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YOUTH AND AGE.

YOUTH.

When I am old, these hills that bound
My life within their narrow round
Will be the threshold of the door
That leads to freedom and to fame,
And the wide world beyond us move
An idle dream, an empty name;
But I, from cares and troubles free,
Its glories and its joys shall see.

The summer isles of Southern seas;
Great battles, glorious victories;
The boundless prairies of the West,
Where red men hunt the buffalo;
Whatever fairest gifts and best
The gods have given to men below—
These, heart of mine, these shall we see
In the brave days that are to be.

AGE.

When I was young, this narrow round
Of hills a glorious world did bound;
Here, on the quiet valley floor,
I dreamed of freedom and of fame,
Ere yet I learned they were no more
Than a vain dream, an empty name;
In that glad, careless long ago,
The happy hours seemed all too slow.

I have been wrecked in stormy seas;
Not mine life's glorious victories:
Gone the bright spell on boyhood cast;
No more along the primrose way
I wander, for my paths have passed
To this sad world of every day.
Oh, heart of mine, no more we know
The days and dreams of long ago.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

A FAIR PHYSICIAN.

Why "Miss Veringdon" Gave Doctor Auckland a Rose.

Edith Veringdon had just attained to the dignity of an M. D. when, by two unexpected demises, she and her sister Clarissa became co-proprietors of the Veringdon estate and its magnificent rent-roll. This unlooked for occurrence naturally changed the tenor and the purpose of Edith's life. She had intended to live in a suburb of London, and to work hard. She had meant—after supplying the moderate wants of Clarissa and herself, by practicing among the wives and children of those gentlemen who should trust her skill—to consecrate her time and her profession to the needs of the poor. Now, however, such a life was impossible. The sisters repaired to Veringdon Hall, were received as one of the county families, and thought no more of making a livelihood.

"Now we can be comfortable," said Clarissa, with satisfaction. "I never really liked the idea of your going out in all weathers, Edith, to look after sick people, only I didn't see how else we could make both ends meet. But now we can enjoy ourselves, and give parties, and go to balls, and—marry, if we like. Only no one will ever be good enough for you, and no one will ever care to marry such a silly little thing as I am," she added, with a sigh.

"I shall make the little northroom by the hall door into my surgery," remarked Edith, who had been thinking abstractedly, and had not heard a word of her sister's chatter.

"You must be mad, Edith!" screamed Clarissa. "People with forty thousand pounds a year don't want patients."

"The patients will want me, my dear."

"But, Edith!" gasped the younger sister, "when you are so rich!"

"I don't mean paying patients," said Edith, with a good-humored smile; "I mean to devote myself to the poor. I shall institute regular hours for seeing them here, and I shall visit them at their own houses."

Clarissa said nothing, but she looked disappointed.

"You don't seem pleased, dear," proceeded Edith. "Surely you did not think I was going to abondon my noble profession, and throw away my education and study and toil, just because I am rich?"

"Yes, I did think so," replied Clarissa, piteously. "I thought you would have stayed at home, and we could have breakfast late and talk about our partners, and read and work, and drive out in the afternoon, and dress alike in pretty colors! And now you will always be in your black dress and your umbrella, and I dare say I shall always be ill with fever, or something. I shall be laid up with measles just as the county ball is coming off, or I shall have the mumps when some one is going to give a picnic!"

"I hope not," said Edith, mildly. "I shall take every precaution, you may be sure. You will run no more risks than if we had gone to Richmond, as we intended."

"Of course you will do as you choose, Edith, but I don't like it and I never shall. Whenever I want you to go out with me there will be a patient to be seen. Whenever we have friends here you will be suddenly called away. Babies are always born in the middle of the night, and people always die at three o'clock in the morning, and I shall hate to be left in our corridor all by myself. It will be as bad as being married to a doctor!"

"I don't intend to go out at night as a general rule," returned Edith. "I shall only allow myself to be called out at odd times, on emergencies. And you can have Naylor to sleep in your dressing-room, and then you won't be alone, even if I should be called up every now and then."

"Naylor snores, and I couldn't bear her so near me," said Clarissa pettishly, "I think you are very unkind, Edith, but I suppose it is no use trying to dissuade you."

So the matter dropped; and Miss Veringdon made her own plans, and devoted some hours of every day to the practise of her profession.

Clarissa hated her sister's employment, but she gave no outward signs of rebellion. She contented herself by entering a silent protest as often as occasion offered, and became skilful in insuendoes and home-thrusts. "I have tried to keep the pudding hot for you," she would say significantly, when Edith came in late for luncheon. "I suppose," at another time "it is useless my hoping you will be able to go with me to Dormer Court this afternoon?" Or, with a profound sigh: "Adrian Dormer proposed coming for some tennis to-day, but I was obliged to say I feared I should be alone and not able to entertain him. I begin to think I must set up a chaperon!"

