BY WOLSTAN DIXEY. frosty chill was in the a'rHew-plainly I remember—
he bright autumnal fires had paled,
oave here and there an ember;
he sky looked hard, the hills were bare,
nd there were toke; a everywhere
That it had come—November.

av nomeward footsteps turning;
y heart a troub ed qu st'on bore,
nd in my mind, as oft before,
A vexing thought was burning.

"Why is it up hill all the way?"
Thus ran my med tations:
The lessons had gone wrong that day,
And I had lost my patience.
"Is there no way to soften care,
And make it easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations?"

Acres my pathway, through the wood, A fallen tree was lyine; On this there sat two little girls, And one of them was crying. I heard her sob: "And if I could, I'd get my lessons awful good, But what's the use of trying?"

And then the little hooded head Sank on the mother's shoulder. The little weeper sought the arms That opened to enfold her. Against the young heart, kind and true, She nestled close, a d neither knew That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah! ne'er was known Such judgment without malies, Nor queenier counsel ever heard In senate, house, or palace!—"I should have failed there, I am sure. Don't be discourazed: try one more, "And I will help you, Al.ee."

"And I will help you." This is how
To soften care and grieving;
Life is made easier to bear
By helping and by glving.
Here was the answer I had sought,
And I, the teacher, heing taught
The secret of true living.

If "I will help you" were the rule,
How changed beyond all measure
Life would beer me! Each heavy load
Woull be a golden treasure;
Pain and vexation be forgot; Pain and vexation be forgot;
Hope wou'd preval in every lot,
And life be only pleasure.

—Treasure Trove.

TROT'S MOTHER.

"Well, my boy, I'll try and tell you all about it from the beginning. Help yourself to a cigar first and pass the bay to me. I know you would want to ox to me. I knew you would want to hear the particulars, and I—I have been trying to put off the evil moment. I'm getting an old man now, Harry, nd all this shook me a good deal at the time.

"Come here, Trot, and sit on my There, that's better. Seems odd, Harry, don't it, to see an old bacholor like me nursing a tiny bit of a girl like Trot? Four years old to-day, aren't you, Trot? How the time flies!

"You see, my dear lad, you ought to have told her before you went away. It might have saved her—who knows? "It must be nine years since your Uncle Will died and left Violet in my care. She was only 15 then. Don't you think Trot is very like her? The same large brown eyes and long lashes, the same loving little ways.

"She come to me one morning soon after you started for China, with a letter in her hand.

'Look here, uncle,' she said, kneeling beside me, and holding the note where I could read it; 'It's from the Gold's, and they invite me to go and stay with them at Ventnor. May I ac-

lauging. 'We are so quiet here at home, and this would be such a delightful change. Please let me, uncle. I'll write you long letters, and tell you about everything."

ed selfish to keep the bright, merry girl always shut up with a crusty old man. I gave her leave to go, and then, when after a fortnight she wrote, begging to be allowed to stay longer, as her friends wished, I had not the he rt to refuse. She was there five weeks and then she came home.

"The very day after her return he came—that contemptible scoundrel whom in those few weeks she had learned to regard as a hero. How he "The very day after her return he learned to regard as a hero. How he found out at first that she had a little e of her own I don't know. He asked for me, and told me that he wanted my permission to address my

"He was a good-looking young fel-low, and had a frank, open manner, that was sure to win a girl's favor, but I thought of you, Harry, and determined to prevent the matter going further if I could. I took a strong and apparently unreasonable dislike to him, and made many inquiries, hoping to find out something that would justify me in forbidding him the house, but entirely in vain. But I studied; entirely in vain. But I studied; observed every little act and word, until at last was convinced that I knew

husband for my little Violet.

"By this time it had become a kind of tacit engagement, and I knew I nately, for I'm getting as hoarse as a should seem almost brutal for interfering, but I couldn't bear the idea of givmyself that nothing on earth should induce me to do so, and I told him to dis-

continue his visits The result of that was that he came to a definite understanding with Violet, smile died on his lips, and the blood and she promised to marry him, with or flew to his face. without my consent.

"Don't look at me so reproachfully. Harry. It may be that I acted unwisely all through; but if so I have been severely punished for my folly. You have let your cigar go out. Here are the

You want me to tell you all she said and did—her very words, as well as I can remember. That's a hard matter, for my memory's not so good as it used

"I was sitting here one evening, when et came in slowly, and sitting down where you are, looked at me very sadly some minutes.
'Uncle, dear,' she said at last, "I can-

that you could be so hard and cruel.'

"I dd not speak.

