

THE LONG DREAM.
January Atlantic.
The summer will come with a fresh perfume
Where all the brown leaves are lying,
And the windy air with a bluish bloom,
Like a shuttle blown through a silken loom,
In the delicate foliage playing.
The morning will gather its colors anew,
As sweet as a girl's promise,
Of green and golden and rose and blue,
To weave fresh violets out of the dew
As bright as the ones stolen from us.
As I lie at ease in my last repose,
Like the counting of sense that inward flows,
I shall feel in the blush that dyes the rose
And the germ when its husk is cloven.
And the rootlets find their way under-ground
Through the tolls of the season's malice,
Fill I know how the coil of sense is wound
To the far-off stars in the depths profound,
Where Earth seems a golden palace. ¶
But you will not know of the watch I keep
Where the flow of the senses all pass,
Like a dreamer, who hears the stir and creep
Of the wind, while gently I lie asleep
Under the broad-leaved catalpas.

HISTORICAL.
Who Commanded at Bunker Hill?

Chicoma Gazette.
In the issue of the *American Friend*, printed and published by Royal Prentiss at Marietta, O., January 22, 1819, I find the above important question fully discussed, and if the evidence may be accepted, definitely settled. The writer of the article is Israel Putnam, grandson of Major-General Israel Putnam. The evidence introduced is that of General Putnam himself as reported by his grandson, the writer of the article. Of the battle the article says: "A particular and circumstantial account of which the writer of this had from General Putnam. Having lived in familiarity in the same house with him about five of the last years of his life, and attended him, * * * I will lay before you an account of the battle of Bunker Hill from the mouth of General Putnam himself as follows: That he commanded at the Battle of Bunker Hill. That he was the only one on horseback in the battle that day. That he rode from place to place, giving orders to the men not to fire a shot until he should give the signal. That they should not fire until they could see the color of their eyes and the buckles in their shoes. That they should aim at the white jackets of the officers, and at their breasts. That they should fire diagonally at the ranks so as not to lose a shot. That the British marched up in columns within pistol shot when he gave the signal to fire, when a dreadful volley was poured into the British columns, which strewn the ground with dead and wounded. That the British retreated and formed, and marched up the second time, when they met the same fate as at the first, and retreated the second time, and being reinforced they marched up, and were kept off until our ammunition was nearly expended, and receiving no reinforcements, was ordered and expected, though they were in sight, and being overpowered by such superior numbers, he ordered a retreat." As a confirmation of these statements the writer gives a conversation which he overheard at the house of Joseph Putnam, a cousin of General Putnam, as follows: "Joseph Putnam said that the British officers took possession of the chamber over their heads. That after the return from the Battle of Bunker Hill he heard them curse you (General Putnam) bitterly. That they lost 100 officers that day." General Putnam replied: "That it was his order and aim to destroy the officers of that day." The above conversation took place (being present with General Putnam in the house of Joseph Putnam, Boston) in September, 1786.

How a Bonaparte Got a Wife.

I told you months ago, writes a correspondent of the *New Orleans Picayune*, that a Princess Jeanne Bonaparte was attending a drawing class in the Fine Arts school, with the hope of winning a livelihood by pencil. She found wealth not only for herself but for all her family there. Fortune put for her side a charming girl of her age. Neighborhood led to acquaintance. Princess Jeanne is a pleasing tomboy; her roughness, outspoken tongue, boldness, offer such frankness that one is disposed to forget that delicacy and reserve are woman's brightest ornaments. Acquaintance ripened into intimacy, for both pursued the same ideal and both were Princesses, one by veins the other by purse. Princess Jeanne's brother came to escort her home—her home a chamber, next to the servants' chambers in an aristocratic mansion. He liked his sister's friend at first sight. She liked him; liking soon grew to love when he found that her grand hand held \$4,000,000 and she found that his hand held a princely crown to the plain gold ring on fourth finger of the left hand. He could not ask for that hand—his name was all his fortune—could only sound that hand's hopes and ambition. A common friend was sent to Mme. Blanc, the lady's mother. There was no objection. The lady's father on his deathbed said to her: "My darling, I leave you more than a princely fortune. You will be eagerly courted. Give your hand only to a man ambitious to serve his country to the best of his ability. Don't marry one of society's drones." While Mme. Blanc loved Prince Roland, still as marriage was a contract which only death could dissolve, Mme. Blanc thought it judicious, before letting her daughter say the irrevocable "I will," that sometimes should be given to reflection and change of scene should be appealed to remove the impression Prince Roland had made were it only superficial. Mme. Blanc and daughter visited Switzerland

and northern Italy. The tour lasted three months. Mother asked daughter on their return to Paris if she still was disposed to listen lovingly to Prince Roland's prayer; and getting "Aye," for answer, summoned the Prince, and gave him daughter and blessing. It was determined to make the wedding brilliant; the bride was to become the grand niece of Caesar and a whole line of Kings, grand-daughter to Laetitia. Surely such a marriage is no every day occurrence. One hundred thousand dollars were spent on the bride's outfit. The marriage was celebrated at St. Roch on November 17th.

