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TOO LATE.

The wind is raving, the night is chill,
Drearily drips the rain;
Yet all alone by the window-sill,
My face on the frozen pane,
I dream of the days that were once so glad—
Days that are now so sorry and sad—
And wish for them back in vain.

'Twas under those skies I saw him last,
Striding in wrath away,
And as his shadow the sunset passed
I would not bid him stay,
But shrank still more from the rosy light,
Lest of my face he should get a sight,
So proud was I that day.

I am humbled since! O love, my love!
If I could see you now,
I should feel so blessed that the blessed above
Such bliss could hardly know,
And the gem which my folly flung away
Would be held to a happy heart to-day:
Ah God that it were so!

We both were erring, we both were wrong,
But the greater error mine;
For I knew, though bitter and harsh your tongue,
That you loved me all the time;
And you thought me heartless, you thought me high,
Though all the while I was nothing but shy,
And frightened to own me thine.

Ah! many a year has sped since then
(Hearken the storm-gull's cry!)
Yet still I sit by the window-pane,
And watch for your coming by,
And watch and weep and wait in vain,
Only to see you smile again,
And kiss you before I die.

JOHN'S TRIAL.

BY F. DEMING.

JUST where the Wilderness road of the Adirondack Highlands strikes the edge of the great Champlain Valley, in a little clearing, is a lonely log-house. On the 10th day of July, 1852, a muscular, gaunt woman stood at the door of the house, overlooking the vast extent of the valley. From her stand-point, ten miles of green forest swept down to the lake's winding shore. She saw the indentation made in the shore line by "the bay," and beyond, the wide waters gleaming in the fervid brightness of summer. Specks were here and there discernible in the light, flashed back from the blue, mirror-like surface, and by long watching it could be seen that these specks were moving to and fro.

The woman knew that these distant moving atoms were boats freighting lumber through Lake Champlain. She knew there was but one boat that would be likely to turn aside and come into the little bay, and that this boat would be her son John's sloop.

That was why she watched so anxiously a speck that neared the bay and at length entered it. To make doubly sure, she brought to bear an old spy-glass whose principal lens was cracked entirely through. It gave her a smoky view of the famous sloop, The Dolly Ann, John's property, and then she was entirely certain that her son, who had been three weeks absent on his voyage, was coming home.

Jupiter, the house-dog, who had been watching her, seemed to know it too, perfectly well; for as she turned from her survey through the glass, his canine nature developed a degree of wriggling friskness of which the grave old dog seemed half ashamed. He whined and walked about the door-yard for a few moments, then gave his mistress a long, steady look, and seemed satisfied with what he read in her face, jumped over the fence and started down the road into the valley, at a full run.

The woman knew that three or four hours must yet elapse before John and Jupiter would come along the path together, tired by their long tramp up the mountain-side. She thought and waited as lonely mothers think and wait for absent sons.

At about four o'clock, a young, dark-eyed man and the dog came up the road and to the house. "Heigho, mother, all well?" was the man's greeting. The woman's greeting was only, "How do you do, John?" There was no show of sentiment, not even a handshake; but a bright look in the man's face, and a tremor in the voice of the woman, conveyed the impression that these plain people felt a great deal more than they expressed.

Two hours passed away, and after supper, the neighbors who had seen John and the dog come up the road, dropped in for a talk with "the captain," as John was called by his friends.

Soon the inquiry was made, "Where did you leave your cousin William?"

John had taken his cousin William, who lived upon the lake-shore, with him upon this last trip, and hence the question.

But John did not answer the question directly. He seemed troubled and unhappy about it. He finally acknowledged that he and William had not agreed, and that high words and blows had passed between them, and added that his cousin had finally left the boat and had gone away in a huff, he knew not where, but somewhere into the pineries of Canada. He declared, getting warm in his recollection of the quarrel, that he "didn't care a darn" where Will went, any way.

A month passed away; it was August. Cousin Will did not return. But certain strange stories came up the lake from Canada, and reached the dwellers along the Adirondack Wilderness road. No cousin William had been seen in the pineries; but just across the Canada line, at the mouth of Fish River, where the sloops were moored to receive their lading of lumber, a bruised, swollen, festering corpse had risen and floated in the glare of a hot August day. The boatmen rescued it and buried it upon the shore. They described it as the body of a hale, vigorous young man, agreeing in hight, size and appearance with Cousin William.

And there was another story told by the captain of a sloop which had been moored at the mouth of Fish River, near by John's sloop, on the fatal voyage from which Cousin William had not returned.

The captain said that upon the Fourth of July, he had heard quarreling upon John's sloop all the afternoon, and had noticed that only two men were there. He thought the men had been drinking. At nightfall there was a little lull; but soon after dark, the noise broke out again. He could see nothing through the gloom, but he heard high and angry words, and at length blows, and then a dull, crushing thud, followed by a plunge into the water, and then there was entire silence. He listened for an hour, in the stillness of the summer night, but heard no further sound from the boat. In the early gray of the next morning, the captain, looking across the intervening space to John's sloop, which he described as hardly a stone's throw from his own, saw a hat lying upon the deck, and using his glass, was confident that he saw "spatters of blood." He thought it "none of his business," and taking advantage of a light breeze, sailed away and said nothing. But when the floating corpse was found, he felt sure there had been a murder, and, as he expressed it, felt bound to tell his story like an honest man, and so told it.

Putting these things together, it soon grew to be the current opinion upon the lake that Captain John had murdered his cousin William. The dwellers upon the Wilderness road also came by slow degrees, and unwillingly, to the same conclusion. It was felt and said that John ought to be arrested.

Accordingly on a dreary day in November, two officers, from the county town twenty miles away down the lake-shore, came and climbed the steep road to the lonely log-house, and arrested John. It was undoubtedly a dreadful blow to those two lonely people living isolated in the wilderness. Perhaps there ought to have been some crying and a scene, but there was no such thing. The officers testified that neither John nor his mother made any fuss about it. There was a slight twitching of the strong muscles of her face, as she talked with the officers, but no other outward sign.

