

# The Opelousas Journal.

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### TO A VERY OLD WOMAN.

And then wert once a maiden fair,  
A blushing virgin, warm and young,  
With raptures, smiles, and glowing hair,  
And glee that knew no care—  
Upon a husband's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silver now,  
The blushing cheeks are pale and wan,  
The Spring may bloom, the Autumn glow,  
Alas! the summer's sun—  
But not the youth that's past.

A moment—and their kindling is past!  
To wake perhaps, an angel best,  
In the bright presence of thy Lord,  
O, weary is the strife and fight,  
Held to the strife and fight the fall,  
But nobler is the rest.

### MARK DILLON'S BOLD GAME.

"I'm getting into terribly bad habits, Dora. Breakfast at half past nine! Just fancy my indulging in such hours three years ago, darling, before the world made up its mind that I painted respectable pictures, and chose to pay me accordingly."

And young Melville Austin rose from the faintly-lit breakfast table at which he and his wife were sitting. "I hope you are going to remain at home this morning," Dora said, in a soft, coaxing tone, that well became her petite figure and blonde-haired, arched eyebrows. "Do you know, Austin, that you have not painted an atom of canvas this week? There's your new picture of Anthony and Cleopatra—"

"Yes, my love," the young artist interrupted, "I placed it in a safe, and shamefully neglected Anthony and Cleopatra; but this morning's engagement will not occupy much time, and I shall be home in an hour, I trust, ready to begin work. In the meanwhile, Dora, if that model of whom I was speaking should make her appearance, just ask her to wait in the studio."

"I am anxious to see this divinity, Melville. Is she so very beautiful?" "After a certain type, yes," the husband answered, carelessly. Then, while his handsome face lit up with a sudden brightness, he added, in lower tones, "You know there is but one woman in the world, Dora, whose beauty can thoroughly satisfy me."

For some time after her husband's departure that morning, Dora Austin remained buried in what, judging from the happy smile that played about her mouth, and denoted in the blue depths of her tender eyes, must have been thoroughly agreeable thoughts.

"Was ever woman so blessed?" she murmured presently, as if asking the question of her own heart. "Three years to-morrow we were married, and still the same devoted love from dear Melville. How foolish I was ever to dream that this worldly success would cloud the ardor of that love! Nothing can ever change him—nothing!"

"The young woman has called me 'am,' and is now waiting outside. Shall I show her into Mr. Austin's studio?"

Dora's meditation had been abruptly broken by the voice of the stately butler who stood at her elbow. "Oh! you mean Mr. Austin's model?" she said a little confusedly. "Yes, James, I believe your master wishes her to wait in the studio till his return. By the way, James, you may manage to let her pass through this room. I wish to see her."

The man bowed, and departed to execute Mr. Austin's order, returning presently, followed by a poorly-dressed woman, of whose face Dora merely caught a momentary glimpse as she hurried toward the adjoining studio.

"Beautiful!" the young wife murmured; "and what a face for Cleopatra! She seemed anxious to escape my notice, poor woman! I wonder if she is engaged or her vocation? You told her, James, did you not?"—addressing the butler, who returned at this moment—"that Mr. Austin would return very shortly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

James was not absent from the breakfast room five minutes before he again made her appearance there. A rather shabby man desired to see Mrs. Austin. Should he admit him?

But the ceremonious butler had scarcely finished speaking when a gruff voice sounded from the entrance of the room. A rough-looking, heavily-bearded man was standing on the threshold, directly opposite to Dora, who was seated near one of the windows. "You may go, my good fellow," the man said, "I've particular business with Mrs. Austin."

"Yes, James—you may go."

The words were gasped forth somehow from Dora's white lips. If the servant observed the agitation which had suddenly overpowered his mistress, he was too well trained to manifest the least surprise, and quietly withdrew from the room, closing the door after him.

