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The City of Our God.

"WE SEE THE END, BUT NOT THE PATH."

Beyond the limits of our mortal vision,
Weak human sight,
Arise the shadows of the land elysian,
Beaming in light.

Its gates of pearl are even now unfolding,
Where angels stand;
The eye of faith is dazzled in beholding
That blessed land.

Its walls of Jasper, and its trees of healing,
Shade waters clear,
While songs of praise in joyous echoes stealing
Entrance the ear.

They have no need of sun, or moonbeam shining,
No night is there;
They who for heavenly gales were vainly pining,
Palm-branches bear.

From golden censers incense sweet, ascending,
Is borne on wings;
While round about the throne, the rainbow bending,
New promise brings.

But ere we reach the blessed land immortal,
Our feet must stray,
Through devious paths, and death's dark chilling portal,
A fearful way.

Our bark must toss upon the raging billows,
The storm-winds high;
Our steps must linger 'neath the shade of willows,
Where treasures lie.

O'er mountain tops with fainting hearts, and weary
We yet must must climb,
Then in the valleys, desolate and dreary,
Abide our time.

We know not where, or how, the way is turning
Through forests drear,
Or on the desert plain where sands are burning,
Barren and sere.

It may be soon the veil will be uplifted,
Which spans our way;
The darkest cloud may usher in, when rifted,
The blaze of day;

Or, we may linger till the night dews falling
Our spirits chill;
Wearied, perplexed and on our Father calling
For guidance still.

"We see the end," in all its radiant beauty
"But not the path."
We may be led to brave in call of duty,
The lightning's wrath.

Tried in the furnace whose bed fires are glowing
While foes assail,
Or drinking cups with bitterness o'erflowing
Till spirits quail.

Yet far beyond this maze of endless winding
Where now we roam,
In blaze of glory that is well nigh blinding,
We see our home.

And casting down our crowns, in adoration
Before our God,
We shall forget the "path" of tribulation
Our feet have trod.
—*Carrie A. Spalding.*

TO THE DEATH.

BY EDMUND YATES.

In the summer of 1861 the heat throughout Europe was intense; perhaps at no place more intense than at Baden-Baden. The little English colony temporarily located there suffered tremendously. Mr. Justice Minos, who with Mr. and Mrs. Sergeant Blewbaggage, Mr. Tarvin, Q. C., Mr. Replevin, the rising junior, and a few other kindred legal spirits, used to get up such splendid whist parties at the Badischer hof, declared he never felt anything like it, even at the Central Criminal Court. Little Brizes, the red-bearded artist, just elected member of the "New Water Color," declared that it was too hot to sketch, and used to sit in his room in his shirt-sleeves, drinking cognac and iced seltzer, and smoking helplessly. Dr. Fleem, the great London physician, shook his head warningly when he saw any of his friends out for picnics in the Black Forest, and bade them beware of sunstroke; while old lady Doldrum sat calmly without her wig in her own shady apartments, to the terror of those who caught a glimpse of her through the open door, and declared she was nearly dead with the heat.

Now, though it must be conceded that none of these people had probably ever experienced such an amount of heat as to make them speak positively as to the point of comparison, yet if you have ever been in Seville or Madrid during the month of July you will allow that the denizens of either of those places may be regarded as judges of calorie; and here at Baden were the Senora Sebastiana Gonfalon and her brother Diego, who both declared that throughout the length and breadth of Spain they had never found it so hot as in that little gambling *inferno* on the margin of the Black Forest.

Such a woman, Sebastiana Gonfalon! About four and twenty, and of the real *sangre azul*, the old Spanish type. Very slight, pencilled eyebrows, a short and slightly *retroussé* nose, large protruding lips, a little rounded chin, and blue-black hair banded tight round her head and fastened into a large bow behind. About the ordinary woman's height, strong-limbed, with small hands and feet, wonderfully lithe and supple in her movements, and with a peculiar, swimming walk, which set all the women in Baden, from the respectable stock-brokeress from Balham Hill to "those old French people" from the Rue Breda, practising in their bedrooms, without the faintest approach to the original. A face very calm and statuesque in repose, very terrible when lit up with anger, horribly dangerous when melting with love. They hadn't seen much of any expression save her ordinary repose at Baden; but little Jack Harris, from the Inland Irrigation Office, said he could perfectly fancy what it would be, and he wouldn't for thousands have any —any love affair—there! Little Jack Harris need not have troubled himself. He was introduced to Sebastiana, and at the time of the introduction she had muttered behind her fan to her brother something about his being a droll-looking little creature; but from that hour she was or affected to be profoundly unconscious of his existence.

It had been hotter than ever during the day, but the day was happily passed and over, and the moon was streaming on to the broad, gravelled plats in front of the conversation-haus, and the band, stationed in their little oil-lamp-illumined kiosk, were rattling away at Strauss's waltzes and Labitzky's galops; and the gamblers were thronging the roulette and trente-et-quarante tables; and of the men gamblers all such as had ladies with them were promenading and listening to the music, while the others were seated round the little wooden tables, drinking and smoking. At one of these tables four men were sitting, who, in this tale, at least, merit particular notice. The little paper lantern, holding the cigar-lighting candle, flares on the broad, healthily-bronzed face (where through the thick-curling light beard, the face can be seen) of Arthur Acton, formerly of the Light Brigade, now swell, landed proprietor, English gentleman. After the Crimean campaign Arthur cut soldiering and sold out. He is a type of his class, as you perceive in his broad chest, well-knit figure, well-shaped white hand, with the massive signet ring on the little finger and the broad gold band on the finger next to that; in his open throat, his long white wristbands, his evening dress, so *dégagé*, yet so well-fitting, his perfect boots, the easy, careless, unstudied grace of his attitude—a big man, with the heart of a lion and the simplicity of a child; who had looked death in the face a score of times; who had ridden into the Balaklava charge as calmly as into Rotten Row, and who would as soon have thought of defaming his dead mother as of uttering a boast or a lie. Not a scholar, his reading having been mostly confined to *Bell's Life* and the *Racing Calendar*; not a purist—he had lived too much in camps and barrack-rooms for that —but a keen, clear headed man of the world, as you may see in his broad open brow, over which the short light hair curls so crisply, in his bright blue eyes, his frank face, his great, cheery, honest laugh. Next to him Jack Harris, government clerk, before named, a wiry, dapper little man, got up with scrupulous neatness. Jack's hair dresser tells him "his parting is thinning," which in plain English means that Jack is getting bald; but he makes up for that by an enormous pair of wiry whiskers, which stick out like hair-brushes on either side of his little face. A great scandal-monger is Jack, with something to say about everybody; an insane little chatter-box, whom nobody could think of making his enemy or of cultivating for his friend. On the other side of the table, Eugene Blake, a clever, hot-headed, quick-tempered Irishman, army surgeon in a regiment of Austrian Uhlans, on leave now and staying with Arthur, whose people had always been studiously kind to him. Next to him, and concluding the party, Sir Pierce Coverdale, the best whist player at the Travellers' Club, an old diplomatist, who had studied life at half the courts in Europe, and one of the knowingest hand in the world. Listen to their conversation.

"It's a regular fetch, by Jove! Never saw a clearer! No good denying it, Arthur, my boy; you've brought down the Donna at a long shot, and you're booked!" This from Eugene Blake, with a merry twinkle in his eye and a great slap on the table to enforce his words.

"Tremendous go!" said little Jack Harris; "tremendous go! Splendid creature; black eyes, raven air, and all that sort of thing; and as for figure"—and in default of finding a proper expletive, little Jack kissed the tips of his own fingers and waved them in the air.

"Doosid pleasant thing!" said old Sir Pierce Coverdale, smoothing his gray whiskers, "doosid pleasant thing for a young man, though it has its disadvantages! Doosid difficult to shake off. You get tired of it; she don't. Then you're bored, and she's savage; then you take up with somebody else, and she takes up with a knife or a stiletto, or some horrible thing, and sticks it into you. Take care, Acton; these southern women are the deuce and nothing else!"

