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ble is fast being su...
Marble is mostly use... many people in
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boards, dressing cases, etc.

The finest quality of marble is imported from the Italian quarries of Carrara and Leghorn. It has been supposed that the Italian marble is the whitest ever quarried, but lately marble is quarried near Rutland, Vt., that even surpasses the Italian in color, but it is not as free to work as the imported being stratified. Italian marble is cut off from the quarries in huge blocks of from 5 tons to 15 tons, and principally sold in large job lots to foreign dealers by the "palm," a certain measurement peculiar to that country, at prices ranging from 75 cents to $1.50 per cubic foot. It is more easily worked when fresh from the quarries on account of containing a moisture or sap which, when it evaporates, leaves the substance more flinty.

The manufacture of marble into useful articles for furnishing purposes has become considerable of an exclusive trade in Cleveland of late. "Half of the so-called marble slabs sold," said a marble cutter, "are simply this common blue quarry stone marbleized. The stone slabs are worked down as smooth as possible, and then a preparation is spread on the stone and a process known to the trade as marbleizing is gone through with the 'marble slab' is prepared. Since they commenced to cut, turn and smooth by machinery our occupation is gone. There are not one-fourth as many marble cutters employed in Cleveland as there were twelve years ago. There are no boys learning the trade. We were paid from $3 to $6 per day ten and twelve years ago. Now $2.50 and $2.75 per day is big wages. The polishing machine can perform ten men's work in a day, the turning machine will answer the purpose of twenty men, while a set of saws working on a block can get out more work in the same time than a regiment of men."

A piece of marble is first taken at the works and roughly cut into shape to correspond to the requisite size, and if for furniture dressing it is then put on the dressing bed, a large, smooth iron that looks like a millstone. This revolves swiftly and is worked by steam. Fine sand, dampened, is scattered on the huge revolving apparatus and the marble firmly placed upon it in a fixed position. This process works the surface to a smooth condition. The marble is then rubbed with Lake Huron blue grit, and after that pumice stone and a gloss is put on with oxalic acid and putty powder, which makes the surface as smooth as glass. If the material is intended for a monument or a tombstone, the same process is undergone, and the moulding ... lettering performed afterwards. Large slabs of marble are used, as to ... Italian to the Virginia ... protected, he tuckily has of Vermont ... darken the winshipped from Vermont ... muslin curtains. The most of the ... barns, and he New Hampshire and ... considered quarries have steam cranes ... in connection with the quarries ... man stone is cut into shape on the ...

The principal Eastern quarries ... Republi- works are at Quincy, Mass.; Concord, N. H.; Rutland, Vt., and Barre, N. H. A reddish granite is quarried at Bay Funda, New Brunswick, ... mostly used for columns for building and such like. The Eastern companies have formed a combination and are controlling the granite trade to a great extent.

Japanese Tea Houses.

A tea house of Japan is but one story high, with a nicely matted porch, from the corners of which depend the omnipresent Japanese paper lanterns. We catch a glimpse of the interior, and are amazed at the simplicity of the appointments, although this is one of the better class of inns. The floor within is covered with the universal Japanese mats, always three feet by six inches in dimensions, and, therefore, used as a matter of convenience for household measurement purposes. I have also learned that the fans in use in this county, with a view to the same utility, are usually made just one foot in length. The mats are scrupulously clean, and it seems entirely appropriate that we remove our shoes, in obedience to the prevalent custom, before entering. The only remaining article of furniture are some scrolls which hang on the walls, and the common sliding screens, which are used for converting the interior of a Japanese house into just as many and such shaped apartments as the owner pleases. This is a respect in which Japanese convenience goes beyond American convenience, though I am not at all in doubt as to which way I prefer.

A party of European tourists are laboriously "squatting" about some little tables, one for each guest, and sipping tea from tiny decorated cups. On the table are also very small dishes of confectionery and sweetmeats. For waiters we observe modest, ever-smiling, clean-looking Japanese maidens, who are profuse in their demonstrations of civility. Indeed, we are tempted to call it palavering before we become accustomed to the ways of the people. The premises about the tea-house are converted into a pretty garden, with rockeries and cascades, thus giving us a sample of the landscape gardening for which the Japanese have become so deservedly famous.

