A WOMAN'S PROTEST.

As a woman standing all alone
I humbly hope to shine;
I'm tired of the twaddle
Of the oak and ivy vine.
I've seen too many instances
Where nature's law declining,
The vine did the "supporting,"
While the oak did all the "twining.'

Before I'd marry a man and work
For his bread and my own,
Before I'd marry a man who'd place
Himself upon the throne
And claim from me, his "better half,"
Allegiance blind and mute,
I'd marry the merest ape and wait
For him to evolute!

—From the Woman's Journal.

NANNY'S DOINGS.

New England Farmer.

"It beats all nater," remarked Uncle Ephraim Comstock, wiping his mouth on his shirt sleeve, he had just taken a long, satisfying draught from the dripping bucket pulled up from the well. "I declare for it, Betsey, it does beat all nater."

"What?" asked Mrs. Comstock, glancing up; she was shelling early peas in the porch, and her fingers kept on in the work, while her eyes looked at her husband, and her ears listened for what he had to say. "What is beating nater?"

"In the first place to begin with, sech a family as Aaron Pettibone hed?"

Mrs. Comstock laughed, that mellow shaking laugh, peculiar to very stout people, until the tiny green globes dropped into the shining pan in her lap, danced a merry jig from sheer sympathy. Upon the occasion of each successive birth in the Pettibone family, Uncle Ephriam had made the same remark. It had nothing of novelty for his wife, yet she laughed.

"Well, I've hearn you say that afore, Ephraim."

"Wal, it is true enough to be said again," was the rejoiner. "It is a terrible family; seven on 'em, and all gals! And not a boy to kinder keep the name when Aaron is gone, as he is now, poor man. Time was when the Pettibones was as prosperous as any family in the county. I do say it goes agin nater, Betsey, and you can jest laugh, if you want to.

Betsey smiled into her pan of peas.

"I am thinking some of them Pettibone gals won't hev a great sight of trouble about keeping the name," she said.

"Wal, whatever they are going to do is more than I know," continued Mr. Comstock, meditatively snapping a pea pod and shelling its contents in his capacious mouth. "They hev got the house sech as it is, and half an acre a ground; but that won't feed and cloth seven on 'em—all gals. Now if there was a boy—'

"Which there ain't," interrupted Mrs. Comstock, "and mebbe it is a good thing. Only sons ain't mostly dependence, being too fond of themselves."

Meanwhile, in the small, no-colored dwelling which, with the small half acre of land, comprised Aaron Pettibone's sole legacy to his daughters, the seven Misses Pettibone were discussing ways and means; though, to be sure, there was very little choice of ways, and no means to speak of. They were all alone in the world now, since the death of their father a fortnight before, the mother having died a year or more previously. Each one of them wore a tiny knot of crape in her hair.

"We haven't any money, so we cannot afford to buy mourning," Nanny, the fifth Miss Pettibone, had explained to Mrs. Deacon Parmalee, a neighbor. "There are so many of us, you know; and I am not sure papa would have desired it, anyway, so perhaps it is just as well."

But it was her own idea—the wearing of these badges of black—which seemed to give some outward recognition of their bereavement, and the others fell in with her.

They were assembled in the sitting room, that sunshiny, summer day. It was a small room, and very properly, since the furniture, being of the most meagre description, might have been quite lost in a larger apartment. But the curtains, the metamorphosis of a muslin gown anciently belonging to Miss Abigail, the eldest of the seven, blew airily out from the windows, in at which the climbing roses peeped; the little old-fashioned fireplace was filled with branches of evergreen, held up by a pair of brass andirons polished to resplendency; and there were various dainty devices formed of pressed ferns and autumn leaves, together with a great many cost-nothings (else they would scarcely have found a place there), feminine nicknacks, disposed about the room, really redeeming it from the poor, comfortless appearance which it must otherwise have presented.

There was a silence of some minutes following Mrs. Abigail's declaration that,

"Something must be done."

It was broken presently by the youngest of the family, a bright little maiden in the first of her teens, with a very decided talent for music.

"If—if papa's salary could go on, we might do just as we have."

"My dear Bessie," said Angelina, with the not unusual touch of sarcasm in her tones, "do be sensible. There is no 'if' in the matter."