"Thank you, Sir Pierce," replied Arthur Acton; "I know you mean it, though there's really no occasion for your good advice. And you, you fellows, go on and chaff away as much as you like to-night, to-morrow and the next day. Only drop it after that, please. Miss Palliser arrives here, with her brother, on Friday, and there's no need to keep it quiet any longer; she and I are engaged and are to be married in November. So go in for any extravagant nonsense you like about me and Mademoiselle Gonfalon up to that time, and then—drop it for good! Knowing the utter absurdity of it, I don't mind the chaff; but of course, if protracted, it would become serious. There's no need to say any more, is there, boys? You all understand?" They all chorused congratulations, and speedily changed the subject not before old Sir Pierce Coverdale had muttered that he considered this a "doosid bad feature in the case."

On that night was held one of the grand bi-weekly *bals parés*, in contradistinction to those free-and-easy assemblies where all the best known of the guests dropped in in such toilets as suited them. But on the night of the *bals parés* evening costume was exacted, and all the proceedings were more formal. As the evening waned, our party broke up; and with the exception of the old baronet (who went to pit himself against a favorite antagonist, a French baron of marvellous age and remarkable card-playing powers), all strolled into the ball-rooms. Everybody was there; cynosure of everybody, Mademoiselle Gonfalon, looking magnificent in her amber satin dress, covered by the richest black lace, and with pink roses gleaming in her hair. As Arthur Acton entered the room it seemed as though by some mesmeric influence she was aware of his approach. She looked up at once toward the door, and their eyes met. Hers were earnest, searching, imperious; in his was an expression half of annoyance, half of distrust. Nevertheless, he obeyed the quick motion of her hand, imperceptible to all but him, by which she beckoned him toward her; and two minutes afterward they were whirling together to the valse then just commenced.

Eugene Blake and little Jack Harris grinned at each other, and the former remarked, in the brogue which always burst out of him whenever he was all excited, "It's to be hoped Miss Palliser's not jealous, or there'll be 'wigs upon the green' before we've done with this."

Two hours afterward (they keep early hours at Baden) the moon, from her height in heaven, shone on Mademoiselle Gonfalon, standing on the outer steps of the ballroom, with her mantilla coquettishly flung round her shoulders and drawn over her head. "Ah, what pleasure!" she exclaimed, pettishly; "the hotel is close by, the night is quite hot, and there is no need for the wraps Diego is searching for. I declare I will wait for him no longer if you will be my escort, M. Acton. You will? Then give me your arm!" She took his arm and waved a laughing good-night to those standing by, and then tripped gaily down the steps and until they had proceeded some little distance into the shadow of the *allée*. Then, stopping suddenly, she confronted her companion, and with her eyes looking full into his, said, "What's this?"

"What's what, Mademoiselle Gonfalon?"

"Ah, bah, Mademoiselle Gonfalon! You know my name, I suppose." Then, suddenly changing her tone, "Arthur, dearest Arthur, what is it to-night? You are cold as your own dreadful countrymen generally; you are distant. You valsed because I asked you to, not because you wished to; you have scarcely said a dozen words the whole night; what is it?"

"It's nothing, Mademoiselle—well, then, Sebastiana; it is simply this. We have been thrown together more or less, since we have been here, and we've been very good friends, and I trust we always shall be, "well but"—but——"

"It's an awkward thing for me to say," said Acton, feeling hot all over and stammering like a schoolgirl. "But you see, it —I mean—or—it mustn't go any further."

Sebastiana looked at him for an instant, and then said, in a low, flat key, "Mustn't go any further?"

"No! Well, the truth is—it's horribly uncomfortable for a man to have to say such a thing under such circumstances; but the truth is, I'm going to be married, you see, and my *fiancée* is coming here in a day or two, and it won't do to be—confound it all, I'm making a mess of it, I know I am." And the man who had ridden coolly into the Balaklava charge, now stuttered, and wiped his brow, and looked and felt horribly afraid.

"Ah! you are going to be married?" said Sebastiana, standing upright as a dart and still looking at him, but with a very different expression in her eyes; "Voilà le mot de l'enigme! To a young English lady?"

"Yes."

"Whom you love?"

"Whom I adore!"

"And she is coming here?"

"She is; the day after to-morrow, I hope."

"I hope so, too. I shall be pleased to see her. Now let us walk on, please." And without waiting for his reply she strode on until she reached the door of her hotel, which opened, she bowed her head without offering her hand, and, without uttering a word, passed through out of sight.

For two whole days and nights no one save her Spanish waiting woman saw Sebastiana Gonfalon.

On the morning of the third day, however, there was an arrival at the hotel. Not unexpected, evidently, for the suite of rooms had been for some days in preparation, and the landlord was in attendance on the steps as the natty English travelling-carriage drew up, and by his side was Arthur Acton, who had been lounging about in a state of expectancy from a very early hour; and the evidence that something was going to happen had drawn together a crowd of blue-bloused, wooden-saboted peasants and children. When the horses drew up at the door, a big courier, with a gold-laced band to his cap, and a huge beard on his chin, dismounted, opened the carriage-door, and handed out, first an old lady with gray hair and a bent frame, who descended with difficulty, resting on a stick, and then a tall elegant young girl with bright eyes, a clear complexion, and chestnut bands falling on either side of her face. These ladies, the younger especially, were received with great *empressement* by Arthur Acton, and conducted by him into the hotel. Five minutes afterwards, Don Diego Gonfalon, sipping his second glass of absinthe, and smoking his fourth after-breakfast cigar on the promenade, was summoned by his French servant, who told him that Mademoiselle his sister wished to speak with him at once.

He found her wrapped in a white muslin dressing-gown, and seated in a low easy-chair by the window. Her luxurious black hair was hastily gathered up into a great knot at the back of her head, and there were bistre rings round her luminous black eyes. Her face was deadly pale, and her lips colorless and rigid. Diego marked all this at one glance, then, dropping into a chair next to her, he took one of her hands in his, and gazing tenderly into her face said,—

"You are better, my sister?"

"Yes, my brother, much better within the last hour. To be quite well within a very few days, if all goes rightly, and you are true to me. She has arrived."

"Ah! ha!" and Diego drew a long breath between his teeth. "You have seen her?"

"I saw her arrive! saw her received by him! saw him conduct her into the house! I saw his fingers tighten round hers, and her hand glide into his."

"And you still require"—

"All that I urged, and you promised. All that should be demanded of one who has slighted a Gonfalon and your sister. His ruin first, then his death!"

"Nothing less?"

"Nothing!"

Don Diego shrugged his shoulders, kissed his sister's hand, and returned to his absinthe and his cigar.

There is a specially exclusive set at Baden, a sanctum sanctorum known as the Ladies' Club, because no gentleman is admissible to its reunions, save on the ballot of the lady members. It is held in one of the private rooms of the Conversation-haus, and is frequented during the evening by the ladies and their attendant cavaliers. At a late hour, when the ladies have retired, those men who have the entree remain, and there many quiet games of cards are carried on, for which the ordinary public rooms would be too noisy and too exposed. It was after midnight when Arthur Acton stepped into the Ladies' Club, then emptied of its proper occupants, and given up to denizens of the male sex, some of whom were already assembled round the card-tables. Arthur was in splendid spirits; he had been the whole day with Miss Palliser, showing her the lions of the place, and she had been voted a tremendous success by every one. Blasé French marquises and pudgy German barons had roused themselves from their dominoes to stare after the fresh and brilliant beauty of the English girl. When she entered the gambling rooms, the croupiers were puzzled to find play for a moment suspended, as the haggard crowders of the tables left off pricking cards or covering numbers as the glorious vision passed hurriedly by. And she had been very sweet and affectionate to him, too; and altogether he was in the seventh heaven of happiness, and showed it in his brilliant eyes and flashing cheeks. He walked up to a knot of his friends who were standing at the head of the room, and commenced chatting with them, when he felt his arm lightly touched, and turning round, saw Diego Gonfalon.

"Your pardon, M. Acton, if I disturbed you," said Diego. "I come to ask that revenge which you promised me after our ecarte two nights since."

Nothing could have been more mal a propos. Arthur was in no humor for a cool, calculating game at cards; he was overbrimming with animal spirits, longing for some outlet for his happiness. He replied, awkwardly enough,—

"Eh? Ecarte? To-night, do you think? I'm scarcely in the humor to-night, and"—

"Oh, if monsieur does not choose, of course it is not for me to"—

"You can't do that, Arthur!" said an English old Sir Pierce Coverdale, who was standing by; "if you won the man's money last time, you're bound to play when he asks you, however inconvenient it may be, and——"

"Well, be it so," said Arthur, with a sigh. Then turning with a sprightly air to the Spaniard, he pointed to a vacant card-table, and said politely, "Monsieur, je vous attends!"

