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Original Poetry.

O SPIRIT, BE STRONG.

Why should I cherish the smiles that awaken
Sweet visions of bliss in the future of life,
Or dream that the heart, by peace long forsaken,
Can know but the tempests of sorrow and strife?
Why should my spirits, with thrilling emotion,
Thus welcome the dawning of hope's tender light?
Like mariners, wreck'd by the storms of the ocean,
Who grasp at the bubbles that burst in their sight.

Poor heart! dost think that the beams of affection
Will shed on thy darkness sweet sympathy's ray,—
That love's gentle tones, with fondest inflection
Will cheer thy lone sorrows through life's transient day?
Alas! not for me are the radiant pleasures,
Illuming the pathway where others may go,
And the coveted joys of love's holy treasures
Come not where the tides of my life sadly flow.

I've cherish'd bright hopes; the beautiful vision
Cast brightness and beauty o'er time's changing way,
But pass'd with the storm whose mocking derision,
With hues of the midnight, enshrouded my day:—
From the wreck of the past, like night-winds trailing
In sorrowful cadence through forests of gloom,
Comes a voice of grief, whose tremulous wailing
Proclaims but delusion in hope's fairest bloom.

O spirit, be strong! Faint not though the sadness
Of sorrow unceasing encompass thy dreams,
Nor cherish the hope that visions of gladness
Will 'circle thy future with beauteous beams.—
And what, if the hopes of earth and its beauty
Be darken'd by folds of ephemeral wo!
A star points serenely, o'er the pathway of duty,
To realms where the [illegible]

Pomonkey, November 26, 1861. W.

Selected Miscellany.

From the London Packet.

UP IN THE AIR.

Some few months back I was called in—I am a surgeon by profession—to attend a Senor Tornades, who, despite his name, was as true an Englishman, by birth and parentage, as the parish of Lambeth ever bred and reared. I found him suffering from extreme debility and nervousness, brought on by the overstrained tension of the muscles and sinews. He told me that he was a rope-dancer, slack and tight; a tumbler, stiff and loose; sprite acrobat, and bottle-equilibrist; and many other things which have escaped my memory.

His family consisted of his wife—a pale, sickly woman, somewhat older than himself—and a very handsome little girl. Accustomed as I was to witness the devotion of women by a sick bed-side, and the irritability of male patients, the self-sacrifice of Madame Tornados and the demonstrative gratitude of her husband for each act of attention, surprised me. He was under my care for some months and, as he recovered, grew talkative and familiar. One evening, as he sat in an easy chair, propped up by pillows, he favored me with the following narrative. I purposely suppress any professional technicalities and acrobatic *argot* which would be unintelligible to the ordinary reader.

"You see, sir," he began, "my father was a hawker over in Lambeth Marsh. I never knew my mother, because she died when I was quite young. I don't know how it was I learned tumbling. The first thing I can remember is standing on my head close to Westminter Bridge, and a gentleman going by giving me a shilling.—'Now, my boy,' the gentleman said, 'do that again,' which I did. 'Now,' said he 'spring!' which I did, and came on my feet again. 'Good boy,' said he, and he patted me on the head. That gentleman, sir, was the great Mr. Ducrow. Well, sir, of course, after *such* encouragement from *such* a man, a tumbler I became. I spared neither pains nor trouble, and practiced till I became master of my art and head of my profession.

"About seven years ago—I was twenty-three—I first met with James Ranford, who was also in the line, and he proposed that we should work together. I consented, and we travelled about and exhibited at town-halls and assembly-rooms, and large rooms at inns; but we did very badly Ranford had a wife and child, so it fell harder upon him. I was forced to lend him what little I could spare, for I could not see a young woman and a little baby go without while I had it, could I?

"Well, sir, things got from bad to worse, and my partner, being a man of violent temper, took to drink—he was always given that way—and, I am sorry to say, he used to beat his wife. Sometimes my blood has boiled, and I have walked away for fear that I should interfere. However, I used to cheer up the missus as well as I could, and nurse the little girl, and they both grew to like me very much.

"One night, at a place called Peddlethorpe, we had no audience at all. We were without money, and were asking each other what we should do, when the squire's son and a lot of young gentlemen came in and asked us to perform for them, which we did; and they gave us a couple of sovereigns, and, more than that, asked us to supper at the hotel. After supper the squire looked at one of our bills of the day, and said, "Hollo! why I see you call yourselves Messrs. J. Ranford and W. Kerr. No wonder you get no audiences. I suppose these are your real names?" We answered that they were.

