THE MILAN EXCHANGE.

VOLUME I. MILAN, GIBSON COUNTY, TENNESSEE, OCTOBER 8, 1874. NUMBER 32.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

BY NORA PERRY.

It is nearly a hundred years ago,
Since the day that the Count de Rochambeau—
Our ally against the British crown—
Met Washington in Newport town.

'Twas the month of March, and the air was chill,
But bareheaded over Aquidneck hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side was the grand array

Of a gallant army, French and fine,
Ranged three deep in a glittering line;
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Canonicut shore.

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes, that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau;
And the gallant marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
And kissed it back, with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden where she stood,
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose
In his gold-laced coat; but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night, and day after day,
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
At feast, or at church, or along the street,
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, day after day,
Was speeding farther and farther away
From the fatal window, the fatal street,
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much for the cool control
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;
A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below; and taking the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
He swore, this old colonial squire,
That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
And her dangerous heart and her beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a cursed Frenchman, high or low.
And so while the Count de Rochambeau,
In his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
And awaited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
On the little deck of the sloop Delight,
Guarded even in the darkness there
By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after, a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Newport town,
Towing a wreck—'t was the sloop Delight;
Off Hampton rocks, in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew
And all on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,
Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale;
Then "Mon Dieu," he exclaimed, "so my fine romance
From beginning to end is a rose and a glance."
—*Atlantic for October.*

OUT OF HIS DANGER.

BY BIRCH ARNOLD.

HE was the picture of despair. With shirt-collar loosened for breathing room, disordered hair, and eyes that were almost vacant with terror, he sat and listened to the story Jones was telling. It was a story that required very few words for its telling; but it conjured horrible pictures for the despairing Brown.

"It can't be true," he said at last; "I say, Jones, there's some mistake."

"None in the least. We had the news as early as six this morning, and the report has been confirmed a half-dozen times since."

"Then I'm a beggar!"

Brown's hands dropped lifeless by his side and he gazed convulsively at the ceiling.

"Well, no sir," said Jones, the practical. "You're strong and healthy, you've got brains, and so long as you can work, I'm thinking you're not much of a beggar."

"Work? work?" Brown repeated the word with the rising inflection, and looked at Jones for a moment, with something of a sneer on his face.

"I wasn't brought up to work," he said; "besides I don't know how."

"But you can learn," said Jones.

"No, I can't, situated as I am. A man on the eve of marriage can't very well begin to learn a trade by which to support himself and wife. No, Jones, something else must be done. If I could hire money now, couldn't you help Smashup out and manage to save something?"

"Perhaps," said Jones, dubiously; "but where can you get the money?"

"You know my aunt Selina, at Somerdale? I shouldn't wonder if she would help me out of this."

Brown's face brightened as he spoke.

"I don't know about that;" and Jones shook his head.

"Well, I do. She's a little cross-grained at times; but I don't believe she'll refuse a fellow in an extremity like this. Let me see, what time does the train leave? Eleven? It is ten now. I have myself to dress, portmanteau to pack, breakfast—guess I can do it. Yes, Jones, the more I think of it, the more hopeful I am. Suppose you contradict this report about Smashup and telegraph to him to hold on. We'll come out right yet."

Brown had busied himself, while talking, in straightening his collar and reducing his disordered hair into shining perfection.

Jones, in the meanwhile, had eyed him with a quizzical look that was an odd compound of admiration and disgust. He certainly was a splendid specimen of physical manhood; strong and broad-shouldered enough to be one of the pillars of the land; yet here he was, living only to have a good time, and wasting all his best years upon a society that cared only for his money.

A man with all his physical and mental powers intact, and yet who wouldn't work—not because he was lazy, but because his bank account was full and he had been fostered into the belief that he was above work—was in Jones's eyes contemptible. And although it was against his own interests, as he had been head and hand to Brown for many years, he seldom lost an opportunity of representing to Brown how much better off he would be, if he, in truth, "minded his own business." But Brown wouldn't believe this; his own way of thinking he chose to consider the best. Jones bade him good-by with these words:

"It may be that you'll come out straight, just as you think, but I believe you won't. I believe you'll have to be straightened in some other way. The Lord never meant you to be the crooked stick you are."

Brown laughed as Jones closed the door—mentally called him "an odd fellow," and dismissed him from his mind within a second's time.

The Somerdale garden, even with traces of autumn frosts lying over it, had not yet lost its attractiveness; and Miss Selina Somers was bending over a cluster of drooping asters, when she heard the gate click, and looked up to confront her nephew.

"Well!" she said, interrogatively, as she put out her hand.

"Grew tired of the city, and came down for a little quiet."

Miss Somers's look asked, "Is that all?" but her lips said: "You are welcome, if you can be contented. There is plenty of duck shooting."

"Ah! that'll be quite—pretty, 'pon honor."

The last half of this sentence was the result of an observation Brown's eyes had been taking, and his thoughts had betrayed him. A girlish figure in silver grey was coming down the path.

Miss Somers's eyes took the direction of her nephew's.

"Hem," she said, and went back to her work of clipping.

The girlish figure approached.

Brown instinctively lifted his hat, and Miss Somers turned to say, "Well, Ethel—"

"Mrs. Green sent you the last of her nasturtium seeds, and says she will send you the slips to-morrow."

"How is the baby?"

"Better, to-day. The poor little thing cried so pitifully, and held out its hands so pleadingly, that I had to take it and get it to sleep, and that was what kept me so long. Have I been wanted?"

"Not particularly, except by Mr. Colley. He left some books for you."

Was it the reflection of the scarlet knot at her throat, or did Ethel blush at the mention of Mr. Colley? Brown could not determine. As Ethel walked away he turned to his aunt:

"Who is that pretty little Samaritan, and why didn't you introduce me?"

"That is Miss Ethel Wynne, and I did not introduce you because I was too busy. You will meet her at tea. She sews for a living."

Miss Somers pushed back her sun-bonnet to look up at her nephew. His face expressed the utmost unconcern for, and indifference to, Miss Wynne. Her next clipping was emphasized by a vigorous "Pshaw!" to which was supplemented the thought, "I'll give that young man a lesson."

