Herald and Mail--Supplement.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1876.

O, CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.

O, city of the jasper wall,
And of the pearly gate!
For thee amid the storms of life,
Our weary spirits wait.
We long to walk the streets of gold
No mortal feet have trod;
We long to worship at the shrine,
The temple of our God!
O, home of bliss! O, land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight!
Of every land the brightest, best,
When shall we there find peace and rest?

O, city where they need no light
Of sun, or moon, or star.
Could we with eye of faith but see
How bright thy mansions are,
How soon our doubts would flee away,
How strong our trust would grow,
Until our hearts would lean no more
On trifles here below.
O, home of bliss! O, land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight!
Of every land the brightest, best,
When shall we there find peace and rest?

O, city where the shining gates
Shut out all grief and sin,
Well may we yearn amid earth's strife
The holy peace to win.
Yet must we meekly bear the cross,
Nor seek to lay it down,
Until our Father brings us home
And gives the promised crown.
O, home of bliss! O, land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight!
Of every land the brightest, best,
Soon shall we there find peace and rest.

DOWN AT THE HEEL.

BY THOMAS BENTON FORD.

Nearly everybody called John Smith "a no-account man;" nearly everybody said that he had wasted his substance on other people when he ought to have saved it for himself and his family. Some were charitable enough to call him half crazy, but every one united in the assertion that he was an imprudent and improvident man. "He ain't worth the powder it would take to kill him," said old Harry Hearn, one of his neighbors, a wealthy miser who lived on a plantation of a thousand acres, with cattle on a hundred hills. "Look what a start he had. Why, his father left him a good little estate, and his wife brought him quite a fortune. But whar is it all now? Gone long ago; and if it wa'nt for the exemption laws, he wouldn't have a hovel to shelter himself in. Run down at the heel, sir, run down at the heel. Now, look here at me. I kin buy and sell him ten thousand times over, and yet I was once a poor hireling, and made every cent I've got by hard licks. The sooner the world is rid of sich men, the better off it is. Leastways, this is my opinion, and I ain't afeard to express it, sir."

The fact is, John Smith was a pitiable object. He had given away to everybody who asked him, and gone security for "Dick, Tom and Harry," until at last he had nothing to give. He had given up his last horse to satisfy his creditors, and would have thrown in his homestead, allowed him by the law, if his wife for once in her life had not come to the rescue and declared she would not turn her little children out on the cold charities of the world without a shelter. All the old vagrants and vagabonds in the neighborhood, when they had no where else to go, would make an asylum of John Smith's house, and he was absolutely known to keep five of them at one time through a long and dreary winter. Two of them died during that time, and John Smith had them buried in a style denied to some men even in excellent circumstances. "It's the last thing I can do for the poor fellows," said he, "and I'll put them away decently." And so, in the bloom of life, John Smith was looked upon as a great failure, and regarded as a miserable ne'er-do-well, whom no one had any sympathy for, and people, especially men of respectability and business capacity, shunned generally. Still, there was some good in him after all, for whenever any one was sick in the community, and no one else would minister to their wants in the way of nursing or "setting up," he was always found ready and willing to help. So that it came to be a saying that John Smith was a better friend to everybody else than to himself or his own family. I don't know but what he was. Such men generally come to grief, and he was no exception to the rule.

One cold winter's evening, he walked four miles to see a widow whom he heard was quite ill and probably in need. He found her delirious with fever, and three little children, the eldest only eight years of age, shivering over a few dying embers, while the icy winds whistled through the cracks and crannies of the miserable old cabin. He walked nearly a quarter of a mile to an adjacent wood and gathered an arm-full of fuel, and continued to do so until he had made a comfortable fire and provided sufficient fuel to last till the succeeding day. Then he cooked quite a nice little supper out of some provisions that he had brought with him (for he was a very handy man in this way), fed the invalid, bathed her head and left her much better and far more comfortable, promising to call early the next day.

