Ashtabula Telegraph.

JAMES REED & SON, Prop'rs.

ASHTABULA, : : OHIO.

THE YOUNG LOVE AND THE OLD.

O, the young love was sweet, dear,
The dainty dream of ours,
When we could not keep our feet, dear,
From dancing through the flow'rs;
When hopes and gay romances
Were thick as leaves in Spring,
And cares were old folks' fancies,
And joy the solid thing.
Of all youth's visions blest, dear,
Of all its golden dow'rs,
O, the young love was best, dear,
That dainty dream of ours!

O, the old love is sweet, dear,
These chill October days,
When we tread with faltering feet, dear,
The sere and silent ways,
When earth has lost its glory,
And Heav'n has lost its blue,
And life's a sober story,
And care a comrade true.
Though hopes no longer cheat, dear,
And dreams have lost their sway,
O, the old love is sweet, dear,
That gilds the Autumn day!

—London Society.

A LODGING-HOUSE MYSTERY.

It is not necessary for me to state the precise location of my lodgings, but I will merely inform the reader that I am one of a numerous family of fellow-lodgers, occupying rooms in an extensive establishment situated in the southern part of the city of San Francisco. An adventure which befell me recently in this abode I am about to relate to you. Altogether it has proved an adventure involved in inexplicable mystery. In vain I have endeavored to penetrate the mysterious shadow which shrouded from my view the solution of this wonderful secret. I have been baffled in every attempt made in that direction. My efforts to obtain a satisfactory explanation of the enigma have proved futile, and I can only relate the various incidents of my adventure, without offering any explanation of the strange web of mysticism and secrecy which surrounds it.

I was sitting alone in my apartment one evening, enjoying a cigar, and engaged in musing over various matters, which it is unnecessary for me to inflict upon the reader here. The gas was burning dimly, and, soothed by the narcotic influence of my cigar and the silence of the room, a drowsy feeling crept gradually over me, and I became lost in a half-sleeping, half-waking dream.

What followed I can not vouch for as a positive reality, though at the time I appeared perfectly conscious and in full possession of every faculty necessary to comprehend the situation. I can only relate the incident as it seemed to me to actually transpire, without attempting to account for the occurrence, or asserting any further belief in its reality than the impression conveyed by my own senses.

A low knock at the door sounded distinctly in my ears—a timid, hesitating knock, as proceeding from some person uncertain of the exact locality sought, or fearful of the manner in which such an intrusion might be received. Without turning my head, I responded to this appeal for admission by bidding the applicant to enter. The door opened slowly, and a rustling, sweeping sound, as of the skirts of a lady's dress, caused me to look up quickly.

Half startled, as by a sudden apparition, I beheld, standing quietly before me, a young lady probably twenty years of age, possessing a surpassing degree of loveliness, which failed not to excite my admiration even in that first moment of my surprise.

I can not describe her. No words of mine could convey to you an adequate impression of the extreme beauty or the inexpressible charm of her appearance; no pen of mine possesses the skill to justly describe her delicate features, her graceful form, her wonderful composure of face and bearing.

Bewildered, amazed, I could only stare at this beautiful being in utter silence. The marvelous deep blue eyes which regarded me so calmly, appeared to have cast over me a spell, and subjected me completely to their power by the witching influence of their expression and the wondrous charm of her presence.

After what had seemed a long pause of mingled doubt and perplexity, I succeeded in recovering my senses sufficiently to arise and offer my unknown visitor a chair; but with a wave of her slender white hand she declined to avail herself of the proffered courtesy, and, more bewildered than ever, I sank silently back in my own seat, awaiting at her pleasure the explanation of this unexpected visit from one who was certainly an entire stranger to me.

Her face was so quiet, so calm in its expression, and her large clear eyes shone so radiantly as they gazed into mine, that I remained lost in unutterable wonder. It was more like a dream than a waking reality, and yet my senses seemed as acute, my faculties of thought and speech and action as keen and decisive as at this present moment. Was it a spell, a vision, or was it actual reality? Was this beautiful apparition an imaginary creation of my own fancy, or was she a tangible fact?

Presently she spoke, and her voice, so soft and sweet and low, thrilled me like a strain of far-off, exquisite music. Yet there was something sad and mournful in the tones—some shadowy, half-defined expression of the speaker's nature.

"You do not know me," she said, "and yet we are not strangers. Years ago we were together in a distant land. You did not know me then, and yet you once spoke kindly to me, in an hour when a kind word was the greatest earthly blessing I could have received—when a kind friend was the boon that I prayed for and hoped for in vain; nay, not in vain, for your kind words were friendly to my ears, and yet—and yet by you they have long been forgotten. But not for me. They have dwelt in my heart's memory through all these long, sad years, and we have met again that I may thank you for them. Thank you—and die."