Historical Repetitions.

That history repeats itself is an ancient truism. It is, however, interesting to note how many great events have been duplicated, as it were, by shadowy imitations, and how many novelties are but "new toots (i. e. tunes) on old horns," as King Jamie expressed it. As years pass away the imitations frequently drop into obscurity. Every one has heard of Charlotte Corday, but few people remember Cecile Renault, the young girl who attempted to follow in her footsteps. This young woman presented herself repeatedly at the house of Robespierre, urgently endeavoring to gain admittance to him; but Marat's fate had probably made his colleague suspicious, and the police searched a parcel Cecile carried. It contained two knives, and from this and other circumstances there appears but little doubt that the young girl shared Charlotte Corday's enthusiasm, as she eventually did her fate. Cecile Renault was guillotined on the charge of an intention to assassinate.

Joan of Arc is a familiar historical character; but only a vague memory survives of that "woman of Bari, named Catherine," who at the same time as the maiden of Domremy was urging her father to assist her in her "mission." She gave out that she also had "beheld visions of fair ladies with crowns of gold, who bade her go through France seeking swords and men-at-arms for the Dauphin." This "Catherine" never appears to have gained the belief of her neighbors, in spite of her promise that her "fair ladies" would "reveal hidden treasures" to her followers; and she is now only remembered as a kind of feeble shadow of the famous Maid of Orleans. If Fuller is to be believed, one of the most curious instances of this kind of historical repetition occurred in the thirteenth century. It is stated that so universal was the crusading enthusiasm at this era, that in 1213 no less than 80,000 children set out for the Holy Land. This "Child's Crusade" was organized by two worthless monks, who designed to sell their deluded victims as slaves in Africa. According to the story, nearly all the ships containing the young enthusiasts were wrecked off the coast of Italy. A few vessels reached Africa, where the unhappy children were sold as slaves and carried into the interior of the country; some of the ships were driven into the port of Genoa, where some of the young crusaders were rescued and restored to their parents. Two merchants of Marseilles are said to have been executed for complicity in this crime.

Few inventions or ingenious contrivances are absolutely new. It is not long since there was an account in the papers of a successful cure effected at one of the London hospitals by checking an apparently fatal hemorrhage from a place where it was impossible to apply bandages. The medical students took it in turn to keep the wound closed by the pressure of a finger, relieving each other at intervals throughout the day and till the place healed over. This contrivance was mentioned as a novelty, but the same treatment was successfully practiced over two hundred years ago, when the prince of Orange ("Silent William") was wounded in the neck by an assassin. Juan Jauregui. It was impossible to apply bandages to stop the bleeding without suffocating the patient, but a young surgeon named Botall applied the same method of gentle pressure by a finger, and saved the Prince's life.

Runnymede.

In this memory-abounding region there is not a single spot, except Windsor Castle itself, richer in historical interest than Runnymede. But it is precisely the world's most famous spots which bear least token of what they really are. Upon the flat, unpicturesque meadow lands that encircle the old city of Leipsic, the great battle which changed the history of Europe has left no trace whatever. Amid the barbaric splendor of Moscow, it is hard to remember that many men still living have seen it one red chaos of flaming ruin. The trim white streets and dainty gardens of Lisbon suggest no memory of that grim November day when massive cathedrals leaped jibbly from their foundations, and whole streets fell like packs of cards. In the same way a foreign traveler might cross Runnymede a dozen times without seeing anything to remind him that he was traversing the scene of the greatest event in the early history of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Turning away from the stately procession of oaks, three miles in length, which forms the "Long Walk" of the Royal park, you strike into the old Windsor highway, and bending round to the right, the "Royal Tapestry House," (where the new hangings of Windsor Castle are being embroidered with designs from Tennyson,) and come out on the road to the town of Staines, five miles away. Thence, through a succession of tall hedges, low thatched cottages, wide-green meadows, slouching laborers in dingy smockcoats, and all the other features of a genuine English land-