It was nearly night when he started home, and soon afterward a severe snow-storm set in. He lost his way in the darkness and wandered to the brink of a dangerous precipice, called Somerset Cliff, and before he was aware of where he was, had fallen a distance of thirty feet on the rocks below. He was found there the next morning bleeding and mangled, but still alive. They carried him home, and as soon as I heard of it, I went over to see him. The moment I glanced at him I saw it was all over. There was a sad smile on his lip and a far-away look in his eye, that was even then becoming glazed with the fearful film of death. He knew me, however, and spoke a few words:

"I ain't afraid to go," he said. "I think I would even be content if it wasn't for leaving Mary and the children so poor."

Here he choked, and the film in his eyes grew misty. In a moment, however, he became composed and dropped off into a calm sleep. I thought his face the most placid and tranquil I had ever seen, as he lay there breathing his life so peacefully away. Suddenly he awoke with a start.

"What time is it?" he inquired.

"It is nearly sunset," I answered.

"Well, then, it is time for me to go," he replied. "There's a storm coming, and I must get home before it begins. Good night."

He turned over, drew three or four uneasy breaths, shuddered slightly and died. I attended his funeral the next day. It was a wretched funeral. There was a miserable walnut coffin, and a widow with a rusty black dress that might have come out of Noah's ark, and five little ragged children, who followed the creaking old wagon with tears and lamentations to the churchyard, a mile away. A few of the neighbors went with it. Old Hearn was there. As we turned away from the grave, he remarked to me:

"He had some good pints. It's a pity he died so poor."

"He did not die poor," I answered; "he died rich!"

"Why, what on yearth do you mean?" he said.

"I mean what I say," I replied. "He had an immense fortune that you know not of."

"Why, where on the yearth is it, and of what does it consist?" he inquired.

I pointed upwards.

"In heaven," I answered. "Good deeds, kind acts, noble charities, which he has been piling up all his life. He has gone to his reward, and I would not give his inheritance for ten thousand times ten thousand such riches as you possess, even though you lived a thousand years to enjoy them!"

He turned away indignantly, and left me alone. The twilight had fallen, and a golden blossoming came out on the sky, while far away in the distant heavens I seemed to read, in letters of living fire, these words: "The greatest of all these is charity."

A Baboon Mother.

A woman belonging to a settlement of about one hundred and fifty souls went one day to gather some wood, and left her child on the ground to take care of itself. While the mother was gone a female baboon appeared on the scene, and espying the child approached and began to fondle it. The child was allowed to partake of the baboon's milk, which deprived it of any appetite for its mother's. When the mother returned she noticed that the child was carefully covered over with leaves and had lost its hunger. This was done for several days before the mother ascertained who performed the unthankful act. When the mother did find out the doer she induced the men of her tribe to lie in wait for the baboon the next day. The animal noticed the men raise their weapons to fire, and began to wave her hand, or paw, as it asking them not to kill her, and, at the same time, pointed to a young one at her breast. But the natives killed her. No sooner had they done so, however, than the male baboon put in its appearance, and, by a loud shout, summoned others of his tribe to the spot. Then, in a body, the animals attacked the natives and forced them to flee to their huts for safety. One of the baboons tracked them to their settlement, and the next day they were visited by about five hundred baboons, who assaulted them with cocoanuts and compelled them to run away from their homes. The animals kept a watch over the huts for several days and prevented the natives from returning to their dwellings.

Babies' Legs.

Bow-legs and knock-knees are among the common deformities of humanity, and wise mothers assert that the crookedness in either case arise from the afflicted one having been put up upon his or her feet too early in babyhood. But a Massachusetts physician who has watched for the true cause thinks differently. He attributes the first-mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with their soles pressed together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked; they do not attempt to make it when they are socked or slippered. So the remedy is obvious—keep the baby's soles covered. Knock-knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on the side, with one knee tucked into the hollow behind the other. He has found that where one leg has been bowed inward more than another, the patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been that most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the insides of the knees so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commended to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.

A HASTY spirit brought bitter woe upon a Montreal widow the other day. Her intended husband offered her his hand as they were about to take their places for the marriage ceremony, saying: "May I lead you?" A sharp glitter came into the woman's eyes as she answered: "Yes, for the last time." "Good-bye," said the man, as he walked out of the front door.