"It is not like you to be so unjust, so

arbitrary, she went on. 'It seems to me, uncle, that in the matter of mar-riage a woman should choose for her-self and not be influenced by anyone. I have made my choice and given my word; but oh! I should be so much happier if you were not angry. Do forgive me and be your own kind self

"Yes, when you yield to my wishes,] answered, coldly. 'You are a mere girl, Violet, and have had no experience of men. If you were ten years older I should leave you to take the conse-

quences of your rashness, but as it is—"As it is—what then? Oh! uncle." "As it is—what, then? Oh! uncle.' all things, the supreme excellence is and she slipped from her chair and simplicity.

and it seems so strange and unnatural to see you turn your head away from to see you turn your head away from me without a smile. Do you love me only if I have no voice, no will of my

her in the face. 'I have striven to be a father to you since I brought you here; I have loved you, heaven only knows how dearly! In return I only ask you to let me prevent your making a com-plete wreck of your life. I want to save you from a sad fate, and you think me a tyrant.

"She took my hand in both hers, and pressed her face on it, then looked up with a smile. "'I wish Harry was here,' she said.

"I wish Harry was here,' she said.
'He would help me to convince you.
He always took my side.'
"I ought not to have told you that,
my dear boy, but it was so fresh in my
mind, as it struck me forcibly at the
time, knowing as I d dyour love for her. Forgive me my want of tact.

"She was not given to shedding tears

like some women or she would have cried then. Her cheeks were hot and burning as they touched my hand, while her eyes were feverishly bright. She used every argument she could find to induce me to consent to her engagement, and as I remained silent she drew nearer and gazed up eagerly in

my face.
"'You relent, uncle?' she whispered

be happy?

"'In that way, never,' I told her, sadly and sternly, and I tried to draw away my fingers; but she clug to them tightly, while her lips quivered.

influence me. I am resolved.' "'And so am I,' she said, sorrowth dropping my hand and raising to her lavishly on every hand, he would street. 'I should always have wished to blank leaves and scraps of paper for writing, and lay them aside for future writing.

son, what can I do?'
"She waited for me to speak, but I had no words at hand. I was too hurt Salt makes a thousand pounds before and angry. She went toward the door, others are out of bed." He was puncand angry. She went toward the door, then came back and stood behind me, resting her hands lightly on my shoul-

ders. "'Try and forgive me, uncle. I love him so—I love his faults that make you cle?

my arms and tell her she should do what she would; but I did not. After a few minutes of dead silence I heard

The best of his acts, one which he her catch her breath in a half sob, and then the door closed upon her, and I was alone.
"The next day she did not come

ened! I'm not cross, my pet.

"Yes, yes, my boy, I'm going on;
but you are so impatient. Well, some

time after—a year, or two years per-haps, I can't remember exactly—I was coming home at dusk—in the Strand I think it was, I met a woman in a shab-by black dress, with a child on her "Do you want to go, Violet?" I arm; our eyes met, and then somenow or other we were the center of a crowd, and I was raising Violet's head from the hard pavement. She had fainted arm; our eyes met, and then somehow on seeing me, and I had just contrived to save her and the little one from a severe fall.

"I brought her home in a cab, and about everything."

"I did not want to part with her even for a little time, for the three years she had been with me then had made my life quite a different matter; but it it was too late to save her.

"You have forgiven me?" she esked my housekeeper helped her into bed.

"'You have forgiven me?' she asked that evening, as I sat by her bed. "I forgave you, my child, long since; but not him who has brought you

to this. Where is he?'
"'Dead,' said the poor girl, in a faint whiser. 'Don't speak ill of him. I can't bear it.'
"I asked her why she had not let me

I knew you would not turn from me; but I was too much ashamed.'
"The next day but one the doctor told me—what to expect. I promised the poor child that Trot should take her place with me. I held the little one for her to kiss, and had it taken

away; and then—
"Trot, my darling, run upstairs to
nurse for awhile; 1'll call you down again by-and-by.'
"And then, as I said, Violet bade me good-bye. Her last words? They

were, 'Give my love to Harry.'

"These incessant fogs have a bad effect on my throat. I can't talk for any length of time without getting him through, and that he was no fit like I did just now, so that I can't croak out a word. "There isn't much more to tell, fortu-

raven.
"I was out, with Trot by my side, ing Violet into his care. I vowed to one day last autumn, when I came upon myself that nothing on earth should inthe majority. He was walking with a pretty, stylish-looking girl, chatting and laughing, but when he saw me his

> "His gaze dwelt for an instant on the child whose hand I held. He knew those brown eyes and long lashes, and

> he saw the black frock.
> "There, that is all. Harry, I read your thoughts. You must not! Leave him to Heaven. Promise me; boy-for her sake. You promise? Your hand on that. Heaven help you my poor lad!"—Young Ladies' Journal.

