a basque, while the back is in princesse shape. For basques the surplice effects are very much used, and quite rival the directoire styles in popularity. Vests are not as much worn as they have lately been, but are sometimes seen with the shirred fronts of dresses; thus the contrasting fabric is set down the front of waist like a vest, and the material of the basque is shirred in clusters each side of it. Sometimes the basque is laid in plaits that fold on the bosom in surplice shape, and this is repeated in the back. Another fashion seen again in French dresses is that of making the middle forms of the back very full, shirring them at the neck and at the waist line, allowing the fullness to fall below in postilion plaitings. This and the great bow at the back are the favorite designs when coat basques are not used. The bow is simply two wide large loops closely strapped at the top, and the loops are pendent rather than straight across; a similar bow is at the throat, and if the basque is belted, another is at the waist in front. The narrow plaitings already described form the favorite trimming for the foot of skirts; these are each three inches wide when finished, and are made to lap an inch upon each other, the plaiting is then pulled out of its flat folds, to look as bunchy as possible.

Trials of an Engaged Girl.

After all, the yoke of marriage is an apparatus that should sit on two pairs of shoulders; and there is nothing very seemly in seeing a girl wait to wear her own part of it until it has been nicely padded with quilted satin. Looking at the matter from a less elevated point of view, long engagements are rather tiresome in restricting the liberty of girls. Miss Jenny, who is going to marry Mr. Simpson as soon as that hopeful young man gets a living, is obliged in the meanwhile to deny herself many pleasures, lest Simpson should take offense. She must eschew balls; she must take care that nobody makes love to her; and for this purpose she is obliged to let all chance comers be speedily informed of her engagement. Unhappily, the symbolism of rings is always unregarded, else the chance comers might discover the fact for themselves by looking at the second finger of Miss Jenny's left hand. If Jenny has no sisters to talk of her bethrothal, and if her mother does not accept timely hints to mention it on every necessary occasion, or the engagement is not announced in the society paper, the girl is rather embarrassed for words in which to convey the news delicately to strangers. She cannot allude to Mr. Simpson as "Johnny"—that would be too familiar; the cannot speak of him as "Simpson," for this would sound strange; but if she refers to him frequently as "Mr. Simpson," strangers might draw undesirable inferences from her apparent familiarity with a person thus coldly specified. Then the engaged girl has to put up with a great deal of chaff, which is only pleasing for a while, and afterward becomes intolerable. The trials of matrimony are frequently commended to her impatient attention by way of paternal rebuke: "Ah, my dear, you will find out that I was right when you are a wife yourself!" and so forth; or a snub is put upon her too hasty wish to consider herself free by the reminder that she is not married yet, and that there is many a slip between cup and lip. Sometimes Simpson is actually held up to her as a bogey: "My dear, I don't think Mr. Simpson would quite approve of your wearing that cherry ribbon;" "Jenny, dear, I think Mr. Simpson would be sadly grieved if he heard you express those opinions;" or "Jenny, I am sure Mr. Simpson would not think it proper that you should play croquet with Captain Mallet." There is enough in all this to make a girl sit down and scream.—*New York Home Journal.*

Astronomy was first studied by the Moors, and was introduced by them into Europe in 1201. The rapid progress of modern astronomy dates from the time of Copernicus. It was known to the Chinese about 1100 B. C.

Trout, the most beautiful of fish, are deceived by the flies that are most artificially made; but there is no reason why a girl should fall in love with a mere mustache.

OLEOMARGARINE.

How Artificial Butter is Made and How It May be Detected.

The manufacture of artificial butter or oleomargarine, it is stated, was commenced in Paris during the siege by the German army, when many of the necessary supplies of life were cut off from the inhabitants. It is related that M. Mege Mouriez, a chemist, was commissioned by the French government to make some researches, with a view to obtain a product to take the place of butter, to be supplied at a much lower price, and capable of being kept without becoming rancid.