"Oh heaven! is it you, Mark Dillon? I thought you dead!" she had risen while speaking the above words, but the hoarse whisper in which she uttered them died in silence before she had finished, and Dora Austin fell heavily forward in a dead swoon at the stranger's feet.

The sound of her fall was quickly followed by that of an opening door at the further end of the room, as Mr. Austin's model, wearing a startled look on her beautiful face, hurried in from the adjoining studio. But the stranger's back was turned to her as he bent over the prostrate figure of Dora.

"Her was I aware of the woman's presence in this room, and she touched him lightly on the shoulder, and in a rather timid voice, said, 'Is the lady ill, sir? I was in the next room, and heard—' Heavens, Mark! you here?"

"Ellen!" The man had suddenly turned his face toward the speaker, while still stooping over Mrs. Austin's senseless body. "Oh, I recollect," he continued, sternly; "you told me that you were an artist, and that this woman's husband is an artist. That accounts, perhaps, for your being here, and you may thank your stars for having so good an excuse. If I thought you had followed me—"

The angry flash of his dark eyes finished the sentence more powerfully than words could have done. Trembling in every limb, the woman answered pleadingly: "I had no thought of following you, Mark. I never imagined that you knew this lady."

"Leave this house instantly, Ellen! Don't hesitate a moment, but go at once."

The woman shuddered, and turned toward the door leading into the studio. "I may explain this matter to you some other time," she continued, "but remember, I am a woman, and remaining in this house a moment longer than you can help."

When the studio door had closed behind the woman's retreating steps, Mark Dillon once more bent over the white face of Dora Austin. A faint shiver convulsed her frame at this moment, and while his gaze was eagerly fastened upon her countenance, the silken lashes

### MARK DILLON'S BOLD GAME.

slowly lifted themselves from her eyes. "Then it was no dream," she murmured, hoarsely, rising from her fallen posture, assisted by the man she addressed. "You have come," she presently continued, "to reveal all to Melville Austin."

She sank back into an arm-chair now, with a weary, gasping sigh. "I have come to do anything of the sort, Dora Dillon," the man said, with a kind of sullen emphasis in his gruff tones. "I don't wish to claim you as my wife. You believed me dead, three years ago, and married Melville Austin; there's nothing particularly culpable about your conduct as far as I can discover. I shall be the last one, depend upon it, my dear Mrs. Austin, to reveal anything disagreeable concerning your antecedents."

"And why will you reveal nothing? Let there be no disguise between us, Mark Dillon. I know your brutal nature thoroughly. You came here this morning to sell your yonance. Is it not so?"

"You are perfectly right, Mrs. Austin—or Mrs. Dillon. Which is to be, by the way?"

His tones were defiantly supercilious; his keen, cruel eyes were fixed upon the agonized woman with something of a serpent's pitiless gaze when the prey is within easy distance, and possession has become a certainty.

But Mark Dillon started back with amazement, as Dora answered him, calmly, scornfully and decisively, in the following words: "I shall not deceive the man to whom I owe all the happiness I have ever enjoyed in this world—the man whom I love, honor and reverence, as only a nature like Melville Austin's is worthy of being revered. When I married him, Mark Dillon, I acted upon my firm conviction of your death. Now, I know myself to have been in error, and a single course remains to me. The instant that Melville Austin returns home, I shall inform him of the truth."

"Are you mad, Dora Dillon?" she exclaimed, every trace of his supercilious manner gone, and nothing but a sort of furious surprise remaining. "Are you mad, thus to throw away the position you have won?—to make of yourself a beggarly outcast?"

"Enough of this, Mark Dillon," she interrupted haughtily. "Your game was a bold one, but it has proved a failure. Ah, my husband!"

Melville Austin had suddenly entered the apartment. Glancing at the ashen pale countenance of Dora, a look of amazement overpowered his own. Turning toward the stranger, who stood beside the chair in which she was seated, Mr. Austin said, "It strikes me that I heard your voice, raised in rather disrespectfully loud tone, as I stood in the hall a moment ago. Were you addressing this lady, sir? Dora, who is this person?"