"'Oh, that'll never do,' he said. 'You must have an *alias*—you musn't let the public suppose that you are Englishmen. It is contrary to the rule of professional etiquette. You must make out that you are foreigners.'

"Well, at that all the gentlemen began to laugh; but it was settled before we broke up that night that, for the future, we were to call ourselves 'The two Foscari—the spineless Siamese of Syria!'

"Well, sir, from that moment Ranford and I began to do well; but I'm sorry to say that our good luck only caused my partner to drink the harder, and, in consequence, to behave more badly to his wife. His child he certainly was very fond of, partly, I think, because he had only known her a short time, for Ranford was one of those men who liked new faces. As soon as he met a stranger he was all life and spirits, and he would do anything or go anywhere to oblige him; but when he had known a man for some time he didn't care for him, but grew cross and contradictory.

"At last we got an engagement at a garden near London, where there was a grand gala night every week, on which occasion a balloon ascended. I scraped acquaintance with the æronaut, and one evening I went up with him. The sensation was singular. I cannot describe it, but I liked it very much. The æronaut showed me how he managed to steer through the air, when to throw out the sand and how to descend. As we were sailing over London he said to me:

"'You couldn't do the slack rope up here, Foscari, could you?'

"'Why not?' I said; and as I spoke the idea flashed upon me what a splendid feature in the programme it would be:—'Perilous performance of the two Foscari Brothers, who will go through their inimitable evolutions on a slack wire suspended from a balloon floating thousands of feet above the surface of the earth!' A balloon, I thought, could bear the weight of two men outside it. The wire could be fastened to the sides of the car, and when at a sufficient height, we could get out and perform.

"As soon as I reached the ground I went to Ranford, who first laughed at the notion, and then agreed to it. The proprietor of the gardens asked us to name our terms. We did so. He tried to beat us down, but at last consented, and we went up and did it!"

I interrupted him by asking if the danger was not extreme.

"Not a bit," replied my patient. "If I fell from a wire fifty feet from the ground, the chances are that I should break my neck; if I fell from a height of fifty miles I could do no more. Then, if our feet miss, we have our hands to hold on by. However, I was saying we went up, and when we had risen a certain distance, we got out of the car and commenced the performance. It seemed odd to me at first, tumbling and swinging in the air, with the gardens and the audience, and the houses and trees such a depth beneath us; but what struck me as being strangest was when we hung head dawnwards, and looked up at the clouds. I used to feel that the earth could not be so very far distant, for, high as we had risen, the sky seemed as far off from us as ever.

"Our performance gave great satisfaction, and was favorably noticed in the daily and weekly papers. We were told that the act that thrilled the audience most was the last one we performed before descending. Ranford, who was a heavier man than I, hung from the rope with his head downward; then, taking hold of both his hands with both mine, I swung by their support; and then by way of climax, I let go my left hand, and hung on only by my right. I never felt the least fear. We knew each other's grip, and it was all right."

"At first the æronaut went up with us, but after a few times we were able to manage for ourselves so well that, had an accident happened to one the other could have got safely down.

"We were earning a great deal of money, but I noticed that Mrs. Ranford looked paler and more careworn every day, and I knew how her husband was conducting himself by that. She often told me that she wished they were poor again, as he had been much kinder in those times.

"One night—I shall never forget it—I was returning from the gardens, and I passed the door of Ranford's lodgings, little Evalina's nurse ran out to me, and said:

"'For heaven's sake, sir, go in. Master and missus have had a dreadful quarrel, and missus is going to kill herself!'

"I ran into the house. I found the parlor door open. Mrs. Ranford was in the room alone; her back was toward me, but I could see her face in the large mirror that stood over the chimney-piece. She had a razor in her hand and was about to use it on herself when she caught the reflection of my face in the glass. She stopped, turned round, and fell upon the floor in a fit. I picked up the razor, put it in my pocket, and placed the poor woman on the sofa.—Ranford came into the room half drunk, half mad, and scowled at me like a demon.

"I expostulated, and tried to reason with him; but he only made me jeering replies, such as, 'Oh, I understand—better than you think for!' 'I'm not a fool!' 'I have got eyes and can see!' and so on, and I left the house with a heavy heart.