The Topography of the Brain.

Abundant proof has been adduced of the fact that the brain may be handled. irritated, or partially destroyed without necessary danger to life. One of the latest developments of this method of investigation has been the discovery of those centers in the cortex which preside over voluntary motion, which have been, more especially by Prof. Ferrier, differentiated and localized with great precision. This important knowledge has been arrived at by an extended series of experiments conducted on living animals, in which, by observing the several effects or destroy-ing limited areas of their brains, the different functions of these special localities have been determined. A topography of the cerebrum has thus been constructed, in which the various faculties have been mapped out.—Nature.

In character, in manners, in style, in

I spent a day with great interest, says Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton in the Congregationalist, in visiting the worsted mill and warehouses at Saltaire, just out from Bradford, England, which covers about ten acres. The history of the proprietor, Sir Ti-tus Salt, reads like a romance. A poor boy, a son of a plain Yorkshire man, at 19 in a loose blouse he was sorting and washing wool; a little later a good salesman, a faithful Christian worker, and the Superintendent of a Sunday

At 33, happening to be in Liverpool, he observed in the docks some huge pieces of dirty-looking a paca wool. They had long lain in the warehouses, They had long lain in the warehouses, and, becoming a nuisance to the owners, were soon to be reshipped to Peru. Young Salt took away a handful of the wool in his handkerchief, scoured and combed it, and was amazed at its attractive appearance. His father and friends advised him strongly to have nothing to do with the dirty stuff, as he Fould sell it to no one, and if he at-tempted to make cloth from it himself, he ran a great risk of failure. Finally he said: "I am going into this alpaca affair right and left, and I'll either make myself a man or a mouse.

Returning to Liverpool he bought the whole 300 bales for a small sum and toiled diligently till proper machinery was made for the new material. The result was a great success. In three years over two million. three years over two million pounds of in an agitated way. 'You will let me alpaca wool were imported, and now four million pounds are brought to Bradford alone. Employment was soon furnished to thousands, laborers coming from all over Great Britain and htly, while her lips quivered.

'Don't say that, uncle!' she cried, was made Mayor of Bradford; ten hoarsely. Dear uncle, oh, what can years after this a member of Parlia-I say—what can I say to move you?'

"You think I was very hard, Harry,
I see; but I thought it best.

"'Hush, chied,' I said. 'Nothing will years after this a menter of the bard ment, and ten years later still a baronet by Queen Victoria. A great change from the boy in his soiled, coarse blouse, but he deserved it all. He was fluence me. I am resolved.'
"'And so am I, she said, sorrowfully, when worth his millions and giving the works before the engine was start-ed. It used to be said of him, "Titus tual to the minute, most exact, and un-ostentatious. After he was knighted it was no uncommon thing for him to take a poor woman and her baby in the carriage beside him, or a tired workdespise him, and his virtues that you man, or scatter hundreds of tracts in a do not know. Won't you kiss me, un- village where he happened to be. Once "I was half inclined to take her in asked him to buy a broom. To her as-

building of Saltaire tor his four thou-"The next day she did not come down before I went to the city, and what he had been reading of late, he when I came home she was gone. I replied, "Alpaca. If you had four or when I came home she was gone. I have forgiven her now, Harry; but it was a cruel blow. After all my love and care I did not think she would leave me like that!

"Why, Trot, you look quite frightened! I'm not cross, my pet.

"You was gone. I replied, "Alpaca. If you had four or five thousand people to provide for every day you would not have much time left for reading." Saltaire is a beautiful place on the banks of the River Aire, clean and restful. In the center of the town stands the great control of the great control of the town stands the great control of the great cont six-story mil, well ventilated, lighted, and warmed, 545 feet long, of light-colered stone, costing over a half million dollars. The four engines of 1,-800 horse power consume fifteen thousand tons of coal per year. The weav-

sand tons of coal per year. The weaving shed, covering two acres, holds.
1,200 looms, which make eighteen
miles of fabric per day.

The houses of the work people are
an honor to the capitalist. They are
of light stone like the mill, two stories high, each containing parlor, kitchen, pantry, and three bed-rooms or more, well-ventilated and tasteful. Flower beds are in every front yard, with a vegetable garden in the rear. No broken carts or rubbish are to be seen.

Montgomery's Last Meeting with His

With such feelings of ardent devotion did Montgomery give himself up to the cause of American liberty, that when called upon by Congress to quit the retirement of his farm in order to become one of the first eight brigadiergenerals, he wrote to a friend "that the onor, though entirely unexpected and undeserved, he felt to be the will of an oppressed people, which must be obeyed;" and he accordingly went im-

mediately into active service.