A slight tremor shook Dora Austin's frame, and her ghastly lips quivered for an instant. But only for an instant. She had risen now, and was addressing Melville, who listened silently until she had ceased speaking, stupefied, doubtless, by the dreadful import of what she uttered.

"That man, Melville, is my husband. Five years ago, before you and I ever met, he had reduced my mother and myself to the state of wretches. On my mother's death, and while I was still almost a child in years, Mark Dillon asked me to become his wife. We were married, and I soon discovered that my wretched, friendless position had been exchanged for one of still greater misery. I had become united to a man from whose vile, wicked life the only escape was in death. One evening, in a fit of drunken fury, he struck me. That night I fled from his house. During the year that followed, I succeeded in supporting myself comfortably on the proceeds of my needlework. Two months before chance had made me acquainted with you, Melville, I had learned accidentally of my husband's death in France. You know what followed. To-day I learn, for the first time since our marriage, that Mark Dillon lives."

"Oh, God, can this be true?" The words seemed wrong from the very depth of Melville Austin's agonized soul. Starting first at his wife, and then at the moody, crestfallen man beside her, his face expressed the keenest intensity of mental suffering. And now the icy calmness with which Dora had spoken, melted to a passion of sobbing.

Sealing toward her husband's side, she murmured brokenly: "Before we part, Melville, say that you forgive me for being the cause of so much future wretchedness—for having brought to your noble heart a sorrow it has so little deserved."

"Part Dora? We must not—we shall not!"

He had drawn her to his breast, with a wild, impulsive movement. At the same instant the door of the studio was suddenly unfastened, and a woman's voice cried out in clear, ringing tones: "Mark Dillon lies, Mrs. Austin, when he dares to call himself your husband! I—wronged, deserted, outraged as I have been, am none the less his lawfully wedded wife, married to him seven years ago in Manchester. Let him deny it if he dares. You need not swoon and glare at me," the woman went on, hoarsely; "what I speak is the truth, and I do not fear to utter it."

A low cry of rage escaped Dillon's lips, as he sprang toward the woman who had spoken. But with a blow of iron Melville Austin's hand hurled him backward. For a moment the villain stared at his wife's protector with a tigerish fierceness in his dark, dangerous eyes, and then, like the coward he really was, slunk from the apartment.

And from the house, too, never entering it again. An hour afterward his wife, Ellen Dillon, followed him, against the earnest entreaty of Melville and Dora.

"He will beat me when I return to him, perhaps," she said, with a mournful smile on her exquisite face. "But I must go, nevertheless. It seems like a curse, sometimes, that in spite of his brutality and wickedness, I cannot hate Mark. But whenever I think of our child at home, I believe that this weakness is all for the best. I can guard him against imitating his father; and who knows what a son's influence may do in future years?"

### GRAVE AND THOUGHTFUL FOR A LONG TIME AFTER HER DEPARTURE.

"That woman loves him, Melville," the wife murmured, at length, in slow, quivering tones—"loves him in spite of his villainous treatment. What a marvelous mystery love is!"

"Did you really mean, Melville, that nothing should part us—not even the knowledge of being another's wife—when you spoke so passionately just before Ellen Dillon entered from the studio?"

Her soft hand had stolen into his, her fearful eyes were fixed upon his own, with eager questioning in their blue depths.

Melville Austin's answer was spoken with unhesitating fondness: "I am glad that, if all the world had striven to separate us, Dora, I should still have struggled to regain you. Until to-day I never have known the strength and power of my love."

His arms were clasped about her now, and she was sobbing forth her thankfulness upon his faithful breast.

### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The Kings of Trade-Speculation and Journalism.

This is the day of regularity and respectability in the trade of art. The leaders, lieutenants and adjutants even work hard, wear good clothes, have polished manners, and observe the conventionalities. Our authors and journalists, of the better sort, have no affiliation with wild convivalists, but look on life seriously and soberly, as something they should make the most of, however discouraging the circumstances.