scape, you emerge suddenly upon the shore of the Thames, which rolls its swift, smooth current between flat gravelly banks, relieved here and there by dark clumps of thicket. So low, indeed, are both sides of the river at this point, that in more than one place they are completely under water, giving an unpleasant significance to the information afforded by a moldering finger-post that this road leads to Staines, "except when the water is high." To the right Cooper hill surges up against the sky in one great wave of green sloping turf, dappled here and there with sombre evergreens, through the clustering leaves of which the red brick walls and antique chimneys of several quaint, old-fashioned houses peer down at us like ambushed soldiers. Half-way up the hillside the white, many-windowed front of a stately manor-house looks out over a smooth, green lawn, sentinelled by the mighty elms for which the country is famous. On the left, beyond the river, lies Runnymede, a vast desolate expanse of bare, brown plain which, framed in a distant background of skeleton trees and leafless hedges, with the cold gray sky of winter above, and a dead, grim silence brooding over all, has a stern picturesqueness of its own harmonizing well with its formidable historical renown.

Amid such surroundings and under such a sky, it needs no great power of fancy to call up the whole scene again. There stand the grim Norman Baron, in their shining ring-mail, leaning significantly upon the huge two-handed swords, which formed the sole idea of political argument. There are the stalwart men-at-arms clustered around their masters, with ready weapons, and a look of stern, business-like satisfaction on their scarred, bearded faces. There, behind them, crowd the low-browed Saxon villagers, in their flat caps and leathern jerkins, with a momentary gleam of joy upon their hard visages at the sight of one tyrant prostrated by another. And there, in the midst of all, appear the narrow, cruel eyes and cold, sensual mouth of John of Anjou himself, distorted by a frenzy of mingled terror and rage.

ZERO'S HISTORY.

The Accident by Which Degrees Were Conferred on the Weather.

"Zero," on the common thermometer, like the fanciful names of the constellations, is a curious instance of the way most men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself (zero) comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty, hence, nothing. In expressions like "90 degrees Fahr.," the abbreviation "Fahr." stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Danzig, on the Baltic Sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of the year. And that day was the coldest the oldest inhabitant could remember, Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature in the world, either natural or artificial. He called the degree zero, and constructed a thermometer or rude weather-glass, with a scale graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down to the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded a one hundred and eightieth on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

Time showed that this arrangement, instead of being truly scientific, was as arbitrary as the division of the Bible into verses and chapters, and that these two points no more represented the real extremes of temperature than "from Dan to Beersheba" expressed the exact extremes of Palestine.

But Fahrenheit's thermometer had been widely adopted with its inconvenient scale, and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself up to science.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are England, Holland and America. Russia and Germany use Reaumur's thermometer, in which the boiling point is counted 80 degrees above the freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling point 100 degrees from freezing point. On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be obtained when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 or 1000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.

An Actor-Preacher.

Charley Parsons, who was forty years ago a famous actor in Louisville, Ky., was a vigorous and handsome young man, and the promise of his genius was then as bright as Forrest's or Booth's. After a few years of active stage life a change came over the spirit of Parsons' dreams and at one jump he bounded to the extreme of social limits—from an actor to a preacher. At that date a Methodist church was situated on Fourth street in Louisville, and a theatre was just around the corner on Jefferson street, and an announcement for one night was Richard III., with Parsons as the humpbacked tyrant. The audience had assembled at the theatre, and there was a crowded house. The first act was called, when it was reported

that Parsons was not on hand. In those days it was not an unusual thing for prominent actors to be missing at the time for the performances to commence, and several jokes are told of managers having to take their principal actors out of pawn before the curtain could be rung up. So the absence of Parsons was not a surprise. The mystery was, "Where is he?" No one could answer the question, and all the attaches of the theatre were sent out to search for him. No one ever thought of looking in a church for a missing actor, but it was there that Parsons was found. The stage carpenter stated the case to the sexton of the church, and learning that the missing man was on the inside, went in. The carpenter spied his man near the front seat, and, walking rapidly up the aisle, touched him on the arm and said, "First act's called, sir."