Women Who Tell Their Ages.

The common objection, among womankind to letting their ages be known is not shared by the ladies of Japan, who actually display the fact as to their age in the arrangement of their hair. Girls from nine to fifteen wear their hair interlaced with red crape, describing a half-circle around the head, the forehead being left free with a curl at each side. From fifteen to thirty the hair is dressed very high on the forehead, and put up at the back in the shape of a fan or butterfly, with interlacings of silver cord and a decoration of colored balls. Beyond thirty a woman twists her hair round a shell pin placed horizontally at the back of the head. Widows also designate themselves, and whether or not they desire to marry again. One may compare with this remarkable hirsute honesty of the Japanese a story told in one of the American papers of the reluctance of American women to adopt any such candid policy. A theatrical manager was producing a farce in which one of the characters was to be a bald woman, and it so happened the whole ex- the actress who was cast for you must had no hair on the top of her ... But instead of availing herself ... natural advantage she wore ... the bare spot, and laid ... palpably false baldness.

...m Fright.

...ing and fear ... in mind. ... by an effort; ...—The Trent ... come and gone before the ... had time to come to the conclusion that an effort is possible. There ... fear in human beings so strong as ... fear of death, and yet "there is no ... sion in the mind of man," says ...con, truly enough, "so weak that it mates and masters the fear of death. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief fleeth to it; fear occupateth it." Pity, which is the "tenderest of passions," led many to kill themselves from compassion for Otho's suicide. Even *tædium vitæ*, mere utter weariness of doing the same thing over and over again, will lead a man to defy his inborn fear of death. But what passion can guard against fright?

A Jew, according to Lodovicus Vives, once crossed a narrow plank over a torrent in the dark, and, visiting the place next day, saw the extremity of last night's risk, and died of—what? Not of fear, obviously, because there was nothing to be afraid of but possibly of fright. So again persons have been known who always fainted at the scent of certain flowers, notably that of the May blossom, but it would be ridiculous to accuse them of being afraid of hawthorn.

Surgeon General Francis of the Indian medical service, tells of a drummer who was suddenly aroused from his sleep by something crawling over his naked legs. He imagined that it was a cobra, and his friends collected by the outcry thought so too, and he was treated accordingly. Incantations, such as are customary with the natives on these occasions, were resorted to and the poor fellow was flagellated with twisted cloths on the arms and legs in view partly to arouse him, but principally to drive out the evil influence (spirit) that for the time being had taken possession of him. With the first dawn of light the cause of the fright was discovered in the shape of a harmless lizard, which was lying crushed and half killed by the side of the poor drummer, but it was too late. From the moment that he believed that a poisonous snake had bitten him he passed into an increasing collapse until he died. The drummer was not a strong lad and the shock was too much for him.

The most remarkable death from the accident of fright was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, in the seventeenth century. He was at work on a picture in which were represented lustrously heartily ... grinning skeletons Greer's la... ...pire the beholder crowd. ... the vanities and on which ... the pen ... In order to do his Lehn as ... went to an anatomical Korner ... for a studio. One sultry selves cold, ... the civil drawing these melanwas studie... mortality by which he manager was a co... fell off into a quiet mental circles to ... which he was suddenly to be promoted ... Imagine his horror at beholding the skulls and bones dancing around him like mad, and the skeletons which hung from the ceiling dashing themselves together. Panic-stricken, he rushed from the room and threw himself headlong from the window on to the pavement below. He sufficiently recovered to learn that the cause of his fear was a slight earthquake, but his nervous system had received so severe a shock that he died in a few days.

Frederick I, of Prussia, was killed by an accident of fear. He was one day sleeping in an arm-chair, when his wife Louisa of Mecklenburg, who had for some time been hopelessly insane, escaped from her keepers and made her way to the King's private apartments. Breaking through the glass door, she daubed herself in blood, and, in a raging fit of delirium, cast herself upon the King. The latter, who was not aware of the hopelessness of her lunacy, was so horrified at the appearance of a woman and only in linen and covered with blood that he imagined, with a superstition characteristic of the age, that it was the White Lady, whose ghost, according to time honored tradition, invariably appeared when death was around the house of Brandenburg. He was seized with a fever, and died in six weeks.