Presently, her work being done, Miss Somers took up her basket of seeds and walked to the house, whither her nephew had preceded her. She found him reclining at full length on the sofa in the sitting-room. He was moody and discontented, but Miss Somers took no notice of this. She seated herself at her darning, and then proceeded to ask questions about the city, the State and the nation, but made no inquiry into her nephew's personal affairs. The time was occupied with this until tea was announced. Miss Wynne was standing at the window as they entered the dining-room; and to Miss Somers's "My nephew, Mr. Brown, Miss Wynne," returned a graceful little bow of acknowledgment. Brown and Miss Wynne were placed opposite each other at table, and as Miss Wynne's eyes were fixed for the most part upon her plate, he had a good opportunity of discovering how long and heavy the dark lashes were, what a peach-like bloom there was upon the cheeks, and how softly and lovingly the fair ringlets clung to the dainty head.

"Very pretty," was his mental comment; "but no style. Laura Smith would overwhelm her."

Tea dispatched, they adjourned to the parlor for the evening, and Brown, claiming to be one of the family, threw himself *sans ceremonie* upon the sofa. Miss Selina took out her knitting, fastened her needle in its sheath and looked over her spectacles at her nephew. Miss Wynne took up a piece of embroidery, upon which to employ her eyes and hands, and with the softened light of the porcelain shaded lamp thrown full upon her, made a very pretty domestic picture. Brown's eyes acknowledged this, even while his tongue was making replies to his aunt's many questions, and he made one other acknowledgment presently, to the effect that Miss Wynne was extremely sensible; for Miss Somers had referred several disputed points to her, upon which she had given her opinions in a few terse and well-timed sentences. By-and-by the conversation lagged, and Miss Somers thinking her nephew asleep, for he lay with his hand over his eyes, requested Miss Wynne to read.

"Let us have 'The Letter L,'" said Miss Somers

Soon there broke in upon Brown's musings a sweet voice, to which he listened dreamily; nor took in the words, until the sweet voice said—

"He drew a letter on the sand—
The letter L."

Then he listened and heard the whole sweet story, and looked through his fingers at the reader, with a new interest in his eyes and a new feeling in his heart—a feeling that for a moment made him see himself as he was, and made him feel little and mean. Now, by just what process of analysis Brown arrived at this conclusion, I do not know; but I do know that Miss Wynne was possessed of a beauty of which Miss Laura Smith and his "set" were not partakers; something that he had never realized before, or had never appreciated.

The book was closed, and there was silence in the room, until Miss Selina asked for a song.

Miss Wynne glanced at the figure on the sofa.

"Oh, never mind him," said Miss Selina, in response to the glance. "He is probably sound asleep, and we may as well ignore him. He evidently doesn't think there is any politeness due us."

The figure on the sofa winced, but Miss Selina knitted away in apparent unconsciousness. She was preparing her "lession for that young man."

Miss Wynne was not an accomplished singer in the full acceptation of the term; but I venture to say that "The Lord o' the Seal" never had a sweeter interpretation than Ethel Wynne could give it; and Brown, society man that he was and frequenter of a hundred operas, found tears in his eyes as he listened!

The song finished, Miss Wynne left the room. For a man who had been sound asleep, Brown was rather sudden in his awakening.

"Aunt," he said as the door closed, "tell me all about her."

Miss Somers smiled an odd, knowing smile of which her words were not the interpretation.

"Her? To whom does that pronoun refer? I confess my inability to read your thoughts with ease."

"To whom? Why to Miss Wynne of course."

"Oh, she is only a common seamstress. You cannot possibly feel interested in her history."

"But I do. Has she always been poor?"

"Yes. Her parents were poor; but they found time to give her an education in the city schools. Since she was fifteen, however, she has never been a day in school; but I'll warrant there are not many young ladies who are educated in boarding-schools that have as thorough an education. She is one who improves every minute, and she has essentially made herself."

"Why doesn't she teach school, then, instead of sewing for a living?"

"I expected that question. Because the schools are filled to overflowing with applicants; while a really good seamstress, who can do all kinds of sewing, and do it to perfection, is a *rara avis* nowadays, and is in great demand. If I were a mind to let her, Ethel could work herself gray with the amount of work she has to do."

"Where are her parents?"

"Dead. When she was fifteen her mother died. Her father died some years before."

"And is she perfectly contented with her lot?"

"She never complains; but every spare moment is spent in study of some kind, and she acknowledges that her chief desire is to gain all the information she can; because, the more she knows, the happier she is."

"And does she never feel that her work is beneath her?"

"Beneath her! Harvey Brown, I am ashamed of you! As if any honorable work could be beneath anybody! As if 'work' wasn't the song of the universe, and the most dignified thing under heaven!" and Miss Somers pushed back her spectacles to look at her nephew in unqualified astonishment.

He grew red in the face, and fidgeted under this scrutiny, while he mumbled something in reply, which Miss Somers unceremoniously interrupted.

"I always thought you had a weak brain in some things, but I confess I never realized how paltry it was until now. All your life you've been a dawdler, just because your father happened to leave you a fortune, which seems to me decidedly the worst calamity that can befall a young man. Your soul has got plethoric, because your stomach and your purse were full, and you haven't any room left for the good and the beautiful. What the world was made for, and what the great demands of life really are, you have no more idea than a babe; and you turn up your nose at those who have to work for a living, and ask if they are not ashamed of it! They might well be ashamed of your paltry pride.

"Now, Harvey Brown, I've been aching to tell you what I thought of you for a long time. If you are anything like your mother, you've got some sense in your head—for all one can't see it because of the rubbish—and I am anxious to discover it if possible. Although you haven't said a word, I know what brought you down here; for I saw Smashup's failure in this morning's paper, and knew that most of your money was invested in his business. I know you want some of my money to help you out; know that you think if you had some of it on long time, Jones might be able to boost you up again; and you could go on living your old aimless life, and society wouldn't know how near you came to losing every thing. You may think it a little harsh in me, but not a penny of my money shall you have, even were you to pay me compound interest, doubly compounded. I don't mean to have any hand in making a complete nobody of you; and to tell you the truth, I'm not sorry your money is gone. You've a chance now to show what you're made of—whether it's putty or something tougher. If you're a Somers you'll make a man of yourself that can't be gotten up by any tailor in the land; and the Browns were not far behind in enterprise, though I do think the Somerses had a little the most energy."