Angelina was the second Miss Pettibone, and she had long since turned the first "old maid's corner," as Bessie expressed herself. She stood beside Abigail now. Abigail was short and brown, with snapping black eyes, and hair in which threads of gray were beginning to show. Angelina was tall and blonde, with a certain thinness of form and voice which gave promise of sharpening into angularity and sourness.

Bessie's brow contracted, and there were signs of an approaching storm. Nanny put an arm around her.

"Never mind, baby," she whispered, and just then Miss Abigail cleared her throat to speak.

"Deacon Parmalee has offered me the school at Four Corners for a year," she said. "The salary is very small. I can manage nicely for myself, but—"

"You can't help support the rest of us," said Angelina, with no small degree of ascerbity. "Well, it is 'each one for himself,' as the children say. And I shall marry Mr. Briggs."

For an instant there was a shocked silence, like the lull which always precedes the tempest, and then the chorus of expostulations began

"Oh, Angie!"

"That old widower!"

"And those six children!"

"I wouldn't, Angelina!" said the eldest sister, shortly.

"No, I presume not," retorted Angelina. "Neither would a certain quasi historical personage commonly denominated Jack, partake of his evening meal, Abbie."

Miss Abigail, though she reddened, smiled a little contemptuously.

"Well, you must please yourself," she said. "We must all do what we think for the best."

"Yes," Gertrude, the third sister, a tall, dark-haired girl of twenty-four years, broke in, "and Bertha and I have spoken of going down to Scovill. Mr. Howe has advertised for girls to sew on pants and coats. He gives three dollars a week, at first, and we thought, Bertha and I, that we could hire a room and get along on that until we could do something better. We used to see Mrs. Howe, you know. She was Marie Illsley. And Bertha——"

Bertha spoke then. She, too, was tall and slender and dark haired; and she was Gertrude's junior by three years.

"I thought—I think I will try authorship—writing for the papers," she said. "I am sure I would like it."

"I hope you may succeed," said Miss Abigail, but with the expression of doubt in look and tone. She was not interested in literary pursuits herself; the school at Four Corners would require little beyond a general knowledge of the three R's. Then she cleared her throat again. "I am sure we might do very well for ourselves, but there are Nan and Bessie—and Jeannette."

There was a pause—a painfully long silence which everything kept but the old eight-day clock on the mantelpiece. Jeannette—poor little paralyzed Jeannette—gazed up from her resting place on the springless, chintz-covered lounge, with great deprecating eyes, out of which she seemed to look, through a glimmer of tears, an apology for being at all. Bessie stared at a faded portrait of Washington hanging above the mantel, with a sort of angry defiance, as if, somehow, the Father of his Country were chargeable with all her difficulties. And Nanny—well, Nanny looked into Jeannette's big eyes, and stooping, kissed her forehead with a great deal of tenderness; it was only her way, but the look went straight to Jeannette's troubled little heart, carrying with it comfort and blessing.

"It is to be expected that Bessie must give up her music," said Miss Abigail, regretfully. "Mrs. Davidson wants a girl to look after her baby, for her board and clothes; and if Bessie——"

"Or she might come with me," interposed Angelina.

"Not for Joseph—Briggs!" Bessie flashed, adding the last word hastily, as she caught Nanny's disapproved glance. "There'll be so many, you know, Angie. I'd rather—oh, dear, I'd rather take care of Mrs. Davidson's baby!"

"And we must get Jeannette boarded in as pleasant and inexpensive a place as possible," continued Miss Abigail; "and each one of us must put by something for her living. The rent of the cottage can go towards that, too. It is the only way I see at present. I haven't thought much about Nanny, because—she is so willing and capable that more than one home will be opened to her."

Nanny dropped a smiling little courtesy, though her eyes were misty with unshed tears. She was but seventeen years old, this fifth Miss Pettibone, a plump, brown-eyed girl, with round cheeks, full, red lips, and a pleasant voice, which her father had likened to the singing of a brook.

"You might turn story-writer, too," said Gertrude. Everybody said your school compositions were splendid."

"It isn't 'of course,' that I could earn my bread and butter by writing for the story-papers," returned Nanny, brightly. She paused a moment. "Abbie, will you give me the rent of the place for Jeannette's board?"

"No one would take her for that."

"I would!" Nanny's full lips closed determinedly; "and I will. Poor little Jean; it will nearly kill her to go away among strangers. And Bessie shall stay, too," she added, hastily, as if she feared an opposing interruption; and there shall be a home here for all, whenever you choose to come to it."