More ridiculous was the death of the French Marshal De Montreva, "whose whole soul," says St. Simon, "was but ambition and lucre, without ever having been able to distinguish his right hand from his left, but concealing his universal ignorance with an audacity which favor, fashion and birth protected." He was a very superstitious man, and one day ... saltcellar was upset, at a public dinner ... on his lap, and so frightened was ... he arose and announced ... of the ... was a dead man. He reached home by ... died in a few days, in 1716, literally ... stored to death by the absurd ... in a cellar ... a saltcellar turning over.

Choice Winter Bloomers.

Amateurs often wish to know what varieties of plants are best adapted for the winter window-garden. As far as possible one should select those which combine beauty of foliage with free-blooming qualities, for our own part we prefer, where there cannot be both, the ornamental foliage; for this is the most conspicuous in the window-garden, and it is reliable and constant. Even where there is only a thrifty greenness it is pleasant to look upon when all without is desolate; but when, intermingled with the emerald, there are the brilliant hues of the coleuses, authuriums, acalyphas, crotons, etc., the effect is quite as pleasing as flowers.

Begonias.—These combine handsome foliage with free blooming qualities. They are numerous in variety, some having a slender, graceful form, with small leaves; others, a strong, bushy habit, with oblong, one-sided leaves, others climbing; others more stately, with immense leaves, vulgarly called elephants' ears, but the exquisite beauty of their coloring suggests no resemblance other than in form. Some are dark green, with a silvery band; others have silver spots, while Metallica, as its name indicates, has veins of a dark, metallic hue.

The leaves of some have a very waxy appearance. One can hardly go amiss in selecting from this class; but we will specify a few. For constancy of bloom the year round, we have found none equal to Don Pedro, or Rubra, as it is generally called, because of its scarlet rose flowers, which are borne in long bunches in great profusion. It has obverse of a dark glossy green color deprived of ... rare and is priced at fifty to a dollar, the former is only twenty ...

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tinct from any other. It is a shrubby sort, fine grower, and free bloomer. It is of a lustrous metallic hue, flowers white and covered with glandular red hairs. Very desirable. Recinifolia maculata, rich brown velvet, streaked green, deeply lobed; rare. Louis Chretien, very ornamental. Sanguinea, upper surface of the leaves olive color, upper side crimson. Superiatum nigricans, leaves rich shade of crimson. Zebrina, foliage striped and blotched. Otto Forster is a hybrid between Imperialis and Rex. It has large foliage of a rich bronzy green, with shining silver white veins. Odorata is fragrant. Parnelli and Argyrostigona picta have light green leaves spotted with white. Gibsonii has double flowers.

We have given you a more numerous variety than we intended. A stand filled only with these would be highly ornamental. The Begonias were so named by the French botanist Plumier, in honor of Michael Begon, a Governor of Santo Domingo and a patron of science. They are natives of Brazil, Jamaica and the Indies.

Stephanotis Floribunda.—This elegant climber is not as well known as it merits. Classed with hot-house climbers, it is not generally known that it can be successfully grown in the house and become an exquisite ornament to a bay window. The leaves are thick and waxy, with a dark green midrib, which, taken in connection with its umbels of waxy pearly white, tubular shaped and very fragrant flowers, make it very desirable. The clusters of flowers are grown around the axils of the leaves in profusion, and are admirable for cutting. The plant is somewhat subject to the scale, which appears as a flat brown substance, adhering to the bark very closely, and to the mealy bug, which is found hidden in a cottony substance in the axils of the leaves. These can be removed with a small brush or hair pencil, the scales sponge off with soapy water. The soil best adapted is peat or leaf-mold, with a slight admixture of sand and well rotted manure. The plant should be kept very clean, supplied with liquid manure occasionally, and always watered with tepid water, as indeed should all plants be, or even warmer in cold weather. It should have plenty of pot room, and early in summer be bedded out in a partially shaded position for rest until the latter part of August or beginning of September, when it can be repotted and put where it is to remain for the winter. The native home of the Stephanotis is Madagascar, and it derives its name from two Greek words denoting crown and ear because of the resemblance in the shape of the anther, the crown of the stamen, to the human ear; the floribunda, from the wealth of its bloom. Whenever we see this attached to the name of a plant we may know that it signifies abundance of flowers. There are varieties of Stephanotis sold under the name of floribunda that are not such; but if the real thing is obtained one can hardly expect the rich results.