Miss Selina stopped for a breathing spell; besides she was conscious that in her zeal she had mixed her sentences a little, and this was a matter of grave importance to her. If she had a vanity, it was in the matter of correct speaking.

Brown did not reply for some time. In truth he knew not what to say. It was the first time he had ever been told quite so plainly that he was a nobody, or fast becoming one. Aunt Selina had never before ventured quite so far, although she was given at all times to plain speaking. He hardly knew whether he was angry or not, so many conflicting emotions possessed him.

"But, aunt," he said, at last, "I'm engaged to be married, and I don't see what I can do. I can't get any sort of a situation that'll keep me, to say nothing of a wife."

"H'm; I suppose not. Who is the girl? One of the fashionables?"

"Yes: Len Smith's daughter, Laura. She's the blonde, you know."

"No, I don't know. Ten to one she'll jilt you, now your money is gone."

"*Never*, aunt Selina. She has often said she should love me all the better if I had nothing but my heart to offer."

"I presume so. I've heard such remarks before."

"Why, aunt Selina, you haven't any faith in anything." Brown said this petulantly.

"No; I haven't in anything but honesty and integrity. Perhaps I am wronging the girl. She may be as true as you think. I am sure I hope so. You have need of something to keep your courage up."

As Miss Selina said this she put away her knitting, and with a kind "good-night," left the room.

Brown soon went to bed, but not to sleep. All night he tossed upon his pillow—his brain busy with a thousand hopes, plans, and fancies; at one moment resolving to strike out boldly and make a man of himself; and the next utterly discouraged at the thought of the dreary way before him. It was the first time he had ever been obliged to think for himself; and the dawn found him haggard and weary with the rush and tumult of conflicting hopes and fears. But the morning brought rest and pleasant dreams, in one of which Ethel Wynne's hand was in his, and her voice whispering "courage" in his ear; a dream so sweet that he was half angry with the servants who awakened him to breakfast.

The dream seemed like a good augury, and Brown was half inclined to laugh at the fears of the night, and accept poverty as rather a pleasant thing after all.

The memory of this dream, together with the story of Ethel Wynne's life, came back to him many a time in the years that succeeded, and they fulfilled their portent; for with each remembrance they whispered "courage."

Miss Somers greeted her nephew cordially. Having had her "say out" the night before, she was now ready to do all in her power for his welfare; in truth she was sorrier for him than she would admit, and was inclined to blame herself for her harsh words. So she strove to make amends by giving him a most delicious breakfast, and adding as *sauce piquante*, pleasant discourse and cheerful face.

Brown was not to leave Somerdale until the four p. m. train that day, and after breakfast was over, Miss Somers, putting some garden implements into his hands, told him to follow Miss Wynne and herself to the garden. He complied graciously, and under his aunt's supervision, he and Miss Wynne were soon digging up and sorting bulbs together. Something—whether it was in the freedom that a common occupation usually engenders, or in the subtle sympathy of their natures, or in the similarity of the positions—something opened Brown's mouth to speak of his fortunes and misfortunes, and long before the 4 p. m. train was due, Ethel Wynne was in possession of the most important facts of his history, and had been asked for, and had given, counsel that was wise and good.

Between the two natures, that of his aunt's, sharp and rasping, but well meaning and generous, and that of Ethel's, brave and steadfast, but sympathetic and gentle—Brown's head had been purged of some false and ruinous notions by the time he was steaming back to the city. Jones met him at the depot, and judging from Brown's contented face, began to congratulate him on his success.

"Not so fast, Jones," said he; "my success has been in another direction," and then he told him the story of his stay at Somerdale.

"It is the best thing that ever happened you," said Jones, heartily, grasping his hand. "If you want any help, I'm your man."

"Thank you. You may sell my horses and the dog-cart for me, if you will. I think I'll keep the ponies and the phaeton a while longer."

"And Laura Smith?" said Jones, interrogatively.

"I shall see her to-night. Of course the wedding must be put off. I suppose I can find something to do. I don't care much what it is, only so I am capable of doing it."

"Good for you!" and Jones's words were pointed with a beaming look of admiration.

Brown took his way to the Smith mansion that night, whither the story of his losses had already preceded him, and was met by the announcement that Miss Laura was on the eve of departure for Europe, and really could not see him, but wanted he should accept a "good-by from mamma instead."

"Am I to understand that Laura positively refuses to see me?" asked Brown, unsteadily.

"Yes; and I was requested to hand you these."

"Then this is final?"

"Final." And Madame mere bowed him out of the reception room with a superlatively frigid air.

"Alas for faith in womankind!" were Brown's words as he put the little packet upon his dressing-table, and sat down to contemplate his position. Surely it was not a happy one: his money gone, his love rejected, and his way to fight through a not too generous world. And then to think that there was no truth in woman! this hurt him worst of all. But even as he said it, his thoughts reverted to Somerdale, and by some mysterious process he was made to feel that the loss of Laura Smith's love was not so serious a thing after all.

Summoning courage to open the packet, he found his notes and letters, a few withered flowers, and his miniature. The diamond engagement-ring, a handsome necklace and locket, and other valuable presents that he had made Laura, were not inclosed. Brown threw the letters into the grate with a queer smile that was born of the thought that decency as well as love, was sometimes bought with money. And with the burning of the letters, the last vestige of love for Laura Smith went out. It had been only a fancy at best, and the first puff from the winds of adversity obliterated it.

The morrow brought Jones and hard work with him; for the sale of Brown's personal effects had to be made in order to pay off his debts. When everything was settled, he found himself possessed of five hundred dollars, beside the ponies and the phaeton. These he sent down to his aunt, begging her to keep them for him until he should claim them. "The ponies are very gentle," he wrote, "and you, or Miss Wynne, can manage them without difficulty. I hope Miss Wynne will find it convenient to give them plenty of exercise."