Business men who arrive at altitudes of forswear dissipation. They who have grown rich, have adopted a system, and steadily followed it. The veteran Vanderbilt has, from youth up, been as careful of his health as if he had been an invalid. He owes his vigorous eighty years to the exact observation of hygienic laws. No heavy dinners, no late suppers, no unseemly hours, no frequent drinks. Without education, he has high intelligence, and wonderful common sense—rarer perhaps than genius.

A. T. Stewart has been as regular as a Geneva watch for fifty years. So has J. P. Taylor, so has George Law, so has Royal Phelps. So have all the who hold big purses and exercise unseemly power.

The Wall street speculators, reckless as they seem, if they ride long on the upper waves, preserve their digestion, and keep their heads cool. Daniel Drew would have been buried years ago, had he not lived abstemiously, and taken innumerable bowls of sunshine. Jay Gould may not have a heart, though he has a stomach, and provides for it wisely. His brain is worth too much to him to have it clouded by biliousness, dyspepsia, repletion, or shattered nerves.

They who live free and fast, like Leonard Jerome, John T. Edinboro, Henry N. Smith, and A. B. Stockwell, went under in due season. Dissipation compels its followers to pay more nutritious interest than any Shrylock of Broad street.

GREAT JOURNALISTS.

Horace Greeley, founder of the Tribune, was always an avoicer of all excesses save those of work. He never could have accomplished half that he did, had he not eschewed tobacco, liquor, and the common vices. For many years he used his brain from ten to twelve hours a day, and never needed other stimulant than a hearty appetite for labor, which, to his dying hour, was not appeased.

James Gordon Bennett, who alone and unaided, created the Herald (making it the best newspaper property in the western world) out of his own brains, energy, and pluck, was, in his private life, without stain. Constantly as he was abused and portrayed as a moral monster, he never owed anybody a dollar; never gambled; never drank; never was guilty of an intrigue. All his faults were professional, and these consisted chiefly in editing his newspaper in the manner that seemed to him most effective. He might at times have been intoxicated with the success of the Herald, but that was the only intoxication he ever knew.

Henry J. Raymond, the only strong man the Times has had, was temperate in habit, not less than in disposition. Few journalists here have done so much work on a paper, day after day, week after week, month after month, as Raymond did on the Herald. He had been attuned to moderation, and subject to hygienic laws, he could not have performed the wonderful task of writing out, as he once did, nine columns and a half of one of Daniel Webster's speeches, at a single sitting.

It is the same in journalism as in literature, art, business, everything. The men who make their mark, who refuse to be borne down, who stand up, if borne down, come up again, and stay up, are the men who do not dissipate. There are brilliant fellows with many vices, who flash like a rocket, but like it, they go out in the darkness, and are silent forever. Good sense and perseverance out-rank brilliancy, and these, when sustained, demand freedom from dissipation. Ethics have a value above riches; they are the base and build of right being. All experience worth having proves that no sort of permanent success can be achieved without rigid adherence to moral law.

INSURANCE business seems to be a favorite refuge for the confederate leaders. A southern correspondent of the Syracuse Courier writes: "Jeff. Davis, I believe, was president of an insurance company. Wade Hampton is in the insurance business at Baltimore; Beauregard is engaged in insurance and street railroads, I understand, at New Orleans, and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who surrendered to Sherman, is president or manager of a company at Savannah. I found a son of Gen. Dick Taylor, and grandson of old President Zach Taylor, conductor of a Pullman car running from Jacksonville to Louisville."

A MEMBER of the North Carolina legislature, in discussing a bill, asked: "Mr. Speaker, are we men or jackasses?" Several North Carolina papers are unable to take sides.

### Spring Styles for Children.

For boys, we find the kilt plaited skirt will be still in great favor for all under four or five years of age, but the variety in material is very great, and there is a number of new styles of trimming and cutting. Short waists of linen and fine figures of cambric will be worn under the open jackets of these suits, and are made with wide collars, or a little stand up linen collar broken at the ends, which is very jaunty and dressy.