John gave more evidence of the wound he felt. He was white and quivering, yet he silently, and without objection, made ready to go with the officers. He was soon prepared, and they started. John, as he went out of the door, turned and said, "Good-by; it will all be made right, mother." She simply answered, "Yes, good-by; I know it, my son."

The trio went on foot down the road to the next house, where the officers had left their team. Jupiter, standing up with his fore paws upon the top of the fence, gazed wistfully after them. When they passed around the bend of the road out of sight, Jupiter went into the house. The strong woman was there about her work, as usual: but the heavy tears would now and then fall upon the hard pine floor. She knew that her own boy would spend the coming night in the county jail.

At twelve o'clock of that chill November night, the woman and the dog went out of the house; she fastened the door, and then they went together down the dark mountain road, while the autumn winds swept dismally through the great wilderness, and the midnight voice of the pines mourned the dying year. The next day at noon, a very weary woman on foot, with a small bundle and a large dog, put up at the little village hotel hard by the county jail.

Another day past and then the preliminary examination came on before a justice, to determine whether there was sufficient evidence to hold John in custody until a grand jury of the county should be assembled for the next Court of Oyer and Terminer.

Three days were spent in this examination before the justice; the captain of the sloop who had overheard the quarrel in the night told his story, and the boatmen who had found the body told theirs. Two men who had been the crew of John's little vessel were also called. But they could tell little more than that they were absent on shore upon the 4th of July, and when they returned to the vessel William had gone, they knew not where nor why.

The evidence against John seemed to the magistrate clear and conclusive. But the counsel for the accused (employed by John's mother) took the ground that as the offense was committed in Canada, a justice in the United States had no jurisdiction in the matter.

This view prevailed, and after five days the accused was set at liberty. But that voice of the people, which the ancient proverb says is like the voice of God, had decided that John was guilty. It was under this crushing condemnation that John and his mother left the county town on a cold December day, turning their steps homeward; and at evening they climbed the acclivity so familiar to them, and reached the lonely log-house upon the mountain. Their neighbors were glad to see them back again, but were plain to say that "it appeared like as if John was guilty." These dwellers in the solitudes were accustomed to speak truly what they thought. John and his mother too spoke openly of this matter. It was only of showing affection and love that these people were ashamed and shy. They both admitted to their neighbors that the evidence was very strong, but John added quietly that he was not guilty, as if that settled the whole matter.

But the voice of the people and a sense of justice would not let this crime rest. It came to be very generally known that a man guilty of murder was living near the shore of Lake Champlain unmolested. Arrangements were effected by which it came to pass that the Canadian authorities made a formal application to the United States for the delivery of one John Wilson, believed to be guilty of the murder of his cousin William Wilson.

And so again two officers, this time United States officials, climbed up to the little log-house upon the edge of the great valley. Through a drifting, blinding storm of snow they were piloted by a neighbor to the lonely house. They made known their errand, and in the course of half an hour the officers and their prisoner were out in the storm en route for the distant city of Montreal.

It was many days before the woman saw her son again. For four months John was imprisoned, awaiting his trial before the Canadian courts. Doubtless those four months seemed long to the solitary woman. She had not much opportunity to indulge in melancholy fancies; she spent much of her time in pulling brush and wood out of the snow and breaking it up with an ax, so as to adapt it to the size of her stove.

The neighbors tried to be kind, and often took commissions from her to the store and the grist-mill in the valley. "But after all," said Pete Searles, one of John's friends, in speaking of the matter afterward, "what could neighbors amount to, when the nearest of them lived a mile away, and all of them were plain to say that they believed she was the mother of a murderer."

But the neighbors said the woman did not seem to mind the solitude and the rough work. Morning, noon and night she was out in the snow or the storm at the little hovel of a barn back of the house, taking care of two cows and a few sheep which were hers and John's. At other times travelers upon the Wilderness road would see her gaunt, angular figure clambering down a rocky ridge, dragging poles to the house to be cut up for fuel.

She received two letters from John in the course of the winter. The first told her that he was imprisoned, and awaiting his trial in Montreal, and the next one said that his trial had been set down for an early day in March.

This correspondence was all the information the mother had of her son; for the lake was frozen during the winter, so that the boats did not run, and no news could come from Canada by the boatmen.

When March came and passed away without intelligence from John, it was taken by the dwellers upon the lake-shore and along the Wilderness road as a sure indication that he had been convicted of the crime. A letter or newspaper announcing the fact was confidently looked for by the neighbors whenever they went to the distant post-office for their weekly mail.

As March went out, and spring days and sunshine came, it was noticed that the face of John's mother looked sharp and white, but she went about the same daily duties as before, without seeming to feel ill or weak.

On a plashy April day full of sunshine, she stood on the rocky ridge back of the house, looking down upon the lake. A few early birds had come back and were twittering about the clearing. Although the snow still lingered in patches upon the highlands, the valley looked warm below, and the first boats of the season were dotting the wide, distant mirror of "old Champlain." A man came slowly up the muddy line of road, through the gate, and around the house; then first the woman saw him. A slight spasm passed over her face. There was a little pitiful quiver of the muscles about the mouth, and then she walked slowly down the ridge to where the man stood. She struggled a little with herself before she said, "Well, John, I am glad to see you back."

John tried to be cool also, but nature was too much for him. He could not raise his eyes to hers, and his simple response, "Yes, mother," was chokingly uttered.

The two walked into the house together in the old familiar way; the woman without a word began to spread the table, and her son went out and prepared fuel, and bringing it in replenished the fire. Then he sat down in his accustomed place by the stove, with a pleasant remark about how well the fire burned, and how good it seemed to be home again. And the woman spoke a few kind, motherly words.

It was the way they had always done when John came back, but now there was a great sadness in it, for he had come "*from prison*." Jupiter seemed fully to realize the situation. He exhibited none of that friskiness which characterized the welcome he had usually given; but when John was seated the old dog came slowly up to him, laid his fore paws and his head in his master's lap, and looked sadly in his face.

As they sat down to supper, John began to tell of his fare in the jail at Montreal, and to speak freely of his life there. "Will you have to go back?" said his mother, with that quiver about the mouth again. "No, mother," said John, "it is finished, and I am discharged."