Her face seemed to pale to an almost unearthly whiteness as she uttered these last words, and yet the calm blue eyes shone as brightly and steadily as ever. Her white hand waived an adieu, and she vanished like some mysterious specter, how and whither I know not.

I sprang to my feet. Every thing was quiet. I looked around. The room was vacant of human presence save my own. I opened the door and looked out into the long hall. No person was visible there except a young man letting himself into the room directly adjoining my own. He looked up at the sudden opening of my door, and for a moment his eyes encountered mine. A gas jet blazed directly over his head and illuminated his features as he paused for an instant regarding me. I started suddenly, with an exclamation of amazement on my lips, for his face was the face of the young girl who had just passed from my room. The next moment he had entered the department, and the door closed behind him.

I remained for a brief space irresolute, lost in utter bewilderment, then went back into my own room, more deeply perplexed than ever before in my life. What strange mystery was this, for which there was no accounting? The vision of the young girl seemed like a dream, but the face was a reality.

I sat down to ponder over this singular circumstance, and, sitting there, my eyes perceived, lying upon the floor, a card. I picked it up, and upon it read, in delicate feminine characters, "No. 83." Once more I started with astonishment. My own room was No. 82. The room adjoining, into which I beheld the young man enter, was No. 83. Then the vision of the young girl had indeed been no fancy. What I had beheld must have been an actual reality; and my strange visitor must have dropped this card, whether accidentally or by design I knew not.

And suddenly I took a bold resolve. I should never fathom the mystery by wasting the time in idle conjectures. I determined to explore it immediately, to penetrate the secret which seemed to deepen momentarily about the beautiful face I had beheld.

Once more I left my room, and this time approaching the door of No. 83, I knocked. It opened, and again that sweet, pale face beamed before me; again those calm, clear eyes looked into mine. But it was the form of the young man who appeared. The graceful female figure was gone, and the tall, slender but masculine outline was alone visible. And yet that face, so gentle and loving and sweet, remained unchanged. It was stamped upon my memory indelibly, and I could have sworn to its every feature.

I held out the card I had picked from the floor.

"You dropped this in my room, I believe, a few moments since; I have taken the liberty of disturbing you in order to return it."

He received it from my hand, glancing at me furtively the while from under the long lashes which half veiled those deep blue eyes. I watched him narrowly as he turned his gaze to the card and read the characters thereon written.

He looked up at me again presently, and spoke:

"You were mistaken, sir. I have never seen this card before. It appears to bear a number corresponding with that of my room; otherwise I know nothing of it."

That voice again—like the distant strain of music, so soft and low, and so unutterably sweet. He had spoken very quietly, and had looked at me very steadily with his calm blue eyes. I stood thus completely baffled in my design to obtain an explanation of the mystery, and utterly perplexed as to what course I should pursue. I appeared involved in a deeper and more bewildering maze than ever. A slight smile seemed to play across the young man's face as he observed my hesitation, and to linger there and light it up as a rare sunbeam from heaven. He stood looking at me in silence for a moment, and then said:

"We are strangers to each other, and yet we appear to be neighbors; why should we not be friends? Would you object to coming into my room and sitting with me for a while? I am lonely, and shall be glad of your company if you will do me the favor."

I accepted his invitation, and entered the room. It was an apartment similar to my own, but it contained one object which startled and amazed me. It was the portrait of a woman, and upon it my eyes became riveted as if fascinated. The same face of the girl who had appeared to me in my room—the face of the man beside me. The same, and yet not the same. Its expression appeared older and more careworn. Its eyes lacked the luster and the depth of the living and breathing objects I had beheld, and upon the canvas appeared to shed only a cold and vacant stare. And yet the resemblance was too vividly strong to admit of doubt. The same sweet and gentle features beamed down upon me from the wall, portrayed with a fidelity so accurate and lifelike that I seemed to be again in my own room, gazing upon the lovely face of the young girl as she stood before me.

The young man observed my eyes fixed upon the picture, and remarked:

"It is a portrait of my mother. No doubt you perceive the strong resemblance of my face to hers; it is something remarkable—the precise similarity of our features and expression. And yet I have never beheld her since the hour I was born."

I looked from the picture to him, inquiringly.

"She died at my birth," he added, "and so passed away out of my sight, and I might almost say, out of my memory, except for that portrait; for, having never known a mother's love or care, nothing remains by which I can recall her, save yonder painted picture of her face."