They were well known among the frequenters of the club, these two, as first-rate players. As they took the cards, a little crowd gathered silently round; but Acton was so thoroughly transported with happiness, so full of the pleasant memories of the day with his beloved, that he appeared unable to fix his attention on his cards.

At three in the morning Diego Gonfalon returned to his hotel. He passed up the stairs with a light footstep; but as he neared his sister's room the door opened gently, and Sebastiana's graceful head appeared, her finger on her lip. Obedient to her signal, he followed her into her chamber.

"Well?"

"Bad! worse than bad! He played like a fool, without thinking of his cards, and he has stripped me again! He must have won three hundred Isabellinas; his confounded luck never deserts him for an instant!"

"That is unfortunate, Diego; but it was but a part of our scheme. The rest is to come! Now to bed, brother; we will consult in the morning."

The next day the weather was cooler, a light breeze came playing over the Schwarzwald, and the promenade was thronged. The rumor of the beauty and grace of the newly arrived English woman had spread; and, in addition to its ordinary frequenters, many of those who only honored the promenade on special occasions had come out to judge for themselves, and were constrained to admit that for once report had not been exaggerated. Arthur Acton, thoroughly observant of every look and glance, gloried in Miss Palliser's success, and watched each succeeding triumph with renewed delight. Only once his brow clouded; and that was as he passed a group of men, amongst whom were Diego Gonfalon, a certain Count Tsach, a Hungarian of unenviable reputation, and a Captain Hall, a notorious English blackleg. These men raised their hats, certainly, but with a kind of defiant air, and Miss Palliser had scarcely passed before Acton saw Diego whisper something to his friends, who at once burst into a loud guffaw. Acton flamed to the roots of his hair, but said nothing. Chancing, however, to turn round a moment afterwards, he saw Diego Gonfalon mimicking Miss Palliser's walk, and the manner in which she held her dress, to the intense delight of his friends. As the Palliser party, on their return, approached the spot where the objectionable group were standing, Arthur noticed a movement among them; and he had no sooner passed than Diego and his friends left their position, and followed on in the promenade immediately behind the English party. Two minutes afterwards Miss Palliser stopped suddenly; some one had trodden on her dress. Acton turned hurriedly round, and fancied he saw a smile on Diego's face. The obtrusive foot had, however, been removed, and the promenade continued. Almost immediately afterwards the same thing occurred. Miss Palliser's dress was speedily released, and she and the other members of her party proceeded. Acton stood still.

"You have a singular knack of awkwardness, monsieur," said he to Diego Gonfalon. "This is the second time that your stupidity has caused you to tread on the lady's dress."

"It is the lady's own fault, monsieur," replied Diego, with an insolent air; "she does not know how to hold her dress, but walks like a camel, like all English women."

"Ah! Don Diego Gonfalon, if you only knew how nearly you were getting that peculiarly British blow, known as 'one for yourself!'"

There was a baleful fury in Arthur Acton's eyes, and a fidgety motion about the shoulder-muscles of his right arm, which looked very ugly at that moment. However, he controlled his passion sufficiently to say, "I have ladies with me now, sir. So soon as I am free"—

"You will find me ready and willing, monsieur, whenever you like."

And Don Diego raised his hat, and turned on his heel.

That night Don Diego went neither to the gaming-table nor to the Ladies' Club, but sought his hotel at early hour, and went straight to his sister's rooms. The door had scarcely closed behind him, when she was by his side, her eyes flashing, her hands trembling, her whole frame in a state of intense excitement.

"Well?" she asked, "is it done?"

"Yes," said Diego, sullenly; "it is done; arranged for to-morrow morning at sunrise."

"How did it happen? Tell me, I am dying to know."

But Diego was cross, and indisposed to answer.

"Ah! don't worry me about details! Is it not enough for you to know that he is challenged, and accepts?"

Sebastiana's eyes flashed fire, but she controlled herself. "Tell me one thing, then, only one. Was she implicated?"

"Yes; the insult was given to her."

"Good! good, Diego! You have indeed carried out all I wished. Who acts for you?"

"Cabanel."

"And for him?"

"An old English milord, Sir Coverdale."

"Sir Coverdale is his second. He lives here in the hotel, does he not?"

"He does, in the opposite rooms."

"Has he come in yet?"

"No. I left him at the Kursaal, playing trente-et-quarante. He will be there another hour yet. He is an old militaire, and such an affair as this does not in the least affect his usual routine."

"Good! Now get to bed; you will want rest. I will call you at daybreak. Madrileno!" And kissing her brother on the cheek Sebastiana closed the door on him, and entered into deep converse with her waiting woman.

At five the next morning, Ludwig Kraus, an old woodcutter, who was beginning to ply his daily occupation in the outskirts of the Black Forest, saw two carriages draw up at the turf path which he himself had cleared, leading from the unfrequented highroad into the depths of the underwood. From these carriages descended several gentlemen: two of them bore under their arms long flat cases, at sight of which the old woodcutter smiled to himself. It was by no means his first experience of such visitors, and he never saw them arrive without a certainty of pecuniary advantage to himself. Sure enough; his expectations were not disappointed. One of the gentlemen saw him, turned round, and, after apparently consulting with the others, beckoning to him. Ludwig advanced.

"Tired of labor, father?" said the gentleman.

"Not yet, sir," said the old man. "I only commenced at dawn, an hour since."

"You must need rest. We are going to breakfast here, and shall require water. How far is it to the nearest spring?"

"A good mile," replied the old man.

"Go and fetch a pitcher," said the gentleman, slipping a Friedrick's-d'or into his hand. "Don't hurry. You can go leisurely."

The old man pocketed the coin, laid his axe across his shoulders, and went off whistling.

The two parties had come in separate carriages, remained in separate groups, while the drivers wheeled their horses round and moved them some distance down the road. Although the gentlemen spoke among themselves, yet each kept apart from the other. Then watches were produced, and some whispering ensued. At last the gentleman who had spoken to the wo[illegible] advanced from his friends, and neari[illegible]e opposite party, took off his hat and saluted. No better man than he for such a meeting! Honore de Cabanel, chef d'escadron of the African Chasseurs, a man who had been St. Arnaud's right hand through all the Kabyle war.

"Time flies, M. Acton," said he; "we wait your leisure."

"M. de Cabanel," replied Arthur, "I am sorry that I am the cause of the delay, however unwillingly. But Sir Pierce Coverdale, who was to be my second, has not yet made his appearance."

"No one is better acquainted with the code of the duello than Sir Coverdale, or more capable of conducting it in the most perfect manner!" said Cabanel, with a bow. "Something must have retarded him; he must be ill."

"I certainly cannot understand his absence," muttered Arthur, looking into the far distance.

"Will not Monsieur Acton's other friend act for him?" asked Cabanel, motioning towards a gentleman standing near.

"My other friend is a surgeon of the Austrian army, Monsieur Eugene Blake; I thought it necessary to have a surgeon on the ground, and gentlemen in that capacity cannot, I believe, act as seconds."

"Certainly not," said Monsieur Cabanel. "Would Monsieur Acton accept the service of one of my party? Signor Lopez Guerrabella, a Spanish gentleman from Cadiz, an officer in the Queen's Guard, accompanies us to the ground, and would, I am sure, act for Monsieur Acton." As he spoke he indicated a slim young man wearing a Spanish cloak and a heavy slouch hat, who was standing by in conversation with Diego. There were no signs of Coverdale's advent. Acton bowed, and after a word with Blake, notified his acceptance of Cabanel's offer. Then he and Cabanel proceeded to step the ground. On their return Cabanel said,—

"It is agreed, I believe, messieurs, that the combat shall be *a la barriere*; that is to say, my friend and I have measured twenty-four paces, at either end of which we will place our men. At twelve yards, the half distance, I have dropped a handkerchief as a mark. Signor Guerrabella and I will toss for first fire. Whichever principal, through his second, wins, has the right either to fire from his place, or, walking up to the mark, to call on his adversary to advance, even up to the mark itself if he chooses, and then—act as he wishes! Gentlemen, this is understood?"

Both principals bowed.