Edith bore all these attacks meekly. Cold luncheons and gossipy afternoons at Dormer Court were indeed indifferent to her, and the necessity for Clarissa having a chaperon soon disappeared. Adrian Dormer married Clarissa, and Edith began to breathe more freely, imagining that when the young couple returned from their honeymoon to take possession of the great cast corridor, she would be at libery to spend her time as she liked, and to devote herself more incessantly to her noble craft.

But she was mistaken. Her brother-in-law detested her profession even more heartily than did his wife, and though as Clarissa's lover he had refrained from expressing his opinion, as Clarissa's husband he left no stone unturned to bring Dr. Edith to a proper mind. In vain she argued; in vain she besought to be left alone. They stifled her with the bitterest objections. At last, in despair, she threatened to leave Veringdon, and to retire to Whitechapel or Seven Dials, where she could pursue her avocations unmolested, and where, she said, she could be even more useful than she was in the country. This declaration terminated the persecution. Clarissa dissolved into tears and said she could not be separated from her only sister, and Adrian was, perforce, silenced, not wishing to have it said that he had driven his sister-in-law from her own home. A semblance of harmony rested on Veringdon Hall. But inwardly Mr. and Mrs. Dormer fretted and fumed, and inwardly Miss Veringdon was chafed and irritated by the unspoken, but only too evident, disapproval of her brother and sister. One afternoon—when this state of armed neutrality had been existing for some months—there was an accident in a hay-field through which Edith was passing. She hastened to the spot, and at once rendered the necessary services to the sufferer. A stranger, who came up while she was thus engaged, looked on admiringly at the deftness and dexterity with which she arrested the dangerous bleeding, and bound up the wound.

"You have saved that man's life," he said, raising his hat, when the little affair was over and Edith had moved from the group of haymakers.

She returned his salutation with a courteous inclination of the head.

"You will excuse the liberty I take in addressing you, when I tell you I am a physician," continued the stranger. "I came up, fancying something was amiss, and thinking my assistance might be needed. But I found I was not wanted. I can not help expressing my admiration of your coolness and skill. You are no doubt a member of the St. John's Ambulence Society.

"No," said Edith, smiling.

"Ah! I dare say you are a hospital nurse," remarked the other, with a quick glance at her dress, which was extremely plain.

"No," she replied again.

They had reached a gate, and the other doctor darted forward to open it for her. Edith passed through, and did not resume the conversation. The other doctor stood hesitating.

"I was trying to find my way to Veringdon," he said, looking at her.

"I am going there myself, and shall be happy to show you the way," said Edith. "Unless you would prefer to walk more quickly? But the lanes and fields will puzzle you."

"I would much rather walk with you, if I may," said the other doctor. He admired Edith's handsome, intelligent face, and her simple, womanly manner, and he thought that a tete-a-tete walk with her could not but be agreeable. Moreover, he was curious to know how she had acquired her leech craft, and he thought he might discover this during the walk. Accordingly, the two went together through scented hay-fields, where the dry hay was piled into cocks; over a tiny brooklet, spanned by a single plank, where the man physician gallantly offered his hand to assist the lady doctor; along paths by the hedge-row, where dog-roses blushed and honey-suckle swung, and down green and shady lanes, where the primrose leaves were yellowing, and ragged robin grew in masses of pink, and speedwell in clouds of blue.

For some time the conversation was desultory, though unceasing. The two young doctors—for the stranger was scarcely thirty—chatted away very pleasantly, and with considerable cordiality. Both avoided professional topics; he, because it was his custom, she, because she was secretly enjoying the idea of telling her companion, when they parted, that he had been offering the greatest courtesies to the person whom of all others he detested, a lady doctor. But their talk became more confidential, and the physician began to speak of himself. Next to his profession, he said, he was most deeply interested in politics. He had been in India for some years, and he had come back to find England in convulsions, he did not know what would happen next.

"Yes, there is plenty of reform needed," said Edith, thinking of the vote she was not entitled to give.

"Reform! I think we have had reform enough," cried the young man, frowning. "The whole country appears to me to be demoralized."

"Do you think so? I think we have made very little progress since the Reform bill of '32."

"What would you have more?" asked her companion.

"Well! a more extended suffrage, certainly."

"Would you give a vote to that haymaker whom you set to rights so cleverly?"

"No, but I would give one—to myself."

The physician stared.

"Do you go in for woman's rights?" he said, slowly.