Mrs. Montgomery accompanied him
on his way as far as Saratoga. In after
years their parting was described as
follows by his brother-in-law Edward Livingston, who was at the time a boy of 11: "It was just before General Montgomery left for Canada. We were only three in the room—he, my sister, and myself. He was sitting in a musing attitude between his wife, who, sad and silent, seemed to be reading the future, and myself, whose childish ad-miration was divided between the glittering uniform and the martial hearing of him who wore it. Suddenly the silence was broken by Montgomery's deep voice, repeating the line, 'Tis a mad world, my masters.' 'I once thought so,' he continued; 'now I know it.' The tone, the words, the circumstances, overawed me, and I noiselessly retired. I have since reflected upon the bearing of this quotation, forcing itself upon the young soldier at that moment. Perhaps he might have been contrasting the sweet quiet of the life he held in his grasp with the tumults and perils of the camp which he had resolved to seek without one regretful glance at what he was leaving behind. These were the last words I heard from his lips, and I never saw him more."-Louise Livingston Hunt, in

Harper's Magazine. The Practical Tombstone. The Selectmen of Middlebury, Con neticut, propose that hereafter tomb-stones shall be made valuable as public records. They have passed a resolution requiring that every tombstone to be erected in the West Middlebury Center cemetary shall contain, in addition to the name, age, and date of death of the person to whom it refers, the name of the disease which was the cause of death, the name of the physicians in attendance on the decease and a brief description of his treatment of the case.

He Knew What He Meant. A Senatorial candidate dictated a telegram to a member of the Legisla-ture: "If you vote for me I will not

orget the obligation."
"How many words is that?"
"Eleven," said the private secretary.
"Well, you know what I mean. Boil down to ten words." The private secretary struck out the

word "not." - Chinago News. NATURALISTS have discovered a milkgiving animal, or one belonging to the same great class of animals as the horse, that lays eggs after the fashion of a reptile.

MEETING PRESIDENTS.

A Little Chat with President Arthur—Bril

When President Arthur paid a visit to the great National Park several of the prominent men of Wyoming, including myself, went up to Green River, where the presidential party would leave the special train and, under an escort, cross overland to the park. There were half a dozen of us who felt as though the northeast corner of the national fabric rested on our shoulders.

tures whatever, and we finally had to go into his car and introduce our-selves. He may have been overjoyed to see us, and doubtless was, but he has remarkable control over himself that

Way. When the President took my shapely hand in his and Colonel Sheridan told him who I was, he looked me square in as though he might be trying to remember who I was but could not. At that moment I would have given \$2 if I could have thought of the proper thing to say. The more he looked at me with those dark, sorrought me with those dark, sorrowful eyes of his and patiently waited for me to say to 105. By the coinage act of 1873, something, the less I seemed to have my mind with me, and I wanted to tell J. Knox, Comptroller of the Currency, him that in the hurry of starting off I the coinage of the silver dollar of 412. had left my thinker at home on the pi-ano. At last I got desperate and said: "Mr. President, don't you think we are having rather a backward spring?"

That was nearly two years ago, and he has never, officially or otherwise, gratified my morbid curiosity. He still looked at me in dumb wonder and surprise. Perhaps he felt oppressed with the pomp and glitter of my good

clothes.

Marshal Schnitger and Surveyor General Meldrum dropped into an easy conversation with General Sheridan, and fought their battles over again. Just then Judge Blair was presented to the President, and I fell into the hands of Secretary Lincoln.

Probably the Secretary still wakes up nights and thinks with pleasure of that little chat we had together at Green river. He looked at me in an attentive and interested way that flattered me at the time very much, but when I saw him a half hour afterwards looking at a young cinnamon bear in the same way I was no longer proud. Casually I looked up at Judge Blair

and the President to see how they were coming on. The President had nailed the Judge with the same earnest expectant look, and the Judge was feeling of his head to see if it were there, and at the same time was trying to think of a hard word.

Just then the President seemed to think of something that he had left in the other car. He rose, and with a firm, dignified step, walked away, and I have never seen him since. Neither has he seen me since.

It is years since lest we met, And we may rever meet again; I have struggled to forget. But the scruggle was n vain.

Soon afterward we all hastily with drew. We thought it would be better for us to withdraw before the rest of the party did. It would be more etiquette and bonhomie.