Parsons looked around in utter surprise; in his devotion the theatre had gotten clear out of his thoughts. "What's the play?" he asked. "Why, 'Richard,' sir," was the answer. And the reply came: "Tell them that Richard plays another part to-night!" The carpenter hurried to the theatre with the report that Parsons was at the church and gone crazy. The theatre people at once invaded the church, and after much talk and argument, Parsons played Richard for the last time. Soon afterwards he left the theatre for good, and though many years from that was one of the most prominent ministers of Louisville. At times he was rather hard in speaking of the theatre, but through all the days of his life he cherished friendships that had their beginning at the old "City Theatre." Parsons played a wide range of characters during his career upon the stage.

A Confederate Christmas.

J. D. McCabe in the *American*.
Christmas day, 1864, was the Confederate Christmas par excellence. Outside supplies of all kinds had disappeared, and whatever comforts were provided were of home manufacture. The Confederate dollar was now worth just 2 cents in gold, and flour was \$600 a barrel; sugar was \$50 a pound; salt, \$1; butter, \$40, and beef \$35 to \$40 a pound. Wood sold at \$100 a cord, and coal was not to be had, save in a few of the cities, owing to scarcity of transportation. The day was Sunday, which, in itself, would have tempered the usual merriment. At a country residence below Richmond, and not far from the lines of the contending armies, a party of seven—ladies and gentlemen all in the strictest Southern sense of the term—were assembled at dinner. The mansion had been proverbial for its hospitality before the war. Now, the welcome was as cordial as ever, but the board was spread in accordance with the necessities of the times.

At the head of the table was placed a large ham, worth \$300; at the foot was the last turkey the farm could boast, worth \$155. The vegetables consisted of cabbages, potatoes and hominy, worth, at a reasonable calculation, \$100. Corn bread was served, flour having been unknown in this house for months. The meal of which it was made was more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature in the world, either natural or artificial. He called the degree zero, and constructed a thermometer or rude weather-glass, with a scale graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down to the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded a one hundred and eightieth on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"GRAN'MA ALUS DOES."

Weekly Dispatch.
I want to mend my wagon,
An' has to have some nails;
Jus' two' free will be plenty,
We're 'low' to haul our rails.
The splendid cob fences
We're making ever' way;
I wis' you'd help us find 'em,
Gran'ma alus does.
My horse's name is Betsy;
She jumped and broke her head,
I put her in the stable
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor;
We didn't make no noise,
I wis' you'd let it stay there,
Gran'ma alus does.
I'm going to the cornfield
To ride on Charlie's plow;
I spect he'll like to have me—
I wants to go right now,
Oh, won't I see up awful,
And who like Charlie whos?
I wis' you wouldn't bozzar,
Gran'ma alus does.
I wants some bread and butter,
I's hungry worst kind;
But Taddle man's't have none,
'Cause she wouldn't mind;
Put plenty sugar on it,
Tell you what, I know
It's right to put on sugar,
Gran'ma alus does.

Set the Children to Work.

Even the youngest member of the family should have something given him to do. "The chores," which the country boys and girls do, thereby relieving their overworked elders, are not only an assistance in the household, but a means of education, and it is important that those families who unfortunately live in the city should find for their children something to take the place of this means of education.

"Can't Rub it Out."

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window.
"Why not?"
"Because you can't rub it out."
Did it ever occur to you my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and it hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You wished a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. I wrote it on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God. Be careful. The record is very lasting. You can't rub it out.

The Little Songstress.

Golden Threads.
A little girl is singing in a small school-room in a large street at Stockholm. She is brushing and dusting and singing, for her mother is the mistress, and she helps keep the school-room in order, and she warbles as she works, like a happy bird in spring-time.

A lady one day happened to ride by in her carriage; the little girl's song reached her ear, and the ease, grace and earnest sweetness of her voice touched her heart. The lady stopped her carriage, and went to hunt the little songstress. Small she indeed was, and shy, and not pretty, but of a pleasing look.

"I must take your daughter to Crolius," said the lady to her mother—Crolius was a famous music-teacher—"she has a voice that will make her fortune."

"Make her fortune! Ah, what a great name that must be," I suppose the child thought, and wondered very much. The lady took her to the music master, who was delighted with her voice, and he said:

"I must take her to Count Pache," a great judge in such matters.
Count Pache looked coldly at her, and gravely asked what the music-master expected him to do for such a child as that.
"Only hear her sing," said Crolius.
Count Pache condescended to do that; and the instant she finished he cried out, well pleased, "She shall have all the advantages of Stockholm Academy."
So the little girl found favor, and soon her sweet voice charmed all the city. She sang and studied, and studied and sang. She was not yet twelve, and was she not in danger of being spoiled? I suppose her young heart often beat with a proud delight as praises fell like showers upon her. But God took care of her.

ing was that! All who remembered the little nightingale received her back with a glad welcome.
She was now sixteen. What was her name? Jenny Lind. Jenny now wished to go to Paris and study with the best masters of song. In order to raise the means, in company with her father, she gave concerts through Norway and Sweden, and when enough had been thus raised, she left home for that great and wicked city; her parents wishing it were otherwise, yet trusting their young and gifted daughter to God and her own sense of right.