He sighed as he spoke and turned his eyes away. I watched him as he sat for a few moments in dead silence, with his head beat upon his hand, and only the profile of his pale face revealed to my view. Some moody abstraction seemed to have fallen upon him, for his tightly-compressed lips uttered not a word, and I saw his hands clenched in a kind of fierce, half-angry way, as though his mind was tormented with some bitter thoughts. A feeling of intense wonder and curiosity stole over me as I looked upon him. Who and what was he? Certainly I had never seen him before this night, for that face, once seen, was never forgotten. A desire to learn his history took possession of me, and yet, without actual rudeness, I could not accomplish such an object.

Presently he lifted his head, and the blue eyes looked once more into mine. With an effort, he seemed to throw aside the transient gloam which for this brief space had shadowed his features, and to warm into a more genial humor. And yet there was a trace of sadness lingering in his eyes, and his voice, when he spoke, was tinged with a half grateful melancholy.

"No doubt you consider me a strange being," he said, with a faint smile struggling to his lips for a second, and dying away again as he continued, "I have lived a lonely life for years, and am scarce fit for companionship with my fellow-beings. But I think the time is drawing near when my loneliness shall end. It has almost come. I think, perhaps, it is even here."

It was not that his words contained any remarkably mysterious import, but it was his manner, and the wild look which seemed to dwell at intervals in his eyes, that filled me with a vague alarm. I watched him more narrowly than ever with increased curiosity, and a vain effort to fathom the peculiar character of his disposition. For a few moments he remained quite silent again, wrapped in that gloomy abstraction, which seemed to draw a line between him and me, and which I dared not approach or attempt to destroy.

Suddenly he turned to me again and said, abruptly:

"An evil Fate is brooding over me. I can not escape it, strive as I may."

His look, his words, his manner, startled me violently, but I endeavored to laugh, and answer him lightly.

"You are wrong, my friend. I do not believe in Fate. Each man possesses the power to rule his own destiny, whether for good or evil, as he wills it."

"I doubt it. Could you rule an immortal spirit? Could you destroy an invisible phantom, that hovers continually about you in the air? Could you banish a hideous recollection that has haunted your memory for years? No, you could not. And that spirit, that phantom, that memory, combined, is the silent and inexorable fate that has gathered over my life and awaits to triumph over me in the end."

He had started to his feet, and was walking the floor rapidly, back and forth. A bright crimson glow had come to each pale cheek, and from his eyes seemed to flash some inward light that burned with a scorching flame. But, even as I sat watching him with mingled wonder and alarm, he calmed himself with a sudden effort, and resumed his chair opposite mine. Looking at me, with the mild expression once more returned to his eyes, he held out his hand, as he said, in a subdued voice:

"At least, let me thank you for the kindly interest you have manifested in me to-night, and for the kindly words you have spoken to a lonely being like myself—coming to me when kind words are the greatest earthly blessing I could have received; when a kind friend is the boon I have prayed for and hoped for so long in vain. Though you may forget them, I never shall; they will dwell in my memory through the brief space of life that yet remains."

I sat looking at him as he uttered these words, in a perfect stupor of amazement; for they were almost the exact repetition of those which the young girl, whose face was a perfect counterpart of his own, had appeared to deliver to me in my room that evening. What unaccountable coincidence was this which placed the words of my apparent vision in the mouth of this strange, this singular man? I was lost in unutterable wonder, while that sad, pale face seemed to shine upon me with the serene and gentle expression which I had first beheld in connection with the young girl of my dream.

Was it all, all a dream? Was I indeed awake even now, and possessed of my senses? Yes. This, at least, I could not doubt. And so I bade him good-night, turning back for a last lingering look at the sweet fair face and the calm blue eyes, and then returned to my room, bewildered, mystified, amazed.

But I was in no mood for quiet rest. So I lit a cigar, and strolled out for a night walk, pondering over the strange adventure which the evening had brought me. The air seemed hot and close, and the dark, invisible wings of the night brooded over the earth in deathly silence. I walked heartlessly and aimlessly about for a short time, and when I was nearing home at last I stopped for a moment at a street corner, to look after a slender figure with a muffled face, which flitted by me like a phantom of the night, noiselessly and swiftly. It disappeared in the darkness, and I turned home.

The following day brought with it new incidents and other subjects demanding my attention. I had almost forgotten my strange neighbor, until once more in my room at night I was startled and shocked at the perusal of the following paragraph in the evening paper:

FOUND DROWNED.—Early this morning a boatman discovered a human body floating in the Bay, off North Point. It was secured and conveyed to the Coroner's office, where it was discovered to be the remains of a young girl, about twenty years of age, clad in male garments. From papers found upon her person it was ascertained that for a long time previous she had disguised herself in masculine attire, and lived under the assumed name of Robert ——, occupying room No. 83, in a lodging-house on —— Street, in this city.

