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What?
By C. W. DENNIS.
When goes the spirit?—When the body is dead
It alone, space infinite tread—
A lone, lone, lone, lone, lone, lone, lone, lone,
To me prepared for me and for you

KITTY'S "FATE."

CHAPTER I.

"Are you in such a hurry to see the fellow, Kitty?"
"Oh, Angus!"
"Then you've a few minutes more; the ride has only been too short as it is. Why need we hasten on?"
"Because mamma will wonder; and—and we are so far behind the others, Kitty, and I think only of you."

As he spoke, Mr. Dare put out an audacious hand in the friendly twilight of the drive, and took his cousin's trembling fingers into his possession.
Their horses were very close together as they walked slowly on toward the lighted-up windows of the white house at the end of the avenue. Kitty's heart began to beat. Perhaps Angus was going to speak after all, in time to save her from what he had taught her to call "the horrible fate" that was in store for her.

"It may be the last time we shall ever ride together as we are riding now," her cousin went on; then, in a low voice, "That fellow is going to come between us, dear. I suppose it is only natural. And I must me up my mind to retire as gracefully as I can into the background; but"—he bent over and looked into Kitty's face with his ardent gaze, at once imperious and beseeching—"you will not quite give me up, child? You will still think of me sometimes?"
"You—you know I will, Angus."

"That is all I ask," declared Angus in a heroic way; but two big tears fell upon the bosom of Kitty's blue halter as she saw that she was to be left alone in the house where her "fate" had either arrived or was about to arrive, and Angus had only asked her to care for her really and seriously? And ought she to make a bet about her cousin's return? Mr. Woodstock and the money—the great fortune that everyone was talking about—Kitty felt very unhappy. But how was she to speak plainly if Angus would not speak to her? She was about to run up the steps at once and hide her quivering tear-stained face; but Angus held her back. It was nearly dark out there under the trees; and she was not to be seen. He raised her pretty dimpled chin with his other hand, and looked again with a long deep look into the girl's eyes.

"Kitty," he breathed softly, still gazing down into the uplifted fascinated eyes—"my own little cousin Kitty!"
"Yes," she whispered, almost inaudibly, and then he put his other arm about her too, and pressed her more closely against his breast, and she felt his lips kiss her trembling lips.

The touch awoke her, and, with a little gasp and a brilliant blush, she tore herself from his arms.
"Angus!" she panted out reproachfully.
"You are cousins, you know, dear," he urged in his low, clear voice; but Kitty had already flown up the steps and into the hall, and was half way up stairs before he could attempt to follow her.

She did not look back all the other people in the drawing room; she felt as if they must be able to see the kiss which was still burning on her lips and making her heart thump so loudly. It was even a relief to find that her mother was not in the room. The candles had not been lighted, there was only the flicker of the firelight. Miss Marjoribanks was free to tear off her gloves, to fling her hat and wrap upon the bed, and to drop breathlessly into an easy chair, hiding her face in her hands and sobbing.

She hardly understood what had happened to her; she was angry, frightened, happy, all at once. She was thinking, in a vague, excited way, that at last she knew what true love meant, and that she would never, never be the same again. No man but Angus should ever—The bright blush rushed again to the girl's face. She took down her hands, and got up and peeped at herself in the firelit looking-glass. Her nut-brown hair was blown into a cloud above her velvet dark eyes, her sweet irregular peach like face was blushing and glowing, and her charming guilty red mouth smiled shyly back at her.

They were both so poor, she and Angus, and there were a thousand things depending on her answer in twelve months' time to this odious Stephen Woodstock—not that Kitty knew whether the man was odious or not, considering that she had never seen him; but to her it was always a matter of disorderly habits, and Miss Netley waited, what they could toward keeping the peace. In the gallery that led to her room Kitty almost ran against Angus Dare, who was coming down stairs already dressed for dinner. He stopped short at sight of the girl's agitated face and disheveled locks.

"Kitty," he said, as she would have passed him by, "you are not angry with me, are you, no?" she cried impatiently. She felt, Mr. Woodstock had enough for one day. "But I have seen him—Stephen Woodstock—and I would not marry him for two hundred thousand pounds!"

Stephen Woodstock to his Partner in Auckland.
Well, old boy, the "drop" has fallen on the first act of the comedy, and, according to promise, I sit down virtuously—having left all the other fellows in the smoking room—to write my notice of the performance so far.

And, first, a word as to the "set" provided for the first act of the comedy, and, according to promise, I sit down virtuously—having left all the other fellows in the smoking room—to write my notice of the performance so far.

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down brains fall over her shoulders and fall below her waist.
In the hall Mrs. Marjoribanks was waiting for the two girls. She asked Doris to go in and pour out the tea.
"Kitty," she said then, a little anxiously, "Mr. Woodstock has arrived. I thought you had better see him at once, but pretty." And she turned pale again; she had quite forgotten Mr. Woodstock; she had been thinking only of Angus; not now! Just look at me! Where is he? Won't he do afterwards?—and as she put her string of protestations and questions, she felt a mingled sensation of relief and disappointment in the knowledge that her cousin had not spoken.