Take it all around, we had a very pleasant call on the party, and everything passed off smoothly. Still, I made one resolution on that accasion which I have rigidly adhered to. When I call on another President of the United States it will be when he sends a double-barreled quo warranto after me, or when I have business with him of an important nature. I shall never call on the President of the United States again just to kill time. The desire to rub up against greatness has been fully glutted in me. The wild yearning to shed a happy tear on the President, who is a total stranger to ne, has been thoroughly satiated Should one of my own family be chosen to that great office and insist on my coming to Washington to run his ad-ministration through the holidays, I might do so, otherwise I warn the future Presidents of this Republic that I will never, never darken their doors .-

Drawing Drafts of the Future. A man in China endowed with much

forethought can make some provision fer his own future comfort. The priests have considerately organized a bank for the spirit world. To this the provident may remit large sums during their lifetime, and can draw on the bank as soon as they reach the dark country. The priests periodically an-nounce their intention of remitting money on a certain day, and invite all who have any to deposit to bring it. All who feel doubtful of the generosity of their next heirs accordingly come and buy from the priests as much as they can afford among the spirits. It is an excellent investment, as for a handful of brass cash, altogether worth about one penny, they will receive syeee, i. e., the boat-shaped blocks of silver looking tinfoil, bearing a spiritual value of \$30. Paper houses, furni-ture, and clothes may in like manner be purchased and stored beforehand in the happy security that neither moth nor rust shall corrupt them, neither shall thieves break through and steal. When the depositor (probably a poor coolly or aged beggar) has invested his little savings in this precious rubbish in the ecclesiastical bazaar he delivers t to the priests, together with a sum of real money as commission. For this the priests give a written receipt. All this din is thrown into a large boat. is a framework of reeds with bamboo mast, and its sails and planking are of paper. When all the depositors have made their payments, the priests walk several times around the boat, chanting some incantation, then simultaneously set fire to both ends, and the paper fabric vanishes in a flash of flame. The priests bid the depositors keep their certificates with all care, and gives them to some trustworthy person to burn after their decease, whereupon the said certificates will reach them safely in the dark world, and they can draw their money as required. All this seems to be implicitly believed by a whole great nation, who in all other

respects are probably the most business race in the whole such is the strange power of ing superstition |—The British terity Review.

the great National Park several of the prominent men of Wyoming, including myself, went up to Green River, where the presidential party would leave the special train and, under an escort, cross overland to the park. There were half a dozen of us who felt as though the northeast corner of the national fabric rested on our shoulders, and we felt that so long as the President was to visit for a number of weeks within the borders of Wyoming we ought, as a matter of common politeness, to go and give him the freedom of the park and the Shoshone reservation.

In the party we had a member of the Supreme Court of the Territory, the United States marshal, the present Suveyor-general of the Territory, the United States marshal, the present Supreme Court of the Territory, the United States marshal are to silver dollar as above mentioned, which was to weigh 416 grains, and be "the unit of Federal money." In 1837 a code of mint laws, drawn by Mr. R. M. Patterson, the director of the mint, and adopted by Congress, reducing the weight of the silver dollar to 412‡ rains, and the smaller silver coins in proportion, and for both metals the standard of fineness used in the mint Suveyor-general of the Territory, and myself.

When the President's train arrived, bearing, besides the President, General Sheridan, Senstor Vest, Secretary of War Lincoln, Colonel Sheridan and others, we waited quite a while for the President to come out and see us, but he remained in his car. Thinking at last that perhaps the Presieent had not heard that we were there, we walked around the train a few times, so that he could see us and call us in and converse with us. But he made no overtures whatever, and we finally had togo into his car and introduce ourselves. He may have been overjoyed Coin Standards of the United St 412‡ grains was not included in this change. The mint was no longer to coin silver for individuals, but to purchase the metal at its market price and manufacture coins on government account. The effect of this change was to give to the silver coin of this try a current value sufficiently above its market price as bullion to prevent grains was dropped, and in its place was substituted the dollar of 420 grains, called the "trade dollar," since it was intended only for the convenience of our trade with Mexico and the Central American States, China, and Japan, and was never much used in this country excepting on the Pacific coast. The act of 1875 also provided that silver money should only be a "legal tender at its nominal value for any amount not exceeding \$5 in any one payment."
This restriction, together with the omission of the old silver dollars from the list of authorized coins, resulted in the demonetization of silver," of which so much was said when its effects began to be understood. By the "silver bill" of 1877 the dollar of 412½ grains was restored to the coinage and again made legal tender. In using the word made legal tender. In using the word "standard" in the article to which our querist above refers we had reference simply to the fact that gold, having the highest bullion value of the two metals, would naturally regulate the value of silver as bullion. As coin, silver and gold are of equal value, \$1 in gold being exchangeable for \$1 in silver at

A Swedish Godiya.

any time-or either of them for \$1 in

paper-as legal tender of the United

States. - Inter Ocean.