So totally unprepared had I been for this *denouement* of my adventure that for a time I was quite unable to collect my senses and realize that this catastrophe had befallen my singular friend of the previous evening. But at last I recovered myself sufficiently to hasten to the Coroner's office, and, obtaining admittance, I once more found myself looking down upon the beautiful face that had so vividly impressed itself upon my memory. It was white and cold in death now, but the serene and gentle expression was still there, and the sad smile seemed to linger lovingly upon the pale lips that had been closed to all eternity. The blue eyes were veiled in the long, last sleep; but there was a fascination in that calm, dead face that was even more irresistible than when in life. And, as I turned sadly away, I breathed a prayer for that poor, departed spirit that was destined never more to suffer in loneliness, or hope in vain through long and weary years for the kind word of a friend.

In the room which the dead girl had occupied in life was found a brief note, addressed to "her kind neighbor in No. 82," bestowing upon him the portrait of her sainted mother, which she trusted he would cherish and preserve in memory of the face of a dead and erring girl.

And as I write to-night the beautiful features beam down upon me from the wall; the calm, gentle face seems to assume an almost holy expression; the melancholy smile changes to the brilliant dawning of an everlasting peace. Hark! The voice of my vision! soft, sweet and low, thrilling me again with that strain of far-off, exquisite music.

So I lay down my pen, and the immortal face appears to me once more in my dreams.—*Golden Era.*

Brother Gardner Sits Down on the Politicians.

"To die for one's kentry am glorus," began the old man as he arose in his majesty, "but to live to plant beans and set out onions and raise 'taters am bettah still. I want to say now an' heah, befo' de polytical campaign opens, dat any member of dis club who neglects his garden patch to hurrah for any candydate or help along any boom will be walked up heah powerful sudden! Polyticks nebber yit put a dollar in any honest man's pocket, nor added an honest loaf of bread to any laborin' man's cupboard. De offis-hunter who will shake hands wid you an' buy vile whisky fur your stomach will to-morrow pass you coldly by an' see you want for bread. Let 'em alone. Let dem do de hurrahin', de boomin', de marchin' an' de drinkin', an' you'll have a bettah lookin' coat on yer back an' more respect fur yerself under yer wests. Dat's all jist now, but I shell keep de subjeck in pickle for a furder occashun."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE orange grove of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, at Mandarin, on the St. Johns, Florida, yielded last year $2,000 to the acre.

Photographs on Window-panes---Singular Phenomena.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing from Laurel, O., says:

The Nicholas Building is a corner building of two stories, and forms an L fronting on the two streets. The upper story has been occupied in whole or in part by families or as work-shops in the inverse order as follows: John M. Wilson, present occupant, backing; Chas. Day, John McKinley, E. W. Day's shoe and harness shop, Jas. Wm. Boyce, John Mofford, Jack Boyce, the Grange, etc. On the rear of each L in the upper story there is a window facing respectively southwest and northwest. Last January, 1880, O. W. Davis accidentally discovered a distinct likeness of a little girl's face on one of the panes of the window facing southwest. The attention of several persons was called to it at the time, each of whom saw the face, but for reasons best known to themselves it was not made public until last Monday evening. On Tuesday morning considerable interest seemed to be manifested about the matter, when my attention was first called to it. Armed with John L. Barkley's opera glass I began an investigation of what was to be seen, and, on examination, the likeness of a little girl was distinctly seen on the window-pane, or rather, appeared a little inside the window; so distinct, indeed, that all the party then present, some twenty in number, agreed that it was the likeness of Cora Rogers, a little daughter of Thomas Rogers. This child, about six years old, lived with Jas. W. Boyce, who occupied these rooms about a year and a half ago.

On careful inspection another image was discovered on the same pane. The face turned partly toward the observer. And on the other side of the first picture still another, much younger, but plump and smiling, and later in the day still a fourth one; this was of an older person, all on the same pane. None of these last could be identified. Viewed from a particular locality, and under favorable circumstances of illumination, all the first three could be seen at once. The fourth seemed to partly overlap the others, and could not always be seen at the same time with the others.

While looking at this object, one of the company, Mrs. Lu. Carter, discovered what was supposed to be another likeness on one of the panes of the other window (the one facing northwest). Almost all could see it, but by means of the opera-glass I found no difficulty in recognizing the faces of two children lying abed, the face of one partly concealed from view by the one in front. Several of the party could recognize this also. Later in the day Dr. O. D. Simmons discovered another face on the same pane, and still later I found the fourth one, all four distinctly seen under favorable circumstances at one view.