Miss Somers's eyes were misty as she read, and a "Bless the boy," welled up from her heart, that was followed by a smile both knowing and satisfied.

Brown's five hundred was invested in real estate for safe keeping, and then he went to work. Unfitted by education for any trade, he was obliged to content himself with a clerkship that furnished a most meager living. But now that his eyes were opened, and he saw what life and success demanded, he worked with a wil, and all his spare time was spent in the acquirement of knowledge that would be of practical benefit to him.

One day Jones came to him in high glee. "I believe I've hit upon the right thing at last," he said. "I was telling Schemmerhorn of your taste for mathematics, and he asked me if I thought you would like to learn civil-engineering. I said 'yes' on my own responsibility, and now you can do as you like about it."

"Of course I'll learn, if Schemmerhorn will teach me evenings."

"He said he would, and you can begin whenever you are ready."

This was the beginning of hard work for Brown. Through the day he worked his ten hours at his clerkship, and from six till twelve every night, but Sunday nights, he spent in severe study. Of course it began to tell upon him at the end of a year, and strong as he was, he felt himself breaking. Just about this time aunt Selina wanted him for a guest on Thanksgiving Day, and he felt himself bound to supply this want. Accordingly he presented himself, and aunt Selina was horrified at the change a year had worked in him.

"You surely must be sick, Harvey," she said, solicitously.

"A little," he admitted, "and I've come down to be cured." As he said this he looked at Ethel, and as Ethel happened to look at him, their eyes met and they both blushed.

"Hem," said aunt Selina to herself, "I guess he'll be cured fast enough."

And so he was. The two days that he had allotted himself lengthened into six; and at the end of that time Ethel's hand was in his, and her sweet promise in his heart: a promise to wait the years that Rachel waited for Jacob, if need be, and waiting, to love and encourage through all trouble.

But aunt Selina, like a kindly Nemesis, came to their rescue, and they were spared so long a waiting. Being convinced that Harvey was out of his danger, she surprised him one day with the gift of a home, which he would not accept.

"You may settle it on Ethel, if you will; but now that I've learned how to take care of myself, I propose to do it. I'm like the Somerses, you know."

There was a humorous twinkle in Harvey's eye that was not lost on his aunt.

"So you are, every bit of you! True grit to the last, when once you're awake."

What more is there to add? Shall I tell of the quiet wedding at Somerdale, two years later, and of the lovely bride in a soft white India mull of her own exquisite making up; of the bridegroom, not quite so well preserved as when we last saw him, but eminently handsomer and manlier; for financial ruin and the love of a true woman have saved him from his danger, and helped him to build a noble character that no after adversity can betray; of the complacent aunt, and the smiling Jones; or shall I give you a glimpse of these lovers' wedded life, showing how bravely they bore the trials that are inevitable with all, and how they were steadfast unto the end? It is well to write *finis* here, for purified by affliction, and strengthened by a right learning of the lesson life sets for us all, Brown has earned the right to be happy.—*Locke's National Monthly.*

Cooley's Rooster.

Shakspeare, you will remember, says that "The morning cock crew loud." I do not know that the divine bard intended this remark to refer especially to Cooley's rooster, but it fits him with singular exactness. I do not know what the breed was—Black Spanish, I believe—but he was the most animated, earnest, whole-souled and vehement rooster anywhere around. He turned out earlier and crowed louder than any other rooster in the State of Delaware. He could crow oftener in a minute—he could hold on the last note longer, and begin again quicker than any known barn-yard fowl; and he would often wake up in the night and emit half a dozen vociferous screeches in order to make sure that he had not lost his voice since sunset. When he began to run up the scale in the morning, he soon had every other rooster within ten miles hard at work, and I used to lie abed listening to the vocal contest, and observing how Cooley's bird always got more noise out of his larynx than any four of his competitors. I shouldn't have minded it if he had been a little farther off, and slept later. But when I live alongside of a rooster that is an early riser and has a voice that is a cross between a fog whistle and a steam coffee mill, the matter becomes serious. It was useless to complain to Cooley about the chicken. He owed me a grudge for banging his balloon to slithers. So, in self-defense, I procured about a dozen small torpedoes and pasted them carefully over with flour. Then I strewed them on a bed in my garden wherever the bird was wont to disport himself in the early morning. He crowed a good deal that morning before I came down, but toward breakfast time I noticed that his voice seemed somewhat softened, and his vocal exercises less frequent. When I went out I found him standing upon one leg, looking abjectly miserable, moving his head from right to left as if he had something in his mind; and I observed that the torpedoes had disappeared. I moved toward him with the intention of jamming him against something, when he suddenly attempted to jump over the fence. He fell short and struck the post. There was an explosion, and the rooster—oh! where was he? A couple of drumsticks were found by somebody out in the turnpike, and a stray gizzard was picked up in the graveyard, while a few bloody feathers were scattered over Cooley's asparagus bed; and that was all that was ever known about it. When this meets Cooley's eye, he will understand why that rooster disappeared, and he had better take the news calmly. No Spanish rooster shall interfere with my rights as an American citizen.—*Max Adeler.*

THE Chinese servants in California are in the habit of posting on the cellar door or wood shed or pantry locker little bits of red paper with a few Chinese characters on them. In this way they notify their successors of the character of their employers. A gentleman at Stockton, who had trouble with his servants, recently engaged a new cook, but the man had no sooner gone into the kitchen than, upon reading one of those insignificant bits of paper, he turned and fled from the house. On being followed by the master, who asked what was the matter, he said: "Me no wantee here stop—woman here talkee bad—quick, long tongue—pay no monee—workee all day—me go." And he went.

Co-operation in Great Britain.

The number of co-operative trading societies in England and Wales, according to a recent Parliamentary return, is 746, with a membership exceeding three hundred thousand, and a share capital of nearly fifteen millions of dollars. The annual business of the societies amounts in payment to upwards of fifty million dollars in gold, and in receipts to nearly fifty-seven and a half millions, the net profit from all sources being in round numbers four million dollars in gold.