THOSE who openly confess the truth and cheerfully suffer for it, must have a believing spirit and a firm hold upon invisible realities.

WASHINGTON'S HOME.

The Guide and the Relics—Why Mrs. Washington Died in the Attic.

Olive Logan writes to the Graphic: We are at the hill-top now, and here is the house. For my own part, I cross the threshold of Washington's residence with a deep feeling of reverence. The majority of visitors, I am astonished to see, are in the highest and noisiest spirits possible, as if the invasion of the dead hero's home were connected with burlesque in its most grotesque form.

No sooner have we entered than we find we are in the hands of a guide, who drones information at us and drives us about from room to room like cattle. The crowd is so great that, before ascending the staircase, he requests the majority to stay on the lower floor, and come up and go down in detachments, lest, aiming for the attic, they find themselves unexpectedly in the cellar. The old house is not very strong.

I fear the enumeration of the "relics" at Mount Vernon would prove dull reading. Yet the eyes of the curious will rest with interest if not credulity on an old chair which is said to have come over in the Mayflower. It has been newly seated and repainted, and seems as if it could endure the pressure of another hundred thousand or so of persons anxious to sit in it, one million having already enjoyed that privilege—if we can trust the veracity of the guide. He requests the ladies present to add to the large number quoted, but extends a standing invitation to the gentlemen. In the hallway of the Washington mansion is seen a large key, which is said to be the key of the bastile—a key of one of the wards of the bastile would perhaps be more accurate. It is quite a fatherly sort of key, to be sure; its peculiarity being that it has not a hoop at the top, but a solid mass of iron, like a hammer head. In a glass case in the "East Room" (you box your compass in rooms quite faithfully at Washington) are confined—lest they should escape—several articles of clothing said to have been worn by Washington; an ancient British flag, torn and tattered; and, in the security of an iron-fendered fire-place, is a box of bottles which we first understand to be Washington's medicine chest.

"Gracious, it is very clear he wasn't a homeopathist!" says Mrs. Withington.

The bottles are great corpulent vials which would hold medicine enough to dose a regiment. The size of these bottles is viewed by a different standard when it is explained to us that this was the general's liquor case, not his medicine chest.

"Oh, that's a white horse of a different color!" says Mr. Withington, as he turns towards the lawn to see that his lunch is made ready in a pleasant spot for his guests. In vain his wife strives to detain him by the tempting assurance that the rooms where everybody died are up stairs.

We go up and see the room where Washington died. "Everything just as he left it," says the guide. But I am bound to admit that the bedstead looks pretty modern, and Mr. Heartman says he would like to find takers for a heavy bet as to the antiquity of that five-dollar mattress.

"This is the room whar Jayneral Gee-orge Washington died," droned the guide; "Mrs. Washington died in the attic."

"In the attic!" echoes Mrs. Withington in dismay.

"In the attic!" ejaculates Mrs. Martin, with the toss of her head exactly the same that she employed to such good advantage when she used to say to Sir Peter Teazle: "And after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again."

"Well, I never!—in the attic!" mumbled all the ship's crew of women.

I tell you this woman's-rights movement has struck deeper than you think.

We view the rooms named after states; the New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, etc., rooms. Each of these states, it seems, has undertaken to fit up a room at Mount Vernon with furniture of Washington's time. The New Jersey room is complete, the guide says.

We are getting very hungry, and lunch is waiting for us on the grassy lawn. Mr. Withington is opening champagne. The first we know, Mr. Heartman is on his feet making a speech.

"I have been profoundly touched," says this jolly Union Club man, "at all that has transpired this day. The memory of the great Washington! I could drink a basket of this very champagne, which cost me nothing, to the repose of our country's hero."

Everybody laughs and applauds except Mrs. Withington; a shadow seems to cloud her fair brow. We inquire the cause.