"No; I don't go in for them—I take them."

"Is that why you qualified yourself to attend to casualties?" he inquired.

"Partly. You don't disapprove, do you? You complimented me just now on my performance."

"I thought you did admirably."

"You are very generous. Some men can't bear women to do any thing except housekeeping."

"I am not of that kind," he said. "I admire a cool head and a steady hand, wherever I see them."

"I am glad," said Edith, "that you don't think I stepped out of my province."

"Not at all!" he replied eagerly. "I have often wished that more people had a little practical knowledge, and I rejoiced to hear of the St. John's Ambulance Society. But you say you don't belong to it?"

"It is a great pleasure to me to be useful," she said, evading a direct answer, "But every one is not so kind as you are," she added, with a sigh. "My brother and sister say I ought to leave these sorts of things to Mr. Smith, the medical practitioner of the neighborhood."

"If you had waited for Mr. Smith, that poor haymaker would have died," said the other doctor. "Arterial bleeding, as I dare say you are aware, leads to the gravest results if not immediately arrested."

"Yes, I know that," said Edith, with a slight smile.

"Of course a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," continued he warningly "I hope you don't carry your benevolence too far. I presume you don't think of superseding Mr. Smith?"

"I assure you I never go beyond my province," said Dr. Veringdon, with a vast assumption of humility. "Will you not believe me when I say that I have never offered advice when I have not been as qualified to give it as Mr. Smith?"

"Of course I believe you," he replied readily. "No doubt, if you are interested in these things, reading and experience have made you able to manage simple cases of measles or rheumatism. A lady like yourself must be a blessing to her neighborhood."

"I wish my sister and brother thought as you do," said Edith, sorrowfully. "They would like me to sit at home with my work, and only go out in search of amusement. They find great fault with me. They dislike my tastes."

"Are you a district visitor?" inquired the other doctor.

"No," returned Edith. "They would mind less if I were any thing as orthodox. But I weary you—and here we part. Straight on is you way to Veringdon. Through this turnstile is my short cut to the Hall."

She had meant to pass through the gate, and, from that vantage-ground, to flash at him a last shot. "Good-bye," she had resolved to say, "Thank you for all your hints, but I, too, am a doctor!" But her mischievous design was frustrated.

"I am going to Veringdon Hall myself," said the stranger. "I went to Dormer Court to see my old friend, Adrian, and they told me he was married and living here."

"Indeed!" said Dr. Edith, with some inward perturbation. "Pray let me make you welcome. I am Mrs. Dormer's sister."

After this she made no further attempts to mystify her companion. He informed her that he was Adrain's old school-fellow, Guy Auckland, and that he had been in India for eight years; and she questioned him upon Indian climate, and Indian scenery, and Indian life, studiously avoiding all subjects which referred to their joint profession. He had begun to think her eccentric, but now he forgot that she was any thing but handsome and clever. He found her delightful, and was almost sorry when the walk ended. Adrain welcomed his old friend joyfully. But when he heard in what way Auckland had made the acquaintance of his sister-in-law he was silent, and a momentary blank fell upon the little party. Then Auckland remembered Edith's sad complaints, and he felt sorry for her, and began to think it was a pity that such a fine woman should be unmarried. But neither Clarissa nor her husband divulged the secret of Edith's profession, and even when the two young men were left alone after dinner, Adrian confined himself to relating the story of his own marriage, and of the way in which his wife and her sister had become the coheiresses of Veringdon.

"Miss Veringdon seems charming," observed Auckland. Whereupon, Adrian somewhat abruptly proposed that they should join the ladies.

When Auckland entered the drawing-room, Edith was sitting at the open window, looking pensively out into the fragrant night, and Auckland thought that she did not look at all like a person who hankered after woman's rights. She was less severely attired than she had been in the afternoon. Her dress was open at the neck, and a pearl necklace rested on her fair throat. She wore diamond bracelets, and there was a flower in her bosom. Auckland had thought she looked well at dinner. Now, in the dim twilight, he thought her fascinating.

He went and stood opposite to her, looking down at her shining hair and intellectual countenance. Clarissa had gone up-stairs to see her baby, and Adrian had stolen after her. The two doctors were alone.

"You seem to have a lovely place here, Miss Veringdon," remarked Auckland.

"Yes, it is a very fine old place," she assented. "And it was a very unforeseen accident which gave it to my sister and me. It seemed impossible that two lives, under fifty, should pass away, and leave us in possession. But so it was. It is rather sad."

"Were you fond of your relations?" asked Auckland, with sympathetic interest.

"Not in the least. I never saw the son, and the father but once. But their deaths have spoilt my life."