Mahernia Odorata.—This is a pretty little shrub, a native of the Cape of Good Hope, and produces an abundance of fragrant yellow, cup-like flowers during the entire winter and spring. The branches are slender and the foliage laciniate; will thrive best in a pretty cool atmosphere, yet bears heat at 70 degrees very nicely. Is easily grown from cutting stuck in wet sand and exposed to the sunlight.

Libonia Floribunda.—This is of comparatively recent introduction from Japan. It is a slender-branched shrub by plant, with elliptical leaves and solitary tubulous flowers, which are an orange or pure yellow on the under side, but shading upward to a scarlet or deep, velvety crimson on the upper side of the flower. It blooms from December to May, and in a hot-house often almost hides its foliage with its wealth of flowers. L. penrhosienis has flowers of brighter, deeper hue; free bloomer.

Awe-Inspiring Grandeur.

Following the Gunnison River through its wide and beautiful valley in Colorado for a few miles, the mountains seem to close in upon the track, and it enters one of the grandest gorges in the world, known as the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. Here are beautiful cataracts, the water tumbling down from the mountain crags into the Gunnison River, over precipices from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high. In one place it is a dainty little cascade like the bridal veil at Niagara Falls—a slender thread of water pouring over the rocks in fine spray, and falling into a little basin close to the track, which makes as beautiful a picture as can be seen anywhere.

And what a magnificent stream is the Gunnison! Its water is clear and cold, and the dark shaddows of the cliffs falling upon it gives it a tint of beautiful green. Springing from a region white with eternal snows, like a thread of silver it burrows through the walls of rock whose pinnacles rise 2,000 and 3,000 feet high on either side, and is roofed in by a narrow strip of unsullied blue sky—so narrow that one standing on the summit of one cliff could throw a stone across to the summit of the other. Now the river frets, and spurnes, and throws its foam, splashing in spray against the black rocks; again it gurgles and giggles in glee, laughs and roars at the triumph of having leaped over nature's barriers; then tumbles headlong over a mighty rock, and with placid dignity flows along between the great mountains, taking a few moments rest in its mad rush to the sea.

For fifty miles we follow the narrow chasm, steeped in the purple of a perpetual twilight. The solemn walls stand up for 3,000 feet both sides of us, frowning down upon the intruders into their cloistered solitude. For a mile or two they are almost perpendicular, gray with the antique lichens that countless summers have gathered upon their purple fronts; then they are massed in broken columns standing upon a common base. Here a solitary pinnacle soars upward toward the sky like a monstrous cathedral tower; there the rocks are thrown together helter-skelter in piles half a mile high by some remote geological commotion, and again they close together and hug the current of the river for unbroken miles, the shadows becoming darker and gloomier. In places the edges are hacked and torn, scarred and split into great seams into which the earth has fallen, and a few sad and solitary spruce trees cling in a perilous existence.

Often at a height which the sun's rays can sometimes reach, but the wind is never still, a tiny flower may be seen smiling with heroic fortitude, and a few feet away in a cliff in the rocks will be found an eagle's nest.

When night approaches, the edges of the rocks that, standing out against the sky, can catch the moonbeams, will be fringed with a silvery phosphorescence. Looking up one sees the narrow roof of sky, with a fresco of stars; looking down there in the blackness of darkness immeasurable.

An awe inspires one when he thinks that all this architectural grandeur, all these mighty chasms which would have required 1,000,000 men 1,000 years to have excavated, have been wrought by the simple agencies of water and wind and dust! These canyons were not made by volcanic eruptions, the geologists tell us, but by agencies so simple as those.

Simple duty hath no place for fear.
For he that once is good is ever great.
God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love.

...TY.

The ... flowers to-day
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All ... that way
... ...mpts ...
Wind ... what is the light?
Lig... the ...ning the night,
Brief e...

Virtue, ... frail ...
Friendship ... rare!
Love, how ... poor bliss
For proud depart!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which hours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the dim hours creep,
Dream thou, and from thy sleep,
Then wake to weep.

THE SLEIGHING PARTY.

"Are you plentifully supplied with wraps, little sister? We have a long ride before us, and a cold one.