After supper the story was told over, how well John's counsel had worked for him, and how the judge had said there was not sufficient evidence to convict of so great a crime.

John continued from this time on through the spring to live at home. He allowed his sloop to float idly in the bay, while, as he said, he himself rested. The truth was, he saw, as others did not, that his mother had carried a fearful weight, and now, when it was lifted by his return, that the resources of her life were exhausted. The change, not yet apparent to other eyes, was clear to his vision. So it is that these silent spirits read each other.

As the warm weather advanced, the strong woman became weak; and as the June flowers began to bloom, she ceased to move about much, and sat the most of each day in a chair by the open door. John managed the house and talked with his mother. Her mind changed with the relaxation of her physical frame. She no longer strove to hide her tears, but like a tired infant, would weep without restraint or concealment, as she told her son of the early loves and romance of her girlhood life in a warm valley of the West. He learned more of his mother's heart in those June days than he had surmised from all he had known of her before. And he knew what this predicted. He felt that the heart nearest his own was counting over the treasures of life ere it surrendered them forever.

There was no great scene when the woman died. It was at evening, just as the July fervors were coming on. She had wept much in the morning. As the day grew warm she became very weak and faint, and about noon was moved by her son from her chair to her bed, and so died as the sun went down.

John was alone in the house when she died. Since his return from Montreal, he had been made to feel that he had but one friend besides his mother. Only one neighbor had called upon him, and that was Pete Searles. *He* had ever proved true. But John did not like to trouble his one friend, who lived two miles away, to come and stay with him during the night. So he lighted a candle, took down from a shelf a little Bible and hymn-book that he and his mother had carried on an average about four times a year to a school-house used as a church, some six miles away, and so alone with the dead he spent the hours in reading and tears and meditation.

In the morning he locked the doors of his home and walked "over to Pete's." As he met his friend, he said in a clear voice, but with eyes averted, "She has gone, Pete—if you will just take the key and go over there, I'll go down to the lake and get the things, and tell Downer, and we'll have the funeral, say on Thursday."

Pete hesitated a moment, then took the key John offered him, and said, "Yes, John, I will tell my woman, and we will go over and fix it, and be there when you come back." And so John went on his way. "Downer" was the minister, and "the things" were a coffin and a shroud.

On Thursday was the funeral. Pete took care to have all the people of the neighborhood there, although it hardly seemed as if John desired it. The popular voice, having once decided it, still held John as a murderer, and claimed that he was cleared from the charge only by the tricks of his lawyer. John knew of this decision. At the funeral he was stern, cold, white, and statue-like. While others wept, but few tears fell from his eyes, and even these seemed wrung from him by an anguish for the most part suppressed or concealed.

He chose that his mother should be buried, not in the "burying-ground" at the settlement, but upon their own little farm where she had lived. And so in a spot below the rocky ridge, where wild violets grew, she was laid to rest.

John spent the night following the funeral at Pete's house, then returned to his own home, and from that time his *solitary* life began. He took his cattle and his sheep over to Pete's, made all fast about his home, and resumed his boating upon Lake Champlain. He fully realized that he was a marked man. He was advised, it was said, even by his own legal counsel, to leave the country, and to leave his name behind him; but no words influenced him. Firm and steady in his course, strictly temperate and just, he won respect where he could not gain confidence.

The years rolled by. Captain John was still a boatman, and still kept his home at the lonely log-house on the edge of the great valley. From each voyage he returned and spent a day and night alone at the old place; and it was noticed that a strong, high paling was built around his mother's grave, and a marble headstone was placed there, and other flowers grew with the wild violets. Even in winter, when there was no boating and he boarded down by the lake, he made many visits to the old homestead. His figure, which, though youthful, was now growing gaunt and thin as his mother's had been, was often seen by Pete at nightfall upon the top of a certain rocky ridge, standing out clear and sharp against the cold blue steel of the winter sky.

John had no companions and sought none. The young men and women of his set had married and settled in life; he was still the same.

But there came a change. Eleven years had passed since the mother died, and it was June again. John was spending a day at the old place once more. He sat in the door, looking out on the magnificent landscape, the broad lake, and the dim line of mountains away across the valley. The lovely day seemed to cheer this stern, lonely man.

Three persons came up the road; they advanced straight to where John was sitting. One of them stepped forward, looked John steadily in the face, held out his hand to him, and said, "John, do you know me?"

The voice seemed to strike him with a sharp, stunning shock. He quivered, held his breath, stared into the eyes of the questioner, and then suddenly becoming unnaturally cool and collected, said, "Is it you, William?"

The two who stood back had once been John's warmest friends. They now came forward, and with such words as they could command, told the story of William's sudden return, and sought for themselves forgiveness for the cruel and false suspicion which had so long estranged them from their friend.

John seemed to hear this as one in a dream. He talked with William and the men in a manner that seemed strangely cold and indifferent, about where William had been voyaging so long in distant seas, and of his strange absence. A quarter of an hour passed away. The men proposed that John should go with them to their homes, and said there would be a gathering of friends there. They pressed the invitation with warmth, and such true feeling as our voices express when a dear friend has been greatly wronged, and we humbly acknowledge it.

John said abruptly, in reply, that he did not know. He looked uneasily around as if in search of something, perhaps his hat. He essayed to rise from his chair, but could not; and in a moment he fell back ashy pale, fainting and breathless. The men had not looked for this, but accustomed as they were to the rough life of the wilderness, they were not alarmed. They fanned the fainting man with their straw hats, and as soon as water could be found, applied it to his hands and face. He soon partially recovered, and looking up, said in a broken voice, "Give me a little time, boys." At this hint, the two old friends who were now crying, stepped out of the door, and cousin William sat down out upon the door-step.

John found that a *little* time was not enough. He had traveled too long and far in that fearful desert of loneliness, easily or quickly to return. A nervous fever followed the shock he received, and for two months he did not leave the homestead, and was confined to his bed. But the old house was not lonely. The men and women came, both his old friends and some new-comers, and tried to make up to him in some degree the love and sympathy he had so long missed. But for many days it was evident that their kindness pained and oppressed him.