In a long discussion of the principles and prospects of co-operation, published in the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Thomas Brassey, M. P., mentions these enormous sums as convincing proof that the principle is convenient and practicable in its application to the distribution of commodities; and, what is more important, the working of the system is the source of considerable profit.

On the other hand, the fact that the annual withdrawals from the societies are half as many as the additions would seem to prove that the management of co-operative stores is not without serious difficulties, which will have to be removed before the plan can be pronounced perfectly successful.

Still more difficult are the problems to be solved in the matter of co-operative production, the societies of this sort being few, and the failures more numerous than the successes. Among the successful are the Paisley Manufacturing Society, the Hebden Bridge Fustian Society, the Eccles Quilt Manufacturing Society, and the Lurgan Damask Manufacturing Society, all small establishments whose success is probably due in great measure to the wisdom of the promoters in not attempting their operations on too ambitious a scale. Still, the flourishing condition of the Manchester Printing Society shows that a large undertaking can be successfully conducted on the democratic system, certainly where the range of production is limited, and individual exertion on the part of the workmen is of more account than great executive skill at the head. The Co-operative Printing Society, recently established in London, however, has not turned out so well.

The most important experiment in co-operative production thus far attempted in England is that of the Ouseburn Engine Works. Its experience has not been favorable to the system when applied to varied and complicated undertakings. Great difficulty has been experienced in dealing with the different classes of workmen, and in the adjustment of rates of wages. Men brought up to one trade naturally find it hard to estimate the dues of those practising an entirely different trade; and when they are required to assign higher wages than they can hope to receive, to men whose superiority they are unable to appreciate, the difficulty becomes all but insurmountable. The practical result in the Ouseburn Works has been a strike for higher wages in one of the departments—one of the evils which co-operation was specially expected to prevent. The society also suffered severe losses through mismanagement, the taking of orders at too low a price, and other errors due to lack of technical and practical knowledge on the part of their chief adviser, who was more of a philanthropist than a man of business.

As in other countries, so in England, success in co-operation seems to be limited to moderate undertakings. When the business is of a kind that cannot be carried out advantageously on a modest footing, the co-operative principle is best applied to the execution of parts of the work; in this way the system can be made available in the largest undertakings, after they have been suitably subdivided, the general administration remaining in the hands of an individual owner or company.

As Mr. Brassey observes: Where no special personal influence is needed for the purpose of securing clients and customers, and where the internal economy of the establishment can be conducted by a regular routine, there will be no disadvantage in the management of a board or council. But when no transaction can be completed without long and difficult negotiations; when an undertaking is of a kind that cannot be conducted in accordance with fixed rules, and the emergencies which must, from the nature of the case, arise, are always unforeseen, and must be met on the spot by an administration upon whose skill and conduct all will depend; in such a case the co-operative system pure and simple becomes impossible, and the attention of masters and workmen wishing to work together in friendly alliance should rather be employed to devise schemes whereby the equable distribution of profits among the workmen may be combined with the necessary concentration of authority in their employer.

Perhaps the most noteworthy alliance of this sort is that in connection with the collieries of Messrs. Briggs. To avoid, if possible, the delays and losses incident to strikes, this firm voluntarily took their miners into partnership some years ago, dividing the profits above a certain amount annually among the workmen, in proportion to their several earnings. Last year nearly seventy-five thousand dollars in gold were so distributed as the workmen's share of the profits, several receiving as much as thirty pounds ($150) each. About half of this sum has been returned to the company in premiums on shares applied for by the miners. Inasmuch as the owners receive as high a rate of interest on their investment as they had ever made in their best years before the workmen were given an interest in the profits, while the risks and annoyances formerly arising from strikes and labor quarrels are entirely avoided, it is clear that the alliance is mutually beneficial to all concerned.

The experience of Messrs. Fox, Head & Co., who adopted a similar plan eight years ago, has been quite as favorable to this mixed system. Their plan secures to every person employed a pecuniary interest in the success of the business, as far as possible in proportion to his services. Every one engaged, whether as laborer, clerk, foreman, manager or partner, is paid at the rate customary in the district for his particular work. The capital employed is remunerated by a specified rate of interest. Provision is made out of the profits of manufacture for keeping the works in repair, and to cover renewals and depreciation, and a fund is maintained as a provision against losses by bad debts. This done, the surplus profit is annually divided into two parts; one to be paid to the capitalist, the other to be divided among those employed, in proportion to their earnings. The sums already divided among the workmen amount to between thirty thousand and thirty-five thousand dollars. A superior class of workmen are secured, and they stay longer at the works than ordinarily.—*Scientific American.*

The Use of the Divining Rod

Messrs. Pass & Towney, of Bristol, England, communicated to the Naturalists' Society the results of an investigation made by them into the curious superstition attending the use of the divining rod. As the use of this instrument is by no means obsolete in our own country, it may be worth while to state that Messrs. Pass & Towney were successful in obtaining the attendance of two reputed operators, and both expressed themselves willing and able to find the money which the authors were to conceal. The conjurors maintained that the instrument was available not only in the field, but in the mine, and that they could by it detect metal wherever placed. An English shilling being placed under some one of a series of objects, such as hats and handkerchiefs, lying on the floor, the master of the divining rod, or "dowsing fork," guaranteed to find it if there were no disturbing causes. When asked what the latter might be, he stated springs of water or minerals under the house. He was, therefore, first of all to explore the room as a preliminary matter, and ascertain that there were no indications of water or minerals under the house. The first attempt to discover the location of the hidden coin was successful, but under such circumstances as to show that it was a matter of accident, and the operator refused to repeat the experiment a second time, even for a sovereign. The other diviner, a less expert person, seemed to have failed in three successive cases, and when he finally succeeded the conditions were such as to show the whole of his audience, most of whom were ignorant men and professed converts to the belief in the divining rod, that the operator was guided by no occult influences, but was merely guessing his way along. It was evident, in fact, that there was no mystery in the whole matter, and that there is as much deception in the use of the divining rod as was ever practiced by the medicine men of the savage tribes. The use of the forked rod for the purpose of finding minerals, springs, and, in fact, every possible variety of desiderata, seems to have been handed down to us from the middle ages.