"Now, Signor Guerrabella, the toss! Ha! you have won! M. Acton, the fire is with you!"

As he spoke, Arthur Acton turned sideways towards his opponent, covering him fairly and fully with his pistol. Then suddenly flinging up his arm, he fired into the air. A short growl issued from Blake's lips; a growl in which a near bystander might have distinguished the words "He ought to have winged him!"

"It is your shot, sir!" said Arthur, wheeling round and confronting his adversary.

"I intend to take it!" said Diego, calmly, as he walked towards the handkerchief. "And I call on you, M. Acton, in pursuance of the terms, to advance to this mark!"

"In the name of Heaven, stop this!" shrieked Eugene Blake, as, in obedience to the summons, Arthur slowly advanced. "This is sheer murder! Sir, I call on you," turning to Guerrabella, "I call on you to forbid this!"

"It is impossible to break the rule laid down!" said Guerrabella, speaking for the first time in a strange, muffled voice, "unless, indeed, M. l'Anglais is afraid."

This one sentence was enough. Blake was silent, but remained horror stricken and intent on the scene; while Arthur Acton, with pallid face, stepped straight up to the handkerchief, on the other side of which Diego was waiting. A dead, still, horrible calm reigned around. It was broken by Diego, who said, "M. Acton, you deceived a Gonfalon! Your blood be on your own head!" The next instant the sound of a pistol rang through the forest, and Arthur Acton, staggering for an instant, dropped heavily forward on his face. Blake sprang forward, but ere he reached his friend's side Guerrabella was on his knee beside him. Bending over the prostrate body, he lifted the slouch hat and pushed back the concealing cloak. One word escaped the dying man, "Sebastiana!"

"Ay!" muttered Mademoiselle Gonfalon, for she it was; "I told you the character of my revenge. TO THE DEATH!" The next instant Arthur Acton expired.

WOMAN ITEMS.

Dr. Mary L. Putnam, a member of the Woman's Medical College of New York city, is a daughter of the late George Peabody Putnam, the well known and universally respected publisher.

Maggie Wilson, the daughter of a fish-tackle maker, has, after a fierce legal fight, been judicially recognized as the widow of the late Major Stewart, heir of the Marthley estate, one of the richest in Scotland.

A Paris correspondent urges that a married woman on the stage exercises less magnetism over an audience than a single woman does; that the fact that she belongs to another, that her brightest glances, sweetest dimples and most musical tones are for him, unconsciously diminishes her influence; and states in illustration that there were offered in Paris what were called Christine Nilsson watches, which had a great sale, but when she took a husband their demand so sensibly diminished that the proprietor changed their name.

Florence, daughter of Gen. Birney, is to edit a Southern paper.

Susan B. Anthony is to be "Counted" by the National Woman Suffrage Association, on the 19th at Washington.

Mrs. ex-Gov. Claflin, of Massachusetts, has paid the board of twelve women since the Boston fire. Remembering that Gov. Claflin was a sufferer by the fire such charity seems to deserve special mention.

An affair recently occurred at Bellevue Hospital, writes the New York correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, which illustrates the difficulties women have to contend with in hospitals, and the ability of some of them to abundantly take care of themselves. Among the women attending clinics there are a sister of the wife of Pere Hyacinthe, and a daughter of the president of Michigan University. These ladies had been repeatedly annoyed by petty persecutions and insults from some male students. One of these was particularly annoying. He chaffed and tried them to a vexatious degree, and at last ventured a wager with a fellow-student that he would walk home with them after a certain lecture. The young women bore his impertinence with Christian forbearance until this certain day. Then when the young fool approached them with his simpering ways and his insulting tongue, and announced his intention, the two young women simultaneously set upon him and boxed his ears so vigorously and so soundly that he was forced from sheer pain to bellow quits. The students who were gathered in a knot to see the result of their fellow's attempt cheered the young women lustily, and hastened to assure them that they were only waiting to see how the affair would result, intending to interfere and pummel the fellow themselves if the women showed an inability to push him off.

A clever Milwaukee editor has hit upon a suggestion for the advocates of woman's industrial enfranchisement, which is worth considering. He thinks women would make excellent architects, attending specially to the invention of closet-rooms, and to tasteful interior decoration. He also thinks the details of the office well suited to them, and hints that a liberal adoption of his suggestion would lead to business, and perhaps other partnerships, wise and otherwise.

Something for People who have Ferneries.

In these days, when ferneries are so common in so many parlors, any information concerning them will doubtless be acceptable. One simple thing has made my fernery so much more enjoyable than ever before, that I wish to give others the benefit of it. Everybody that has a fernery knows how great a drawback to the pleasure of it is the moisture which collects on the glass in a fine dew, and often wholly hides from sight the beauties within. It occurred to me that a *continuous* film of moisture, that did not take the form of dew-drops, would be perfectly transparent, and that if I could produce inside the glass such a film with some permanence, the moisture that was constantly condensed on it would spread itself out and be lost in the film and produce no cloudiness whatever. Knowing that pure water would not adhere in a film to the glass, but that soap-suds cling to most surfaces with some tenacity, I tried it with complete success. The process is short and easy. Remove the glass, and wash it inside with strong suds made with soft water and the nicest, purest soap you have. Pour out the suds, and without waiting for the glass to drain, put it in its place again. Of course a few blotches of foam will be left on the glass, but they will soon disappear of themselves. On looking closely the film of soapy water will be detected, but it does not at all hide the view. As the air inside is damp and always depositing its moisture, it prevents the film from drying for a considerable period. It is well known that, from changes of temperature and other causes, the glass, or a portion of it, becomes nearly dry and free from dew for a few hours, and I fancied that after my film had once thus dried, it would cease to be effective and need renewing, but I was agreeably surprised to find that when the dew had gathered again the invisible particles of soap which had dried on the glass united with it to form a new film nearly as perfect as the first. Indeed, I found the need of renewing at all was due not to the drying so much as the wetting, for the dew, which, though unseen, is constantly added to the soap, dilutes it and gradually washes it down the sides of the glass, till at length it must be reapplied. A consequence of all this will be that those ferneries which deposit moisture most rapidly will need the soap oftenest. With mine, once a fortnight is sufficient. I should judge that once a week would be enough in any case, but the trouble is so little that, if necessary one would not object to doing it oftener still. Of course the glass should be clean before the soap is applied, and especially free from any oily substance, or the soap will not cling. In ventilating the fernery, it is best to take off the shade but a few moments at a time, so that the soapy film will have no time to dry. Indeed, my experience is that soap or no soap, it is better for the ferns to have the glass taken off daily and almost immediately replaced. Those whose fern cases are framed can easily apply the soap on a sponge through the door, and swinging the door back and forth half a dozen times every morning will give the ventilation without drying the soapy surface. One remark more is perhaps unnecessary, but some may be thankful for the warning, that to handle the shade safely with soapy hands requires considerable care. I do not wish to be held responsible for the slipping and crashing of an expensive bell glass the first time you put my suggestion into practice.—*Letter to Hartford Courant.*

SURE TEST OF DEATH.—To learn with absolute certainty whether a person is dead or not, Dr. Hugo Magnus suggests the following simple method. Tie a strong ligature tightly around a finger or toe of the supposed corpse, and if life is still present a reddening, which grows gradually darker until it becomes a bluish red, will occur in that portion of the member beyond the constricted point. Where from exposure or toil the skin of the finger has become very much thickened, a toe may be selected. On the other hand, if life is extinct no change in color will ensue. The bluish coloration of the nails so often seen on the dead body, and also in certain cases of blood disease, need not be regarded as any source of fallacy; for after the application of the ligature, as long as life remains in the body the whole of the limb, from the place of constriction to the extremity, will be uniformly blue-red, but if the coloration do not take place, or only occurs at a circumscribed spot, it can with certainty be concluded that the spark of life has vanished. The deep-seated arteries carry blood to the extremities; the veins, which are more superficial, return the blood toward the heart. By the ligature the backward flow of blood is arrested, when, if still circulating, it continues to pass into the constricted extremity through the arteries, and there accumulating gives rise to the peculiar color described. The object of the above proceeding is simply to ascertain whether the blood still circulates, as the complete stoppage of this function, according to Dr. Magnus, is positive proof of death.