Here a new disappointment met her. Presenting herself to Garcia, a distinguished teacher, he said on hearing her sing: "My child, you have no voice; do not sing a note for three months, and then come again."
She neither grumbled at the time nor expense, nor was discouraged or disheartened, but quietly went away to study by herself, and at the end of that time came back to Garcia, whose cheering words now were, "My child, you can begin lessons immediately. And then she became so very, very famous.
Yea, and through those very paths of pains-taking, waiting and self-denial, without which no true excellence can ever be reached.

Doctor Lucy.

Christina Union.
Lucy's papa was Doctor Kellogg, a physician and surgeon. He had a great many sick people to attend to, and little six-year-old Lucy often went with him on his long rides to the homes of his patients. Sometimes she would go into the house and "help papa doctor"—and her bright face and sweet ways helped the poor invalids. I have no doubt, almost as much as her father's medicine; sometimes she would sit in the chair and keep the flies off Black Bessie's ears with the long whip-lash. Of course, it was not long before she began to play doctor herself. All children like to imitate the grown folks, whether they are housekeepers, or farmers, or doctors, or ministers. So little Doctor Lucy began upon her dolls, and pretended that they were very sick with "dyspepsia," or "meathels," or that their lungs were "dreadful bad" and they must have cream to eat and be awful careful and not stay out after the dew began to fall. After a good deal of doll practice she began to try her hand at soothing the woes of the cat and dog, and various chickens that now and then came to grief. She made bandages, and plasters, and pills, and begged little bottles of pellets from her papa, and, in fact, had a little office in her doll's house quite well stocked with remedies.

I can't say that her patients were always grateful to her for her kindness to them. Pussy didn't seem to like it very well when Lucy put her feet in warm water for a "very bad cold," and she nearly drowned a poor little white chicken giving it a "pach" because it was "feverish." However, Doctor Lucy was learning all this time to think about the comfort and happiness of animals, and that is a great deal. The child who loves all God's creatures and is tender-hearted toward them is on the right way to loving and pleasing God.

One day the little doctor thought she would take her "patient" out, as papa did sometimes. It was all "pretend," you know, but it turned out real, as I will show you. Doctor Lucy started out in fine style. She took the baby carriage and put the kitten and two sick chickens and a forlorn little baby turkey inside. Kitty lay on the seat, and the other patients were tucked snugly under a blanket on the mat. Then the doctor went carefully down the road, keeping on the smooth places so as not to jar the sick people. On and on she went among daisies and buttercups and clover, while the birds fitted and whirled and sang in the wonderful blue above her.

"What a pretty world it is!" she said to herself, and so full was she of gladness that she sat down on a little stone seat and talked to kitty about it.
"She didn't sit long; she was afraid her patients might get cold in the draught." She got up with a little lazy yawn, for the day was warm and Doctor Lucy felt sleepy. Just as she was starting on she heard a baby's frightened cry. She hurried around a turn of the road, and there she saw a tiny year-old girlie sitting in despair among the daisies. The poor little tot was hot and frightened, and her baby heart was quite broken because she had lost her mamma.

Our young doctor was on hand in an instant.
"I guess she needs a pill or a powder," she said; "but my 'med' is all at home. I ought to carry it out as papa does."
"Mamma! mamma!" moaned the child, looking up in Lucy's kind face.
"What's your name, darling?" asked Lucy.
"Mamma's dirl, an' papa's dirl."
"Where does your mamma live?"
"Way off," and that was all the little thing could be coaxed to say.

Lucy was perplexed for a moment, and then she thought what it was best to do.
"You must go down with the rest of the patients, kitty," she said, smiling poor Spotty rather rudely from her comfortable bed; "there's a humbug child coming in here; she's badder off than you and more 'portant.'"
So kitty went below, and the lost baby was put on the carriage seat.
"And I'll take you to my mamma," said Lucy. "She always knows what to do."