M. Mege Mouriez placed several milch cows on a severe diet, which quickly reduced them in weight, and caused them to give a reduced quantity of milk, but the milk always produced butter, leaving still the query "Where did it come from?" He believed it was produced from the fat of the animal, which, being carried into the circulation, was deprived of its stearine by respiratory combustion, and furnished its oleomargarine to the cow's udder, where, under the influence of the mammary pepsin, it was changed into butyric oleomargarine or butter. Guided by this observation, he was not long in obtaining, by an ingenious process, from beef suet, fat fusible at nearly the same temperature as butter, and of agreeable taste. He then transformed this same fat into butter by a process similar to that of nature. This process was by grinding up the fat of the best quality of newly-slaughtered beeves between two cylinders, which falling into a deep vat heated by steam, and containing for every 1,000 kilogrammes of fat 200 kilogrammes of water and one kilogramme of potassic carbonate, besides two sheep's or pig's stomachs in pieces. The temperature was raised to forty-five degrees, and the mass carefully stirred. At the end of two hours the fat all raised to the surface, when it was let off into another vat, heated on a water bath to thirty degrees, and two per cent. of sea salt added. In two hours it became clear, and presented a yellow color, and the odor of freshly churned butter. This becoming cooler, was cut into cakes, packed in linen, and placed under an hydraulic press, and then separated into two nearly equal parts, viz., stearine and liquid oleomargarine. The stearine he manufactured into candles. After cooling, the oleomargarine was passed through cylinders under a shower of water to wash it and give it consistence. The oleomargarine was then made into cheap butter in the following manner: To fifty kilogrammes of melted oleomargarine, in a churn, he added about twenty-five litres (twenty-six quarts) of cows' milk, and twenty-five kilogrammes of water containing ten soluble parts of 100 grains of the mammary gland of the cow. The churn was put in motion, and in fifteen minutes the grease and water became transformed into a thick cream, which, in turn, was changed into butter. The churning being over, the butter was separated and the buttermilk removed, when fresh water was poured in. This product was then placed under a stream of water, where it was worked in a way to change it into artificial butter. When carefully made it contains traces of membrane, and may also show crystals of the stearates. It is colored with annatto from saffron, which is sometimes adulterated with sulphate of copper. The secret of manufacturing it was introduced into this country in 1872 or 1873 by a French chemist, named Paraff, who formed a company in New York and made a profitable business of it.

There are several ways of detecting oleomargarine. One is by the microscope. The difference between it and pure butter is shown at once under the glass. Pure butter shows a mass of globules similar in size and appearance with intermediate layers of salt and water. Oleomargarine shows a mass of what appears to be fan-shaped and fibrous crystallizations entirely different in character and appearance from butter. Professor De Smedt tests it as follows: A piece of oleomargarine—the size of a walnut—is placed in a wine glass, and ether poured on sufficient to cover and dissolve it, which is hastened by stirring with a teaspoon. The whole becomes soluble, but the salt is immediately precipitated, when the liquid mass is poured off into a saucer, or what is better, a small glass plate or saucer. The work of evaporization begins at once, and continues until every trace of the ether is gone, leaving the stearine or tallowy substance openly exposed, with its offensive odor and appearance. The character or appearance of good butter is not changed by a similar test, the fatty substance left after the evaporization of the ether retaining the odor of pure butter, totally unlike that of the stearine from oleomargarine. This test Professor De Smedt thinks better and every way more satisfactory than by the microscope. As a general thing, however, any person used to marketing can satisfy themselves, from the greasy smell of the artificial butter, of its character. It is not, as a general thing, so dense as pure butter, and usually has a whitish appearance on the outside.

A gentleman saw recently a copy of Voltaire lying on the center-table in Mr. Robert C. Ingersoll's parlor in Washington. "How much did this book cost you?" inquired the gentleman. "The governorship of Illinois," was Ingersoll's laconic reply.

A merchant may manage to grub along without advertising, and so may a man empty a hogshead of water with a teaspoon, but both are decidedly tedious undertakings.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The Texas negroes are emigrating in large numbers to Kansas.