"How!"

"I have been obliged to alter all my purposes. It is right that I should live here and be idle, but it is a great disappointment to me that my education and training should have led to such small results. I deceived you this afternoon, Dr. Auckland, just for amusement. But perhaps Adrian has told you about me?"

"No. He has told me nothing, Miss Veringdon."

"Ah! Dr. Auckland, I have another title."

Guy Auckland experienced a sudden sensation of jealous alarm. The possibility of only one other title presented itself to him. Was she a married woman, with a husband in an asylum? He felt uneasily depressed.

"What was that?" he asked.

"Dr. Auckland," she answered, "I am qualified to call myself—Dr. Veringdon."

It was a great shock to him, and it was with difficulty that he contrived to gulph down his wrath and disgust. When he spoke again his tone was piqued and somewhat sarcastic.

"I congratulate you," he said. But he could not yet bring himself to call her Dr. Veringdon.

"Thank you," she replied. "I ought to apologize for so wantonly tricking you this afternoon. I had no idea then that our acquaintance was likely to extend beyond a short walk."

He was silent. He was trying to remember if she had told him an untruth. But he could not bring this accusation against her. She had fenced with him, but she had told no falsehood. Moreover, she was perfectly feminine and lady-like. The revelation that she had made to him gave no valid reason for his ceasing to admire her. He had thought her sweet when he helped her over the tiny bridge, he had thought her brilliant at dinner, he had been struck by her placid demeanor and gentle voice when he had first entered the drawing room, yet, now that he knew she was a doctor, she was repugnant to him! He felt outraged. He ought to have known; he ought not to have been thus taken in. True, he recollected that she had shown no manner of shrinking from the accident in the hay-field, he might have noticed that her behavior was unnatural, but——

"Dr. Auckland," said Edith, "I am afraid I have seriously offended you. I am so sorry."

"Oh, it does not in the least signify," he returned loftily.

"Only, had you known it, you would not have deigned to converse with me," remarked she.

"Had I known you were a medical woman, I should not have ventured to address you," he said stiffly.

"I wonder why you so dislike lady doctors," said she, wistfully. "The women and children seem to find me a comfort."

Now, Auckland did not precisely know why he did object. It was against his conservative principles that women should be doctors, but he had no well-defined reason to urge against their becoming such. So he brought forward a very trite and not very relevant argument.

"Women have no business," he said, "to adopt any calling which precludes their marrying."

"This was an old-fashioned idea, but perhaps it was a wily thrust. Possibly it was just as well that Auckland should know Dr. Veringdon's notions about marrying.

"When I embraced my profession," said Edith, "I had no idea of doing any thing but make a livelihood for Clarissa and myself. I preferred the medical profession to that of a teacher, because I had always been interested in medical subjects, and I hoped it would enable me to do good."

"Ah!" said Auckland, somewhat mollified.

"And I never thought about marrying," proceeded she, calmly.

"Why not?" cried Auckland, crossly.

"When a girl is very poor, and has to work hard and dress badly, she does not think of marrying," said Edith simply.

Auckland tried to picture the composed woman opposite to him working hard and dressing badly. But he could not succeed. Though her profession was odious to him, he began to think she was a superb creature.

"But there is no need now for you to work hard, or to dress badly," he said softly.

"No," she admitted. And it was a great admission. It seemed to imply that she might even think of marrying too.

Then tea was brought in, and Adrian and Clarissa came down stairs, and Edith went to the piano, and sang and played in a way which enchanted the other doctor exceedingly. He spent most of that night by turns praising Edith, vituperating her profession, and in wondering how it would be if the two doctors were to wed. But before he went away the next morning he had recovered his equanimity, and went so far as to ask his sister-in-arms for a flower.

"May I not have a rose—Dr. Veringdon?" he said.

"There are plenty outside—Dr. Auckland," she replied.

"But won't you give me one, Dr. Veringden?"

"Miss Veringden will give you one," she said emphatically, and she complied with his request.

When last I heard of Veringden Hall, the two doctors had married and had taken up their quarters in the corresponding corridor to that inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Dormer. Edith continues her practice principally to her own and Clarissa's nurseries. "My husband does all the work for us both," she says, "and he fancies he does it a hundred times better than it was done before." But the two doctors do not quarrel on that score. Dr. Auckland always pretends to ignore his wife's profession. Nevertheless, under the rose, he sometimes holds a consultation with her.—*The Argosy.*

NEWSPAPER WORK.

A Graduate's Idea of Journalism and Its Most Useful Followers.