"Oh, yes, Rob. Mamma took good care to see to that. Do take this great shawl, will you? She insists that I will need it, although I shall not, I am sure."

The carriage waiting at the door on this cold December morning conveyed me, Rob Ellison, and my sister Nanette to the depot to take the train for Everton, where we arrived after a day's ride. Another carriage met us there and took us to "The Elms," the old mansion of my uncle, John Crofton.

"The Elms" was a genuine old country house where the genius of hospitality reigned supreme. The walls were decorated with pictures, some of which were old-time portraits of fair ladies with powdered hair, gorgeous in silks and laces. Deer antlers, fishing-rods and engravings of dogs and horses were in the hall, and through the open doors that were never shut rolled a glowing warmth of anthracite. It was a jolly place to visit. Uncle John was a fine old gentleman. His stable was well stocked with splendid horses, always at the command of his guests; his cellar was plentifully supplied with the choicest wines, and his table with all the delicacies of the season.

Henrietta Crofton was the grown up daughter of the family, and on this occasion some of her old school friends were domiciled under her father's roof for a brief season. I was very glad to escort my sister to "The Elms," for the fair Henrietta had been the subject of my day-dreams for years. We had been much thrown together in our childhood, and were so fond of each other then that we had exchanged a promise to marry when we were old enough. This was only children's talk, but I had treasured it in my heart, intending that no effort of mine should be wanting to bring about its fulfillment. Henrietta had grown up into a beautiful woman, my ideal of all that was charming in womanhood, and the thought of passing a fortnight under the same roof with her gave me perfect happiness.

I had been traveling in Europe for two long years, and my anxiety to see her was so great that when I greeted the family and found Henrietta was absent, she having gone to the town on some errand, it was as much as I could do to keep my impatient feet from taking the road to meet her on her return. However, we soon heard the sound of wheels coming down the avenue, and I rushed to the piazza as the vehicle drove up.

When the carriage door was opened and Henrietta leaned forward to grasp my hand, at the same time attempting to alight without assistance, she stepped upon her dress, which caused her to fall. I received her in my arms, and on my breast was one of the loveliest girls I had ever seen. Henrietta soon regained her feet and tripped hastily up the steps. There were indications on her face that she knew her cheek had touched mine as she fell, and that my arms had inclosed her in a warm embrace. When I followed her and our eyes met she blushed and tried unsuccessfully to laugh.

How happily our time was passing at "The Elms." Our rides and walks in the crisp, cold December days added a rich glow to the ladies' cheeks and gave a keen sparkle to their eyes. Henrietta was like her dear old self of many years ago, and I was supremely happy.

Alas! a serpent was soon to enter our Eden. One of Henrietta's visitors, a Miss Levering from New York, was about returning home, and her brother was expected at "The Elms" to escort her. When he arrived he proved to be a fine-looking young fellow with polished manners, well skilled in all those agreeable trifles that attract the attention of young girls. He was a cultured musician and a graceful dancer; he could play innocent games of cards with dexterity, while his conversation was rich and sparkling; to crown all he was the son of a millionaire, who allowed him to use his money as if it was his own.

It was no wonder that Mr. Levering was immediately attracted by the beauty and grace of Henrietta, nor that he at once showered his attentions upon her. I had never feared encountering a rival before the advent of this young man, but now I saw, with great pangs of jealousy creeping through my heart, that Henrietta treated him with marked kindness and was flattered by his devotion to her. I regretted this as much for her sake as my own, for there was an indescribable something about the young man that made me fear he was not a proper associate for the ladies at "The Elms."

How uncertain are the events of the morrow! The sun rose, bright and beautiful, in a cloudless sky, but before noon the day grew bitterly cold and occasional clouds chased each other across the heavens. Towards evening the sky was entirely obscured and light flakes of snow began to float in the atmosphere. Mr. Crofton predicted a severe snow storm, and before dawn his prediction was verified. The Leverings, instead of taking their departure, were likely to become fixtures for some time. Sleet and snow continued to fall without cessation all the next day. It was not until evening that the clouds rolled away and the full moon shone out in an azure sky, shedding its pale light over the thick, white carpet that covered the earth, and giving a brilliant luster to the ice-clad trees and shrubbery.