It is recommended in the application of this method that the large limbs, such as the arms or thigh, be not chosen, because, the necessary amount of constriction cannot be so readily obtained, the numerous large, deep-lying veins of the muscles not being sufficiently compressed by the ligature. In case the fingers or toes are not available, the lobe of the ear may be employed.—*Scientific Miscellany in Galaxy for January.*

Forrest's "Idiot Boy."

Colonel Forney, in his "Reminiscences of Public Men," gives the following interesting sketch of Mr. Forrest:

Edwin Forrest was one of us whenever he visited Washington, and as I said in a former number, was the toast and the star of the night. He gave liberally to the Union cause, without being a Republican. Though he did not unite with us when we sung "John Brown," none could have been more graceful and ready in contributing to the general pleasure. One dramatic night I shall never forget. Forrest was in royal condition. He came early and stayed late. He seemed prepared to make everybody happy. He needed no solicitation to display his varied stores of humor and of information. Sketches of foreign travel; photographs of Southern manners, alike of the master and slave; his celebrated French criticism upon Shakespeare; his imitation of the old clergyman of Charleston, South Carolina, who, deaf himself, believed everybody else to be so; his thrilling account of his meeting with Edmund Kean, at Albany, when Forrest was a boy; his incidents of General Jackson; his meeting with Lafayette at Richmond, in 1825. Few that heard him can ever forget that night. But nothing that he did will be remembered longer than the manner in which he recited "The Idiot Boy," a production up to that time unknown to everybody in the room except Forrest and myself, and to me only because I heard him repeat it seven years before, when I lived on Eighth street, in the house lately known as the Waverly. These lines are so beautiful and so unique that I print them for the benefit of the readers of these hasty sketches:

THE IDIOT BOY.

It hath pleased God to form poor Ned
A thing of idiot mind,
Yet, to the poor unreas'ning boy
God hath not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child,
Whom helplessness made dear
And he was everything to her,—
Who knew no hope or fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
Each half-articulate call,
For he was everything to her,
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived,
Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at last on Sarah came
And she fell sick—and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,
He called here o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead;
The words to him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
While he stood wond'ring by,
And when they bore her to the grave
He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
They sung the fun'ral stave;
And when the fun'ral train dispersed
He lingered by the grave.

The rabble crowd that used to jeer
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him by the grave,
And not a word they said.

They came and went and came again
Till night at last came on;
Yet still he lingered by the grave
Till every one had gone.

And when he found himself alone
He swift removed the clay,
Then raised the coffin up in haste,
And bore it swift away.

He bore it to his mother's cot,
And laid it on the floor,
And with the eagerness of joy
He barred the cottage door.

Then out he took his mother's corpse,
And placed it in a chair,
And soon he heaped the kindling hearth,
And made the fire with care.

He put his mother in HER chair,
And in her wonted place,
And then he blew the fire,
Which shone reflected in her face.

And pausing now, her hand would feel,
And then her face behold;
"Why, mother do you look so pale,
And why are you so cold?"

It had pleased God from the poor wretch
His only friend to call;
Yet God was kind to him, and soon
In DEATH restored him ALL.

And when the neighbors on next morn
Had burst the cottage door,
Old Sarah's corpse was in the chair,
And Ned's upon the floor.

JOSEPHINE MANSFIELD.—Speaking of Miss Mansfield it is evidently well for her that she took her departure before the trial and conviction of her paramour. Had she remained here she would have been mobbed before this time. The popular indignation would be satisfied with nothing less than such a demonstration. There can be no doubt that she is strongly attached to Stokes, and under any other circumstances she would have no doubt remained to the last, but prudence demanded her departure from this city. It is possible that this woman may make an attempt at reformation. She has had lessons enough to arouse her to a sense of personal guilt, and the example of Peg Woffington may be repeated in Josie Mansfield. Some have gone so far as to suggest that she has gone abroad with the intention of taking the veil, but this may be considered a baseless report. She has need enough of repentance, and would make as pretty a Magdalen as ever Correggio painted. She has had trouble enough also to bring her to serious reflection, and should she return to America thoroughly reformed, her purposes of a better life should be accepted and the past be allowed to drop into oblivion like some foul dream. However natural it may be to cast the blame upon woman, a practice which commenced with Adam, it is evident that she is just what man makes her—either a blessing to society or a curse, and upon him must rest the responsibility.—*N. Y. Cor. Troy Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Pittsburg married woman enticed to her house a young girl who had once kept house for her husband in her absence, and, after bidding her be seated, threw a noose over her, binding her to the chair, and then tied her hands and feet. Taking the shears she cut her hair off, save a little lock at the top, leaving that, she said, so she could scalp her. She then heated some irons in the fire, and avowed the dreadful purpose of burning out the girl's eyes, and, in spite of her piteous entreaties, actually set about doing it, when her captive succeeded in freeing one hand and arrested the fiendish work. In the struggle the poker cooled, and while it was re-heating, the woman's husband entered and saved the poor girl from torture and death.

Why do glaziers put a white patch in the middle of a light of glass in unfinished buildings? Is it for amusement? No. To clean off the window? No. To tell the world that the building is unfinished? Wrong again. Give it up? It is because the workmen are in the habit of throwing brick-bats, nails, pieces of wood, and refuse generally, out of the window, and the chalk mark is to impress upon their senses the trifling fact that there is a light of glass there. Don't you think you know everything yet.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A boy three years old was left alone with his sister the other night, in St. Louis, for a few moments, while their mother went upon an errand. The sister was one month of age and clad in swaddling clothes. The little boy secured a kerosene lamp and emptied it upon her. The mother returned in time to discover the boy in a state of Fourth of July ecstasy, while the girl was dead. The little fellow has been promised as an apprentice to a fireworks maker.

The people on the Sun must be having a lively time of it these days. Prof Young tells us that he observed a violent explosion on that luminary recently which sent up a pyramid of flame 50,000 miles in height.

Sitka's debt is $150, and she has seventy cents in the treasury.

Mrs. Fred. Biteler, of Uhrichtville, Pa., was stricken deaf and dumb, while milking, lately.

Nearly all the officers of Victor Emanuel's household have American wives.

The Cabinet ladies do not furnish strong drink at their receptions, this year.

Edward Jennings, of New Fairfield, Conn., incurred paralysis by butchering a diseased hog.

A black and a white man practise law together in Columbia, N. C.

The most reckless and hopeful of men is perhaps Prof. Donaldson, a distinguished aeronaut of Berks county, Pa., who is now completing his plans to cross the Atlantic ocean next summer in an air-ship, buoyed by two mammoth balloons. He will start from Union square, and expects to alight somewhere on the Continent of Europe in two days and a half. Donaldson was originally a magician, but a year ago conceived the idea of becoming a balloonist. Last August, he made his first ascension from Reading, using a basket, but since then, he has made twenty-eight ascensions, with nothing but the gas chamber of his balloon and a single trapeze bar. His operations have been principally through the South and West. At the height of half a mile, he always went through various performances, such as skinning the cat, hanging by his toes and other evolutions usually performed by circus performers. At Chicago, when three quarters of a mile high, he hung from the bar by the back of his head. People called him crazy, but he saw no danger and felt as safe and contented on his bar as on the ground. Next June, Donaldson intends making a trip from St. Louis to Boston, and the following month will commence his ocean voyage in the aerial ship "North America," to cost $5000, and calculated to travel 2000 miles in two days and a half. He speaks very confidently of his project, and says he would rather stand upon his head on his balloon in mid-ocean than travel on some of our through lines of railroad by night.

IN GENERAL.

Small-pox is responsible for one out of every eight deaths in St. Louis.

Boarding house chicken soup can be made it is said, by hanging up a hen in the sun so that her shadow shall fall into a pot of salt water. The only trouble is that on a cloudy day the soup is liable to be weak.

Bill boards are to be abolished in New York. The delight New Yorkers of aesthetic tastes experience in the announcement, would have been increased if it had been board bills, which are said to lack none of the elements of greatness in that city.

About the boldest robbery on record has just taken place at Boston, when a brace of thieves fastened the doors of a clothing house and then helped themselves to whatever wearing apparel they were in need of from the stock hanging outside.

A Yankton (Dacotah) sheriff attached a show in that far-away country, the other day, and while tacking up a "sale notice" on the elephant's hindquarters, which the official mistook for a small barn, the animal swung his tail around. And now, when that county wants the services of a sheriff, they will have to elect one.