The four oldest sisters were breathless with astonishment, but Jeannette's eyes shone like two very bright stars, and Bessie was executing a little pirouette in a corner of the room. Nanny herself looked every inch capable of bearing up Atlas-like, the whole world on her shoulders.

"But how?" asked Miss Abigail, recovering herself.

"Dr. Greenlan is going abroad," said Nanny, speaking very distinctly, "and he wants to sell or let his apiary of twenty-five hives; I shall take them—that is one thing. Then I shall turn our half acre of land into a strawberry patch—all but just enough to raise our vegetables on—and then I shall send the strawberries to market that is another thing."

"It is too late for strawberries," said Angelina, "and the bees will sting you."

"You're a regular Job's comforter," returned Nanny, with a half-hysterical little laugh. "I will prepare the ground, and set my vines this summer and fall; and Dr. Greenlan says he will show me about managing the bees. In the meantime, before my income begins to come in," and Nanny laughed, "I will manage some way, never fear. Perhaps I may even borrow Mrs. Johnson's sign,

'WASHING & IERNING DONE HEAR.'"

There was the light of an earnest purpose in Nanny's eyes, and a look of determination on her bright face, quite at variance with her playful tone, and the badinage she uttered.

"You're a trump, Nanny Pettibone!" said the tall Gertrude, with more force than elegance, and the rest of us are selfish nobodies! If that three dollars won't stretch, I'll pull it in two."

"Don't," said Nanny, merrily; but she presently gave Gertrude's hand a very loving squeeze under cover of her ruffled apron. "It is only that you didn't see it quite as I do," she said. "I believe I've been thinking of this ever since papa died—and even before; for I asked him one day if I could not try the strawberries, and so perhaps help him a little, poor papa! But he kissed me, and smoothed my hair," Nanny's eyes grew humid, "and asked me if I didn't get butter enough on my bread."

"But suppose you fail?" queried Angelina, returning to the subject.

"Then I shall know I tried," said Nanny, briefly. "But I shall not. I haven't very large eyes, Angie; I expect a great many drawbacks—at first—but I have counted the cost, many a night, as I lay thinking it over, and I am very sure we could live—Jeannie, and Bess and I, with economy and not too much plum pudding, on one hundred dollars a year, and Dr. Greenlan tells me that he received more than twice that sum from the sale of swarms and honey last year."

"It wasn't a good year for bees, either," cried the irrepressible Gertrude.

And more," continued Nanny, "there will be a home here for you, as there always has been."

"Bless you, Nanny, said" Miss Abigail, wiping her eyes furtively; but she found a great deal to say against the project before she finally consented to a trial of it.

And there were drawbacks, Nanny found. It was no slight task, that which she had taken upon herself; and sometimes she almost lost her courage. The house was very lonely when Abigail had gone to her school, Gertrude and Bertha to Scovill, and Angelina had assumed charge of Mr. Briggs and his household—an event which shortly happened. But she found plenty of employment for herself, and the neighbors were very kind, and took much interest in having her little venture prove a success; and a great deal of plain sewing found its way to the cottage, which might, perhaps, have been done as well and expeditiously at home.

Deacon Parmalee, too, who kept the corner store, and whose eyes were failing him unaccountably, sent her a good many odd bits of copying to do—for Nanny wrote a large, round hand, quite unlike the slim, singular chirography now so fashionable.

"'Tis plain as print," said the Deacon, "and I won't be bothered reading my own pot hooks, when I can get such as hers." And he paid her well.

So they lived through the summer, these three, in the little no-colored house, and Bessie did not give up her lessons nor practice. The bees were assiduously looked after, and Nanny soon became very expert in the care of these tiny, intelligent creatures. It must have been, as Gertrude would have expressed it "a good year for bees," for when the sale came, Nanny's stock had more than doubled, and the whole number of swarms had made a very large amount of honey.

The autumn brought Miss Abigail home to spend a vacation; Gertrude and Bertha came, too, for a little season of rest from their work, and Nanny's sweet face beamed with pleasure and grateful pride, as she went over with them all the account of her summer's work.