Bound East—The books published in Boston.—*New York News.*

A Michigan boy committed suicide because his mother scolded him for smoking.

The railway through the St. Gothard tunnel will, it is thought, be open for traffic by the first of October, this year.

Walnut logs, thirty feet in diameter, are carried by rail from Tennessee to Pensacola, and shipped to Europe.

The successful growing of the coffee plant in Florida is now established beyond question.

The mayor of Leavenworth said he liked to see boys enjoy themselves, and then turned about and arrested a lad who gave him a volley from a bean-shooter.

The Cincinnati brewers have "pooled their issues" so as to make one great stock company. They want to keep up the price of beer.

The United States annually consumes about 1,000,000 boxes—of twenty pounds each—of Malaga raisins. Why not produce some of them in California instead of buying all from Spain?

Twenty thousand dollars are demanded by a disconsolate Brooklyn, N. Y., wife, for the alienation of her husband's heart. Many another woman would pay an equal amount to get rid of her husband, heart and all.

The government in Ireland has determined to grant, on easy terms, loans to proprietors for the employment of the tenants on their estates, on the principle that the repayment will not begin for two years, and during this time of grace the interest and principal will be added together, and the repayment only begin in the third year.

In view of the fact that the land and other property held by the War Department is valued at over $200,000,000, Secretary Ramsey recommends the creation of a "land title" division of his department and legislation which will allow the collection of all titles of record, &c., into that division for permanent keeping.

Mrs. Julia Kelly, formerly residing at Titusville, Crawford county, Pa., has been wandering up and down through many counties of the State, for the last 6 years, in search of her little girl named Mary, who disappeared one evening after being sent on an errand. She has spent the proceeds of a comfortable home in her vain search, and is resolved to sacrifice her life before giving up.

Judge Jere Black, of Pennsylvania, is an excellent farmer, and delights in nothing so much as his vacation among the fields and gardens of his country home. It is said that sometimes for a month he will not even open a letter, lest it may call him away from his farm. He does a great deal of reading there. He is supposed to know the Bible, Shakspeare and Milton almost by heart, but while he appreciates the great writers, he ignores nothing that fall's in his way, reading the lightest fiction of the day as well as the weightiest disquisitions.

"When a girl has received the best education which schools can afford; when she has learned to sing, dance, embroider, knit; when she has a pretty face, a taste for finery, and a desire to have a house of her own; she soon turns restless on finding that no eligible proposals are forthcoming for her hand. In the nature of things, it must needs be that the majority of girls in the middle class are condemned to remain single in their prime. Men cannot marry until their prospects are well assured, and this happens to most men only when they are bordering on thirty."

The record of business failures in 1879, kept by the Mercantile Agency of Dun, Barlow & Co., shows the average liabilities of the firms failing was $14,741. This average was never so low but in 1862, and is lower than it has been since 1863. The following table shows the percentage of failures to the entire number of firms in business for the years named:

	1879	1878	1877	1876	1871
New England	1 18	2 17	1 74	1 69	71
Middle States	99	1 39	1 35	1 76	76
Western States	62	1 42	1 19	1 39	66
Southern States	1 07	1 47	1 17	1 56	74
Pacific States	2 22	2 44	2 43	1 65	1 09
Canada	3 40	3 01	3 36	3 20	

The reports from the Territories are included with those of the Pacific States for the later years; for 1871 there were reports from California only.

There is hope for France. Gambetta believes in the education of girls. Since 1866 the nation has reduced taxation by 115,000,000 francs, and brought up the estimates for public instruction from 24,000,000 francs to 58,000,000. He also believes in cheap wine. He says: "We are going to lighten every sort of tax on wine. This will be done in the interest of the working classes, to whom pure wine is an absolute necessity. The empire brutalized them by making wine dear. We had dear wine drunk in the four months of the siege, which would in itself explain the Commune. Our laboring man can no more do without wine than the Belgian without beer. If he cannot have it, he drinks the poisonous brandies extracted from brandy and beet-root, and sold at the vintners."