Mr. Charles Taylor Grandy, of Camden C. H., Camden County, N. C., is a modest youth who graduated a Thursday or two ago from the university at Chapel Hill, in that State. He wishes to be connected with an able, progressive and live newspaper—one up to the times. With that end in view he addresses himself to the *Item*. We thank him for his estimate of this paper, for it is one which does credit to his judgment, and it is a point on which we are in thorough accord with him.

He encloses testimonials as to character, mental capacity and accomplishments, though he admits that, as yet, he does not claim "to possess either the experience or the ability to edit a newspaper successfully." Mr. Grandy's ambition is laudible, his "native capacity and education" probably such as he represents, and there is nothing in his letter so far examined which would entitle him to this public notice. But it is in the latter part of his communication that there is found food for comment. He says: "I am willing to make myself generally useful—to begin at the bottom of the profession; to read proof or make clippings, or do any thing of that kind, if need be, confident of my ability to finally work myself up to a position more congenial to my tastes and more suitable to my education."

The proof-reader at the bottom of the ladder? The man who not only corrects printers' mistakes, but finds punctuation, spelling, grammer and words for unlettered or careless writers, who must so keep his memory stored with the good things of the noted authors that he may suitably fill in at a moment's notice an inaccurate quotation, sometimes is compelled to even grasp and make clear the ideas of a shiftless writer; who puts the finsshing touches to every column of the journal before it goes to the eager iron jaws awaiting it in the press-room.

And he will do uncongenial work at the bottom of the ladder in attending to the "clippings." Ye gods! What will the scissors-editor say to that? Good writers and brainy men are not so rare, but a man who will nose among the exchanges with a scent as keen and exact as a deer-hound's, who strikes the game when found and always secures game to the popular taste, such a man will be kept when found, and not kept on the bottom rung of the ladder either.

It is not usually a grateful custom to give advice. The better the advice the more distasteful often it is, and particularly when given in place of more substantial assistance. A few suggestions, however, may not come amiss to the applicant in question. It is presumed that at the North Carolina University, as at other colleges, a moderate degree of attention is paid to athletic exercises. If this is the case, though he does not say so—Mr. Grandy's muscles are probably pretty well developed, and he may put them to profitable employment as stroke-oar in some crew or as an athlete for some base-ball nine. If there are no vacancies in these lucrative professions, then, perhaps, a pair of arms able to handle a broom and a pair of legs willing to trot when ordered might find employment at the bottom of the ladder in the office of a live newspaper; and if there is any thing valuable in upper story, the college graduate would soon rise to a higher and "more congenial sphere."—*N. O. Daily City Item.*

—A young man who had grown up within five mile of Johnson City, Tenn., without ever seeing the town, visited it recently. After returning home he was asked what was the biggest thing he saw there, and replied: "I seed a whole lot of fellows with red clubs a strackin' at a ball."—*N. O. Picayune.*

RESWEATING TOBACCO.

How the Weed Is Colored Dark to Meet the Popular Demand.

One of the latest tricks in the tobacco trade is the artificial resweating of the weed to meet the popular craze for dark-colored cigars. The craze arises from the false impression that, because all good cigars are dark-colored, all dark-colored cigars are good. The ground taken for this latter impression is that the dark color is an indication that the tobacco has been naturally sweated through about three summers, and has thus reached perfection of flavor.

The color was formerly an indication that this was the fact, but it is so no longer, for the increased demand for tobacco of the requisite age caused manufacturers to find a way of aging it, or giving it the appearance of age, artificially. This was at first done by painting, but a speedier and more wholesale process has been invented within the last three or four years called resweating. The fact that tobacco sweats is well known. The first summer after it is cut, tobacco sweats very heavily so that it can be twisted and tied in knots like "kill-me-quick" tobacco. The next summer it sweats much less, and the third summer the sweat is hardly noticeable. After each summer's sweat the leaf assumes a darker color, until it reaches the hue of the best Havana brands.

In order to sweat tobacco the box is opened and the leaf "cased" or dampened, one "hand" or layer at a time, by dipping it in water. The tobacco is then repacked in the box and the box placed in a steam-tight receptacle a few inches from the floor. A jet of steam rises through the floor of this chest right underneath the box, and the steam is allowed to play incessantly on it for seventy-two hours, producing as profuse a sweat as that of a fat man running up hill with the thermometer at one hundred degrees in the shade. The box is then taken out and the tobacco shaken out and allowed to cool off. It is then repacked and is ready for use. Great care has to be exercised after sweating tobacco to prevent it from becoming moldy. If it is found to mold it is often dipped in beer to kill the mold. Here is a probable explanation of the inebriating effects of some cigars. The tobacco must always have passed through one summers sweat before being resweated.