We are told of a boy in Columbus, Ohio, who would not go to the circus when his father gave him leave. He preferred to go to school and study his little book. We are sorry for that boy, but no properly managed insurance company would issue a policy on his life. His health cannot be good.—*N. Y. Mail.*

A Philadelphia manufacturer is preparing a plan for a column one thousand feet high, to be constructed entirely of iron, in open work, from the summit of which the grounds of the Centennial Exposition are to be illuminated by means of a drummond light. If adopted, it will be the loftiest monument in the world.

A Western paper speaks of a duel between two "jackasspurated individuals."

Of somebody who was shot in Cheatham county, Tenn., the local newspaper says: "He was a stranger and a poor man. His grave will soon be unknown. Only the wild rose, with briers, will grow above, it and no flower will be dropped there by the hand of affection, no tears to his memory from the eyes of love. Yet this is no reason why the homicide should remain concealed and its investigation shunned." We rarely encounter a fact less liable to argument.

A Dorchester woman has been three times married. Her first husband was Robb, the second Robbins, and the third Robbinson. The same door-plate has served for the whole three, and the question now is, what extended name can be procured to fill out the remaining space on it.

There was good skating on the Arkansas river, at Pine Bluff, the day after Christmas, and the oldest inhabitant never saw the like before.

Russia has become a customer for American locomotives. Nine engines are to be sent over for the Hongo railway of Finland.

Wool Product of the World.

In the following table will be found a near approximate estimate of the number of pounds of wool annually produced in the different countries of the world, from the most reliable information obtainable.

	Pounds of Wool
Asia, including Russia in Asia	320,000,000
Great Britain and Ireland	260,000,000
Germany, Netherlands, and Belgium	198,000,000
United States	130,000,000
Australia	130,000,000
France	126,000,000
European Russia	125,000,000
South America	110,000,000
Asiatic Turkey	100,000,000
Spain	62,000,000
Persia	50,000,000
North Africa	50,000,000
European Turkey	42,000,000
Italy	40,000,000
Cape of Good Hope	20,000,000
Portugal	17,000,000
Canada	12,000,000
Sweden and Norway	11,000,000
Greece	8,000,000
Denmark	3,800,000
Switzerland	3,000,000
New Mexico	590,000
Total	1,423,300,000

There are other countries that produce considerable quantities of wool, but as they export but little or none, it is not brought into the account.

The following lines are written on the pane of a window at Lodore:—

When I see a man's name
Scratched upon the glass,
I know he owns a diamond,
And his father owns an ass.

The Gold in the World.

A correspondent of the Rutland *Herald* who has recently consulted Hon. Amasa Walker on the above topic, gives his answer. There have been no exact data of the annual gold supply, except since the year 1848, when the California discoveries were made. Previous to that time Humboldt estimated the world's stock of gold at $10,000,000,000, although the authorities widely differed on the subject. The gold product from 1848 down to the present time appears to have been as follows:

Three years, 1848-51,	$139,150,000
Five years, 1852-56,	729,400,000
Five years, 1857-61,	573,250,000
Five years, 1862-66,	516,015,000
Five years, 1867-71,	505,265,000
	$2,463,085,000

Mr. Walker says that the amounts not reported would bring the total, in his opinion, fully up to $2,500,000,000. The proportion of the metal which has been used in the arts cannot be determined with any certainty, but it has been vastly greater since the discoveries in California and Australia than before. On the other hand, the hoarding of gold has doubtless diminished during the period referred to in all the countries of Christendom. He thinks that about $1,750,000,000 have been added to the coin of the world since 1848. The dollar contains 25 8-10 grains. The ounce weight is 480 grains, which divided by 25.8 grains, $18.60 per oz., Troy. But the standard of fineness of the coin differs in different countries.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

A soldier, telling his mother of the terrific fire at Chickamauga, was asked by her why he did not get behind a tree. "Tree," said he, "there wasn't enough for the officers."

A timid skater is having a model skating suit constructed. The pantaloons are to be provided with springs and upholstered. He does not want to break the ice up, and spoil other people's skating.

The Common Council of Chicago have passed the ordinance modifying the Sunday Liquor Law, and providing that liquor may be sold upon that or any other day, provided it be done with closed doors and blinded windows.

A down-country man, sending the Savannah (Ga.) *News* thirty cents for sample copies of the paper, puts this sentiment in one corner of the envelope: "To post Masters—Gents This letter contains money. Pless handel It with a pare of tongs." Money must be scarce down there.

We propose hereafter to have a holiday department, devoted to the presentation of gold-headed canes and silverware by grateful *employes* to enterprising business men. A dreadful lot of gold-headed canes have just been disposed of, and the silver pitchers of the season have been scattered about with portentous profusion.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

An exchange says the verses commencing,

"Breathe on the face of a maiden,"

are respectfully declined. We shouldn't like to encourage the poet until we know what he drinks.

A Providence lad applied his tongue to an iron railing during the cold weather, and he staid in that immediate vicinity until a Samaritan thawed him out.

A brand-new member of the Maine Legislature, with a somewhat exaggerated notion of the power and perquisites of his official position, franked a heap of documents to his admiring friends and constituents, the other day, but the cruel authorities promptly discountenanced this new attempt at an extension of the franking privilege.

A writer in the Hartford *Courant*, after "going around" Boston with Mark Twain and an enterprising publisher, drops into this headachy tone on his return: "Bordering as we do on Massachusetts, we feel a sort of responsibility for its conduct which can only be discharged by printing our moral reflections on its condition. But moral observations and good advice are superfluous in these first days of the new year. Everybody is humiliated, crushed, filled with resolutions to lead a better life. It is the natural result of an empty pocket-book and a pile of unpaid bills. No one buys a new diary (and has it charged) without making a good resolution.

A Yale college student lately went through a civil service examination, and after passing triumphantly, astonished the examiners by telling them that he did not want any office, but merely wanted to see what the examination was like.

The devotion of Mary's little lamb, which "followed her to school one day," is equaled by that of a duck at Athol, Mass., which is so much attached to a young lady who feeds it that it attends her to church, or wherever she goes. At a recent entertainment at Music Hall, the duck waited below until the young lady came down stairs, and then escorted her home with many a complaisant quack. Whether there is an affinity because the young woman is "a duck of a girl," the local paper saith not.

THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—The beautiful little Fifth Avenue theatre consists, to-day, of a marble facade once white, but now grimed with smoke, a heap of blackened bricks and a few charred beams gauntly protruding here and there. I never saw a building disappear so swiftly before, nor did I ever witness such sluggishness on the part of the police and some of the firemen. The spirit of the day—namely, "Cold without"—seemed to affect very many of them at first. I watched the columns of smoke pouring up through the roof for ten or fifteen minutes before an engine arrived, and when the machine was attached to a hydrant it was found the snow had put out its fire. Of course no fault could be found with the men or horses connected with the steamer, for the streets were in a dreadful condition. But the police for a long time seemed stupefied, and it did not occur to them to clear the obstructing crowd out of the narrow thoroughfare—Twenty-fourth street—till the worst part of the fire was over. It was a beautiful spectacle, the immense flames of every describable hue shooting up as high as the roof of the Fifth Avenue hotel, but it was frightful, as well, for a slight breeze from either east or west must have caused a fearful conflagration. It was an agreeable subject of reflection, that of the wisdom displayed by our city fathers in permitting such a magazine to be built next to an immense hotel. But fortunately it is not to be replaced there.—*N. Y. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