"Next day the nurse girl told me that Ranford was jealous, and that he and his wife had quarreled about me. We ascended that night. He never spoke to me, nor I to him. We both twirled and tumbled up in the air without exchanging a word!

"When we got down I felt inclined to give him a good thrashing for his unjust suspicions; but I kept my temper for the sake of the poor woman, and so we went on for eight or ten days.

"Our next assent took place on the gala night of the United Order of Ancient Toxopholites. It was a still summer night, without a breath of wind. We ascended till the gardens, the streets and the churches looked like Dutch toys, and then got out upon the rope.

"As I took my seat beside Ranford, I noticed that he had been drinking more than usual. He had lately taken to an odd way of shutting his eyes and smiling with his lips tight pressed together, and what with his knit brows, white tights, spangled trunks and the bit of ribbon round his head, with the paste star in the centre, he looked, as he sat swinging backward and forward in the air, more like an evil being than a man

"We went through our performance, all but the last trick. As I was swinging from his two hands the thought came into my head, *if he should not hold on!*

"As I let go with my left hand, and swung only by my right, I heard his voice above me.

"'Kerr,' he said, 'are you guilty or not?'

"I asked him what he meant.

"'You know,' he answered. 'Confess that you have wronged me; speak the truth! They are your last words! I have but to loose my grip, and down you go!'

"I tried to seize his disengaged arm, but he held it above my reach, and put his other in such a position that I could not catch at it, but swung entirely at his mercy.

"I leaped to reach the rope with my feet, and so hang by my heels, but I failed. I shut my eyes, and prayed Heaven to forgive me. Every act of my past life rushed through my brain; at the same time I was perfectly conscious of everything about me—the blue sky, the quiet evening, the rope, the bottom of the car, and Ranford's head [illegible] I should be [illegible] slowly the sand sank from the car, and [illegible] a long, long time I should be dying ere reached the earth.

"I found strength to speak.

"'Ranford,' I said, 'you are mistaken.'

"'You lie!' he answered.

"'If you let go my hand you are a murderer. There will be an inquest.'

"'I don't care.'

"'It is known that there was ill-blood between us,' I continued. 'You may be hanged. Your wife will say how jealous—.'

"'A wife cannot give evidence against her husband!'

"I knew the next moment I should be falling through the air. A spasm shot to my heart. I fancied I saw the bottom of the car rising from me. I felt the grasp of his fingers loosen! With the energy and strength of desperation, I leaped up and caught his wrist with my disengaged hand. I climbed up his body, I know not how, till I reached the perch, and thence into the car, where I lay panting for breath, and trembling like a hare.

"He soon followed me.

"'I frightened you, didn't I?' he said. 'You don't suppose I meant, do you?'

"I made no answer, but prepared for the decent. While arranging the cordage, our hands met. I could not bear his touch. I struck him, and knocked him into the bottom of the car, where he lay growling and swearing till we came to the ground.

"Next morning I called on the proprietor of the gardens, and told him all. To my intense astonishment, he flatly refused to cancel our engagement, and said that our quarrels were nothing to him; that an agreement was an agreement, and business was business; that the performance drew crowds of visitors, and that he insisted on its continuance. I told him that I would not risk my life again, and he threatened me with an action for breach of contract. Shortly after I got an engagement at Glasgow, and left London without either seeing Ranford or his unfortunate wife and child.

"Two years passed away, during which I heard but little of my late partner. While I was performing at Manchester I heard of an old friend of mine, of the name of Coobie, being at a circus in a neighboring town. I took the train and went over to see him.—We dined, and at seven o'clock we went together to the circus. Lounging near the entrance I saw Ranford. He was considerably altered—thinner, and, if possible, more evil-eyed than ever.

"'I know that man,' I said to Coobie.

"I know you do,' my friend replied. 'He calls himself the excelsior, or champion somersault thrower to the world. He is in the bills for a treble somersault to-night.

"You know, sir, that a treble somersault means standing on a spring-board, throwing your heels up, and turning completely round three times in the air before you lightupon your feet. I need not say that it is a very difficult thing to do.

"I said to Coobie, 'It's odd that a man who drinks so hard should be capable of such a feat.'

"'His engagement depends on it' was the reply; 'we're full in every other line. The governor told him that he'd sig articles with him for that, but not for anything else Eh! he sees you.'