This process ages the tobacco three or four years, but whether it improves the quality proportionately is an open question with the trade. Some say that as reweeating has the same effect as the natural sweat, resweated tobacco is perfectly equal to that which has aged naturally; others say that it injures the flavor. Others, again, say that it does not affect the flavor prejudically or favorably. All agree that it makes the leaf tender and difficult to work and thereby causes loss to the manufacturer. What is admitted by all judges is that a natural sweat invariably improves the quality so that the question remains how to distinguish tobacco naturally sweated from that which has been artificially resweated. It is a difficult one to answer, the only guide being that artificial sweating often makes the leaf almost black, and always makes it a darker color than the natural sweat produces.—*Pittsburgh Times.*

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Characteristics of the Talented Author of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," was a prominent citizen of the District of Columbia when I can first remember it. He belonged to an old Maryland family, and was quite a noted lawyer, serving for years as United States District Attorney. During this period he closed the haunts of vice at the metropolis, and there was less crime than before or afterward. Mr. Key's mind was inventive, imaginative and yet logical. He reasoned with great ingenuity, and, though his reasoning was not abstruse nor very profound, it never wanted vigor, plausibility or effectiveness. He addressed himself to the good sense and discrimination of the judge and jury, and, though in a high degree poetical, he seldom or never indulged in the mere ornaments of imagination or the "dazzling fence of argument." In early life he had devoted himself to the muses, and threw out from time to time poetical effusions which indicated no common talent. Like all ardent and imaginative minds he loved to bathe in the Pierian fountains, and to repose by the waterfalls of Helicon. The law, however, is inimical to poetry, or the indulgence of poetical feeling, and, like Blackstone and Story, he abandoned the muses and devoted himself to the arid study and laborious practice of the law, which he regarded with reverence as a science, and believed, with Hooker, that, "her seat was the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world." His political predilections, however, did not a together forsake him, and his beautiful lyric, the "Star Spangled Banner," written in the meridian of life, showed that he could not wholly abandon his first love. And yet it will appear strange that, with all his poetical fervor, his speeches at the bar and elsewhere displayed nothing of a poetical temperament, and were distinguished only by great simplicity of style, with scarcely any attempt at ornament. He believed that good sense and argument, not embellishment, at the bar, were the *principium et fors* of his good speaking as well as writing. Mr. Key died in January, 1843, and was buried, with other members of his family, in a picturesque cemetery at Frederick City, Maryland, from which can be seen the Sugarloaf and Catoctin mountains. In 1857 his brother-in-law, Chief-Justice Taney, published Key's poems in New York. Taney says, in his introduction, speaking of the "Star-Spangled Banner": "The song is becoming a National one, and will, I think, from its great merit, continue to be so, especially in Maryland." Like all men, Mr. Key had his faults, but they were overshadowed by the splendor of his virtues. He was ardent in his attachments, but bitter in his enmities, benevolent, but prejudiced, useful as a legal talents, and alike eminent for his philanthropy, his political ability and his legal talents.—*Ben Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.*

—The United States has been the richest gold and siver producing country in the world, though but little of the precious metals was found here before the discovery of gold in California in 1848. The chief produced was in the Southern States. The total amount of gold mined in these States from the discovery of the metal until 1873 was $20,000,000. From 1848 until 1873 the total value of the gold product of the United States was $1,241,000,000.

GROWTH OF DETROIT.

An American City Which has Changed its Nationality Three Times.

Detroit is one of the oldest cities on this continent. Before Hendrik Hudson set foot on the island of Manhattan, and while Henry IV. still sat on the throne of France, the Hurons pointed out the site whereon it is built to Champlain, the founder of Quebec as the natural gate-way to "the vast seas of sweet water," and then was born in the brain of the great French navigator the dream of a "New France," which should extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and have Quebec and Detroit as its eastern and western fortresses.