"Why, do you know," says she, "I can't get over Martha's dying in the attic." Then, with lofty mien, she turned to Mr. Withington, and continued: "Mr. Withington, remember if you please, and once for all, that *I* die in the best room in the house!"

And so say we all of us. The best room or none.

"But didn't you understand," observes Heartman, "the reason why Martha died in the attic?"

No; that was the only thing we didn't hear the guide say, and it was the very thing above all others that we wished to know.

"The Virginian custom at that time was that a room in which a death had occurred should be left unoccupied for two years. Mrs. Washington closed that room after her husband's death, and as she could not see his grave from the windows of any other room on that floor she went into the attic, just above Washington's room. She died eighteen months after her husband; therefore the two years were not up and the room was never again used."

Characteristics of the Rothschilds.

Gossipping about the Rothschilds and the methods by which their enormous wealth has been acquired, a correspondent says they are firm believers in luck. They will have nothing to do with unlucky men or enterprise, if they think they are such. If an agent makes a failure of any of their schemes he is immediately discharged, even if he is not directly responsible for the failure. They prefer their own race for assistants, and in most of their offices the Hebrew element predominates. They have always been devoted to their theological faith, and strict in observing all the laws of the synagogue, believing that much of their good fortune has come from unswerving fidelity to Judaism. They endow schools, hospitals and alms-houses for their faith, and ever renew an ardent attachment to the ancient form of worship. Save at rare intervals, they intermarry, and are likely to while they hold together. Nathan conceived the idea of perpetuating the name and power of the house by such consanguineous connections, common from early times with Hebrew families, and the union of blood relatives has been for years a common practice in the family. The great house now exists in the persons of some twelve of the family, descendants of Mayer Anselm Rothschild. They are united as of old in their lives and fortunes, and are men with rare genius for pecuniary planning, and for bearing the largest and most difficult enterprises to successful issues. Their blood has flown in kindred channels generation after generation. The mere passion for gain has doubtless long since ceased to impel them, for many years ago their wealth had swelled beyond accurate reckoning, but the gratification of power probably urges them now to increase their capital by all means of traffic. They consort with the greatest families of Europe, and have the hereditary title of baron. Despite their hundreds of millions, they are still very willing to add to them, for the love of domination in strong.

Curious Optical Apparatus.

The lecture was concluded by the exhibition of a selenium eye, which Mr. Siemens had prepared to illustrate the extraordinary sensitiveness of the selenium preparations. It consists of a hollow ball with two circular openings opposite each other, the one being furnished with a lens one and a half inches in diameter, and the other with an adjustable stopper carrying a sensitive plate, which is connected by wires to a galvanometer and one Daniell's cell. The lens is covered by two slides representing eyelids, the ball itself being the body of the eye, and the sensitive plate occupying the place of the retina. Having placed a white illuminated screen in front of the artificial eye, on opening the eyelids a strong deflection of the galvanometer was observed, a black screen giving hardly any deflection, a blue one a greater, a red a much greater, but still short of that produced by the reflected white light. The eye was thus sensitive to light and color, and, as stated, it would not be difficult to arrange a contact and electro-magnet in connection with the galvanometer, so that intense light would cause the automatic closing of the eyelids. The artificial eye is subject to fatigue, and the lecturer considered that this experiment might be suggestive to physiologists as regards the natural conjoint action of the retina and brain.

A Capital Fable.

The hopelessness of any one's accomplishing anything without pluck is illustrated in an old East India fable. A mouse that dwelt near the abode of a great magician was kept in such constant distress by its fear of a cat, that the magician took pity on it and turned it into a cat. Immediately it began to suffer from fear of a dog, so the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from fear of a tiger, and the magician turned it into a tiger. Then it began to suffer from fear of a huntsman, and the magician in disgust said: "Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a nobler animal;" and the poor creature became a mouse again. It is the same with a mouse-hearted man. He may be clothed with the powers, and placed in the position of brave men, but he will always act like a mouse, and public opinion is usually the great magician that finally says to such a person: "Go back to your obscurity again. You have only the heart of a mouse; it is useless to try to make a lion of you."