Who Did Discover America?

And now it seems that after all it was a Welshman who is entitled to the honor of having discovered the American Continent, for which Christoper Columbus has for three centuries been getting all the credit. In Powel's "History of Wales" appears the following:

"In the twelfth century, Prince Maddoc, weary of contending with his brother for his father's crown, left his country and sailed from Wales a due west course. After being absent some time, he returned and reported that he had discovered a new and fertile country. He sailed and returned a second time, and reported so favorably, that a number of the families agreed to go along with him and plant a colony. They sailed a third time, with ten ships, and were no more heard from to this day. Three hundred and twenty-two years after this date, when Columbus discovered this continent a second time, and returned to Europe to make his report, it caused great excitement, and he was justly applauded. But his enemies, and those who envied his fame, boldly charged him with acquiring his knowledge from the charts and manuscripts of Prince Maddoc.

"In the year 1854 I had a conversation with an old Indian prophet, who styled himself the fifteenth in the line of succession. He told me, in broken English, that long ago a race of white people lived at the mouth of the Conestoga creek, who had red hair and blue eyes, who cleared the land, and fenced, plowed, raised grain, etc., that they introduced the honey-bee, unknown to them. He said the Indians called them the Welegeens, and that in the time of the fifth prophet the Conestoga Indians made war with them, and after great slaughter on both sides, the white settlers were driven away.

"Our fathers and grandfathers used to tell us what a hatred and prejudice Conestoga Indians had against red-haired and blue-eyed people in all their wars in Eastern Pennsylvania. When taking white prisoners they would discriminate between the black-haired and the red, showing mercy to the former, reserving the latter for torture and death. This would seem to indicate that they knew, from tradition, of Prince Maddoc and his followers, and of the fearful fight they had made.

"About the year 1800 (for I must now quote from memory), a man digging a cellar in the vicinity of the Indian Steppes came upon a lot of small iron axes, thirty-six in number. My father, who resided in Manor township, and followed blacksmithing, was presented with one of the relics, and I recollect of seeing it in his shop twenty-five years after that date.

"It was curiously constructed; the eye was joined after the fashion of the old garden hoe; it had no pole end, and had never been ground to an edge, nor had the others ever been. It had lain so long in the ground that the eye was eaten through with rust, and its construction was so ancient that I looked upon it as the first exodus from the stone to the iron ax."

Was It a Suicide?

A St. Paul letter to the Chicago *Times*, 22d, says: The sudden death of George W. Stewart, of Lesuer, at Omaha, on Wednesday last, in connection with the fact that he had life insurance policies aggregating $97,000, all but $2,000 taken within the year past, has given rise to grave suspicions of a deliberate suicide, for the benefit of his family. Stewart was an old resident of Lesuer, where he has held several official positions, in all of which he acquitted himself creditably. The last office he held was that of postmaster, which he resigned about a year ago. Shortly after he secured a life policy in the Eqitable for $15,000, which was followed by $20,000 in the Charter Oak; $20,000 in the Northwestern; $10,000 in the Mutual Benefit; $5,000 in the Continental, of Hartford; $10,000 in the St. Louis Life, and $5,000 in the Security. In each of these cases he underwent a thorough medical examination, receiving first-class certificates. He also tried to get further insurance in other companies, for one of which (the Ætna) he submitted to two medical examinations, both favorable; but owing to the large amount of previous insurance, the application was rejected. These operations were continued till a couple of weeks ago, there being nothing suspicious beyond the fact that Stewart desired secresy about the matter, and the further fact that a man in his poor circumstances should undertake the payment of such large premiums, about $5,000 a year. Thus matters stood when, some two weeks ago, accompanied by a son, he left for Colorado, ostensibly for his health. Arriving at Omaha, he retired for the night, locking the door between his room and that occupied by his son. Next morning, as he did not appear, his room was entered, when he was found dying, and soon after breathed his last. The physicians called in gave the cause as apoplexy. His remains were sent back to Lesuer for interment, arriving on Sunday, and were buried yesterday. Ever since the news of his death, rumor has been busy with the affair, and coupling the large insurance and the sudden death at Omaha, has given the case a very suspicious look. One of the principal points is that Stewart, being a spare, cadaverous man, was not liable to apoplexy, and that his death must have resulted from some other cause. It is even whispered that the body sent back is not that of Stewart, but that of some other person, substituted, to enable the family to get the insurance. To such an extent have these rumors circulated that the insurance agents, at a meeting, decided that the body shall be exhumed and submitted to a post-mortem examination, which will be had to-morrow. It is but just to say that old acquaintances of Stewart's scorn the idea of suicide or other improper conduct on his part.

SOME time ago while Vice-President Huntington of the Central Pacific Railroad was on a trip to California, he signed contracts for tunneling the Sierra Nevada Mountains at a point near Truckee, Cal. The tunnel will be several miles long, will cost $2,000,000, and will preclude the necessity which exists at present of making a steep ascent of more than 1,000 feet at a very difficult part of the road. When this shall be completed the snow-sheds, which now form so important a feature in the equipment of the road, will be no longer necessary. Several thousand tons of steel rails have been sent to the line of the road and will replace the iron rails as fast as the latter are worn out.

BAYARD TAYLOR has put his hand upon the hotel servant of the future. The man was found in Iceland, and when he was offered a piece of money for some small service he laughed and ran away.

Short Essays by Josh Billings.

LUV.

Luv is a pashun that is easier felt than deskribed. It iz common to the yung, middle-aged, and even old fellows hav thought they had the diseaze.

It generally makes viktims feel phoolish, and akt phoolish, too.

Sumtimes it brakes out sudden, without enny warning, and then agin it cums on slow, like the rumatiss.

I hav known sum pashunts to be in luv for six months and not kno exackly what did ail them, and then I hav known other cases whare the partys thought they wuz in luv, and nothing wuz the matter ov them all the time, only they wuz out of humor.