This dream was inherited by the French monarchs; but it was not until ninety years later that one of them attempted to make it a reality. Ther Louis XIV. commissioned the Sieur Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, who from 1694 to 1699 had been in command at Mackinaw, to found at Detroit a settlement, and erect there a fort to hold the region of the Great Lakes for the French Government. This was done; and Detroit, under the successive reigns of Henry IV., Louis XIII., XIV. and XV. was for nearly sixty years a French town—a bit of "sunny France" hidden away in the heart of the western wilderness; and such it might have remained to this day had not Wolfe, on dark night in September, 1759, scale the heights of Quebec, and on the Plain of Abraham changed the fate of North America. The surrender of Detroit soon followed the conquest of Quebec, and then it became an English town, and the western headquarters of the British power in America. It so remained—the extreme outpost of Western civilization—until July 11, 1796, when, in pursuance of the peace of 1783, it was quietly transferred to the United States. Thus we see that Detroit has had a unique history. Three times has it changed its nationality, and with each change assumed totally different characteristics. At first it was French, then English and last of all American, and in the present town may be seen a curious blending of the traits of these various people. The old French *habitant* and the courtly English resident have long slumbered in their graves, but the close observer will detect that their spirits still walk abroad, and promenade its streets arm in arm with the irrepressible Yankee, who, in his seven-league boots, is now striding across the continent. Brother Jonathan has every where the astonishing energy which, in well-nigh a single day, raised Chicago from its ashes; but here he has been held in check by those old worthies, who have now and then whispered in his ear the fable of the hare and the tortoise. This accounts for the fact that Detroit is to-day a curious compound of modern progress and old-time conservatism—a city of vast enterprises, but enterprise based on a broad, substantial and enduring basis.

In the summer of 1825 cannon planted at intervals along the line of the Erie canal, all the way from Albany to Buffalo, announced that Clinton's great work was completed, and the West married to the East by a bond that is indissoluble. Its gates were no sooner opened than a tide of emigration set through them westward. Soon all over New England and Eastern New York whole families, and in some instances whole hamlets, were on the move, and such an exodus followed as never was seen except when the Israelites came up out of Egypt, and the Kalmucks fled across the steppes of Asia. At one time it seemed that rural New England would be depopulated. Its best and youngest blood joined in the exodus; and to this fact may be traced the high character and wonderful enterprise of the West of to-day. The first wave rested for awhile in Western New York, and then the gathering tide swept gradually westward along the lakes and the Ohio, and finally, in 1830, it touched the shores of Michigan. Then for the first time Detroit became in reality an American town.

In the beginning of 1830 Detroit numbered 2,222 people; that is, it stood precisely where it was in 1805; and this during a quarter of a century when the population of the country generally had increased in a ratio altogether unparalleled in history. But now the old town began to feel the general impetus. It increased fourfold in the next ten years; and thus it has gone on ever since, doubling about every decade, till now it numbers, with its suburbs, fully 200,000 souls.

The slow-paced conservatism of its old-time residents is still seen in the modern city; but it is now so wedded to Yankee enterprise that we meet here an almost ideal community, safe, but progressive, not engrossed in mere money-getting, but cultivating as well the social amenities of life, and extracting from existence, as it passes, a healthful and rational enjoyment. In proportion to its size, Detroit has a smaller foreign population that any city in the Union, and as the bulk of its people are of Eastern birth or extraction, it is to-day more truly New England in character than the good town of Boston itself. In no sense is it a Western town. In 1880 the numerical center of the Union was found to be fifty-eight miles west of Cincinnati. With the speed at which population is now traveling westward, Detroit will soon be the central city of the country.—*Edmund Kirke, in Harper's Magazine.*

A Georgia Fisherman's Luck.

A citizen of Valdosta, Ga., having read the current story of a recent capture of a deer by a hook and line, writes to an Atlanta paper of an adventure with which he met several years ago. He was fishing in one of the mudholes near that place one afternoon and had poor success. Finally, as he was about to go home in disgust he was startled by the sudden appearance of a three-foot snorting alligator, which swam rapidly in the fisherman's direction, and seemed bent on making a meal of him. The piscatorial artist soon regained his self-possession, and with an easy jerk of his fishing rod sent the hook with its dainty load within a few inches of the saurian's mouth. The reptile seized the hook and swallowed it. The lone fisherman then gave a quick jerk with the rod and the alligator was fast. Thirty minutes after this man returned home with the three-foot alligator and an exultant smile.—*Rod and Gun.*

—A Detroit tramp, who for ten days had been driven from place to place, saw a little boy fall into the river, and at once plunged in and saved him, although not until the boy in his struggles had nearly drowned both. The tramp was assured by a policeman that he wouldn't be molested any more, the bystanders praised him, and the boy thanked him. He looked hungry as he walked away to dry his clothes.—*Detroit Tribune.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A traveler recently returned from Alaska tells of a bear being killed by mosquitoes. If nature knew her business she would introduce a bear that would kill mosquitoes.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Fred to Charley, just returned from abroad: "Hullo, Charley! How are you, old boy?" Charley: "Tray beang." Strange how one forgets his mother tongue during two or three weeks' stay in Paree!—*Boston Transcript.*

—"I say, Bridget, what's the name of those red flowers?" "Shure, now, I don't like to tell ye. 'Tisn't a noice name they have at all, dear; for 'twas up at the house I heard your own mother herself calling thim spitunias."