"It appears like," said Pete, "that a rough word don't hurt him, but a kind one he can't stand." And this was true. His soul was fortified against hatred and contempt, but a kind voice, or a gentle caress, seemed to wound him so that he would sob like an infant.

As he recovered from his illness he continued gentle, kind, and shrinking, to a fault. By the operation of some spiritual law that I do not fully comprehend, he was, after his recovery, one of those who win a strange affection from others. His influence seemed like a mild fascination. It was said of him in after years, that he was more truly loved, and by more people, than any other man or woman in all the settlements round. Children loved him with a passionate attachment, and the woman of child-like nature whom he made his wife is said to have died of grief at his death. He departed this life at the age of thirty-eight years, and he sleeps on the edge of the great valley, with his mother and his wife beside him.—*Atlantic for March.*

Short Credits.

While so many papers are discussing whether or not the country should return to specie payments, it should not be forgotten that there is a large class of persons whom we owe who are not at all particular whether payment is made in specie or in greenbacks. Most of us have debts owing to us, and we would no doubt as soon have these debts paid in greenbacks as specie. Any kind of payment is satisfactory to those who want money, and that is the case with most of us just now.

One of the worst of our farming troubles the past year or two, is the debt most of us have had to carry. Our crops have either failed, or else been so very productive that they brought little price in market. We have thus not been able to pay our debts, and much of the embarrassment which so many feel comes from this fact as much as from anything wrong in public affairs. If the result of our troubles should bring us nearer to cash payments, it will be of more influence on our prosperity than either greenbacks or specie payment under a highly extended credit system.

Of course a perfect system of agricultural operations on nothing but a cash system is impossible. Thousands of men now own farms who would never have owned a strip of land only that they bought it on mortgage; and borrowed money has often helped a man in business, besides doing good to the one who loaned. Hard cash for everything means, with most persons, hard work for life and little at the end; but the man who goes heavily in debt should remember that hard times will always come in turn with good ones, and then it is that debts are so hard to pay. No one should contract debts without thinking of the possibilities of bad times, and what means will be at hand when one source of income fails.

No doubt these pinches make many a one resolve never to go in debt again, but such indiscriminate resolutions are never kept. If small bills are kept paid, as they generally can be, and this kind of cash payment be brought about, the advantages of judicious debt will always remain the same.—*Forney's Press.*

New Houses.

The coincidence of a man moving into a new house and dying soon after, has frequently been a subject of remark, and there is an avoidable cause—the house is moved into before the walls and plaster and the wood are sufficiently dried. Sometimes the cause of death is the poisonous character of the water conveyed through new lead pipes. No water for drinking or cooking purposes should be used in a building supplied with new lead pipes, in whole or in part, for at least one month after the water has been used daily; this gives time for a protecting coating to form on the inner surface of the pipes, when their chemical change from contact with water generally ceases.

But the damp materials of the house have the most decided effect, especially on persons over fifty years old or of frail constitution; whereas, if the person were in the full vigor of life and health, not even an inconvenience would be experienced. In building a new house, or on going to live in another locality where the water supply is not far from the house, it should be ascertained with the utmost certainty that the spring or well is higher than the privies or barnyards. Insidious and fatal forms of decline and typhoid very often result from drinking water which is drained from the localities named. The safest plan, and the only safe plan for furnishing dwellings with the most healthful and unobjectionable water, is to have a water-tight cistern and let the water from the house or barn or other outhouses be conveyed into it through a box several yards long, this box to rest on a board, or cemented bottom and sides, so that no outside water could get into it.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Fashion vs. Food.

An observer, writing about the English factory-girls, gives an amusing description of the manner in which one of them passed her dinner hour. Crowds of these girls had assembled outside of a cheap cook-shop during the half hour allotted to dinner. Among them was a ragged, scantily-clothed child about fourteen years old. She stood for a long time in front of the cook-shop window looking longingly within. All the others had gone, and the poor forlorn child still remained there, rattling a few half-pence in her hand. At last, with a longing look at the tempting viands, she paused a moment at the open door and then dashed off down the street. The observer followed her, thinking that she was in search of a cheaper cook-shop, and pitying her hard fate. But she soon reached a store where second-hand finery was for sale, entered, and returned in a few moments with a faded but gorgeous bunch of artificial flowers, containing a full-blown rose, a poppy or two, and a fair sprinkling of wheat. With a glow of triumph on her face, old before its time, she looked eagerly around to see if any one observed her. Then spying, close at hand, the secluded gateway of a lumber-yard, she darted across the road, and crouching in a corner, was quickly observed in retrimming the battered old hat which rested on her knees.

Lead Pipes and Water Supply.

The question whether water is poisoned by flowing through lead pipes was lately discussed in the French Academy of Science, with results that are calculated to quiet the apprehensions of those who get their water supply through such pipes. M. Dumas stated that in his chemical lectures he had long been accustomed to employ a very simple experiment for the purpose of showing that water corrodes lead only under special conditions. He takes distilled water, rain water, spring water, river water, etc., and drops into each pieces of lead. It is found that only the distilled water acts on the lead, the salts of lime in the rest of the specimens preventing the reaction. M. Belgrand read to the Academy a memoir giving the results of his investigations into this subject. The ancient Romans employed lead water pipes on a large scale, but yet no Latin medical writer says anything of lead-poisoning produced by the water. According to M. Belgrand, one-sixth of a grain of calcareous salts to the quart prevents the dissolution of the lead. He exhibited to the Academy pieces of lead pipes which had been in service from the time of Louis XIV., without showing any sign of corrosion; and analysis of water that has passed through a long line of lead pipes showing the complete absence of lead.—*Galaxy for March.*

POLITENESS is like an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases you wonderfully.

Reminiscences of the Late Madame Parepa-Rosa.