At one time in the aforenoon the sash was removed to within the darkened room, but by ever so careful management of the light the views were not so satisfactory as in its natural place in the window. Later in the afternoon I could distinctly recognize a likeness on another pane of this last window, and also Walter Simmons discovered a good likeness on still another pane of the same window. With the opera-glass I could plainly see this face. It was that of a little girl with a round crown hat on. This made four panes of window glass having on them these likenesses. They are viewed from the ground, and from many positions and distances. A good deal depends on their illumination and the particular point from which they are viewed. By placing a dark hat behind the picture it is shown in the air.

Nothing can be discovered on or in the pane of window-glass when very close to it. The panes were washed and rubbed dry, etc., only to make the images more distinct, doubtless by removing particles of dust, etc.

Later.—On the pane first described today, on carefully focusing the opera-glass in steady position and in particular locality, and in good state of personal health and fasting, I was enabled to see it appear literally full of faces. I counted nine of men beside the children first described. They could not all be seen at one view, but all from the same locality. In directing the point of vision to this or that locality I would see the image there; the others would gradually dissolve away. They seemed to overlap each other somewhat, like a lot of coin thrown promiscuously in a heap. It is known that the Grange had a meeting in this room on one particular electric night. Now, how came these pictures here? Evidently they were photographed by lightning. The flash of lightning furnished the light to form the image, and this, together with the accompanying electricity, produced chemical or molecular change in the constituents of the glass, and then the images were fixed.

Health in the Farm-house.

THIS is the season when fermentation is progressing rapidly, and vile odors are being generated to pollute the air and to disseminate the seeds of such infectious diseases as scarlet and typhoid fever, diphtheria, cholera, etc. Farmers are longer lived than any other class of citizens—statistics showing their average age at death for the last thirty-five years in Massachusetts as being 55.57 years, while the average of all other classes has been 51.15, and the average of mechanics laboring out of doors, the next longest lived class, has been 53.05, still it is a great mistake to suppose that the rural districts are more free from typhoid fever and other infectious diseases than are cities and large villages. The germs of typhoid fever especially, a disease which now causes about one-fifth of the deaths in Massachusetts, are generated from the sewage and other filth in and around the farm-house. The sewerage of cities has been so perfected, that in this respect they have the advantage over the country, and the largest number of deaths from filth diseases is now reported from the rural districts. Health is the great blessing of life, as, without this, other blessings can not be enjoyed; and farmers, long-lived though they are, must see to it that they do not fall behind other classes in the enjoyment of what Emerson calls "the first wealth." They must not sneer, as some of them are inclined to do, at the scientific investigations of the laws of health, calling them old women's notions, for these investigations have resulted in the prolonging of human life nearly fifty per cent. within the past three centuries. The Massachusetts Board of Health affirms that as large a proportion of the population of the earth now live to the age of seventy, as three hundred years ago lived to the age of forty-three. This may not all be attributed to a better understanding of the laws of health, as peace as well as science has had her victories in these centuries; but no intelligent man can doubt but that the advance in knowledge has largely constituted to the advance in the average of human life.

One of the great drawbacks to health in the farm-house is the storage of vegetables in the cellar. These, if stored in large piles in a warm cellar, will heat and give off a noxious effluvium in the winter, and if left till warm weather, will become very offensive and very likely will generate disease. Vegetables for stock should be stored in barn cellars, or if these are wanting, in pits or trenches dug in dry soil where they will keep much fresher than in any cellar. Those intended for family use may be put into the house cellar, but in this case the cellar must be kept as cool and well ventilated as possible, and cleaned out as early in the spring as the weather will permit. If any one has cabbages, or turnips, or onions in his cellar as late as May he should understand that he exposes his family to that terrible scourge, typhoid fever. A very perfect ventilation of the cellar at all seasons of the year may be effected by opening a hole into the chimney. In the large, old-fashioned chimneys resting on an arch into which the ashes were shoveled by taking up a tile in the corner of the fireplace, the best ventilation possible may be secured by removing this tile permanently, and letting the air of the cellar rush up the chimney, as it will so long as the chimney is heated. When fires are no longer necessary, and even before this, the cellar windows may be removed, and if the cellar occupies, as it should, the whole ground plot and windows on all sides, the ventilation will be perfect. In any event the old vegetables, with perhaps the exception of potatoes, should be taken out. Potatoes are not much inclined to decay at this season of the year, but should be looked over, sorted and chitted, and the small and rotten potatoes as also the sprouts and all rubbish of every kind, removed, and the cellar whitewashed. The kitchen of many a farm-house looks nice and tidy, while the cellar is full of disorder and filth. Such a farmer may not be guilty of murder prepense, but there is great danger that manslaughter, possibly parricide, may be laid to his charge.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Poultry on the Farm.