Although everything without was so cheerless, the drawing-room presented a scene of loveliness and gayety. The ladies employed upon their embroidery or crochet work were exchanging repartee, while Henrietta was playing brilliantly on the piano, attended by Mr. Levering, who bent over her to turn the leaves of her music and utter low whispers that brought a flood of blushes to her face. He replaced her at the instrument, and she stood by his side while he ran his fingers over the keys and sang love songs to her with his magnificent tenor voice ... the whole room was filled with the harmony.

I sat beside Nanette, with a ... my hand, full of hatred for the ... who had usurped my place. Henrietta would not look toward me. I could ... catch a single glance of her eye; at last I saw her leave the drawing-room and follwed her meeting her in the hall.

"Have I offended you, dear cousin?" I said, extending my hand to her, ... she only looked in my face with a painful expression in her eyes as she ... pered to me: "Oh, Rob, how could ..." A sob was in her voice, and she turned away without another word and left me. Something had evidently made her ... happy, but I was guiltless.

The party at "The Elms" were beginning to grow restive under the monotony of their snow-bound existence, when Mr. Crofton said he was desirous that the city girls should see what was meant by a genuine country sleighing frolic. He further informed them that he had sent word to the Red Cross Hoeel, about ten miles distant, to provide music and a good supper for our party, and to see that the house was thoroughly heated; he added that enough horses were in the stable, but as he owned only one sleigh he would leave it for the gentlemen to supply the others needed from the neighboring town.

All was now merry bustle and confusion; the girls were delighted at the prospect of participating in this new pleasure and began to look up their warmest wraps, while Mr. Levering and myself went to Everton to procure the required sleighs. I was not anxious for his company, but as it could not be avoided I submitted as gracefully as possible.

We found but two sleighs procurable in the town, and these would hold only two persons each. This delighted me, for, being accustomed to drive with Henrietta, I thought fit would surely fall to my lot to have her for my companion. But I reckoned without my host, for when I asked her to accompany me she said, with a smile, that she was already engaged to go with Mr. Levering.

Of course, the sleigh-ride at once lost all attractions for me, and would gladly have remained behind had it not been for an undefined feeling of uneasiness for Henrietta that possessed me. Therefore I invited Miss Crosby, and when we started it would have been difficult to find a merrier party than ours.

The road was splendid, and the snow creaked and whistled beneath our runners. The horses were soon covered with flakes of congealed moisture, and flew over the road, their hoofs keeping time to the merry jingle of the many sleigh-bells. The moonlight on the snow turned the night into a brilliant day, and the ladies enlivened the ride with merry songs and jests.

At last our destination was reached and the girls, thoroughly warmed before a roaring hickory fire, were shown to the dressing room, from which they soon emerged to be escorted to the dancing apartment, a large hall decorated with evergreens and lighted up with an immense number of candles in tin sconces fastened to the walls. The floor was white and smooth; the music was furnished by a negro violin player and a colored assistant, who banged away on a tambourine.

Mr. Crofton was in his element. He met numberless acquaintances, among whom were some of the foremost men of the county, and soon had all the young ladies supplied with partners. Of course Mr. Levering took almost entire possession of Henrietta, and while the rest of the party held high revel, I sat alone.

"Hey-day, my good fellow," cried Uncle John Crofton, as he came to me and slapped me on the shoulder, "why are you not dancing? By the way now, Rob," and as he spoke a sudden thought seemed to strike him, "why is that fellow Levering always with Etta? I don't like him. She came here with you, did she not?" When I told him no he was very angry, and said he would soon have arranged the affair had he known of it. "But," he concluded, "we will have to pass it over this time. The girl is crazy to trust herself with such a whip as he is. You must keep a sharp lookout for them, Rob."

That was just what I intended to do.

There was a delicious supper, of which we partook heartily, for we all had keen appetites after our ride in the frosty night. Then, after a while, we prepared to start for home. I had ordered my sleigh to the door and was waiting very impatiently for the appearance of Miss Crosby, when I saw Henrietta coming along the passage, attended by Mr. Levering, who helped her into his sleigh, then jumped in hurriedly himself, and taking the reins drove rapidly away in a direction entirely opposite to that which led to "The Elms." Here, then, were some grounds for my uneasiness. I did not take time to think. Miss Crossby was as thoroughly forgotten as if she had never lived. I threw myself into my sleigh and, with my fine little pair of spirited Arab horses, was on their track like the wind.