For older boys, the blouse suit is being extensively revived in the more fashionable establishments, made with colling collar to show the shirt fronts and necktie, or closed to the throat with a wide collar extending to the shoulders. Sailor suits, and suits with a vest and open coat will also be in great favor.

Gray tweed, navy blue flannel, soft cassimere in all shades, chevrot and a fine cloth are all stylish and fashionable materials for these suits.

The close fitting turban cap, with wide brim and neckie, the silk worn last fall and a soft felt, are all in favor for boys' spring hats. Boas are worn above the neck, closely buttoned, while the striped stockings is universally worn. Shaded stripes, graduated stripes, and solid colored stripes are all seen and the pants fall but little below the knee, until the full youths' suit is adopted.

For little girls the styles are still much varied, but the combination suit is the prevailing fashion. Silk and serge, or silk and mohair, one of solid color, one striped or plaid are shown, and the cut is but a reduced copy of the fashions in vogue for ladies. Navy blue suits vary from the sailor costumes of last season, by uniting solid colors, diagonals, stripes or checks in the same dress. Serge will be a favorite material, and is made up in suits both of the sailor color throughout or in combination. The basque, sacque and overskirt supercede the polonaise or tunic in many of the imported suits for little girls, and some of the most stylish costumes are trimmed with narrow velvet ribbons. All over skirts are bouffante at the back, three large puffs being a favorite fashion. Still plaiting is extensively used for misses' dresses, and the shirred ruffling is new and in great favor.

Normandy caps will still be worn, but are of new shapes, and flowers are being extensively introduced into the trimmings, tiny clusters among the lace ruching, and buds or sprays in the face trimmings.

Striped stockings will be universally worn and are sold to match the colors of walking suits, in solid stripes, shaded and graduated stripes. The low cut ties will be worn as the weather becomes warmer, and for these, stockings, beautifully embroidered on the instep, are offered.

White cloth will be a favorite material for girls' hats, but I have seen some exceedingly pretty ones in Leghorn and straw, with very delicate trimmings. For wee babies and little ones just running alone, the choice of white goods is varied and beautiful. Embroidery is the universal trimming, but it is impossible to describe the many ways in which it is used. Flounces of fine needle-work are in favor, and ruffling on a tablier is also a popular trimming.

The materials are increased by many novelties both in thick and thin goods. All the new garments for very young children are high in the neck and long sleeved. Tokes of fine tucks and embroideries are used for slips, to be belted by wide sash ribbons and a tiny puff leading to long sleeves, is in great favor. Standing ruffles at the embroidery finish these yokes at the throat.

Babies caps for street wear are made in Normandy shape of muslin and lace, and lined with delicately tinted silk, while for boys, a turban shape of the same material is extensively offered.

Cloaks of cashmere are elaborately embroidered and lined with silk, both braiding and silk embroidery being very popular.

### Women as Artists.

The Baltimore Gazette, speaking of women artists, says: "That the ranks of the painters should be recruited from among women as well as from among men is natural and right. Reasoning merely from natural laws, a woman should have all the delicacy of touch, all the artistic sense of beauty of color, and harmony of effect, and especially the subtle sentiment requisite to make an artist. In certain branches of art she might not be able to command success. But art has an infinite variety. It is as wide as nature itself, as varied as men and man's life; as high and vague and imaginative as the unseen world and all the airy creations of fancy. All women, because they study art, may not be Rosa Bonheurs or Angelica Kauffmans. They may not even reach the level of Miss Hosmer, and may be compelled to forsake the congressionally hower-strewn paths of the Vinnie Reams. They will undergo a process of sifting as men do who make art a profession. They must have the same qualities, love of art for art's sake, a vivid perception of the salient points of beauty, a deft hand, a true eye, and above all, perseverance. The poet may be born, not made; but the artist has to be born and made too. All that we have said is, it will be seen, no discouragement to a woman artist. Who has defter, more supple hands? Whose ideas of beauty and fitness respond more quickly to cultivation? Who can be educated to love and appreciate art and artistic arrangement, and the great loveliness of nature, from the perfection of a flower, seen in the wavy beauty of a field of wind-rippled wheat, to the gathering storm of a summer's day? Her impressions are quick and vivid. Why should she not, then, be a painter? She has insight; why cannot she put the insight into a tangible form, with technical skill, proper color, light, shade, perspective, correct drawing? And still, if she cannot do this, the time is not thrown away for the woman who has studied art. We do not speak of painting as an elegant amusement, a delightful occupation of spare hours, a source of gratification in prescribing memorable places, persons, and many of the smaller pleasures of memory which ordinarily fade away and are lost to us. We might very well do this,