WE passed the window the other evening and they were having a little family jar. She called him "an old fool," and he called her a "tea-kettle." "You're a tea-kettle," he repeated vehemently, "you'll sing pleasantly one minute and boil over the next." We didn't stay to hear any more.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

The "Heathen Chinee" Problem—Ruinous Influence of the Mongolians on Caucasian Labor.

The question of Chinese emigration continues to agitate the dwellers on the Pacific slope. The San Francisco Chronicle of a recent date takes occasion to correct what it regards as a misapprehension of the subject in the journals of the east, and says:

To compare the effects resulting from emigration from Europe with those resulting from Chinese emigration betrays dense ignorance or willful blindness. American working-men and mechanics can stand competition with white European labor because the habits and modes of living of European emigrants are substantially like those of our own people. They eat the same kind of food, wear the same kind of clothes, and require the same comforts generally as Americans engaged in similar callings. But Chinese competition is altogether a different thing. Ages of oppression and privation in a country swarming with a redundant population have in the Chinese empire made the struggle for existence so keen as to generate habits of so-called frugality and industry which Americans can not imitate. No observer who dispassionately studies this subject on the theater where the problem is being worked out, seeing what is daily seen in this city by all who do not obstinately shut their eyes to the facts, can fail to realize that the conditions under which white labor is called upon to compete with Chinese labor in California are such that the former can not possibly hold its own in the struggle except by adopting modes of life which involve personal and social degradation, and which reduce the laborer to the level of a helot.

We fear that our eastern censors have not duly reflected upon these aspects of the question. Neither have they considered the momentous fact that the European emigrants are identical with us in blood and race, while between us and the Mongolians there yawns an impassable gulf. Emigrants from Germany, Ireland and other European countries become citizens of the republic. They acquire our customs and modes of living. They make our country their home, and the home of their children. In the second generation they become absorbed in the mass of our people. The money which they earn here is spent here. But the Asiatics are an alien race that can never mix with ours. Between them and us yawns an impassable gulf which no skill can bridge. Their morals, their religion, their tradition isolate them. They come here to encamp for a while and return with their spoils.

They do not spend their earnings here, and they put little money in circulation. They buy in China, and domestic trade derives little benefit from them. They send the bones of their dead to the Flowery Land for burial. They absorb, but return nothing. To compare them with European emigrants is the consummation of ignorance and folly.

The eastern journals think that our working population is too extravagant, and that they can learn profitable lessons of thrift and economy from our "long-estranged Asiatic brother." The lessons which the American workingmen must learn in order to be able to compete on equal terms with the "Asiatic brother" are to live mainly on rice; to sleep in miserable, filthy dens where a dozen men are packed away in tiers of bunks, in a room which a decent American mechanic would consider not too large for his exclusive accommodation; to labor steadily and unremittingly like a beast of burden; to deny himself of leisure for recreation or self-culture; to forego every higher aspiration and content himself with a mere animal existence, the whole dreary, monotonous routine of which comprises nothing but work, sleep, and feeding. Would our Boston critics like to see the American working-man reduced to this pariah-like condition?

They speak of the "extravagance and improvidence" of American working-men. They are nearer to Fall River than we are, and can tell us whether it is true or not that, previous to the recent strikes, the wages of the spinners and operatives at the mills ranged from seven to eighteen dollars per week. That was the statement at the time, and it is correct, it seems to us, that our Boston contemporaries, in view of these rates of payment, must have queer notions of what constitutes the "extravagance" of the American laboring classes.

WHY LITTLE FEET ARE CONSIDERED BEAUTIFUL.—The question is asked, Why is a small foot considered beautiful and a large foot ugly? In answer it may be said that a small foot is not necessarily beautiful, while a large one is necessarily ugly. Smallness is only one element of beauty here, but it is a very important one, since nearly all others may be concealed and are every day concealed by the shoe. Therefore, since the naked foot is seldom seen, smallness is taken as the one great essential of beauty. But why should this one quality be considered a beauty? The answer is that smallness of hand and foot is regarded as a sign of gentle blood; the noble hand has not been spread broad by work nor the foot flattened out by going unshod or being stood upon from morning till night. A high instep means elasticity and grace; grace itself is beauty on the wing. So we see why it is, in the first place, that mere smallness in a foot is commonly said to make the foot beautiful, and in the next place why small feet are thought a beauty.