To keep poultry on the farm is economical. When a farmer keeps a herd of cows, a flock of sheep, together with horses and hogs, there is always room on the farm for a good stock of poultry. Even when all the cows, sheep and hogs are kept that there is room for, there is still room for poultry. It is almost a necessity for every family to keep a pig, in order that the refuse and house slops may be utilized; it is in the same sense that poultry are valuable—they are the scavengers of the farm. There is a class of fowls that require very much room on the farm. Still, they do not require room and attendance, and they may be kept in such a shiftless manner that they will be found unprofitable. All kinds of poultry may be kept, provided they may have the run of the barnyard; but they must be kept in such a manner as to prevent their ravages in garden and grain fields. Turkeys, ducks, geese and hens may be kept all summer without using one square yard of room available for any other purpose. Care should be observed, in providing for ducks and geese, that they may not have the privilege—for such they will deem it—of fouling the water required for the stock, or making themselves a nuisance in any other manner. Young chickens and turkeys will require some care for the first few weeks of their existence; after that they may be trusted to care for themselves to a great extent. Poultry may be raised and a flock of hens kept, producing eggs all summer without the outlay of one dollar for grain. Sour milk from the dairy is very good for young poultry, and there are many other articles of refuse on the farm that can be profitably used in the maintenance of fowls. Now, why is it that farmers do not indulge in the luxuries of fresh eggs daily during summer and also of fresh poultry more than they do? I know that it is too often the case that all the eggs produced on the farm are sold for groceries and other small items of household expenses. I know that too often all the poultry are sold to the butcher, and that sometimes the farmer does not taste a fresh egg or a chicken during the entire year. This is unwise. With a little care sufficient eggs can be produced not only to make a profitable item in the farmer's income, but also to enable him to gratify his taste for fresh eggs as well. Poultry may be produced as cheaply as any other class of meat.—*Boston Transcript.*

Another Phenomenal American Girl.

MLLE. NEVADA, the young American artist, reported to have just made a successful debut as Amina, at Her Majesty's Theater, London, is well remembered as a child on the Pacific slope. She was born at a California mining camp, Alpha, now a small village in Nevada County, from which she has taken her stage name, her real name being Emma Wixon. Her father, Dr. Wixon, and his wife, having been reduced in fortune, opened a small inn at Alpha, where a daughter was born to them about 1857. One Fourth of July, when Emma was some four years old, the usual celebration was held there. After the rural brass band had executed in a doubled sense a national air, the child who, with her father, was standing near the musicians, seemed absorbed in their rude strains, and whispered, "Papa, papa, won't you ask the men to play that again?" They complied, of course, and before their notes had died away in the mountain air, the child began to sing, reproducing faithfully in tra-la-las what she had just heard. The assembled miners were delighted, naturally, and expressed their delight in ringing huzzas. They gave the little warbler the name of Pet, which long adhered to her. Her parents afterward removed to Virginia City, Nev., where her vocal talents were as carefully cultivated as they could be in such a place. Since then she has been studying in Europe at the best schools, and her friends have great hope of her lyric future. She is said to have shown indomitable perseverance and courage, and to richly deserve any success she may attain.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE CURRANT WORM.—When this rascal begins operations he must be summarily dealt with, or he will soon ruin the finest bushes in the garden. The following mixture has never been known to fail: Dissolve a heaping teaspoonful of white hellebore in a pail of water, and sprinkle it on the bushes wherever you notice worms.

THE *Japan Gazette* states that the line of railway which has been in contemplation for some time past between Tokio and Mayebashi will soon be commenced. The surveys are completed, and it is said that the line will traverse a rich district, and is expected to prove a great benefit to the country.

THE man in Kentucky that was to be hung but was married instead, may live to regret the sad fate that consigned him to the altar instead of the halter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Matrimonial Missionaries.

PERSONS who have persuaded themselves that they have a mission are usually so laden with, so bent on, its fulfillment, as to interfere with the charm of their society. And their attractiveness is more or less diminished by the character of their mission, which, when in any way connected with the life or surroundings of their associates or acquaintances, is apt to be made tiresome. Matrimonial missionaries come within this category, and they are likely to be unflagging in presentation of their views and the advantages of what they advocate. Naturally, most of them are women, and married women; for if they were not already wives, they would be restrained by delicacy from expressing themselves warmly in favor of what they had not tried, lest it might be suspected that they were over-willing for the experiment. But being wives they can not be accused—unless they chance to have marriageable daughters or relatives—of interested motives or studied designs. When their eulogies of wedlock can be referred to any personal cause, they are liable to be called, and not unjustly, match-makers, between whom and matrimonial missionaries there is so much difference that the two should never be confounded.