Sumthing to do allwus kures theze kind ov attacks,

When a person really iz in luv they aint fit for anything else.

It unfits a farmer and a blaksmith for bizziness just az much az it doz a student at law or a boarding-skool miss.

Genuine luv never fastens its fangs onto a fello being but once; he often gets nipped by it before and afterward, but the fust skar sticks to him for life.

Sum people fall in luv every ninety days, just for the phun ov the thing.

Real luv won't divide its possesshun ov the heart with enny other ov the pashuns; it drives out ambition, and takes the stiffning out of pride and vanity.

A man iz never more pure than when he iz sensibly in luv.

Luv iz a great humanizer; it makes the rude az gentle az a duv, and polishes up the rustik like three months' tuition at a dansing skool.

It iz hard work to be in luv and not akt phoolish; but luv iz the only thing i kno that makes pholly excusable.

We allwuss laff at the yung, when they are in luv, and pity the old ones.

An old man desperately in luv iz az helpless az a lost child.

He wanders about heedless, not knowing where he iz, nor where he iz going to.

What sense he ever did hav has left him, and he won't take nobody's advice.

We could spare allmost enny other pashun ov the harte better than we could luv, altho it haz made az much trubble in this world as enny ov the rest.

SLANDER.

Slander iz a lie, and kan travel faster than dalight kan.

Whare it kums from it iz often impossible to tell, and where it will go to nobody knows.

Thare iz nothing too pure for it to feed upon, and thare iz no sich thing az satisfying its appetight.

It iz conceived in iniquity and born in sekresy, and will live and gro fatt whare truth will starve to death.

It iz a foundling that the world alwass stands reddy to adopt and send on its way rejoicing, with a free pass and full letters of kredit.

It haz fastened its deadly fangs upon the innocent and haz made virtew herself tremble in her presence.

Slander iz the coward's refuge, and the devil's logic.

SLOTH.

Sloth will eat the core out of enny man and leave him nothing but a shell to inhabit.

It envellops like a dream and eats like a kanker.

It has destroyed more hopes than misfortune haz, and wherever it settles leaves its mark like a kloud at noonday.

Sloth is a syren, and he who listens to her songs will wake up to despair.

SUKCESS.

It iz az hard work to define a sukcess az it iz an aksident.

Yu kant lokate a sukcess enny more than yu kan the north pole.

It haz no rules and knows no laws, and, like a mouse, pops out of one hole into another when and where yu least expext it.

Menny a suckcess haz crowned a forlorn hope, and menny a one haz sickened and died almost in the very arms ov fruition.

The only tru way to define a sukcess iz to sukceed, and then tell how it happened.

Energy and common sense are the privy counselors ov sukcess; but they often have no control over it, for sukcess iz a vagrant, and will act and go whare it pleazes.

REVENGE.

Revenge is the basest pashun of the harte, and to gratify it iz az low down az a man kan git.

Revenge iz the dividing line between the human and the brute.

To forgive iz the highest priced thing that a man ken do; it is the nearest to being divine that enny man kan reach.

To be revenged iz a brute's prerogatiff.

Base kowardice iz the mother ov revenge, and its only excuse iz anger.

Revenge is no viktory, for the author ov it iz alwuss more injured than its victim.

No man ever wreaked hiz vengence yet, and lived long enuff after it to kontemplate the result, but waz bitterly ashamed ov it.

There never haz lived on this earth, nor never will, a being pure enuff to be entitled to the privilege of revenging a wrong.

God iz the only One who haz a right to be revenged, and He never resorts to it.

CHARITY.

Charity iz a blessed privilege. It lifts poor human natur up to the level of the angells, and sheds the light ov Heaven around our pathway.

It iz the most butiful ov all the impulses ov the heart, and the eazyest one to execute.

Thare iz not a thought that goes out from the heart kindly to welkum a child of sorrow, but what is kredited in the grate book ov everlasting life under the hed ov charity.

Thare iz not a gift, even ov kold water; thare is not a self-sacrifice ov enny kind; thare iz not a virtuous wish, nor a kind hope but what kan be counted amung the jewels of charity.

The heart iz the birth-plase and home ov charity, the head should be its confidante and adviser, and the hand its ready servant.

Charity hath no market-plase here, nor hereafter. Thare iz menny a penny in the great box that will count out brighter at the last day than enny dollar that iz thare.

Our Toes.

Beyond question, we abuse our toes. They are intended in the first place to give flexibility to the foot, and help us in our walking; but the modern custom of cramping them up in tight shoes makes them almost as immovable as if they grew together. So the help they give is not so much after all. And as for putting them to any other use, we never think of it. We cramp and torture them out of all likeness to their original state. Who, for instance, could imagine that the second toe was intended to be longer than the first? And yet in a perfect formed foot it always is, though we are obliged to go to statues and paintings to find out. And who, putting a foot and a narrow toed shoe side by side, would ever suspect that they were intended for each other? The fact is, our toes are our most abused members, and so we don't get half the good from them that we might. The Chinese and the Japanese and Bedouin Arabs, it is said, from continual practice, use their toes almost as well as their hands. Arabs braid ropes with their fingers and toes working in concert. Why, then, should we dispense with the use of these natural aids?

TANGLE-BREECHES.—This is a Western recipe, and especially delights the young folks. 6 eggs beaten light, 1 pound of sugar, ½ pound of butter, and as much flour as will make them thick enough to roll. Cut them in square blocks, slit, tangle, and drop them to fry in hot lard until they are brown. Take them out, drain, and grate on them a little sugar.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

WHEN you can't think of what your wife charged you to bring home, get hair-pins. They are always handy in the house.

CANINE ARITHMETIC.—To make a dog add, multiply, or subtract, tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one.

A CITIZEN of Connecticut, recently introduced to a newly-married man, congratulated him warmly, and said, "Ah, these Litchfield county girls make clever wives; I've had three of 'em."