"I have sold fifteen swarms at ten dollars apiece," said she; "and Deacon Parmalee will take 300 pounds of honey at twenty-five cents a pound. And the strawberries—Squire Bartlett gave me all the cuttings I had a mind to take, since he would throw them away, and Bessie and I put them out with scarcely any cost, except of time. Jeannie, well, I shall not tell you what Jeannie is doing. Oh, girls! Oh, Abbie! I am so happy, and proud of everything! If I can do half as well next year, I shall be almost satisfied; though I'm afraid I shall run ahead of my one hundred dollar limit. And don't think I forget to be glad that Bertha has got a story accepted, and that Abbie's scholars love her dearly, and that Gerty can ply the goose even more dexterously than the tailor himself. I am glad for us all, not excepting Angie, for I do think she enjoys marshalling her six bright little Briggses at home and abroad."

It was four years after this, and not long ago, when Uncle Ephraim Comstock, depositing two brimming pails of milk upon the dairy table as he spoke, said:

"It does bent all nater to see that little Nanny Pettibone goin' round among her bees. She's got risin' a hundred hives, 'col'nies' she calls 'em, now, and it takes 'bout all her time to tend to 'em. I was by there this afternoon, and I declare for't ef I hadn't seen the place for a year, I wouldn't have knowed it. She's bought the two-acre lot jinin' her'n, Miss Nanny has, an' sowed it to alsike for a bee pasture, an' its jest a hummin' with 'em. She says she lost consider'ble many swarms last winter, but she don't mean to do it agin. I tell ye, Betsey, it's wonderful! An' she's no more afeered of their needlepints than nothin' at all. Seems as if they know her, on' never think of stingin'. She says 'tis because she ain't noways afeered of 'em. An' her strawberry patch is good for sore eyes, now I tell ye!"

"Them gals 'pear to slide along easy like, too," observed Mrs. Comstock, carefully lifting her milk pans into the "screen." "There is Gertrude, she's married consider'ble well, down to Scovill, an' Bertha lives 'long o' her—she's dabblin' in ink, mostly, I've heard say. An' Abigail's hum, now."

"Yes," said Uncle Ephraim, "an' she's goin' to stop at hum from this out, bein's they have sent 'Lizbeth to Bostin to some new fangled kind of a music college. An' that lame one more'n earns her keepin' paintin' posies an' birds on fans an' sich things. Lord bless ye, she'll paint a bunch of bachelor buttons so that ye'd a'most think ye could pick 'em up. Deacon Parmalee says it's a wonderful talent. He's as proud of them gals as if they were his'n."

"'Twas all Nancy's doings," was the reply. "Jeannette's got a talent to paint, to be sure, but 'twas hid in a napkin, so to speak, till Nanny found it out and undone it."

"Yes," rejoined Uncle Ephraim, with a hearty thump of his fist upon the table; "she is a good girl, is Nanny, and I ain't sorry to hear that she's bespoke to young Squire Bartlett"

"Bein' as she's eanamost as good's a boy into the family, ain't she?" queried Betsey, archly.

"Wal," Ephraim said, with a deliberate smile, and retreating towards the door, "I don't know's I've any call to jedge, bein's Aaron Pettibone didn't never hev no boy. But I'm free to say that Nan's doin' toler'ble well—for a gal!"

To Hear Gladstone.

We remained in Liverpool until Monday evening to hear Mr. Gladstone's speech, writes Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in the August Brooklyn Magazine, and accordingly, two hours before the meeting was to open, we started for the large hall where the "grand old man" was to address the populace. Even at that early hour we found entrance difficult. As Mr. Beecher's ticket placed him on the platform, we parted company at the door, and committing us to the care of Maj. Pond, he left with no fear that with such a stalwart attendant we should have any difficulty in reaching the seats our tickets called for But at the first step we were hemmed in by a crowd such as we never met before. Every one has read and heard of the densely packed English crowds which can be gathered on special occasions, and of the compact and irresistable power which an English mob can show. We thought we knew something of its meaning But our poor gifts of description utterly fail us here. Heaven defend us from being ever so closely wedged in again! No room to take one step; packed so crushingly that the chest has not room to expand sufficiently to enable us to draw one full breath. But the crowd behind pressed with ever increasing power on those who were held immovable in front, and inch by inch bore them forward, utterly powerless to resist. It is well for all that the packing was so effectually done that there was no room to fall or hundreds must have been crushed to death. Maj. Pond's great height and broad shoulders alone kept us from suffocation; and at last, when well-nigh exhausted, we were lifted over the rope that barred an entrance and dropped into our seat, where for an hour and a half we sat, before the meeting was opened, watching the terrible struggle of others, less fortunate, vainly attempting to force their way to some resting-place Once inside the building, there was no escape; it was just as impossible to return as to go forward.