Grooming Horses by Machinery.

An American invention is just now attracting no little attention in the sporting and business circles in Paris. The invention in question is the horse-cleaning machine invented by Mr. Small, of Buffalo, which turns out a horse well-groomed and in perfect order in something over a minute. The machine has not yet been described very minutely, but it is said that it looks like an exaggerated sewing machine with rotary brushes attached to it. The oddest part about it is that once the most refractory horse gets within its influence he will stand perfectly still, only stretching out his head and neck in a perfect ecstasy of enjoyment. The most vicious horses belonging to the artillery of Vincennes, and notably two savage brutes that never could be groomed unless thrown down and blindfolded, have been brought for trial, and always with the same result.

Mr. Myers, of the American circus, sent a beautiful full-blooded Arab, as wild as a deer, to be experimented upon, and had the satisfaction of seeing the dainty creature brought back with a coat shining like satin. By substituting pads of felt for the brushes on the machine, a horse that has become accidentally wetted can be dried in a few minutes. The grooming process only occupies from one to two minutes, and as two hours at least are requisite to perform the same operation by hand, it will be seen what a boon this invention will prove to those who own or take care of horses. A hundred machines have been already ordered by the Compagnie Generale des Omnibus, at whose station on the Place Wagram the new invention has been on exhibition.

Precautions Against Premature Burial in Munich.

I pity the stranger who dies within the gates of Munich. Every one here is treated with equal injustice, be he high or low, friend or foe. The body of the deceased is taken almost immediately to the cemetery, where is a chamber of death for its reception. A row of windows look in upon the many couches, and almost every hour there are anxious faces peering in through those windows at the bodies that are laid in state, side by side, until the hour of burial. Each body is dressed in its best; there are those who are borne to the exhibition hall in bridal robes; some are attired tastefully and some gaudily, for it is thought that their bodies may yet breathe again, and every precaution is taken to make this awakening as pleasant as possible. There are wires attached to the hands or breast, so that the least motion will communicate with an alarm bell, and at this strange summons the watchmen are prepared to rush to the assistance of the poor soul that has not yet escaped the trials of this life, but is delivered up to new sufferings and a second death. Tradition says that once or twice this bell has rung and the watchers arrived in terror to bear away the half conscious body, ere it had knowledge of its gloomy surroundings. —*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

A Defense of Women's Toilets.

Margaret Fields gives some readable facts in the history of woman's toilet, as a defense of the tendency of women of the present day towards lavishness in the decoration of their persons. She says: "It is utterly useless to try to make anything of human ilk believe dress is not of primary importance, that beauty unadorned has the slightest chance, but because it is not true in fact, however excellent in theory. Let a pretty woman neglect the amenities of dress, leave all the accessories of hair, lace or ribbon adornment uncared for, and go around limp loose and dowdyish, with only her natural charms to counterbalance, and see how little chance she stands for admiration. A symmetrically cut, gracefully hanging dress; a bright knot, artistically disposed; a soft, delicate bit of lace, makes all the difference in the world in the effect a woman produces upon the senses. It is a remarkable fact, that while men make woman's folly in dress the target at which to let fly their sharpest criticisms, it is for man alone she indulges in these extravagances.

MACAULAY ON MATHEMATICS.—Oh for words to express my abomination of that science, if a name sacred to the useful and embellishing arts may be applied to the perception and recollection of certain properties in numbers and figures! Oh that I had to learn astrology, or demonology, or school divinity; oh that I were to pore over Thomas Aquinas, and to adjust the relation Entity with the two Predicaments, so that I were exempt from this miserable study! "Discipline" of the mind! Say rather starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! But it must be. I feel myself becoming a personification of algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of logarithms. All my perceptions of elegance and beauty are gone, or at least going. By the end of the term my brain will be "as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

PARAGRAPHS OF THE PERIOD.