Of the many triumphs on the lyric stage of the lamented *prima donna* I shall not speak. Not the least of these were achieved at our (the New York) Academy of Music, where she was always greeted by crowded and appreciative houses. The records of her professional career, a series of successes from the start, would fill an interesting volume of biography. In her comparatively brief career, she traveled a good deal, and accomplished much. It is painful to think that her superb voice is silent forever.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa was of a jovial temperament, and partial to the sociability of home-life. An acquaintance with her, formed when she made her American *debut*, at Irving Hall, in concert under Mr. Bateman's management, continued throughout her sojourn in this country, of this intercourse I cherish some pleasant reminiscences.

It was the custom of Carl Rosa and madame to invite a few friends and acquaintances to their rooms at the Belvedere House, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street), after the concert at Steinway Hall, on Sunday night, for a "bite" and sociable hour. Inasmuch as they did not get in till quite late, it was generally after midnight, or Monday morning, before the refreshments were removed. It being then Monday morning by the hands of the clock, there could be no reasonable objection to a little conviviality, and story-telling and joking were in order.

A favorite pastime at these social reunions, after the witching hour of midnight, was to place Colby or Mathison at the piano, and then all join in singing some rhythmical line, with Mme. Parepa-Rosa leading, the fun being that each time she transposed the words so that those following were soon in confusion. Her laughter and merriment in consequence were contagious. She used to declare she liked to hear a person laugh; that she did not want to know a person who did not enjoy a laugh.

At one of these gatherings, the humor possessing her, a general game of blind-man's-buff was inaugurated, madame being the blindfolded one herself for a time, till she caught a dignified and well-known musical critic.

In the social games so popular in English home-life, where the elders join just to keep the children company, she was thoroughly skilled, and consequently she was a great favorite with the children in the hotels where she stopped.

On the occasion of her visit to California, in 1868, she and her husband entertained, on the night before their departure, a "jolly party" at the Belvedere, who came to wish them "God-speed," to use the words of the invitation, which I have before me. "*No answer gives consent*," were the concluding words in the invitations to these little social gatherings, which she always preferred to formal affairs.

On the occasion in question, Carl Rosa, in his speech, rather bungled in expressing his wish that they should not be forgotten during their absence (there were several critics present, and he doubtless had an eye to business), when madame arose and said: "He means he hopes all of you will welcome us when we return," and awakened applause as much by her heart-felt utterance as by her *savoir dire*.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa's conversational powers were great. She conversed in several languages. Her fund of anecdote and humor was ebullient, if not inexhaustible.

The proprietor of the Belvedere Hotel constructed a miniature theater and a troupe of Liliput marionettes. He gave several operas entire, with scenery, choruses, etc., after a fashion, but nevertheless very enjoyable. On one occasion, for a party of her own assembling, Mme. Parepa-Rosa was the *prima donna* and broke down several times with laughter provoked by the representation. The theater was marvelously perfect in its arrangements, to the extent of an elaborate proscenium with private boxes, in which appeared mimic representatives of the crowned heads of Europe, to whom the jovial spirit of Mme. Parepa-Rosa prompted obsequious deference. There was an orchestra, inclosed by the customary railing, and crowded with Germanesque musicians, who were worked pantomimically by wires; though generally the principal music was furnished by a piano.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa was superstitious, and a believer in the ill-luck of intercepting a funeral, the success-inspiration of touching a hunchback, and other such beliefs, that are more current in the old country than here, and Carl Rosa often jokingly quizzed her about her idiosyncracies in this respect. Kind-hearted and sympathetic, madame was always charitable and considerate to the poor and needy, and once ran the risk of contracting a severe cold by opening a window on a blustering winter's day to throw some pennies to a beggar whom she caught sight of.

Her good-nature was imperturbable under the most trying circumstances of a stage-wait or mishaps, which she turned off with *sang-froid*. During her last engagement at the Academy of Music in New York, a disarrangement of the scenery occurred which would have justified her in quitting the stage (as one of the Italian *prima donnas* would have done), but she smilingly assisted the bungling stage-hand, and commenced singing as if nothing had occurred.

Once, when asked how she came to marry such a little man as Carl Rosa, who, probably to forestall jesting on the subject, generally good-humoredly alluded himself to their difference in *physique*, madame, with an arch smile and twinkling eye, demurely said:

"Now, would you really like to know?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Why, because he asked me!" she rejoined, with a merry laugh.

Her married life with Carl Rosa was a happy one.—*Chandos Fulton, in Appleton's Journal.*

Stupidity in the Prayer-Meeting.

We believe that at least half the prayers offered are needlessly long, and often mere disquisitions on the formulas of religious truth, or a swinging around the circle of the divine attributes, with a few sentences within the circle of *finally*, (which usually begins with such expressions as we leave us with thee, etc.,) which can by any possibility be called prayer. We have a very distinct remembrance of a Scotchman on whom we were compelled to call to pray, because he was pious and always present (but each time against the protest of the congregation). His prayer was made up of a string of quotations from Scripture, on almost every subject, which he would deliver as steadily as if he was taking aim at some mansion in the skies. And on one occasion we came in after somebody had set him agoing, he went on and on without sign of abatement, when a brother near by *groaned*, and we heard, in a half-smothered whisper, "Lord make him quit." This feeling increased until it became perplexing to the pastor, who fell upon this device to meet the case. The services were nominally at a quarter before eight o'clock, when a few came, but most did not get in until eight. And when the time came when it was proper to call on this brother the pastor would hurry to church, and start him off like an alarm clock, and by the time he was through the people would be standing from the door down the church-yard, through the gate, on the pavement; almost the entire prayer force of the church would be waiting for the Amen of this long-winded brother. We call that a prodigality of church privilege.

But another abuse in which Mr. Stupidity is skilled is in a kind of spiritual vagrancy which takes all the directness out of his prayer. If he is in need of a half dollar he will make a bee line for it. But if he needs the gifts of God he will travel all around them half a dozen times before he asks for them. We cannot tell how this affects God, but we do know how it affects men. We know that the Saviour said that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force, and such usually move on straight lines. When will we learn that in childhood are the best analogies of Christian life? and a fair induction from the Saviour's words makes Christian life a glorified childhood. And children never want directness in their petitions for the gratification of their wants. What child ever prefaced the expression of a want by flattering utterances for about five minutes, and then, by a circumlocution of about three more, asked for a piece of bread? Many spend minutes in what seems as much like adulation as adoration, before they begin to pray at all, or by naming and dwelling on attributes which they never have understood, perhaps never will, and may not exist.—*Presbyterian.*

A Lesson for Americans.