"I turned round and saw Ranford walking quickly from us. I entered the circus, and was accommodated with a seat in the orchestra. I could not help thinking of my old partner, and had a strange nervousness upon me as if something was about to happen; but the feeling wore off when Ranford came into the ring. The audience applauded loudly, for he had thrown a treble somersault twice before, and was a favorite in consequence.

"I saw that he was not sober, and I noticed that he had the same little star upon his forehead, that he wore the last time we made an ascent together While the grooms were altering the position of the spring-board he walked up to the orchesta, and, with the old devilish smile upon his face, said to me:

"'You *can't* keep away, then, can't you? you *will* come!'

"'Ranford,' I whispered, 'you'r not yourself to-night; take my advice—don't throw the treble!'

"He swore an oath, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"'You want me to fail, do you? he said. 'Fail when you're here! Hi!—youp—la!'

"He ran up on the spring-board, bowed, and kissed his hands. The music began. He threw several single somersaults, then a double one; then he stopped, and crossed his arms, and looked at me. The audience were very enthusiastic, and he began again, repeated the peformance, and stopped again. There was more applause. Then he turned toward me, smilling, as if he said, 'Now'—and went to work a third time. He made some little preparation—turned over once or twice. The house was so silent that you might have heard a pin drop. He got the spring, and over he went—once, twice. My heart rose in my mouth, for I saw that he had not room to turn a third time. His head came down with a horrible *thud* among the tan and sawdust; and he lay in the ring doubled up and dead!

"A surgeon came out of the boxes, who said that his neck was broken, and that death must have been instantaneous. I fainted When I came to, I saw his body carried out of the ring.

"Well, sir, I was pitched upon to be the bearer of the sad news to the window. I'll pass over that. I was surprised to find that, in spite of his cruel usage, she still was very fond of him. I kissed the child, who [illegible] fine little girl, and retuned to [illegible] of court day. I attended the [illegible] pound behind him. I gave the widow an address that would always find me, and told her to write whenever—when—if she wanted—that is, whenever she required assistance.

"First the poor thing tried to get up a school for children; but that failed, and knowing that she must sometimes be pressed, I often sent to her. I don't know how it came about, but after a long correspondence and a courtship, I married her; and here she comes Evelina; for that's the very woman, sir, and that's the very little girl, and a real beauty she is!'"

THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

From the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, Frederick William, the king of Prussia, fled more than five hundred miles to the banks of the Vistula, in Prussian Poland, where he found refuge in the army of the emperor Alexander. The Russians, amazed by the disaster which had so suddenly overwhelmed their ally, opened their arms to receive the fugitives. Alexander, alarmed, called all his resources into requisition; and from every part of his vast empire troops were on the march to swell the ranks of his army.

Napoleon was a thousand miles from his capital, and the snows of winter already began to whiten those northern hills. If a blow were not immediately struck, the foe might accumulate in such masses, as to fall upon the French in the spring with overwhelming numbers In an address to the troops, which electrified all hearts, the army was inspired with enthusiasm to disregard all fatigue and peril, and again to advance to meet the foe. Through rain, and snow, and miry roads, the wheels, of the ponderous artillery often sinking axle deep, the eager army followed their chieftain.

It required a march of four hundred miles to pass from Berlin to Warsaw. Upon the right banks of the Vistula. Alexander had a force of one hundred and twenty thousand men, whom he was strongly entrenching. It was now the stormy month of December. Through a dreary country of forests, morasses, and bleak plains, the French army pressed on, day by day, occasionally encountering opposition, which they swept before them as the gale sweeps autumnal leaves, until, early in January, the army entered the black forests which frown along the Vistula. Here the French troops encamped to prepare for the spring campaign. Their entrenchments extended along the left banks of the river for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. All the passes of the stream were so occupied as to render surprise impossible.

Comfortable huts were built from the logs of the forest, arranged in regular and neat streets, and supplied with every comfort. Immense convoys of provisions were incessantly arriving, the soldiers being even supplied with several million bottles of wine. The sick and the wounded especially were nursed with the most tender care. Over each hospital a chief overseer was appointed, always supplied with ready money, and ordered to supply the sick with every needed comfort. A chaplain was also appointed over every hospital to minister to the spiritual wants of the sick and the dying. This chaplain was bound to watch over all under his care, and to report to the emperor the slightest irregularity or negligence towards the sick.