THERE are one million dollars worth of shoe pegs made yearly in the United States, most of them in Massachusetts, requiring one hundred thousand cubic feet of white birch.

THERE was some excitement in a Pennsylvania Sunday-school the other Sunday when a little boy, whose teacher had sent him home for her class cards which she had forgotten, returned in breathless triumph brandishing a euchre deck, with the joker on top.

"AND canst thou always love me thus, Alfred?" she murmured, "even when age has crept upon me and left his traces here?" There was a pause on his part, but it was only momentary, when he replied, in a tone of deep remonstrance: "Can a duck swim?"

A BOSTON lady lately received three thousand dollars for falling into a coal-hole which was left open on a street sidewalk, and yet the Woman's Journal says there are but few profitable openings for the weaker sex. Why, there's no end to the vaultin' ambition of such women.

HAVE you never observed how free the Lord's Prayer is of any material that can tempt to this subtle self-inspection in the art of devotion? It is full of an overflowing of thought and emotion toward great objects of desire, great necessities and great perils. After this manner, therefore, pray ye.—*Prof. Austin Phelps.*

THE Boston Spiritual Scientist has just discovered that the recurrence of insanity can be prevented by wearing silk garments. And since that discovery four-fifths of the women in the United States are reminding their husbands that their grandmothers died insane, and that they live in hourly danger of relapsing into the family weakness.

TIME wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly drawing one after another; they creep in at the window; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips as they pant for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

SHE was a pretty girl, nicely dressed, and she sat diagonally in a rear corner of a street-car, occupying about two seats. Another lady came in, and turning herself sideways, sank with a swan-like dip across the three adjoining seats. The young lady in the corner looked at the other's back and sniffed with her left nostril; looked at the languid contempt of the attitude, and sniffed with the other nostril; then regarded the lady's costume, and finding it elegant, sniffed with both nostrils. Beginning to get mad, she rubbed her nose violently, first with the second joint of her forefinger, and subsequently with her handkerchief. Slowly their eyes met. One flashed undying hatred and scorn; the other irradiated lofty pity and disdain. They had never met before, and now they met for only a moment. What had happened? We give it up. But let woman have the ballot.

DOM PEDRO.—One of his officers writes as follows: I tell you, Dom Pedro is a splendid fellow—more of a republican at heart than many Americans, and much less of a snob, as will be found out if any grand display is attempted in his especial honor. He has a contempt for empty show and processions, and would rather spend an hour in studying out a new machine, or in company with a literary or scientific friend, than in acting as principal figure in any ceremony. If he could give his people the right to choose their own ruler he would do so at once, and if he lives long enough, it is not unlikely that some provision will be made, at his instance, for the founding of a great republic of Brazil. His country is every year growing richer and greater, and its intercourse with the United States is increasing. The visit here may be of incalculable advantage, in a commercial point of view, in opening up wider the channels of trade which have begun to flow between the United States and Brazil.

THE SIMPLICITY OF GREATNESS.—Many years ago the licentiates of Princeton Seminary were in the habit of preaching at a station some distance from that place. Among their habitual hearers was a sincere and humble but uneducated christian slave, called Uncle Sam, who on his return home would try to tell his mistress what he could remember of the sermon, but he complained that the students were too deep for him. One day, however, he came home in great good humor, saying that a poor "unlarnt" old man, just like himself, had preached that day, who he supposed was hardly fit to preach to the white people; but he was glad he came, for his sake, for he could remember everything he had said. On inquiry it was found that Uncle Sam's "unlarnt" old preacher was Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, who, when he heard the criticism, said it was the highest compliment ever paid to his preaching.

HATING.—Hate no one. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts toward any one. What if this man has cheated you, or that woman played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in time of need, or that one having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go to the undiscovered country? A few more smiles, a few more pleasures, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying through the world, some hasty greetings and abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," the injured will be led away and ere long forgotten. Is it worthy to hate each other?