NOT MASTER OF THE SITUATION.—Eleven years ago a vast crowd of eager and excited men and women assembled just outside of Washington to witness a review of the grand army then under command of Gen. McClellan. It was a scene of great and absorbing interest, for it was a revelation to thousands upon thousands of spectators gathered there of what could be done for the preservation of American liberty and law, and how instantaneously a force could be mustered to guard them. It was a brilliant answer to the doubting heart, and a strengthening influence to the quailing spirit. The review that was then about to be held was to prelude a series of magnificent victories, and the war was to end in sixty days. As if American uniforms were not enough to gild the splendor of that day, foreign decorations must be added to the glittering show. The French princes of the house of Orleans, the son and grandson of Louis Philippe rode to and fro among the General's staff, and recalled by their brilliant appearance other days of this Republic. Bugles sounded, squadrons wheeled into line. Cannons reverberated, and martial music rose from innumerable battalions. The prominent figure of that day was indeed a marked man. All eyes searched the field for McClellan and followed him from point to point. As the young commander galloped up and down the line, thundering cheers from more than a hundred thousand troops and spectators rolled after him. "How well he rides!" whispered the Prince de Joinville. "The finest horseman I ever saw," responded the Count de Paris, and the Duke de Chartres indorsed his praises. "Never was anything so elegant!" chorused the General's fair country-women. But as he rode past a group of spectators, among whom I happened to be standing, I heard these fatal words fall from the lips of an old soldier: "He is not master of the situation." Soon after, when tidings of defeat and mortification came rolling back upon us, I remembered those ghastly words and trembled for the issue.—*James T. Fields.*

"WARRINGTON" ON BEN BUTLER.—Coming down from Lowell to Boston the morning after the *Traveller's* "poor orphan boy" had reached the summit of his ambition and dethroned the lordly "dictator" from the clerk's desk, Gen. Butler went through one of those silent convulsions which the bystanders have learned to consider a harmless smile, and informed one of his friends that "he believed he had scored one against 'em." This is supposed to refer to the enemies of Butler, Boutwell and mankind,—represented for the time being by "Warrington," Mr. Dawes and the *Republican*,—and to the little game that Butler is now playing against them. Shrewder persons than Butler, who are watching the cards without any particular interest in the game, express the opinion that the Middlesex partners have "led trumps" a little too quick, and have sacrificed several points to gain a temporary advantage. Butler can generally deal himself a good hand, and he does not scruple to slip an ace or two up his coat-sleeve, or have a spy to read the cards of his opponents, or to accuse them of cheating; but he plays wild, leads badly, trumps his partner's trick, and is very apt, at the last moment, to throw up his hand and give the other side out, as he did at Worcester on a memorable occasion.—*Springfield Republican.*

From the St. Albans Messenger.

"Which I Rise to Explain."

Our attention has been called to the following little bit of "innocent" information in the Montpelier *Journal*:

"A correspondent of the Woodstock *Standard* says: 'In Windsor county, bank and all dividend paying stocks are set in the list at their full par value, while in Franklin county all such stocks, as well as "money on hand and debts due," are set in the list at fifty per cent. of par value. How is that for equity? Oppressed Chittenden, Franklin, etc., please 'rise and explain.'"

And so say we.

The proper explanation of the foregoing is an absolute denial. It has not a shadow of truth to rest upon. All such stocks and debts are listed here just as they are throughout the State, at their full par value as personal property. We do not know what could have influenced the anonymous correspondent to deliberately utter such a falsehood, but it is apparent that the conscience stricken people in Windsor and Washington counties are anxious to find some sort of justification—even a false one—for meting out unfairness to us here. They have heretofore undertaken to show that our lands are as much more valuable than theirs as the grand list would indicate, but not only do census returns of productions show to the contrary, but the good sense of everybody tells them it is not so. They have even been so hard up for argument that they have pointed to the growth of Burlington and St. Albans as a reason why the farm lands in Chittenden and Franklin counties should be appraised from forty to sixty per cent. higher than the average through the State. No doubt the growth of towns and cities somewhat helps the surrounding country, but in no such ratio as this, and if it did why should not the rule be applied to the country around Rutland, Montpelier, St. Johnsbury, Bennington and Brattleboro? These two arguments, the latter founded on misconception and the former on falsehood, are the muddy water with which our neighbors are trying to wash their hands of this miserable business. Do the people of Rutland, Addison, Windsor and Washington counties, equally as good as these, want to extort money from us? Do they deem it the part of good statesmanship to create a sore and do nothing to heal it? Do they think it will redound to the good name of Vermont, enure to her profit and contribute to her peace to persist in a wrong which cannot be corrected as to the past and will not be forgotten? These things are not threats but they are facts, and if our neighbors purpose to remain indifferent to them we should like to have them "rise and explain" if they think that, in the long run, will prove the best way.

SOME BLUNDERS.—The Bennington *Banner*, which, by the way, is a first-rate paper, and the editor of which was Quartermaster of the gallant Fourth Vermont, in reviewing a portion of Col. Pingree's address before the Re-union Society of Vermont Officers, makes some blunders. Probably he reported the particulars of the fight at Lee's Mills from *his* standpoint, for who ever knew a Quartermaster to get very near a line of battle. At the battle of Lee's Mills four companies of the Third Vermont crossed Warwick Creek—which at that time was fordable—and attacked the enemy, driving them out of two lines of earthworks, the first line being occupied by the Fifth Louisiana, or "Tiger Zouaves," as they styled themselves, and one brave officer, Lieutenant Erastus Buck,—who lost his life in the Wilderness—mounted one of their forts. But an overwhelming force of the enemy precipitated themselves upon this small band and caused them to retreat. The stream was not flooded until this detachment had reached the enemies side of the stream, and when they came back the water was up to their arm pits. The rebels let the water on after this small band had got on their "side of the hedge." Ninety-eight men were killed and wounded in that fight. Perhaps an anecdote of this fight will best illustrate the fighting qualities of this little band. The day after the fight the enemy hoisted a flag of truce and brought over our dead. In conversation with some of our men, one of the rebels said to Henry Scott, a private in Co. E: "Why did you'ns send over so small a force to make a charge on we'uns?" Scott told him it was no charge; only a small detachment of the regiment went over to ascertain their strength. Said the rebel: "If you do not call that a charge, I would like to see your whole regiment make one." If our memory serves us right they had the privilege of seeing them make a number before the close of the war.

NORTHERN NEW YORK.—The Plattsburgh savings bank has $80,000 on deposit.

The number of vessels passing through the "draw" at Rouse's Point in 1872 was 7,155.

The frame store of C. & J. Crooks at West Bangor was burned last Thursday morning. Origin of the fire not known; a portion of the goods were saved.

Frank Frederick, of Beekmantown, the man who had his feet severely frozen on Christmas night, will only lose some of his toes, instead of the loss of both feet, which was at first supposed to be necessary.

Stephen H. Green of Ellenburgh Center, met with a serious accident last Saturday. While at work in his barn the wind blew the door to suddenly, striking Mr. G., and throwing him upon a pile of stones, bruising his shoulder blade and otherwise injuring him seriously. He is an old man about 70 years of age, and fears are entertained that he will not survive his injuries.

After the discharge of the jury in the Adams case, the prisoner Lamb was brought into court. He withdrew his plea of not guilty and plead guilty. He was sentenced to the County jail for one year. He was indicted jointly with Adams.

A COLLEGE PRANK.—The degree of affection existing between the sophomores and freshmen of Dartmouth College is not profound. On Christmas night, which, it will be remembered, was one of the coldest of the old year, the freshmen had a supper, but on separating at a late hour their hats were missing, and they had to return to their quarters, in the bitter night air, bareheaded. Next morning, the missing articles were discovered suspended high above their heads, and beyond reach, in the chapel. The feeling aroused by this incident found expression Saturday morning in oiling the sophomores' seats, but what was the freshmen's horror when, instead of enjoying the sight of seeing their enemies standing up in the aisle during prayers, they saw them enter by *their* door and quietly occupy *their* seats.

USURY LAWS.—All considerations of practical finance demand entire freedom in the negotiation of loans. The protection of the borrower against the extortions of the lender—which is the object of Usury law—is something which experience shows the borrower does not now need, does not ask and cannot, by the present law, obtain. While the law fails to protect his interest in this respect, it inflicts upon him many aggravated injuries, the effect of which extends far and wide through the community. In the first place the usury law is daily evaded. Hundreds of readers of this paper will go to their business to-day and receive and pay interest at rates not only more than seven per cent., but very probably at two or three times that rate. If they are borrowers, they may be very glad to pay it. If they are lenders the law will not restrain them.—*Troy Press.*

A CHALLENGE.—John McMahan of Vermont, has sent $100 forfeit to Frank Queen in acceptance of the challenge recently published by Homer Lane. McMahan says he will wrestle, square hold and collar, at St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 22, for $500 a side and the championship belt, according to the rules. Lane being already matched cannot take any action. Should he win, however, he will meet McMahon, provided the latter will wrestle half way between New York and Vermont.—*New York Despatch.*

PROFITABLE WORSHIP.—Beecher's Plymouth Church is a great institution. The receipts last year were $76,000—$60,318.46 from pews. Of this sum, $14,000 went to the "Navy Mission." The ordinary expenses of the church for the ensuing year are thus stated:

Mr. Beecher's salary	$20,000
Mr. Halliday's salary	3,000
Mr. Weld (first sexton)	3,500
Mr. Rayner (second sexton)	1,200
Music	8,000
Insurance	500
Current expenses	7,000
Plymouth Library	700
Total	$43,900

Happy minister, with a salary of $20,000; but still happier sexton, with a salary of $3,000. It would have been no great humiliation for King David to have been a "door-keeper" in *this* "house of the Lord."