Winter brooded drearily over the bleak northern plains, as the month of January passed slowly away. Europe contemplated with wonder the aspect of a French army of nearly two hundred thousand men, encamped in the forests of the Vistula, and yet provided with every comfort. Alexander, with hardy troops accustomed to these frigid realms prepared to attack Napoleon, by surprise, in his winter quarters. But Napoleon was rarely caught napping.—Keeping himself constantly informed of every novement of the enemy, he met them in their stealthy march, and overwhelmed them in the entirely unlooked for assault.—The whole French line was urged impetuously forward, and a series of battles ensued, amidst the drifts and storms of winter, such as the annals of war had never before recorded. In every forest, mountain gorge, and by the bank of every swollen stream, the retreating Russians planted their batteries.

But the French, with impetuosity which nothing could retard, still pressed on, in an incessant storm of battle. The snow, crimsoned with blood, drifted over the dead.—Mutilated forms, frozen to the ice, drifted down the streams to unknown burials. The scene at night was wonderfully sublime. The country was densely wooded. No tents were used. The soldiers hastily constructed from logs and boughs protection from the wind, and with huge camp fires blazing at their feet, slept soundly. These lurid flames gleamed over wide leagues of frozen hill and valley, illumining the landscape with almost a supernatural radiance.

Napoleon had now driven his assailants two hundred and forty miles north from the banks of the Vistula. At length the Russians concentrated their forces, and made a stand, for a decisive battle, on the plains of Eylau. It was the 7th of February, 1807. The pursued and the pursuers were within cannon shot of each other. The night was dark with threatening clouds and [illegible] cold as the [illegible] took their positions on the brow of a gentle swell of land, extending for three miles, and overlooking and commanding a bleak, unsheltered plain, from which the French would be compelled to make their assault. Upon this ridge Alexander spread out his lines of defence, planted his battery of five hundred guns. As the soldiers threw themselves upon the icy ground, for their bivouac, the rising storm commenced its dirge, and sifted down upon them the winding sheet of snow.

Through the drifts and the gloom of this storm Napoleon also led his troops upon the field, and, with characteristic skill, took position for the decisive battle which the morning was to usher in. Two hundred and fifty pieces of heavy artillery were planted to rain destruction upon the dense ranks of the foe. Eighty thousand Russians occupied the ridge. Sixty thousand Frenchmen were spread over the plain below.—Throughout the night there was the murmur of voices and the confusion of military movements as horsemen and footmen selected positions for the battle. The sentinels of the two armies exchanged kindly greetings, and could almost touch each other with their muskets. In these sad hours the spirit of humanity triumped over the ferocity of war, and the soldiers of the two armies, feeling no personal hostility, as they walked their dreary rounds, cheered each other with the interchange of food and wine.

The morning had not yet dawned when the cannonade commenced. Seven hundred pieces of artilery, worked by the most expert gunners, mowed down the opposing hosts upon the hill and the plain. Column after column melted away before the merciless discharges. At the same time a smothering, blinding storm of snow swept the field. The smoke of the bottle, blending with the storm, enveloped the combatants in the gloom of almost impenetrable night. Beneath this sulpurous canopy, where the the flash of the guns could scarcely be perceived, squadrons of horsemen and footmen were hurled against each other.

Thus for eighteen hours the battle raged, one hundred and forty thousand men firing into each other's bosoms. In the midst of the conflict the emperor was informed that a church, which occupied a position deemed of essential importance, had been taken by the enemy. Spurring his horse into the midst of a coulmn of his troops, he said: "We must have that church back again at every hazard." With a shout of *vive l'empereur* the column made a resistless charge, through a storm of bullets upon the foe.—The emperor espied in the ranks an old grenadier, with bloodstained clothes, blackened with gunpowder, and his left arm just torn off by a shell, while drops of blood were fast falling frem the ghastly wound.

"Stay, stay," cried the emperor, "and go to the ambulance and get your wound dressed."

"I will," said the soldier, "so soon as we shall have taken the church," and rushing on with his comrades, he disappeared amidst the smoke and the tumult of the battle.