At last the surging mass of human beings became partially stationary. There was no longer room to move; resistance was in vain. Then, one by one, those who were to occupy the platform emerged from their well guarded waiting room and came on to the platform. With each fresh arrival that huge assembly broke into cheers and shouts. We had just passed the ordeal of a British crowd; now we were to learn the strength and endurance of British lungs. We have, in our day, heard some cheering and shouting in America, but we must humbly yield the palm in this particular to our brethren across the water. We have certainly at last seen and heard all that can be accomplished in an enthusiastic English gathering. If actuated by angry, discordant passions, how fearful must have been the results!

Webster's Last Fourth-of-July Oration.

Thirty-five years ago Daniel Webster, then secretary of state, delivered the last of his Fourth-of-July addresses. It was at the city of Washington on the occasion of President Filmore's laying the corner stone of the capitol extension in the presence of a great multitude of people.

Mr. Webster loved to get up soon after dawn, and salute the rising sun. He was fond of the early morning. When he was at his country home in Marshfield, he would burst into the room of a sleeping friend, and cry out, "Awake, sluggard, and look upon this glorious scene! The sky and ocean are enveloped in flames!" So, when he began his speech, he broke naturally into morning salutation:

Fellow citizens, I greet you well. I give you joy on the return of this anniversary, and I felicitate you also on the more particular purpose of which this ever memorable day has been chosen to witness the fulfillment. Hail! All Hail!

"I see before and around me a mass of faces, glowing with cheerfulness and patriotic pride. I see thousands of eyes turned toward other eyes, all sparkling with gratification and delight. This is the new world! This is America! This is Washington! And this is the capital of the United States! And where else among the nations can the seat of government be surrounded, on any day of the year, by those who have more reason to rejoice in the blessings they possess? Nowhere, fellow citizens! Assuredly, nowhere! Let us, then, meet this rising sun with joy and thanksgiving!"

With these glad words, Mr. Webster began an oration which was suffused with foreboding. The dread of disunion was in his mind, and he spent his strength in advising charity and moderation in the discussion of the subject that divided the country into two "sections," more or less hostile.

At the close of his address, full of weighty fact and eloquent pleading, he sounded again the joyful and triumphant note which he had touched first:

"Fellow citizens, take courage! Be of good courage! We shall come to no ignoble end. We shall live, and not die! During the period allotted to our several lives, we shall continue to rejoice in the return of this anniversary!"

Even so.

A Good Man's Tenderness.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system. George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been left open a long time because of the great heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew at the time what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all its might, again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He at once went to the room and opened the window to see. The window opened, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest—that little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable horror. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little young ones—mother and young all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it; but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At that time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.

Dancing Dervishes.

Saturday Review.—We can fully sympathize with the feelings with which those who conduct what are called the "religious" newspapers of the more respectable class must regard the mixture of blasphemy and buffoonery whereby, in the pages of the War Cry and in the performances of public meetings, Mr. Booth is accustomed to push the business of the great and lucrative organization of which he is the chief. The disgust which all decent, selfrespecting people must feel at this shameless alliance between quackery and hysterics, is no doubt considerably complicated in the case of the persons referred to with indignation against the noisy band of mountebanks who are thus disgracing the methods of popular religious appeal. From the defensive, or, so to speak, self-protective antagonism which their extravagances have aroused in this quarter, the public may perhaps expect some useful results. It has already, it seems, inspired an enterprising writer on the staff of the Record to achieve, it is said for the first time, the feat of obtaining admission to an all-night meeting of the Salvation Army, and of reporting the same truthfully, it may be hoped, though for this we cannot vouch.