The 2d of February in Sweden is considered the midwinter day. In the era of paganism it was a great festival Goa or Goja, n honor of the heroine deified under the name of Disa, to whom the whole month was consecrated besides. The legend of Goa is very

It states that at one time when the country was visited by a frightful fam-Thing, or national assembly, decided that, in order to alleviate the general distress, it would be necessary to put to death a part of the population, especially the old and infirm Goa alone dared to protest loudly; and claimed to be able to propose a means of remedying the dearth, which would prove more efficacious as well as more umane. The King ordered the execution of the decree to be postponed; but in the interim, desiring to test the sagacity of the young grl, and to confound her audacity, he sent her word he would only receive her on condition that she would come to his dwelling neither on foot nor in a vehicle; neither dressed nor undressed: neither in the course of a year nor during any

particular month; neither by day not by night. Goa solved the enigma. She came to the King's house on a sledge drawn by a goat, holding on to the side of the sledge, with one leg resting on the pole of the sledge, the other on the goat. She wore a fishing net only in lieu of garments; and she came exactly at the epoch of the solstice, when the month is still undetermined, at the time of a full moon, but while it was yet twilight. Being permitted to speak, she advised that the old and infirm, in lieu of being exterminated, should be merely sent to the still unpeopled parts of the country, where they would be able to obtain e means of existence without being any burden to the community. The King liked the advice; and as the adviser had charmed him by her beauty and her wit, he took her for his wife. Translated from Le Figaro.

Mrs. Beecher's Opals. Speaking of opals reminds us of Mrs Peecher's superstition about precious stones. On one of their marriage an niversaries Mr. Beecher presented his wife with a set of opals with which she seldom adorned herself. A short time before Henry Ward's grievous trouble with Tilton she opened the casket intending to wear her jewels, but notice they had a dim appearance, as though covered by steam. She tried to polish them but they refused to be brightened so she closed the casket and returned them to their hiding place with her heart full of forebodings. When their trouble was the darkest, she bethought her of the opals, and took out again the precious gems, which had lost their entire brilliancy. When the sunshine began to break through the clouds, and there was a prospect of her husband's vindication, she consulted the opals as a sibyl interrogrates, the cards, and a sibyl interrogates the cards, and found them clearer, and when he gained the entire victory the opals were restored to their natural hues, but have never since been worn by the owner. Said one of the Ladies to whom the story was being related: "The language of opal is hope, and if any one hoped for a justification of Mr. Beecher it was his devoted wife, who sat with him day after day listening to the evi dence for and against the man she had always loved, and in whose virtue and honor she firmly believes."—Cor. Chi cago Inter-Ocean.

To DISCUSS an opinion with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man.—De Gaston.

Parisian Marriage.

A writer in the Le Figaro has recently taken upon himself the task of teaching people how to live in grand style. In a recent article he has explained the correct ceremonial of a French marriage and its preliminaries. First of all, the match-makers, parents, and friends, hold all kinds of meetings and confabulations at balls, at the theater, at the races, in all the fashionable meeting places. If all the information obtained by the two parties is satisfactory, an interview is arranged. Middle-class people arrange this first meeting at the Opera Comique, the most correct and decorous of all Parisian theaters. The aristocrats prefer the churches of Saint Clotilde or Thomas d'Aquin. The young man is told that churches of Saint Clotilde or Thomas d'Aquin. The young man is told that the young lady will wear such and such a hat, and, concealed furtively behind a pillar, he examines her and decides whether she pleases him or not. If her parents are less severe, the first meeting may take place at a friendly house, at a picture exhibition at a former. ing may take place at a friendly house, at a picture exhibition, at a flower show, or what not, and the parties are allowed not only to see each other, but to exchange a few words. The following day a reply has to be given. If it is negative on the part of the young woman, her father writes to the young man, thanking him for the honor of his demand, and regretting for some demand, and regretting, for some reason or other, not to be able to re-ceive it favorably. If it is in the affirmative, the mother writes and invites the young man to call upon her in the afternoon. The young man then sends a white bouquet to the young woman, whom he may consider to be his fiancee, and until the marriage is celebrated he must continue to send a bouquet every morning of roses camellias, gardenias, or violets.