Mr. Joseph Medill, ex-Mayor of Chicago, writing from Paris to the *Tribune*, of the former city, speaks of the economy of the French. He says:

But that in which the French more particularly excel is economy. Compared with these French people the Americans are wasteful, improvident, and extravagant. It seems to me they live on just about one-half what the Americans do. They have a knack, so to speak, of making a little go a great way, and extracting subsistence or comfort from things Americans would throw away or never notice.

It may be instructive to point out a few of the matters to which reference is here made. In the first place, not one ounce of food is wasted in harvesting or preparing for market. In the next place, not one ounce more of vegetables, flesh, fish, or fowl, groceries or liquids, than is really needed, ever goes into the pot or kettle, or is placed on the table. The wife of every French family knows to a nicety what quantity of each kind of food is the least that will suffice to make a comfortable meal, and not a particle more than that is cooked or served. There are no slop-buckets full of victuals left on the table after breakfast or dinner, to be thrown on the street or manure-heap, or flung to the dogs or swine, as in America. No pieces of bread or meat or vegetables are thrown away; such quantities are not bought as to become stale or spoiled in the cellar or pantry. Servants are never permitted to waste or steal food for poor relations, as in America. The lady of the house looks after the marketing, her kitchen, and her pantry with sharp eyes and unflagging care.

The economy in the consumption of fuel for cooking and house-warming is immense as compared with that in our wasteful country. One reason, of course, is that wood and coal in France are scarce and dear. They cost at least double the price paid therefor in the United States; but the domestic consumption is not one-quarter as much. Paris contains between four and five times the population of Chicago; but I find that the fuel consumed in it is less than in Chicago. It is true that the climate is much warmer for six months in the year in Paris than in Chicago; but after making the due allowance for that it still remains true that only one-third to two-fifths as much fuel is consumed *per capita* in Paris as in Chicago; and, as far as my observation and inquiries extend, the same proportion holds good throughout all France.

Newspapers Domestically Considered.

Too low an estimate is apt to be set on the domestic value of newspapers. After reading them, and putting ourselves, through their agency, in mental correspondence with the world, they are thrown aside and forgotten. But to suppose their usefulness bounded by their news columns and the waste-bag is a thriftless mistake.

In the first place, there are the household recipes, to be found in stray corners, often excellent, and deserving a refuge on the fly-leaf of the family cook-book. Then come the pretty verses, the strange and droll stories, the brief biographies and reminiscences which, pasted in a scrap-book, are a source of never-ending pleasure, not only to those who do not care for richer intellectual food, but to those who have only odd minutes for reading.

Notwithstanding the squibs jocular journalists have penned on the use of newspapers for bed-clothing, we know from experience that these are not to be despised. They may not be as comfortable as your blankets, but certainly they keep out the cold. Two thicknesses of paper are better than a pair of blankets, and in the case of persons who dislike the weight of many bed-clothes, they are invaluable. A spread made of a double layer of papers between a covering of calico or chintz, is desirable in every household. The papers should be tacked together with thread, and also basted to the covering to keep them from slipping. An objection has been made on account of the rustling, but if soft papers be chosen the noise will not be annoying, especially should the spread be laid between a blanket and the counterpane.

As a protection to plants against cold, both in and out of doors, nothing is better. If newspapers are pinned up over night at a window between pots and glass, the flowers will not only not be frozen, but will not even get chilled, as they are so liable to be at this season. In the same way, if taken to cover garden-beds, on the frosty nights of early autumn, they will allow the plants to remain safely outdoors some time later than is common.

One of the oddest services to put our journals to is the keeping of ice in summer. An ingenious housekeeper recently discovered that her daily lump of ice would last nearly twice as long when wrapped in newspapers, and placed in any kind of a refrigerator. This is very convenient, since it is possible to have the best and cheapest refrigerator constantly at hand.

To polish all kinds of glass after washing except table glass, no cloth or flannel is half so good as a newspaper; and for a baker's dozen of other uses, quite foreign to its primal purpose, it is without a rival. —*Scribner's for March.*

Mistaken Identity.

A ludicrous case of mistaken identity occurred in Montreal, recently, through the unfortunate resemblance of two young gentlemen. One of them was recently married, and the other is still a bachelor. The married person went to a dinner party, while the unmarried one went to a convivial entertainment, and, owing to a miscalculation of his capacity for wine, he spoiled his night's amusement. While a glimmer of reason remained he endeavored to get home. By the time the young man reached a cab-stand his mind had become so confused that he was unable to remember his own name or the street in which he lived. As he was engaged in gesticulating to the cab-driver, a friend of the married gentleman noticed his plight, and, confounding his identity, pushed him into the cab, whispered to the driver, and continued on his way. The result of this act was the conveyance of the unmarried man to the home of the married man, where his condition created anything but a pleasant surprise. The wife was, of course, mortified. Subsequently the father-in-law entered the room to remonstrate with him. After wasting much good advice, the father-in-law discovered the mistake, and was in the act of trying to persuade his daughter, probably much against her will, that the young man was not her husband, when the real husband put an end to the dispute by letting himself in at the hall-door with a latch-key.

BOSTON has a champion belt on exhibition, which took the hides of one hundred oxen for its construction. It is needless to say it is not intended for the prize-ring, but is to be run by a three hundred and fifty horse-power engine in a factory, where there will be great danger of its taking more hides.

He Cannot Sing That Old Song Now.

He was very much infatuated with her at first, and gushed out the happy fullness of his heart in that expressive sentiment,

"If ever I cease to love."

Throughout the long, prosy, working hours, when his companions were grumbling and fretting away at trifles, his task seemed to glide smoothly through his hands, and an oath from a workman at another bench would start John up into—

"If ever I cease to love."