This function began at 10:30 o'clock at night at the Congress Hall, Clapton, and for some three or four hours appears to have been conducted in a comparatively sane fashion. But at 2:15 o'clock it became evident to the observer of the proceedings that the "crisis" was at hand. The "General" said it was "time" for the personal application of what had been set forth." The neighborhood of the "altar"—as he called some trestled tables in front of the platform—was cleared, and all who felt a need of conversion were invited to come and kneel at the altar, and, with some slight mixing of metaphor, to "jump into the cleansing river." The scene that followed, says the writer, defies description. Words fail to picture the "extraordinary and terrible proceedings" that lasted for about on hour and a half. "The vast throng more resembled a horde of lunatics than a band of professedly Christain people. If the inmates of bedlam were to be let loose, I can hardly imagine their conduct would be more extraordinary than that of the Salvationists. The tables were in a few moments surrounded by kneelers, at least eighty persons flocking to them at the first rush. The "General" and his two sons, Bramwell and Herbert, walked on top of the tables, calling for prayer, giving out hymns and generally working up the excitement. In a few minutes the whole of the vast audience was in an inconceivable uproar—singing, shouting, swaying, waving hands and handkercheifs. "One poor fellow was raving on the floor, others thumped on the table with their fists in a kind of wild frenzy, with various exclamatory denunciations or aspirations, while others hugged each other." One of the mass in the course af his prayer kept bawling: "Answer by fire! It's coming! Here's another wave rolling this way!" Another besought God over and over again to "rock this place." The revolting scene here described having lasted for some time, one of the Booths called for "the next batch," and the next batch accordingly came to the tables in, as is usually the case, a more dehumanized condition than the first. The general encouragingly cried, "Take hold of God!" and called for more prayer. The hugging and rolling on the floor were continued, and jumping had now commenced in some parts of the hall. "Calling a young officer out to speak to a penitent, the general rumpled the young man's hair and affectionately kissing him, sent him about his task." The shrieks of some of those who were praying were "perfectly dreadful to listen to. One man kept shouting 'Here's a great big wave coming over us—a wave! a wave! a wave! Thank God! we shall be in the flood directly.' But whether the wave ever came did not appear, as a short pause was made to enable the Scotch contingent to catch their train." (This little touch of sane and canny human nature—the picture of the Scotch contingent "energumenizing" with one eye on the clock—is a positive refreshment in the narrative of these diseased ravings.) More prayer followed, Mr. H. Booth deliberately setting himself to increase the uproar. The jumping which had been going on here and there now became almost universal, "young Booth himself jumping to the tune." Some of the dervishes then "began hitting one another, symbolical doubtless of their fight with the devil." Then with an appropriate transition from frenzy to folly, three negresses were brought in to sing "I want to hear the flipping of the angels' wings," the people shaking their hands in an idiotic fashion" at each repetition of the chorus to represent the flipping; and, it then being past 4 o'clock, "I made haste," the writer says, "to get into the fresh morning air, only too thankful to be released from the most shocking and painful 'religious' meeting that I have ever attended."

His feeling of relief is intelligible; but something more than fresh air is required, in our opinion, for the effective treatment of the distressing cases which he had been watching all night. The person who kept shouting "A wave! a wave! thank God we shall be in the flood directly!" appears to us to have unconsciously indicated the proper remedy. In an older and rougher age of medicine these demoralizing revolts of the lower animal instincts against the reason were regarded as fit subjects for the liberal application of the cold water douche, and we are inclined to believe that we have still something to learn in this matter from our forefathers.

A Church Way of Raising Money.

From the Pittsburg Commercial.

A strawberry and ice cream festival was given in the North Avenue M. E. Church, Allegheny, recently, under the auspices of the Ladies' Society for the benefit of the Wood's Run M. E. Church. A novel and very taking feature was the "humaniphone," which was kept a great secret from all who were not willing to place in the doorkeeper's hand the magic bit of silver which opened the door to the ante-room on the right. Upon entering the room the heads and shoulders of nine young ladies were visible above the screen extending the length of the room. All the young ladies wore masks, and from their necks hung suspended a cord on which was printed a musical note. It did not take long for the audience to discover that the "humaniphone" was simply a human piano. It was played by Miss Nellie Schoyer. With a wand she walked back and forth, and each young lady uttered a different note as she touched them with the wand. In this novel manner Miss Schoyer played "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," and a number of pleasing melodies.

Marriage in Persia.

In Persia a girl marries to fill the place of her husband's confidant and friend; to rule his household, and above all things, to be a mother of children. The marriages of the rich are generally dictated by policy, while those of the middle and lower classes are often arranged by the parents. Love matches are the exception. Persians as a rule try to arrange what they consider suitable matches for their children. Polygamy is the exception and not the rule, and where there are two or more wives there are also two or more establishments. Neither lodgings, money, servants, clothes, nor jewels are held in common, and the only source of contention is the society of the husband. But the wives, instead of being jealous rivals, are usually the best of friends.