THE MINER'S DORG.—Ye never knowed that dorg, Jim—a sorter yaller hound? He warn't no slouch when fightin' war around! He didn't take long to peel his teeth and make considerable litter! The way he wrastled, fit and clawed improved a hurtful critter. Now, pretty soon thar warn't no dorg about that claim but him, an' though he couldn't curse and drink, we doted on him, Jim. But arter that he lay and moaned, it bursted me right up. Says I, "That beast must have a muss, or he's a dog-goned purp!" "My pards," says I, "I quit the ranch; Gouge sickens at the fork!" Yer ought ter heerd my pardners weep; they doted on the dorg. He had a accident, did Gouge. Yer never knowed him, Jim? Sho! I feel a kinder chokin' a thinkin' about him. He seed a circus elephant a hobblin' about, an' when the cuss warn't lookin' he grabbed him by the snout. That clumsy critter put his foot too suddint on the ground, an' spread that dorg like pumpkin-sass on twelve square yards around!

JUDGE PITMAN's chimney has been foul for some time, and when he mentioned the fact at the drug store, Mr. Squills said he could easily clean it out by exploding a little powder in the fire-place. The idea seemed to Pitman to be a good one, and he bought almost ten pounds of powder in order to do the work thoroughly at the first blast. The men were busy graveling his roof that day, and just as the Judge was about to touch off the charge a workman named Snyder leaned over the top of the chimney to call to the man below to send up more tar. Then the Judge lit the slow match. The view which met the eye of Mr. Snyder as he went up was a fine one, embracing as it did Cape May and Omaha, and Constantinople and Baltimore and the Sandwich Islands, and when he got enough of drinking in the scenery he came down in the river apparently with the intention of exploring the bottom. When he was fished out he was glad to learn not only that the Judge's chimney was thoroughly clean, but that it would need about four cart loads of bricks to repair damages. After this the Judge will clean his flues with a brush fastened to a clothes prop.—*Max Adeler.*

SAGACIOUS MULES.—The Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise* tells this: A gentleman who is too modest to allow us to use his name, furnishes us the following instance of a sagacity which he yesterday saw displayed by a pair of mules—those curious spotted fellows belonging to Hank Blanchard. Hank and John Fagan were seated in a buggy behind the mules, driving along South C street, near the Divide. Suddenly the animals halted. Whipping and coaxing were alike in vain; they would not move. What to make of this Hank didn't know, as the mules had never before so conducted themselves. Seeing that the animals constantly turned their heads in one direction, Fagan began to look that way to see what it was that so strongly attracted their attention. In a moment he dropped on it. It was a shingle which read, "Hay $23 per ton," the regular retail price being $25. The mules observed this, and could not be moved beyond it until Hank got out of the buggy, went into the place, and came back, pretending that he had ordered ten tons of the article at the reduced rates. They then trotted off perfectly content.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Californian contemporary writes: "The following rather tough bear story was told in my hearing by an old settler in Russian River Valley. I give it as I got it. 'You talk about bears! Why, when I first came to Rooshan River bears was plentier than cattle is now, and they was a little bit the smartest bears that I or anybody else ever seed. Why, do you know, there was a neighbor of mine had a fine field of corn, and he also had a fine lot of hogs. In the fall, when the corn began to get ripe, the bears would come into the field and make awful work among the corn; they were jest liter'ly cleanin' it out, and the hogs was a-disappearin' too, and the old fellow couldn't find where the bears had killed any of the hogs, and he was clean beat out. At last, when all of his hogs and a good deal of his corn had disappeared, he thought it was about time to investigate. So he started out. After huntin' around for some time he found a trail leadin' off in the direction of a patch of timber about three miles away. He followed the trail, and when he got to the timber he discovered his hogs nicely inclosed in a pen, and the bears was a-packin' the corn out there, and feedin' it to the hogs, fattenin' them for their own eatin' for their winter meat!'"

Dr. Hall on the Use of Stimulants.

The man is a maniac, a deliberate suicide, who drinks tea, coffee, or ardent spirits of any kind, to induce him to perform a work in hand and when he feels too weak to go through with it without such aid. This is the reason that the majority of great orators and public favorites die drunkards. The pulpit, the bench, the bar, the forum, have contributed their legions of victims to drunken habits. The beautiful woman, the sweet singer, the conversationalist, the periodical writer, has filled but too often a drunkard's grave. Now that the press has become a great power in the land, when the magazine must come out on a certain day and the daily newspaper at a fixed hour, nothing waits, everything gives way to the inexorable call for copy. Sick or well, disposed or indisposed, asleep or awake, that copy must come; the writer must compose his article whether he feels like it or not, and if he is not in the vein for writing he must whip himself up to it by the stimulus of drink. Some of the greatest writers of the century have confessed to the practice, on urgent occasions, of taking a sip of brandy at the end of every written page, or even oftener—Lord Byron at the end of every paragraph sometimes!

It may have escaped the general reader's notice that more men have died young who have been connected with the New York press within ten years, and that too from intemperance, than in all other educational callings put together; young men whose talents have been of the first order, and gave promise of a life of usefulness, honor and eminence. The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too tired to perform a task, or too weak to carry it through, is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can; this is the only true recuperation of brain-power; the only actual renewal of brain forces, because during sleep the brain is, in a sense, at rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of the consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. That supply of brain substance can only be had from the nutrient particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate itself those nutrient particles during the state of rest, quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves, they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so fully exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply; just as men are sometimes so near death by thirst and starvation, that there is not strength enough left to swallow anything, and all is over. The capacity of the brain for receiving recuperative particles sometimes comes on with the rapidity of lightning, and the man becomes mad in an instant; in an instant falls into convulsions, in an instant loses all sense, and he is an idiot. It was under circumstances of this very sort, in the very middle of a sentence of great oratorial power, one of the most eminent minds of the age forgot his idea, pressed his hand against his forehead, and, after a moment's silence, said: 'God, as with a sponge, has blotted out my mind.' Be assured, reader, 'there is rest for the weary,' only in early and abundant sleep, and wise and happy are they who have firmness enough to resolve that 'by God's help, I will seek it in no other way.'"—*Hall's Journal of Health.*