Levering's horses, too, were thoroughbreds from the stable of Mr. Crofton, and the race between us was a fearful one. Once I approached them so closely that I plainly heard Henrietta calling out to me for aid, which almost maddened me. In desperation I applied the lash to my Arabs and, with their increased speed, gained upon Levering so rapidly there was no escape for him.

Levering stopped his horses as I came up. Worn out with their long drive they stood panting, while he threw down the reins and advanced upon me with the whip uplifted in his hand, which I wrested from him, when he gave me a blow with his clenched fist that made me stagger. For Henrietta's sake I tried to avoid violence, but found the effort of no avail and closed with him. The struggle was desperate, but I finally came off conqueror and my antagonist lay senseless on the snow.

Henrietta's loud screams had attracted the attention of some people living near by. After giving them the name ...

The Utilization of Castles.

...difficult question, what should ... with the ancient keeps and ... castles" that are scattered ... length and breadth of England, ...

...is all ...ble thing happ... your head to ...eated our guest ... was in revenge ...r. Levering's at... ...ly from the ... enough for any ... would like ...y have committed. Will you ...me?"

"It is I who ought to ask forgiveness of you, dear Rob, of you to whom I owe so much."

"Then will you give me back the place I once held in your affections?"

"You have never been deprived of it," answered Henrietta.

"And you still intend to be my little wife?"

"If you will accept of me after all my wicked conduct," was the answer.

And so the matter was settled.

The next morning Mr. Crofton sent for his horses and to inquire about Mr. Leverington. The horses were returned in safety, but Mr. Levering had disappeared, and the Croftons never saw him again.

Recollections of Madison's Term.

I remember Mr. Monroe very well, says a writer from Washington. He was rather an unpretentious person, kind in manner, conversed freely with every one, and invited familiarity by the freedom of his way. The custom of receiving New Years calls was then of recent origin. Mr. Madison, I believe, first introduced it in 1810. He had introduced the ceremony in New York some years previous, and was pleased with it. No one could have fathered such a custom better than he, or appreciated the cordiality of the occasion. His entertainments were marked with hospitality and liberality—a good representative of the old school. It would be amusing to the present generation to have seen him in his dress, small of stature, wearing small clothes, knee buckles and powdered wig, a thoroughbred Virginia gentleman, and endowed with great powers of conversation. However, his appearance did not strike the correspondent of the Edinburgh Review favorably, who: when asked what he thought of the President, said: "Mr. Madison looked like a school-master dressed up for a funeral."

Not so, however, was Mrs. Madison, who was the friend of everybody, of whom Washington Irving wrote as a "fine, portly dame," and Mr. Ogle Tayloe of her that "she never ... a face ... name, and been very ha... graceful and gracious, and ... alike by rich and poor." M... was advanced in years when ... her. She was the widow ... merchant of Philadelphia, named Todd, ... maiden name, I think, was Dolly Payne. During her stay in the White House she made things lively by the frequent dancing parties given there. She was a graceful dancer, particularly excelling in the cotillion and minuet. Around her was life and every one felt her presence to be a need. She was, I can say, the most popular lady who ever presided over the affairs of the executive mansion. It is a sad commentary that her fond hopes should have been blighted by the misdoings of her son, Payne Todd, who, in some way, squandered her estate, worth $100,000 or more, and thus left her in an impoverished condition. She was an ornament to our country, and was the last lady to live in the original mansion. You know that the British burned the house in August 1814.

Worry.

Worry is the great American disease. Our people have seen rail splitters and canal boys become presidents. Here nothing is too great for any one's aspiration. Boys in cabins look out of dingy windows and see palaces. Push, pluck, and stick-to-itiveness will reach across some few years, and hand them the keys of the palace. Before youth is out of his short clothes he wants an ermine. He rushes into business life with the fierceness of Job's war horse. He assumes responsibilities, he accepts dangerous risks, he speculates on almost futile chances. There is no peace, no rest, no content. They all go storming on. Competition is fierce; the phantoms of failure are ever plucking at their heels. On their onward course to the beckoning god on Fame's misty, toil-worn mount they stumble across and around wrecks, failures. America is a generous, patient mother. One son gains a cottage, then wants a mansion, unsatisfied, starves for a palace, will die for a throne. The thousands live on the possibilities of the future. Appearances, style, is always ahead of capital. The one dollar a day laborer lives in a two dollar a day style.