While it is true that theoretically a man can be rid of his wife by saying before witnesses, "Thou art divorced," yet practically to obtain a divorce in Persia is almost as difficult as it is in Europe. In Persia the poorest of women do not marry without a settlement, which has to be made good in case of divorce, and at her marriage her relatives exact from the husband an acknowledgment of a far larger portion than is actually paid to him. It is the liability to pay this, the "mehr," that restrains the husband from divorce save on the strongest grounds. In cases where mutual distaste is very strong, and divorce desired by both parties, the matter is simply arranged by the wife agreeing not to exact the whole or even a part of her settlement. There is another safeguard against frivolous divorce; a divorced man or woman does not find it easy to make a respectable marriage.

The marriage of the first cousins is the favorite union. The reason is that the cousins have been acquaintances and friends from childhood, while to all the rest of the world, save her brothers and sisters, the young girl is a veiled mystery; so that, unless there is a mutual disinclination, or too great a disparity of age, the Persian youth looks naturally to the "daughter of my uncle" as his future wife. Often the cousins are betrothed from childhood. As a rule, classes do not mingle in marriage. The sons of merchants wed merchants' daughters, the young tradesman mates with his like, and so with the members of the servant and soldier classes.

But in Persia, as everywhere else, extraordinarily personal attractions soon become known and have their advantage. The beauty of the lower or middle classes need not aspire in vain. The mother of the king's eldest and favorite son, the most powerful man in Persia, was the daughter of a miller, who caught the shah's eye while washing clothes at the brookside. Many a poor and handsome girl is wedded without portion for her beauty's sake.

The young wife does not immediately assume the responsibilities of her position. Carefully tended as a bride for the first year of her wedded life, she willingly remains under the tutelage of her mother-in-law, if she has one, or if she be the daughter of a widow her mother usually accompanies her to her new establishment. Mother-in-law have a better time in Persia than in other countries. There they are regarded as the natural guardians of the inexperienced bride and the proper care-taker of the young mother and her infant offspring. From the mother-in-law are learned the arts of housekeeping. Under her eyes all purchases are made from the huckster or female peddler, for a visit to the bazar by a young wife before she has blessed her husband with children would be considered a scandal among the upper, middle, or tradesman class. Only among the very poor or the villagers does the young wife, save on ceremonial occasions, leave the shadow of her husband's roof-tree during the first year of her marriage.

But the first year of wifehood has passed away, and relatives and friends have been summoned to celebrate the happy birth of a son or daughter. If the former, then indeed is the position of the wife a happy one. She receives the congratulations of her friends and acquaintances and holds high festival. Her husband dignifies her by the title of "Mother of Hassan," or whatever the little one's name may be, and from that day her own name is no longer used. If she is only blessed with a daughter, still she is not cursed with sterility, that terror of the Oriental woman; and she may hope that heaven may yet bless her with a son.

Consulted in all matters, the Persian wife is her husband's trusted confidante and counselor. "But she is veiled, the poor thing, closely veiled!" exclaimed the pitying Englishwoman. Yes, she is veiled. And loath would she be to part with what she looks on as a distinction and a privilege. To her the veil is the badge of modesty, and the token of respectability.

And has she any accomplishments, any education; or is she merely the mother of the children? Many of the Persian middle-class women are highly educated according to oriental ideas. They read and often write poetry; They sing and play as a rule well, and are mistresses of all arts of plain and fancy needlework; cooking is a second nature to them; pastry-making and confectionery are among their pleasures. The accomplishments of the poor ones are naturally of a more useful kind. They are good cooks and bread makers; they make the clothes of the entire household; they often are able to add largely to the daily income by their knowledge of some business or trade, and none of them is idle.—St. James' Gazette.

Extraordinary Showers.

From the Washington Star.

On the 14th of June last the people of Harvard, a town in Clay county, Nebraska, were startled by a rain storm, which was accompanied by a fall of fishes, apparently from the sky. These fishes, which were alive, fell in large quantities. Many of them were picked up by residents of the place and preserved in aquaria or in alcohol. Mr. May, fish commissioner of the state of Nebraska, happening to be in the neighborhood of Harvard, secured some of the fishes, and as he had business with Prof. Baird in this city, brought the fish with him to Washington for the purpose of having their identity fixed. A Star reporter inspected the fish in Dr. Tarleton H. Bean's laboratory next the Smithsonian. There were half a dozen young fish about an inch and a half in length each, preserved in alcohol.