Two or three days after his acceptance the contract is signed, the engagement ring offered—a sapphire, a pearl, or a ruby, never a diamond—and the young man is invited to dine in the family of his future wife every night. The marriage is celebrated six weeks or two months after the engagement, that is to say, just time enough is left to buy the corbeille and trousseau. The corbeille consists of diamonds and lace, shawls, cashmere wraps, two opera cloaks, four ball dresses, zibeline furs. a scent-bottle, a watch, a purse full of golden pieces, a card case, a pearl neck-lace, and a dress of Alencon point lace. The fiancee sends these articles to the bride on the day of the signature of the marriage contract, a ceremony to which all friends and acquaintances are in-vited. The bride wears a rose-colored dress on this occasion; the wedding presents are exhibited with the names of the givers, the corbeille is shown on a separate table, and all the guests after signing their names at the foot of the contract, walk around and examine the presents.

The civil marriage before the mayor is a pure formality, at which nobody is present except the parties concerned and the necessary witnesses. The following day the religious marriage is celebrated with as much pomp as you please. The bride wears a white satir dress, with lace veil over her hair, and a wreath of orange blossoms. The face is uncovered and the dress highnecked

The rest of the ceremony does not differ from that practiced in England and America. There is a wedding breakfast and a honey-moon trip, and very often the couple so married do not live happily ever afterward.

New York as it Used to Be.

An advertisement in the New York Gazette in 1750 offered for sale "a like-ly, stout Spanish negro fellow, about six or seven and twenty years of age, and understands the baking business well." This news was in the paper:

Last week a quantity of fresh butter in three-pound rolls was seized and

sent to the poorhouse for being nearly a half pound in each roll too light. Among other notices are the follow

English to be sold. Inquire of the printer.

Last week arrived here a company of commedians from Philadelphia, who, we hear, have taken a convenient room for their purpose in one of the buildings formerly belonging to the Hon. Rip Van Dam, Esq., deceased, in Nassau street, where they intend to perform as long as the season lasts.

By his Excellency's permission, at

the theater in Nassau street, on Mon-day, the 5th day of March next, will be presented the historical tragedy of "King Richard III.," wrote originally by Shakspeare, and altered by Colly Cibber, Esq.

Wanted, a negro man that under-

stands farming—to hire or to buy. Inquire of the printer. To be let on ground rent, for a term

of years, four lots of land in the City of New York, fronting John street and William street, called the Horse and This is to give notice that his Majes-

ty's ship Hector, Captain Samuel Mais-

terson, will sail from New York for Great Britain on the 15th day of May next. This is to give notice that on Thursday last was brought to Cornelius Vanhorne, Esq., a negro man who calls himself Bristow; was taken up at or about King's Bridge, and says he belongs to Thomas Freeman of Whip-

pany The owner by applying may have him on demand, by paying charg-A strong, active negro man, a new negro fellow, and five young girls to be sold. Enquire at Mrs. Elizabeth Carlton in Broad St., or of the printer hereof. John Brown hereby gives notice to his friends and well-wishers that having tried in many different ways to support himself and family, though with the utmost honesty and care, yet not being attended with desired successe has now, with the assistance of some merchants, opened a shop in Crown

This is to acquaint the public that there is lately arrived from London the wonder of the world, an honest barber and peruke maker.

A Shifting Science.

Medicine is a shifting science, and the bane of one age is the antidote of the next. Port wine used to be cursed as the cause of their misfortune by all jolly old boys with gouty toes, and now it is prescribed as a remedy for that very same rich man's evil. There will be fewer faces made over it than most doctor's stuff.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, an English physician of eminence, declares that the mental phenomena of typhoid fever are full of suggestions, and that typhus is marked by short, delirious dreams, remittent fevers by long, dolorous and painful dreams, and scarlet fever by realistic dreams.

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you. but it hangs high; a wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low. PITH AND POINT.

A ROLLER-SKATER is known by his

When a stovepipe is out at the elbow the soot begins to play out.

A LITERARY lion may be lamb-like himself, but he often sets society in a roar.

"Our on a fowl," said a fly as he alighted on a duck's neck and was carried across the pond.

When you wish to convey the idea that a friend is married, just say, "He buys bonnets, now."

Ladies are not supposed to swear but they have often been known to "darn" things.—Carl Pretzel's Weekly. Bergh says he never could understand why a man should beat his wife. It is generally because he daren't tackle anybody else.—Detroit Free Press.

"What will be the drink in the fu-ture?" asks Mr. Moody. There will doubtless be many drinks among which whisky will loom up prominently.—

Some ingenious chap has invented a chin holder. Now married men need no longer be at a loss as to what kind of a birthday present to make their mother-in-law.—St. Paul Day.

GEN. WASHINGTON was inaugurated in a suit of homespun clothes, and he was the only president thus apparelled. But then, of course, no other president could ever get even that near to being like Washington.—Texas Siftings. A HOUSEHOLD item remarks that bride's cakes are now made in layers. Pullets are maiden layers too, but though they hold in solution some of

the elements of bride's cakes, they are quite dissimilar.—Yonker's Gazette.