A match-maker may be said to be enlisted for a campaign; a matrimonial missionary is in for the war; and when the present war is over, for the next war, and the war after that. Her service, indeed, is for life. She will never cease to recommend marriage, generally and particularly, abstractly and concretely, in season and out of season. Her faith in the institution is unshaken and unshakable, whatever her outward observation or her received confidences may have been. She is an enthusiast on that point, and so interested in it as to be forever darting off from other topics to take up the one she loves.

It is the first duty and the last of every man and woman to get married. There is not, there can not be, any valid excuse for celibacy—not poverty, nor disease, nor disinclination, nor bad habits, nor want of affection; each or any of which is, in unbiased eyes, accounted an excellent reason. She knows better. Marriage is a panacea. If a young woman be an invalid, it will cure her. If a young man be dissipated, it will reform him. If he be poor, it will insure his pecuniary independence. If he be opposed on principle to the condition, or if he be convinced of his unfitness for it, experience will disclose his mistake. Does a young woman confess that she loves no one, has no such feelings as would warrant her in accepting a husband, she is told that this is all foolish romance; that when marriage comes, love follows, with happiness and all the rest.

The missionary is often fortunately wedded herself, which explains her tendency to misapprehension of marriages in general. Seeing the world through her own rosy spectacles, she can not believe that it does not reflect her happy state. You may mention any number of inharmonious alliances, of deep spiritual tragedies that have resulted from mis-mating, but she will not credit you. You have been misinformed, and if you assert your positive knowledge, your judgment has certainly been warped. She may concede that such a thing as connubial unhappiness exists, but it is clearly the fault of the parties themselves. They need not have been unhappy unless they were so resolved. The kind of marriage she recommends—she actually recommends any and every kind—would not and could not have such consequences. The whole globe may be wrong, but the divine institution, as she likes to name it, is unquestionably right, and even a very ill marriage is better, she is sure, than no marriage at all.

Even when the missionary is not such a wife as she claims that nearly all women are, when she is notoriously unsuited to her husband, and he to her, she is not less persevering and ardent in her labors. She contends for wedlock and its joys, whatever her private sufferings in the cause; she not only loses no opportunity to chant its praises; she turns all times into opportunity, and is as loyal to the thing that tortures her as if it brought her unending ecstacy. Perhaps she has such faith in what should be that she refuses absolutely to put trust in what is.

There are persons who think her impelled by malice; that, being wretched herself through matrimony, she would like to see others wretched by the same means. But they probably do her injustice. Her own sad experience does not mar her faith in, or her admiration for, wedlock. Having missed her destiny by some deficiency which may yet be made good, it would be a sovereign satisfaction to have her free friends enjoy what has by uncontrollable circumstance been denied to her. It is really benevolence which moves her connubial springs. She is more resigned to her domestic incompatibilities when she reflects that her tireless efforts have been expended in directing the mind of others in the path, as she conceives, of true felicity. Her personal disappointment is softened by the thought that the many have realized their radiant dreams.

She is absolutely sincere in her counsels and endeavors, and nobody acquainted with her will question her energy and resolution. She would not, could she have her way, leave a maiden or bachelor on earth. She would have the whole world arranged in conjugal pairs. She would admit no single people to her paradise; indeed, it would be vain, for, without marriage, there could be no paradise. Her confidence in unions under all circumstances may be beautiful; but her manner of expressing it is so ceaseless and frequently so inappropriate that she bores her acquaintances exceedingly. Even marriage may be worn threadbare as a theme; the interest of the subject, like the interest of the thing, may be exhausted.

It is more than embarrassing for single persons to be everlastingly urged to do what they have proved by their life they are opposed to doing. Despite their general respect for the missionary, they grow to hate her eternal solo on one string. There are here, and in every city, hundreds of estimable women whose society is made wearisome, though it might be delightful, by the perpetual parading of their hobby. If they but knew it, they frustrate their cherished purpose. Nothing is so likely to hinder marriage as to advise and advocate it. Wedlock goes, in a certain sense, by contraries. The missionaries err constitutionally. They have made many adversaries, but few converts. If they would serve hymen effectually, let them disavow the deity.—*N. Y. Times.*

AN inventive genius filled a small tarlatan sack with a spoonful of cayenne pepper, and tacked it over the rat-hole. When the rat bounced out, his eyes were peppered by the sifting from the shaken sack. He squealed like a pig, and escaped. The whole tribe have since migrated.

PITH AND POINT.

BONNETS of a feather flock together.

A MERE matter of form—Cutting a dress.

DAUGHTERS of Eve to this day are wearing snake bracelets.

THE common law—"Keep off the grass."

IT is impossible to have the last word with a chemist, because he always has a retort.