At the sound of the sweetest word in the world for babies the little one laughed aloud. She thought she was going to her own mamma; and so she was in a roundabout way.

It wasn't long before Doctor Lucy was back home full of lofty dignified airs.

Mamma met her at the door.
"What child have you there?" she asked.
"Do watch her a minute," answered the doctor, "while I go and get my powders. She's very sick. I looked at her tongue, and it's red!"
Mamma laughed, and took the baby in her arms.

"Who are you my pet?" she asked, looking her over carefully; "let me see if these pretty shoulder-clasps will tell."
"Nellie—Gollindo," said the two clasps.

"Your mamma was wise to put your whole name somewhere about you," said the lady kissing the sweet dimpled shoulders.
"Who do you 'spect sho is?" said Doctor Lucy, coming back with her precious powders.
"She is neighbor Gollindo's little granddaddy—run away, I suppose—and must be sent home as quickly as possible. Hurry out and ask Jack to harness up Boss."

The doctor was allowed to ride home with little Nellie. Mrs. Gollindo was almost wild with joy, when she saw the lost baby come crowing and laughing into the house in Mrs. Kellogg's arms.
"Where did you find her?" she asked.
"Her mamma and papa are both looking for her."
"Oh I was out doctoring and I just run into her," said Doctor Lucy, with the air of a veteran.

The Crown.

A garland, wreath, or chaplet, made of real or artificial flowers, leaves, etc., worn as an ornament upon the head, is no less ancient than universal in its use. It is not, however, a crown in the modern sense of the word, that is as an emblem of royalty; for among the ancients a diadem occupied the place of the modern crown. In Heraldry and Symbolism nine crowns are recognized, as follows:

First—The Triumphal crown, of which there were three several kinds. A wreath of laurel leaves, worn by the General during his triumph. This was esteemed the most honorable of the three. (2) A crown of gold made in imitation of laurel leaves. (3) A crown of gold, and of considerable value, but merely sent as a present to the General who had obtained a triumph.

Second—The Blackade crown, a garland of grass and wild flowers, gathered on the spot where a Roman army had been besieged and presented by that army to the Commander who had come to their relief, and broken the siege. Though the least in point of value, this was regarded as the most honorable of all the military rewards, and the most difficult to be obtained.

Third—The Civic crown, a chaplet of oak leaves with acorns, presented to the Soldier who saved the life of a comrade in battle. It bore the inscription, H. O. C. S.—that is hostem occidit, civem servavit—(he foe he slew, the citizen saved.) It was originally presented by the rescued comrade, and later by the Emperor.

Fourth—The Olive crown. A wreath of olive leaves, which was conferred upon the soldier as well as their commanders, and was appropriated as a reward for those through whose counsels or instrumentally a triumph had been obtained, though they were not themselves present in the action.

Fifth—The Mural crown, given as a reward of valor to the Soldier who was first in scaling the walls of a besieged city. It was made of gold, and decorated with the towers and turrets of a battlement. The character of this crown is best known from the representations of the goddess Cybele, to whom it was ascribed by poets and artists, in order to typify the cities and treasures of the earth over which she presided.

Sixth—The Naval crown. Presented to the Admiral who had won a naval victory and destroyed a hostile fleet, and also, under extraordinary circumstances, to a Sailor who was the first to board an enemy's vessel. It was originally a golden circle, designed to imitate the beaks of ships; later it is surmounted with stems and square-sails of ships, placed alternately.

Seventh—The Vallary crown. A circle of gold, ornamented with palisades rising above the rim, and bestowed upon the Soldier, who first surmounted the stockade, and forced an entrance into the enemy's camp.

Eighth—The Ovation crown. A chaplet of myrtle given to a General who had destroyed a despised enemy, and obtained the honor of ovation.

Ninth—The Eastern or Radiated crown. A golden circle, set round with projecting points or rays. The circle may be plain or ornamented with engraving and jewels or precious stones. This is the form of crown worn by the Kings and Princes of antiquity. In symbolism it was properly assigned to the gods or deities, because it was generally assumed by the Roman Emperors, and many other persons who affected the attributes of divinity. It is also intended symbolically to represent the crown of thorns placed upon the head of Christ at His crucifixion.

Governor Plained, of Maine, in his inaugural address accounted for the decrease in population by the fact that the statutes of the State authorize imprisonment for debt.
Representative Chittenden, who occupies the residence in Washington where Charles Sumner formerly lived, expects to keep up his Washington establishment after his retirement from Congress.