The twilight of the stormy day gradually gave place to the gloom of night. The storm of battle still raged with undiminished fury. Thirty thousand Russians were already stretched upon the frozen ground.—Ten thousand Frenchmen, the dying and the dead, were also strewed upon the plain. Ten thousand horses had also been struck by the balls. Some were struggling in the convulsive agonies of death, while others, in the wildest terror, were rushing riderless over the plain.

It was now ten o'clock at night, and nearly one-half of the Russian army was destroyed, and all the survivors were exhausted and despodent. At that hour a fresh division of the French army impetuously entered the field. This decided the day. But still the Russians, though retiring, maintained a brave and unbroken front.—The victors, utterly exhausted, sought such repose as could be found, shelterless beneath that wintry sky. Napoleon, according to his invariable custom, traversed the field of battle, to minister, with his own hands, to the wounded and the dying. It was midnight, cold and stormy. Perhaps never before did earth present a spectacle of such unmitigated misery. Frightful was the scene which the dawn of the morning revealed. Nearly forty thousand men, awfully mutilated, were stretched upon the crimsoned snow. A wail of anguish rose from the wounded, which froze every heart with terror, For eight days Napoleon remained at Eylau, until all the sick and wounded were carefully provided for, when he returned to the Vistula. In the spring he again marched forth to the victory of Friedland and the peace of Tilsit.

Great Privilege to be a Farmer.

The following eloquent passage we extract from an address delivered last September by EDWARD EVERETT, at the fair of the Adams, Rodman, and Loraine Union Agricultnral Society in Jefferson county, New York.

Let those of you particularly engaged in the cultivation of the soil bear in mind, more than ever, the duty devolved upon you, as that part of the population who are called upon to provide the daily bread of the rest. Duty, did I say? Regard it rather as your great privilege that, in the mysterious economy of nature, the husbandman is the immediate co-worker with Providence, and learn to look upon the soil, with its recreative powers—the seed with its undeveloped germ of manifold increase, and light, and air—as one vast system of machinery, waiting to be called into action for the sustenance of man, by his own industrious co-operation.

We have all looked with interest and pleasure on some noble factory, filled with ingenious machinery, constructed of metal, and of wood and leather; wheels, and ratchets, and cams—motions direct, reciprocating, and eccentric; cylinders, and spindles, and looms, with all their springs, and screws, and bolts, skillfully fitted, and polished, and oiled and geared, above and below, from the foundation to the roof; the impatient stream idly breaking on the mighty turbine all waiting for the controlling hand of man to move the lever, bid the great water wheel commence is round, and start the entire system into life and action.

So, and with admiration increased by all the superiority of the works of God over the works of man, when we look on the wondrous and beautiful earth, with all its capacities for the supply of human want, the varieties of soil—clay, and lime, and sand—in all their mixtures, enriching loams and marls, organic fertillizers, the bubbling spring and irrigating stream, the sheltering wood and hill, the changing seasons, the strange circulation of vapor, and cloud, and rain, the solar ray shooting from the upper sky, latent heat and electric fire pervading all creation, the marvelous structure of the vegetable world, seed, and root, and stalk, and leaf, and flower, and fruit, and grain, each after its kind, endless in form and quality, the food, the cordial, the medicine, the clothing of man, drawing each its peculiar nutriment from the same soil; we may regard them as forming together one vast system of machinery, waiting for intelligent and industrious man to turn the furrow and scatter the seed, and reap the harvest; and thus give their motion to the mystic spindles from which nature draws but the fibers of vegetable life, and the bountiful looms where she weaves into the tissue of the year, for the comfort and delight of her children, the gorgeous tints of spring and golden fruits of autumn.

NEW PETTICOAT.—A novelty in petticoats has recently been adopted among the fashionables. For all but dress, the white petticoat has been discarded for one of alpaca; and these have a great advantage of the linen or cotton ones, inasmuch as they are lighter and do not loose their stiffness. Of course it is necessary that if the dress be grenadine *barege*, or other clean texture, the petticoat must be of the same color.—are made very full gored, and have a broad black ribbon or velvet above the hem; some times there is a trimming of gathered ribbon put on in vandpkes. The dresses are invariably caught up at the side to show this under petticoat. Where it is not necessary to match the tint of the dress, a stone color is the best shade for wear.

☞ Great men never swell. It is only the empty and light-headed who put on airs. True greatness is always meek and humble.

☞ A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life? "I mind my own business," was the reply.

☞ Never purchase love or friendship by gifts. When thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you stop payment.