### but it is not the intention with which she started out. The pursuit of art and a profession by women artists. In doing so we have dismissed from contemplation all who have no special talent. Such persons had better abandon art at once. Its ranks are crowded enough. There is room for more, but not at the bottom. Half way up the ladder there is no complaint of want of elbow-room. Therefore it is of those who have at least some aptitude for art we spoke when we said that its study was not time wasted even to those who cannot hope to attain the highest station."

The Art of Dress.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a review of M. Charles Blanc on the art of dressing, says: "Some of our readers will perhaps be surprised to learn that the style of a lady's dress should depend upon the shape of her nose, just as the colors she wears must be chosen with a due regard to her complexion and the particular shade of her hair. If the nose is classical, the toilet must have a certain style about it, especially when the person's features and bearing are imposing. But what is style? asks M. Charles Blanc; and he then proceeds to tell us that this question may be answered by the first principles of decorative art—namely, that there is more majesty in repetition than in alternation, and more dignity in harmony than in contrast. Few colors, lines that are seldom broken, an air of simplicity even in the midst of richness, uniformity of materials, and quiet trimmings constitute a *toilette severe*. On the other hand, different shades of color, broken lines, novel trimmings, and the piquancy caused by contrast are the characteristic features of a *toilette de genre*, and would suit a person with a "distilled" nose, as Tennyson has it, or at least an unclassical one, a pleasant-looking countenance, or saucy eyes. There are thus two extremes—austerity and coquetry, or, in other words, dignity and gracefulness—as well as a medium style, which may be termed *pompos elegance*. M. Charles Blanc compares the three kinds of toilet to the three orders of architecture, and tells us that by taking a little from one and a little from another we can compose dresses that will suit any style of features. A lady, however, in selecting her toilet, should always bear in mind that she must adorn herself in such a manner that when people look at her their attention, after resting a moment on her dress, will become concentrated on her person. In this manner the elegance and gracefulness of a lady's attire will cause people to admire the lady herself. How often have we heard it said, 'I saw some magnificent dresses this afternoon!' Now, if the clever dressmaker who fashioned those robes had exercised a little more ingenuity in the same people would have remarked, 'I saw some very pretty women this afternoon.'"

Hel.

The word "hell" a translation of the Greek word Gehem, is a term used to designate the valley of Hinnom. This valley bounds Jerusalem on the north, and lies below Mount Zion—a scene of sacred and imperishable associations. In this valley Moloch, the national god of the Amorites, was worshipped with the horrid and inhuman rite of sacrificing children in the fire. When Josiah, in his quest, overthrew this idolatry, he poured contempt upon the infernal practice by casting into the valley the bones of the departed. In the estimation of the old Hebrews the bones of the dead caused the greatest of all pollutions. Whatever person, place, or things they touched were forthwith considered "unclean." Hence this valley of Hinnom, this "hell," having been the receptacle of the human remains which Josiah threw into it, was considered a place the most polluted and accursed. From this circumstance it became a common receptacle for all the refuse of the city of Jerusalem. Here large quantities of decomposing vegetable and animal matter were constantly thrown. This putrescent matter generated an abundance of worms; and the noxious effluvia springing from this mass of corruption, poisoning the atmosphere and breathing disease and death into the heart of the city, fires were kept burning day and night. This valley, therefore, was literally a place where "the worm never died, and where the fire was never quenched."—Rev. Phelps.