There was a look of mingled hope and contentment upon his fine saddle-colored features that spoke of peace within, and when he would arouse himself suddenly from a delightful reverie and burst forth with—

"If ever I cease to love,"

it was apparent to all in the shop that John was happier than they. They could not sing that old song themselves, and so hardened and devoid of sentiment were their hearts that it displeased them to hear the carol from other lips, that spoke of hopes and joys they might never know. Still the light-hearted John sang on—

"If ever I cease to love;"

and the workmen shook their heads and gnashed their teeth in agony and malicious anger. What cared he how much discontent and ill-feeling rankled in other breasts so long as his and hers were filled with that delicious sentiment that has come down to the world on the breath of angels? He hammered away on the shoe he was making, and merrily trilled—

"If ever I cease to love."

The men in the shop stuck their fingers in their ears and fairly howled with pain; but John sang on. He never went farther than that one line, and always at the close of it he stopped and meditated, as though inwardly conjuring up the terrible punishments he wished to overtake him in the event of his ceasing to love. But he would soon emerge from his meditations, and in a louder key than ever, sing—

"If ever I cease to love."

and his associates would go into convulsions, and some would throw hammers, and lasts, and awls at him. But what cared John? He waxed his thread and pounded away, and in the smoke of his pipe he saw a rose-covered cottage and a buxom little girl at the door awaiting him. When the shades of Saturday evening came down, he arose, pulled off his apron, and treating his comrades to a parting burst of melody—

"If ever I cease to love—"

dodged the missiles that envy hurled at him, and walked proudly down the street. Sabbath evenings he went to see her, and in sweet converse they whiled away the hours that speedily opened upon the dawn of blue Monday. Thus it was for several Sabbaths, but last Sunday night—alas, oh woe! She was sitting on his knee, and he had just begun in an impassioned voice—

"If ever I—"

when his foot slipped, his knee dropped down, and that angelic form trembled, swayed, and fell. With a frantic grasp, John strove to save her; but too late. His hands had seized upon her curls, and as she went down there remained in his grasp the whole wealth of those dark brown locks. It was a wig. On the top end of the aforesaid angelic form, that lay stretched upon the floor, there glistened in the lamp-light a something that looked like a gigantic peeled onion. John gave an unearthly yell and fled.

. . . . . .

For two long weeks he had raved in the delirium of a brain fever; for two weeks frightful demons, with bald heads and handsful of hair, had mocked and jibed at him, had torn his frame with convulsions, and filled his soul with horror. Now he was calmer; he had sunk back exhausted upon his couch, and the physician said he would soon cease to live. His comrades gathered around him to watch the expiring taper of their brother Crispin. All animosity, all resentment, was gone out of their hearts—all they wanted was to see him die. Fainter and fainter came the breath of the sleeper, and it seemed that the last breath was just on the draw, when an odor of burning leather, coming from the shop over the way, entered the room and reached his nostrils. He roused, raised on his elbow, and glaring wildly into vacancy, almost shrieked—

"If ever I *seize* to love!"

The exertion was too much—in fact, two or three too much; and John laid his weary body down for its final rest.

Sadly, yet resignedly, they bore him away and deposited him in the corner of a forty-acre field, the owner of which had generously donated it for the reception of the mortal remains of any of that vast multitude of young men who have a fondness for that old song.

While we wipe away the tears that unbidden flow at the memory of John, we will just remark, for the benefit of those who are out of employment, that the kind donater of that vast graveyard offers five dollars per head for mortal remains—of the kind above mentioned.—*Chariton County (Mo.) Brunswicker.*

"The Tachypomp."

The following paragraph from "The Tachypomp," a humorous story, in *Scribner's Monthly* for March, describes an ingenious piece of mechanism with which Professor Rivarol prepares himself for creditors with "small bills:"

"But you are never pestered with bills?" I asked. "Don't the creditors worry your life out?"

"Creditors!" gasped Rivarol. "I have learned no such word in your very admirable language. He who will allow his soul to be vexed by creditors is a relic of an imperfect civilization. Of what use is science if it cannot avail a man who has accounts current? Listen. The moment you or any one else enters the outside door this little electric bell sounds me warning. Every successive step on Mrs. Grimler's staircase is a spy and informer vigilant for my benefit. The first step is trod upon. That trusty first step immediately telegraphs your weight. Nothing could be simpler. It is exactly like any platform scale. The weight is registered up here upon this dial. The second step records the size of my visitor's feet. The third his height, the fourth his complexion, and so on. By the time he reaches the top of the first flight I have a pretty accurate description of him right here at my elbow, and quite a margin of time for deliberation and action. Do you follow me? It is plain enough. Only the A B C of my science."

Hints to Housewives.

1. The nearest way to your husband's heart—and pocket—is through his understandings. So if you desire a new frock, never forget to have his slippers well warmed on his return from the city.

2. Everybody knows how heat affects the hand. So when you go to church wear your very oldest gloves to the hot evening services, and be careful to keep stiff new ones for your morning devotions—when the plate goes round.

3. How to get a new bonnet. Give your hubby nice little tasty dishes every day for dinner, and stick to the cold mutton yourself. When he asks the reason, shake your head, sigh, and say, "*I* am *obliged* to economize, my dear." Keep on like this for a week, then, after you have given him his second edition of grog, hint that your "poor old bonnet is getting *so* shabby."

4. Recollect that connubial bliss is like raspberry jam, it will keep a long time if properly preserved.

5. It is the duty of wives to be submissive and obedient to their husbands in everything. When, therefore, your lord and master tells you to go and get yourself a new silk dress or two, and seal-skin coats for the winter, obey him at once. By acting thus you will do your duty, and at the same time gratify your own—conscience.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

WASHERWOMAN's motto—While "there's life there's soap."

THERE is nothing that will change a man so much as a great grief, unless it is shaving off his moustache.—*Danbury.*

A MALICIOUS person says that cotton sheets and newspaper sheets are alike in the respect that a great many people lie in them.

FOR selling a blind man a pair of boots of different numbers, Thomas McDermott, of Providence, R. I., languishes in jail for ninety days.

AN old miser, who was exceedingly parsimonious, was obliged, reluctantly, to consult a physician. "What shall I do with my head?" asked the man. "It's so dizzy I seem to see double." The doctor wrote a prescription and retired, saying, "When you see double you will find relief if you count your money."