Death.

The stars that disappear at morn,
Oh, think not they are fled;
They are not lost, they are not gone,
But, 'mid the glory shed
Around them by the source of light,
They shine more sweetly than at night;
It is the night that's dead.

And thus the loved who disappear,
Pass like the morning's flight,
But walk in paths so sweet and clear,
As blind us with the light;
They sit upon the azure day,
They float on twilight's dewy gray,
And on the clouds at night.

Oh, deep and wondrous heart of man!
Strange fount of joy and woe!
In this sad life no eye may scan
Thy current's ebb and flow.
But in the glorious world to come
The voice of discord shall be dumb,
And thou thyself shalt know.

Take Courage.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release from pain;
The driest soil sucks in some moistening shower;
Time goes by turns; and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few things all need, and none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall:
Who least have some; who most, hath never all.

Authorized Text Books.

The following is a list of the authorized text books in the schools of Vermont for the last year (1872) and the present year, until November.

Readers.—Town & Holbrook's series, excluding the intermediate; Hillard's sixth reader.

Spellers.—Town & Holbrook's Progressive.

Geographies.—Mitchell's first, primary and intermediate. (The Vermont edition of the latter.) Monteith's Physical and Astronomical; Guyot's common school and wall maps.

Grammar.—Tower's Elements; Norton's Weld and Quackenbos.

Arithmetics.—Greenleaf's primary, intellectual, and practical; Walton's cards and keys, Nos. 1 and 2. Davies' University edition for High and Normal Schools.

Algebra.—Greenleaf's new elementary.

Histories.—Lossing's common school; Hall's History and Geography of Vermont. (Ed. of 1858.)

Natural Philosophy.—Quackenbos's for Graded and High schools only.

A new set of text books will be used after the first day of November of the present year, as authorized by meeting of the State Board of Education, held June 18th, 1872. This list is as follows:

Readers and Spellers.—Webb's Word Method; New American first, second, third and fourth; Hillard's Sixth; New American Pronouncing Speller.

Geographies.—Guyot's Elementary, Intermediate and Common School, for Grammar and High Schools only.

Arithmetics.—French's First Lessons in Numbers, Elementary for the Slate, mental and Common School.

Algebra.—Greenleaf's Elementary.

Grammar.—Green's Introduction, and English Grammar, for Grammar and High Schools only.

History.—Anderson's Pictorial History, and United States Reader.

Philosophy—Steele's Fourteen Weeks in Philosophy.

The Board also recommend for use in the district schools of the State:

Conant's Parsing and Drill Book, Spencerian System of Penmanship, and Alden's Citizens' Manual of Civil Government.

BODY SNATCHING.—Considerable excitement was occasioned in St. Johns, Wednesday morning, by the discovery of a box containing a corpse at the railway station. For some days past it had been reported that bodies lately interred in the Roman Catholic Cemetery had been exhumed. Little notice, however, was taken of the rumors, till Mr. Fotroye, agent of the Vermont Central railroad, seeing a suspicious looking case among the baggage, suspected something wrong, and, upon inquiry, found it had been checked by request of a medical student, named Comeau, of this place. The latter was questioned as to the contents of the box, and replied evasively at first, but finally acknowledged that it contained a human body. Coroner Loupret was then notified, (by Mr. Borlond, J. P.,) and, without loss of time, empanelled a jury. The body was examined and identified as that of Jean Baptiste Bombareier, alias Poucet, an idiot lately deceased. An inquest was proceeded with, and the following verdict rendered:

"Found dead in a box at the railway station, at St. Johns, January 8th, 1873, and that said body had been illegally removed from the Roman Catholic Cemetery, in St. Johns, by a person by the name of Joseph Comeau, a medical student, of St. Johns, and that he was illegally in possession of said body."

The coroner arranged for the re-interring of the body.

Besides the box detained here, it seems that two other chests or trunks, also containing human remains, had been sent to Montreal the same morning by a previous train. Learning this, Mr. Fotroye telegraphed to Chief of Police Penton, and the trunks were seized on their arrival at Bonaventure Station.

We fear this unwholesome work has not been done in the interests of science alone, but was prompted mainly by speculative motives. With some young men body snatching appears to be becoming a regular business. We are assured that the body of an elderly man, taken from Montreal to Farnham for interment, had been raised and was last Sunday exhibited in a yard in this town. Surely no punishment is too severe for men who, not content with trafficking in human bodies, expose them to the ridicule of a drunken crowd.—*St. Johns News.*

THE UNIVERSITIES IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—New York State is to have another university. It is the result of an amalgamation. Union College, rich in money, but poor in students, and weakened by a wrangle of years' duration among its trustees, is to be transplanted bodily to the State Capital, there to form a collegiate department for the several post graduate schools already in flourishing status there—the Albany Law-School, the Albany Medical College, and the Dudley Observatory. It is no easy or pleasant thing for Union College to surrender its identity and evacuate the historic ground upon which it has flourished in the past. But its choice seemed to lie between that and oblivion.—*Utica Herald Dec. 25.*

SUICIDE AT FELCHVILLE.—Harris Kendall, a respectable citizen, about forty years of age, shot himself at Felchville, on Friday last. Some months ago his wife died, leaving him childless and alone. Since her death he has been melancholy and frequently has said he wished he was with her in the grave-yard. Mr. Kendall borrowed the pistol that morning, saying he would like to buy it. Loading it he at first fired it, and reloading it went into the street, where a neighbor was shoveling snow from the sidewalk, made some remark about the snow, put the revolver to his bosom, fired, held the pistol above his head, told who it belonged to, and said he had got done with it, and sank down and died. The ball entered just above his heart. No cause is assigned for the fatal deed except deranged mind from the death of his wife.

MOLASSES CANDY—TWO RECIPES.—Two cups molasses, one cup sugar, one table-spoonful vinegar, butter size of a hickory nut. Boil briskly twenty minutes, stirring all the time. When cool, pull until white.

One large cup full of molasses and two very large tablespoonfuls of sugar; boil as rapidly as is possible for twenty minutes. Try if it is brittle by dropping it into cold water. When done, rub half a teaspoonful of soda smooth, and stir dry into the boiling candy. Mix it thoroughly and pour into buttered pans. Stir while boiling to keep it from burning. Do not pull. If you like pop corn balls, pop it fresh, and stir it into a part or the whole of it.

Says Dr. Holmes: I remember that when one of our good kind-hearted old millionaires was growing very infirm, his limbs failing him, and his trunk getting packed with the infirmities which mean that one is bound on a long journey, he said very simply and sweetly, "I don't care about living a great deal longer, but I *should* like to live long enough to find out how much old——— (a many-millioned fellow-citizen) is worth."

Miss Catharine Sinclair, formerly Mrs. Edwin Forrest, was not present at the funeral of her former husband, although the sensation report said differently. She was not in Philadelphia at the time, and those who have believed the fabrication of the veiled lady must make up their minds to give up the pretty idea. It is romantic, but it isn't true.

Dr. P. of Harvard College, when called upon unexpectedly to make the evening prayer in the college chapel just before the Thanksgiving recess, besought a blessing on the young men now about returning to their homes, and added, "May they go once more among their parents and friends and —and—and see 'em!"

Miss Anthony is said to have abandoned the classics altogether, disgusted with the invidious sexual distinction implied in the oft-quoted "*mens conscia recti*," until Mrs. Stanton pointed out to her that, after all, the mens part of the phrase was feminine.—*New York World.*

There is no end to the discoveries of genius. Thus the invention of a shirt button which can be put on with a screw-driver is said to do away with the last inducement for men to marry in New York City.