The Luck of Storm Lake.

The advent of Storm Lake Brolinska into this world was attended by more auspicious circumstances than the fates usually accord to humanity at the threshold of life. The western-bound trains, with several hundred passengers, were snow-bound at Storm Lake, Iowa, a village on the line of the Illinois Central railroad, eighty miles east of Sioux City. The hotels of the place, as well as the private residences, were soon crowded by the beleaguered passengers. On one train was a car of Mennonites on their way to join their countrymen in Dakota. They refused to leave their car, and next morning it was ascertained that Mrs. Brolinska had become a mother.

The report of the occurrence having become generally known, steps were at once taken to welcome the little stranger. The mayor called a meeting of the council, which declared the day a public holiday; and voted the hospitalities of the city to the baby and its mother. A procession was soon parading the streets, and the mother and baby were carried in triumph to the city hall, where speeches were made by the mayor, Judge Kidder, delegate to congress from Dakota, and several prominent citizens. The announcement was then made that a five-acre plot of ground was to be given to the baby, who was christened by a popular vote Storm Lake Brolinska. The procession then reformed and escorted Master Brolinska to the station, and the train moved on amid the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells.

ANOTHER half million of Tweed's property has been attached in Westchester county, New York.

### The Forms of Fear.

In various characters fear assumes various forms. Some children, who can brave an external danger, will sink depressed at a reproof or sneer. It is our business to guard against the inroads of fear under every shape; for it is an infirmity, if suffered to gain the ascendancy, most enervating to the mind, and destructive of its strength and capability of enjoyment. At the same time, it is an infirmity so difficult to overcome, and to which children are so excessively prone, that it may be doubted whether in any branch of education more discretion or more skill is required. We have two objects to keep in view: the one, to secure our children from all unnecessary and imaginary fears; the other, to inspire them with that strength of mind which may enable them to meet, with patience and courage, the real and unavoidable evils of life. For the first, there is no one who has contemplated the suffering occasioned, through life, by the prevalence of needless fears, imaginary terrors, and diseased nerves, but would most earnestly desire to preserve their children from these evils. To this end, they should be, as far as possible, guarded from everything likely to excite sudden alarm, or to terrify the imagination. In very early childhood they ought not to be startled, even at play, by sudden noises or strange appearances. Ghost stories, extraordinary dreams, or other gloomy and mysterious tales, must, on no account, be named in their presence, nor must they hear histories of murders, robberies, sudden deaths, mad dogs, or terrible diseases. If any such occurrences are the subjects of general conversation, let them, at least be prohibited in the nursery. Nor is it of less importance that we should be cautious ourselves of betraying alarm at storms, a dread of the dark, or a fear of ghosts, at the sight of animals. The stricter vigilance in these respects is required because, by casual indiscretion on our part, by leaving about an injudicious book, or one alarming story, by once yielding ourselves to an emotion of groundless terror, an impression may be made on the mind of a child that will continue for years, and materially counteract the effect of habitual watchfulness.

The New England Sabbath.

In 1646 they made a law in Massachusetts, that if any one "contemptuously behaved toward ye word preached, or ye messengers thereof. For ye first offence, to be convicted and removed openly by ye magistrate at some lecture, and bound to good behavior; and if a second time they break forth into ye like contemptible carriage, either to stand in ye public treasury, or to stand two hours openly upon the stocks, and to be whipped with a four foot high, on a lecture day, with a paper affixed on their heart, with this, A WANTED GOSPELIER, written in capital letters; ye others may fear and be ashamed of breaking out into ye like wickedness."