Worrying over responsibilities too great to be assumed, worrying over chances, worrying over debt, worrying over failures, worrying over the luck of your neighbors, worrying over unrealized hopes, worrying for impossibilities. We all cannot be Cæsars. Study your environments. Study yourself—a subject of which most people are profoundly ignorant. Your duty and success in life depend on knowing yourself and your true relations to others. If you know these and act wisely you will never worry.

—Professor Robert Collett, an eminent Norwegian zoologist, states that beavers formerly inhabitated many parts of Norway, but are now found only in two rivers in the south. He estimates that not more than 100 of these animals exist in Norway at the present time, yet he does not believe that the number is diminishing.

—A lady who became frightened because the horses of a street car on which she was a passenger started off while the driver was absent jumped from the car and was rendered insensible by the shock.

—The California oil wells yielded over 5,000,000 gallons of oil last year.

—The leader of King Kalkaua's court orchestra is a Berlin man, M. Hermuch Berger.

He that ... look before him will have to look ... behind him—and probably with some ...

Thumb Lore.

...most delicate ... and partial or total ...ness is one of the things to be dreaded and carefully guarded against.

Even strong eyes soon become weakened and often diseased by being carelessly treated.

When reading, writing or working the light should always fall over the left shoulder, and the book or work should never be held nearer to the eyes than necessary.

It is always important to sit up straight. Stooping is not only injurious to the eyes, but to the lungs and spine.

Never work in the twilight or by a dim light.

Reading or writing in car or carriage is hurtful to the eyes.

If you work by gasslight the jet should be shaded, and the light clear and steady.

Do not read in bed, nor lying down, nor in a swinging hammock. Sleep in a well ventilated room, and lie in such a position that a bright light will not strike your eyes when you waken. Bathe your eyes freely each night and morning with cold water, to which occasionally it is well to add a little salt.

Any foreign substance in the eye can usually be removed by taking the upper eye-lid between the thumb and finger, and drawing it down over the lower lid, generally pressing it toward the nose.

Little children should be particularly careful not to distort the eyes by constant winking or twitching of the eyelids, or by turning the eyes toward the nose. Many children have become permanently cross-eyed and others seriously injure their eyesight by these pernicious practices.

Children who are near-sighted should immediately be provided with glasses by a competent optician, and by this means a cure is often effected.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

Intellect has been called the starlight of the brain. Religion is the starlight of the soul.

God bless all good women. To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

SWAYNE'S PILLS
KNOWN TO MEN OF FAME AND SCIENCE FOR REMOVING
ALL IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.
Acknowledged a Grand, Pleasant, and Efficient Cure for
CONSTIPATION, stress at stool, bad breath, ... dull face, heaviness.
DYSPEPSIA, known by irregular appetite, sour belching, weight and tenderness at pit of stomach, despondency.
LIVER Complaint, Biliousness, Malaria, Chills and Fever, causing soreness in back and side, also bottom of ribs; weariness, irritability, tongue coated, skin yellow, hot and cold sensations, eyes dull, dry cough, stuffed and obstructed feeling, irregular pulse, bad colored stools.
APOPLEXY, Epilepsy, Paralysis, dim sight, sound in ears, giddiness, confusion in head, nervousness, flashes of light before eyes, loss of memory. Diseases of Bladder and
KIDNEYS, urine dark or light, red deposit; burning, stinging, bearing down sensations, frequent desire to urinate, uneasiness, inflamed eyes, dark circles, thirst. Diseases of
HEART, severe pains, fluttering or weight near heart, more so on moving quickly and when lying on left side; out of breath on exertion.
HEADACHE, dull or sharp pains in temples, eyes or head; faintness, nausea.
Dropsy is caused by watery fluid. Rheumatism, &c., by uric acid in blood. Bowel Disorders by corrupt matter. Worms by the pests within. Colds by choking of the secretions. SWAYNE'S PILLS, by gentle action, remove the cause, making a permanent c