AN applicant for old clothes at a Pine street residence, Saturday, recived a half-dozen soiled paper collars with the advice "to turn them and chalk the edges." This might be called generosity without judgment, and is in keeping with the act of a soldier's mother, during the late war, who sent him in a Christmas box an elegant spittoon.—*Danbury.*

WHEN a clergyman of the Church of England was about to give a dinner to some of his clerical brethren his butler asked whether the expected guests were High Church or Low Church. His master said: "Why do you ask that question?" The butler answered: "Because if they be High Church we want more wine; but if they be Low Church we want more wittles."

HERE is the most beautifully bad conundrum which we have ever met with, and we have rarely met with a good one: What is the difference between a gauze dress and a drawn tooth? Answer (but really, we hope it will be well understood that we didn't guess it; and still better understood that the conundrum is none of ours): Because one is tooth in and the other is tooth out.

THE following dialogue was overheard the other day in Vicksburg: "Say, Jim, I'se noticed somethin' in dis town, is you?" "I dunno whedder I is or no, Si; what is it?" "It's dis: Is you noticed when a strange darkey comes here dat 'mounts to sumfin', de white folks say, 'Who is dat colored man?' but de cullud people say, 'Who is dat nigga?' Jim, a nigga ain't got no sense, no how." "Dat's so, Si, sho's yer born!"

AN orator in Los Angeles, California, began a recent speech with a series of conundrums, thus: "Are there no dynamic antagonisms in the inanimate world? Is perfect harmony the universal law? Do all the elements above, around, and beneath us act in Platonic unity?" At this point an old forty-niner from Pioche remarked that the speaker had better button his lip or proceed with the lecture.

YESTERDAY the little son of one of our citizens, while playing with his sister, a bright, sweet child of five summers, got hold of his father's gun, which had been left carelessly standing in the kitchen by the thoughtless parent, pointed the gun at his playmate and saying, jokingly, "I'll kill you!" pulled the trigger. What must have been that boy's feelings when he found that he had lied, that the gun was not loaded, and that his innocent little sister had knocked a portion of his nose off with a stick of wood?—*Brunswicker.*

A Prayed-out Saloon Keeper.

We had the pleasure, recently, of a talk with a Mr. ——, who came to this city from McArthur, Vinton county, Ohio, where he had a sort of a club room where a game of cards could be played, and a drink of whisky taken. He was driven out by the women's war against whisky and cards. Mr. G——'s description of the war, as he saw it, is good. He says:

"They climbed up to my place a week ago last Friday night, fifty-four of them, young and old, rich and poor, some in rags and some in fine harness. Each of the fifty-four women came up personally and spoke to me and hoped I'd get a new soul. Of course I had to treat 'em politely. There was only one lamp burning in the room when they came in, so I lit another for them, to make it lighter. Then they took out their hymn-books, and all sang together. One or two of 'em led, and the rest joined in. After they had sung fifteen minutes or so, they all got down on their marrow-bones and prayed. There was one woman there that could pray loud enough to be heard all over the village, which has only eight hundred inhabitants. A woman would pray, and the rest would join in with an a-men, a long and loud one. One of the women that prayed was seventy years old. She prayed so long and strong that she got herself all of a tremble, and had to be lifted to her feet and carried down stairs. One time they called, all got down on their marrow-bones, on the outside, and sang and prayed."

Reporter—You closed up, finally?

Mr. G.—There was nothing else to do when they were carrying on that way. They closed everything in the village down to an oyster saloon were the folks were in the habit of playing a game of cards to see who'd pay for the stews, a place where there wasn't a drop of liquor sold.

Reporter—How do they treat a fellow in their prayers?

Mr. G.—They are very kind in their prayers at first. They pray for a fellow's soul, and then stick a petition before him. If he don't sign to quit, they pray for lightning to strike his shop.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Plagiarism.

The Oswego *Times* has a good story to tell in connection with the literary piracy in which the students in our colleges and accademies indulge. The late D. P. Page, the first principal of the Albany State Normal School, remarks to the following purport: He said that a few years previous, while traveling in Massachusetts, his wife, at a hotel, found an article in a magazine, which impressed her so favorably that she copied it into her scrap-book. He read it at the time, and had not thought of it since, until the evening before when the same article had been handed to him by one of his students, for "correction," as an original composition. He sincerely regretted that among young gentlemen and ladies, aspiring to the honorable position of teachers, even one would be found who would do so dishonorable a thing as to try to pass off as his or her own, the productions of another, and his first impulse was to expose the fraud in open school. But he presumed it was the first of the kind that had occurred in that institution, and as there might be extenuating circumstances, he had concluded to forgive the offender, provided that individual should call at his room within three days, confess the fault, and promise not to repeat it. In this statement Mr. Page gave no intimation as to the character of the "piece," or the personality of the offender, and, before the expiration of the three days, more than two-thirds of the students had called upon him, acknowledged the offense, and apologized, "and," said he, while relating the circumstances, "the right one did not come at all." The story needs no comments, and embodies its own conclusions.

Tree Habitations in the South Sea Islands.

Among the papers presented to the British Parliament relating to the South Sea islanders, is a report by Captain C. H. Simpson, of Her Britannic Majesty's ship Blanche, giving an account of his visit in 1872 to the Solomon and other groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean. While at Isabel Island, Captain Simpson, with a party of officers, went a short distance inland to visit one of the curious tree villages, peculiar, he believes, to this island. He found the village built on the summit of a rocky mountain, rising almost perpendicularly to a height of eight hundred feet. The party ascended by a native path, and found the extreme summit a mass of enormous rocks standing up like a castle among which grew gigantic trees, in the branches of which the houses of the natives are built. The stems of these trees rise perfectly straight and smooth, without a branch to a height of from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet. In the one Captain Simpson ascended, the house was just eighty feet from the ground; one close to it was about one hundred and twenty feet. The only means of approach to these houses is by a ladder made of a creeper suspended from a post within the house, and which, of course, can be hauled up at will.—*Galaxy for March.*