—An exchange thinks that the Chinese way of removing dandruff with sandpaper is the most effectual. Perhaps it is; but the common North American Indian has a plan which, though quite abrupt, is said to be reasonably sure.—*Estelline (Dak.) Bell.*

—A fashionable young woman was seen in the street the other day with her hair combed. Much alarm was felt by her friends until it was ascertained that it was only a case of absent mindedness. The young woman had forgotten to muss it.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

—A wag brought a horse to a stop by the word "whoa," and said to the driver, "that's a fine horse you have there." "Yes," answered the young man, "but he has one fault, he was formerly owned by a butcher, and always stops when he hears a calf bleat."—*Prairie Farmer.*

—A Flat Failure.—Featherly—Nice day for the race, Dumley. Dumley—What race is that? Featherly—The human race. Dumley—Oh, I beg pardon, I thought you referred to some horse race. Yes, you're right, we're having beautiful weather. Still living up at your father-in-law's, I suppose, Featherly?—*Puck.*

THREE MILES.

How a Printer Made the Best of a Very Disagreeable Situation.

Bud Dillon, a Nashville printer, in company with a typographical companion, once walked from Nashville to Memphis. The only remarkable feature of this incident is that Dillon is known as the laziest man in Tennessee. One evening, while the two printers, hungry and tired, were walking along the railroad, eagerly watching for the court-house dome of Milan, Dillon, upon meeting a man, asked:

"How far is it to Milan?"

"Three miles."

"Thank you."

After walking some distance farther they met another man.

"How far is it to Milan?"

"Three miles."

They had gone above a mile when they met another man.

"How far is it to Milan?"

"Three miles."

Dillon began to get warm. The science of profanity is one of the learned branches in which he was thoroughly proficient, and seating himself on a cross-tie he swore with great energy and volume. Arising, he wiped the perspiration from his brow and said:

"I can stand a great deal and am willing to excuse an ordinary liar, but when a man seeks to impose upon my bow-legs, it mortally offends me. I haven't had a fight since I was a boy, but if the next fellow we meet don't shorten the distance to Milan, he'll have me to whip, that's all."

They had gone probably half mile farther when they saw a man approaching. Dillon took off his coat, handed it to his companion and began to roll up his sleeves. "Tom, I'm in for it," said he.

"Bud, for goodness' sake don't say anything to that fellow. He's a regular giant."

"Can't help that. Say," (calling the man who was walking some distance from the track) "how far is it to Milan?"

"About three miles."

"My friend, I wish you would be generous enough to make it two miles and a half."

"Kain't do it."

"Well, then, I'll have to fight you."

"All right, you're the man I've been lookin' fur."

Dillon approached the man, who, seizing him, threw him on the ground with a force that took his breath.

"Hold on," cried Dillon, as soon as he was able to speak. "How far did you say it is to Milan?"

"Three miles."

"Oh, well, then, that's all right. I thought you said five miles. Much obliged for courtesies so gracefully extended. Good evening."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

HIS STRAWBERRY.

A Detroit Husband's Fond Hopes Crushed by a Disobliging Wife.

An officer who was patroling Mullett street the other day saw a crowd of people at a corner, and he hastened his steps to discover a man sitting on the ground with his back to a tree, while a score of women and boys surrounded him. When the officer made inquiries as to what had happened a short, stout woman with her sleeves rolled up confronted him and replied:

"He's my husband. He's a good-for-nothing lazy-bones of a man, and we've had a row."

"What about?"

"Well, I've had to support him by washing for the last year, and he's been humble enough up to a week ago. Then he took fifty cents of my money and went to a fortune-teller. She told him that I would die very soon, and that he would marry a strawberry blonde with fifty thousand dollars in cash."

"Seventy-five thousand dollars, my dear," sighed the man on the grass.

"You shut up! He came home stepping high and feeling smart, and half an hour ago he had the cheek to tell me that I stood in his road. In fact, he wanted to know when I was going to die!"

"I merely inquired," groaned the husband.

"And I merely left my suds and jumped into him," she continued. "It was a pretty even thing in the house, but when I got out where I could swing my right I gave him a couple below the belt and tied him up. Strawberry blonde—seventy-five thousand dollars—second marriage—humph! I'm his strawberry! When I get through with him I'll make that fortune-teller see strawberries for the rest of her born days!"

"Well, be gentle," cautioned the officer, as he passed on.

"Oh! I won't hurt nobody nor nothing," she replied; and as the officer passed on she lifted the man to his feet and banged him up the steps and into the house in a double-entry style of book-keeping that rattled the shingles.—*Detroit Free Press.*