"Dean little man with the slender legs,
Man with the long, long hair,
Why do you dance on your slender pegs?
Why do you how land mutter so?
Why do you how land mutter so?
Why do you cench your fist?
"Silly chatterer, don't you know?
I am an el-o-out-ion-ist."
—Texas Siftings.

DD. DECHAMPS says that scarlet fever microbes are shaped like hairs, with a swelling at one end. What have always been supposed to be hairs in butter, then, were scarlet fever microbes, were they? No more butterine ours.—Peck's Sun.

THE Philadelphia Call gives a recipe for "brick and mortar pudding."
Schoppenstedt says he doesn't know
much about cooking, but he remembers
a pudding his wife made the first week after they were married which tasted like that.—Oil City Blizzard.

"WAS Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher. "No, my son," replied the wise man; "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo." The pupil said nothing, but immediately wrote to Joliet, Illinois, for particulars. - New York Morning Journal. An editor's wife writing to a friend,

invited her to come and visit them last summer; said they had just rented a real cosy cottage with a nice lawn at-tached. An editor is so accustomed to having something attached every few days that he can't keep house without it.—Whiteside Herald.

SNAILS grow unusually large in India, and a company has been organ-ized in New York for the purpose of shipping them to this country. We do not know how they expect to utilize them, but suppose they are to be substituted for messenger boys in order to secure quicker delivery of telegrams.— Newman Independent.

"SIS SAYS she can't come down tonight; she has a severe headache. That's what she says; but Cholly don't give it away, she's lyin' like a house afire. She hurt her bunion so tryin' to wear number two shoes on a num four foot, that she can't walk,' was the way a Fourth street 8-year-old excused his sister when her beau called.— Brooklyn Times.

On State occasions King Tofa, of Porto Novo, South Africa, "adorns him-self in a large flannel shirt and mounts A likely negro boy about 14 years, his royal throne, where he sits surto the grievances of his subjects." We should think a king who has 1,000 wives should have more grievances to make than any of his subjects—especially about the time the bills for his

wives' spring millinery come in .- Norristown Herald. COMMON PEOPLE. "Common peop'e I despise," Mrs. Shoddy said, and con: empt was in her eyes. As she tossed her hea :.

"What are 'common' people, i ray?"
I saked with a smile.
For I knew her weakness lay
In attempting "style." "O! the lower classes, sir,"
Answered she so perk,
"Butchers, grocers, bakers, sir—
All who have to work."

Rang the bell. "The butcher, mum," Bawled the servant shrill, "Sez no mate he'll lave yez, mum, Till yez pay the bill." "Tell him he must leave it, Jane, And I'll call around— O! a butcher I disdain— He's so low," she frown'd. Rang the bell. "The grocer, mum, "Sez he wants his pay." "What ill breeding—Tell him come, Jane, some other day."

"Here's the washerwoman, mum, And the baker stout." "When thos; horrid creatures come, Janossay-Yam out."

"Faith! youd not be in at all If I tould that l'e— Folks as live by chatin' small Shouldn't perch so high." Then the reason I devised Why poor Mrs. S. "Common peop e" so despised— "Twasn't hard to guess. -H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Sun.

Eliminated Drudgery.

The truth is, or should be, that a man takes the most solid comfort in that work which interests his whole family, and about which all the members can unite in study and ejoyment. bers can unite in study and ejoyment. The farmer who pursues a system of mixed husbandry, has in the diversity of employment, breadth of study and thought, everything that will stimulate a healthy activity of mind and body. In the pursuit of financial success, he has madelens to solve and queets, has problems to solve and question to decide which may form subjects for most interesting family conversation.

There may be drudgery in farm life, but there need be no more of it there than in the details of the highest art. The best way in the world to embellish this drudgery, is to find questions con-nected with it that shall quicken thought and stimulate inquiry in every member of the household.—C. W. Garfield, in Vick's Magazine.

A Sly Joker.

A Sly Joker.

A victim of street car pickpockets determined to get even with them, so he put into his pocket a pocket-book containing only a slip of paper on which was written the words: "This time, you rascal, you've lost the reward of your labor!" He got into the car and waited, resolved to have the pickpocket that meddled with him arrested. Twenty minutes passed and nothing Twenty minutes passed and nothing happened, and, tired of waiting, he got out, having first assured himself that his pocket-book was safe. He opened it, and in the place of the white piece of paper there was a blue one, which he unfolded and read as follows: "What a sly joker you are!"—Argonant.