In 1677 the general court ordered that "ye cage be set up in the market place of Boston, and in such other towns as the county courts shall appoint, wherein shall be put, to remain till examined and punished, any one breaking the Sabbath." Officers called tything-men enforced the observance of the Sabbath. The law provided that, as a badge of office, they should have a black staff of two foote long, tipped at one end with brass, and three inches thick. This staff soon came to have a feather stuck into one end, with which to tickle the noses of drowsy sinners, while the end tipped with brass enforced order on the pates of unruly boys. In this manner was the congregation kept attentive during the sermon, which generally lasted about an hour and a half, measured by an hour glass standing on the pulpit.

The removal of foreign substances from the ear may be often accomplished by doubling a horse hair in the form of a loop, and placing the patient upon the side, passing the loop into the ear as far as it will go, then turning it gently. The substance will generally come out in the loop after one or two withdrawals. The application will do no damage if the hair be carefully used.

Two thousand years from this year, when the compiler of ancient poetry stumbles upon these meretricious lines, which are now going the newspaper rounds, he will wonder what they could possibly have meant:

I held a hand at "draw,"  
And thinking it worth while,  
I "blinded" half my pile,  
And drew with contented smile,  
He "saw."

I drew one card—'twas red,  
The other four—'twas spades,  
Straightaway that fellow wades  
For me with three old maidens—  
"Such card!"

"Rich blue velvet with garniture of the finest Russian sable, satin petticoat trimmed with bands of diamonds and large diamond tassels, and trains of velvet." That was what the ducness of Edinburgh wore at a royal drawing-room in which she made her finest appearance. Note the use of the terms "bands of diamonds" and "large diamonds below the level of the Atlantic," which was probably at one time covered by the sea. This low country is separated from the coast by a broken ridge of about thirty miles, through which the river Belta runs for twenty-five miles, so that all that would be necessary in order to reach it is to deepen the channel of the river, cut through the ridge, and let the Atlantic fall into the vast arid basin. In this way a vast sheet of water would be formed, the climate would be improved, the country would become more fertile for pasture, and agriculture and commerce would be carried into the heart of Africa.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The preliminary surveys for the Canadian Pacific railway are rapidly approaching completion, and the actual construction of various sections of it will very shortly be in progress. In the government estimates for next year there is an item of \$6,250,000 under the head of "Pacific Railway," and on the occasion of its discussion in committee of supply, the premier indicated what the government proposed to do in furtherance of this undertaking. A telegraph service is to be established along the entire route in advance of the railway, and \$1,000,000 is asked for that purpose. The contracts for this are already let. Two millions of dollars is for the payment of the large purchase of steel rails recently made in England by the government; 50,000 tons of the best steel rail were secured at the average rate of \$40.90 per ton, which is claimed to be a lower rate than iron rails were sold for during 1873, and a little more than half the price of steel rails during the same period.

AN ORANGE in Virginia has just buried a lady member with original and peculiar ceremonies. The coffin was borne to the grave by members of the grange dressed in white halibuts, and the brethren of the order followed in procession. Each participant bore a bouquet of flowers, and these all, at the conclusion of the services, were thrown in the open grave. The words of the grange ritual spoken at the grave were touching and appropriate. The only incongruous element was the parting salute of the master, in these words: "In the name of Sister Calbreath, farewell." Fisherville grange was not an absolutely awe-inspiring invocation.

### MARK TWAIN DENIES THAT HIS GILDED AGE WAS A FAILURE.

He says it gave a poor, worthy bookbinder a job. The latest eastern slang with which to come down on a long-tongued bore is: "Write the rest down on a piece of paper, and we'll read it Sunday."

A WOMAN in Switzerland was recently married to a man in America by proxy. This looks as if it might prove to be the first step toward a system of happy marriages. The proxy experiment should have a full and fair trial.

It is said an article by John C. Galton, on the song of fishes, that fifty-two out of more than 3,000 species of fishes are known to produce sounds, and that many of them emit musical sounds.

EDGAR POE said: "To vilify a great man is the readiest way in which a little man can himself attain greatness. The crab might