A LAZY man tries to put all the work he can on his digestive organs.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE good mother and the accessible slipper always make a spanking team. —*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

A CITY missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally because I have preached so much without notes," he said.—*Boston Sunday Budget.*

WE hear of a man who has made a fortune by attending to his own business! This is authentic. But then he had few competitors.—*Boston Transcript.*

EVERY well trained hotel clerk can read writing upside down, and always makes it a rule to watch a guest register and address him by his name before he gets the last letter of his name finished. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"WILLIAM, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" asked William, opening his eyes wide; "no, I don't." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "My dear," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered: "I suppose because you were born so."

WHILE they were tunneling a mountain right on the bank of the Cumberland River, in Tennessee, on the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, one of the natives began to interview one of the engineers. The latter told him that he was engaged in building a tunnel, and that it was cheaper to bore a hole through the mountain for the cars to run through than to level it or make a cut down to the grade. The native queried: "So the steam kyars is going to come right across the river and right through this tunnel away north?" "Yes, that's just it." "Well, Major, that's askin' too much for a man to believe," replied the corn-cracker. "I don't swallow it no how you can fix it, that every time this 'ere iron hoss of yourn jumps across the river he's going to strike this little hole right squar' and fair. No, sir, I can't swallow it."

THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER.

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,"
And lovely though she is to sight,
She is not lovelier than her pies.

The roses of Damascus blow
Their scents to far Arabian sands,
But sweeter is the kneaded dough
That steals the odor of her hands.

Nor sated Turk, nor gouty lord,
Nor pampered prince did e'er partake
Of dainty dish that could afford
Such rapture as her simple cake.

I crave not fame, nor wealth, nor power;
I only wish that I could be
A pound or two of some prime flour,
And she were gently kneading me.

—*Andrews' Bazar.*

Wedding Dresses.

CREAMY white satin is being used for the entire dress, with lace and tulle for trimmings. The dress worn by the Queen of Spain at her marriage, the Medicis corsage, and other picturesque models are copied, the only uniform features being the high corsage and the flowing train. The corsage is, strictly speaking, high in the back only, as the front is now invariably cut out in heart-shape or square, and filled in as much or as little as the wearer chooses with tulle and lace, and richly ornamented with the pearl passementeries that are now so fashionable. These beaded trimmings surround the open neck, and are placed straight down the top of the sleeves, being mounted there on net to make the front half of the sleeve transparent, while the thick satin is used under the arm. Lace and pearl applique work are festooned flatly on the front and side breadths, and clusters of white roses are used with fringe of orange blossoms and buds. The train is of three or four straight breadths left flowing free from the belt, and finished at the foot with plaitings of the satin beneath lace. Fuller trimmings of lace and plaitings are put on the front and side breadths than on the train. When combinations are preferred, large ball figures or else detached flowers are in the brocaded satin used for a court train, with a Medicis basque of brocade, and plain white satin for the elaborate front that simulates a petticoat. Fringes of white pearl edging quaintly cut basques, and pouts of satin on the sleeves, are on imported wedding dresses. Long scarf-like pieces of point lace are imported with lace trousseaux to be used first as bridal veils, and afterward as mantillas or as over-skirt drapery; the bride has one end of this scarf fastened far forward in her coiffure, then caught up on each shoulder, and falling thence low on the train of her dress.

Bridemaids wear simple and charming dresses of white muslin, with colored ribbons and Leghorn hats, in the English fashion, or else they have white Spanish lace veils draping the head like the mantillas of Spanish women. Dotted Swiss muslin was recently worn by the six bridemaids at a fashionable wedding. Pale blue satin ribbon belts and bows trimmed their square-necked basques and their round trains. Their hats were Leghorn, in Gainsborough shape, with blue ribbon and flowers outside, and blue velvet inside the brim. India muslin, with yards upon yards of Languedoc lace for trimming, was chosen for another group of attendants, while still others preferred the soft, clinging, white, transparent wool called religieuse veiling, trimmed with Spanish lace, and accompanied by Spanish mantillas fastened on with scarlet flowers. Imported dresses for bridesmaids are of white brocaded satin or of Lyons tulle, in many plaitings, with a border of satin-striped grenadine on each plaited flounce. A satin grenadine brocaded in daisy pattern, has the neck cut pointed in front, with diagonal soft folds of tulle inside, and at the back a high Medicis collar of Languedoc lace made to curve outward by means of fine white thread-like wires. The half-long sleeves are transparent down the upper half of the arm, and a jabot of the lace extends down this transparent space. White lilacs and pink roses are clustered together on the bust and on the lower part of the sleeves.

Pearl-colored brocaded satin with plain satin and point lace is again the favorite dress for the mother to wear when accompanying her daughter to the altar. There are, however, departures from this conventional color, and pale blue, gold brocade, or very dark maroon with flounces of white lace, is worn.—*Harper's Bazar.*