"We often hear of its raining fishes," said Dr. Bean, as the Star reporter examined the bottle containing the fishes. "This is a case about which there is no doubt, and which proves that the story about showers of fish are not mythical. I am glad that we have had opportunity, not only to prove the fact that fishes are rained down, but to investigate and explain what appears to be out of the natural order of things. These fish prove to be a common species of that region—the fat-head or black-head minnow. How did they come to fall from the clouds? The explanation is simple. They had been taken up from a stream or pond by cyclonic action and carried through the air until the force of gravity or the rain storm overcame the lateral motion and they descended with the rain to the ground. As the fish were alive it is probable that they came from a stream near the town. A cyclone, though, would take a quantity of water up in a mass, and the fish might be carried some distance alive. These minnows are hardy and can live under most precarious circumstances. They live in sluggish streams and have been found in water having a large percentage of salt. We had one that came from an artesian well, so they probably adapt themselves to almost any conditions, and hence it is not surprising that they have a very wide range, or distribution.

"This theory of cyclonic action," continued the doctor, "explains the distribution of some species of fish over regions sometimes separated by natural obstacles, and which cannot easily be accounted for otherwise. The young fish are carried through the air and deposited in other streams. This theory is more important when we consider that many regions which have no cyclonic action now may have had it in earlier periods. Fish of exactly the same species will be found in places far distant from each other. The long-nose sucker common here is found in Alaska. The round whitefish or shadwaiter of the New Hamshire lakes is found in the Yukon river in Alaska, and also in the island of Kadlak, sixty miles from the shore. The little fish known as silversides, the brook silversides, has been known for years in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Lately it has been found in North Carolina and Florida, in an entirely different water system, separated by a mountain chain from its original habitat. Other instances of a similar character could be mentioned and need an explanation, which is afforded by the now established fact that fishes are transported by cyclones. Might not the cyclone be a valuable auxiliary to the fish commission?" continued Dr. Bean, with a smile, repeating the question of the Star reporter. "Well, I am afraid it would be like a bull in a china shop. If we could only harvest the cyclone, now, it might be of some service. It is a wonder that this theory of cyclonic action as an agent in the distribution of species has not received more attention. It has scarcely been mentioned, except by Dr. Stearns."

Dr. Robert E. C. Stearns, in a paper on fossil shells of the Colorado desert, in mentioning agencies and methods of distribution, spoke of tornadoes and waterspouts acting as distributing agents, taking up the waters of lakes and streams and transporting them, with their contents a great many miles.

A Lion Tamer's Escape.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The fascinated Englishman who is said to have followed about for ten years, Bidel, the celebrated lion tamer, and to have watched his every performance in the expectation of witnessing the inevitable accident, has at last met with a part of his reward. A few nights ago Bidel was attacked and disarmed by his performing lion Sultan, who fourteen years ago signalized his arrival in Paris by killing a man. The brute stood over his master and proceeded to get to work with his claws, when Bidel raised himself, and getting well under Sultan, by an almost superhuman strength, hurled him off through the open door of a cage, which was promptly closed. It was found that the tamer had seventeen wounds on his neck and shoulders; but notwithstanding he presented himself before the spectators, streaming with blood as he was, and proposed to continue the exhibition, and show that he and not Sultan was really master. This was, of course, not permitted; but the performances have recommenced, and the Englishman, if he is not released from the spell, will probably still have extensive opportunities of studying the ways of performing lions.

A Wife Beater's Punishment.

The citizens of Waterford, Pa., recently improvised a dripping-post for a young man who was seen whipping his wife, a bride of only a few weeks, for breaking a plate. The matter was reported to a fire company to which he belonged. A false alarm was rung that night. He repaired to the scene of the supposed fire, was quickly seized by three of the men, while others secured a crockery crate, under which he was placed; a swift stream of water was turned on the victim, and a crowd of 500 men and women witnessed the sport. After he had been nearly drowned he was released and sneaked to his home. The firemen then publicly expelled him from the department. Later in the evening he was expelled in disgrace from the United Workmen and the Town Club. His father is a well-known merchant of the village and the young man clerked in the store. Next day he was notified to leave town.

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