"You will do very well," Mrs. Marjoribanks decided comfortably—she knew very well that Kitty could never look anything but pretty. "And I will be less embarrassing to you both to meet quietly now than in the drawing-room with everyone's eyes on you. Come, he is waiting for you in the library!"

"You have seen him, mamma? Is he—is he very bad, dear?"
"Nonsense!"—laughing. "Why should he be bad at all? He is certainly not bad looking."
"Oh!" said Kitty blankly. She felt vexed that Mr. Woodstock was not a perfect monster.

"Come and judge for yourself," added her mother, moving toward the library door.
"Oh, mamma,"—Kitty shrank back with most unaffected reluctance—"wait a bit! I—I am awfully frightened!"

She was ready to cry with all she had gone through, and the trial that still awaited her; but she swallowed her tears, and only put her arms around her mother, rubbing her downy little face against her cheek with a kitten-like movement.

"Now, don't be a little goose!" said Mrs. Marjoribanks, laughing again. "Do you suppose that any one wants you to marry against your will? Come and have some tea with me, and then we will go to the library."

With which she went into the library, leaving the charming reluctant figure of her daughter after her, Miss Kitty hanging down her ruffled head and looking like a scolded child.

Mr. Woodstock was warming his hands at the fire and cheerfully talking to Miss Netley, she made tea. He turned quickly now, displaying a resolute, sunburnt face, and made his bow to Miss Marjoribanks with a look of eager interest, which gave way to one of profound and pleased surprise. Really Kitty Marjoribanks was too much to expect hand in hand with a fortune. Her sweet cross peach of a face was fortunate enough in itself for any reasonable man, and the actual New Zealand could not help thinking.

As for Kitty, she looked up through her black lashes at her tall and broad-shouldered "fate," and thought scornfully what a contrast he was to Angus! Then she looked down without attempting to originate a conversation. She was still a little pale, and was nervously putting. She looked pressed, if possibly, than when perfectly dressed in a good temper.

"I hope I am not a very great shock to you, my feelings," she said at last, and she looked at her with a look of surprise, as if she had never seen her before.

"Kitty would have been here to welcome you, Mr. Woodstock," she said, kindly, wishing to put him at his ease, "but she has only just got home from her ride. How came you to be so late, dear?" she asked, turning to her daughter.

Kitty colored up suddenly.
"Angus thought he knew a nearer way through the out-land, and we—we lost ourselves. We did not mean to be so late, mamma," and then she added, with a fresh display of temper, "I am very glad that Mr. Woodstock has arrived safely, and I hope he had a pleasant voyage and that he will like England. I suppose I may go now? I have hardly time to dress as it is."

Looking recently at Stephen as she spoke, she noted a pair of penetrating grey eyes fixed upon her petulant little face, and saw an amused smile break over the young fellow's lips.

"It was my fault," he said, gravely.
"Begs me, Miss Marjoribanks, you understand and pardon my impudence? But, if I had known about the out-land, I would not have been so indiscreet."

"What do you mean?" demanded Kitty, with a malignant blush that had once before, when she was a child, had been the cause of her mother's indignation.

"Short cuts are invariably the longest way home in certain circumstances," he answered imperturbably.
Kitty drew up her white throat. Was this Mr. Woodstock presuming to laugh at her as at Angus?

"That entirely depends on your companion is," she retorted with winking politeness; and, having fired this shot, she got up and marched out of the room, eyes flashing and chin kept high, as if she were a queen.

shall always be glad to have had such an adventure, and to have seen a glimpse of life in the old country which hitherto I have only read or dreamt about. After all, I am only here on approval, and the odds are that I shall be declined with thanks, in which case twelve months will see me back with you again, more the worse for my holiday, and with a great deal of contented memories to keep me company for the rest of my days.

"But," said she, "the comedy, the company, the 'juvenile light'—I'm coming to all that. You might know by my delay that I have an interesting confession to make."

"Is she pretty—Miss Marjoribanks?" I hear Mrs. Herbert exclaim; and "Isn't she?" I reply with enthusiasm. "I just saw her to-day, and she is a beauty. The worst of it is there is some one else too who is pretty—Miss Netley—Dora Netley. Doesn't that sound tempting? Almost as tempting as Kitty Marjoribanks. I wish I were a little more than a man, and I would like to see her."

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Kitty sat sulkily behind the silver urn, and would not touch her breakfast. The angry blood rushed to her cheeks as Stephen made this audacious speech.
"I will spare you the trouble of studying my character," she said, curtly. "It is just as bad as ever it can be, and I can tell you all about it in five minutes. An impatient cough made her stop, and she said, "I am very sorry to hear you say so," rejoined the young man gravely. "But I think I would rather judge for myself. Not that I am so easily disenchanted as that, Miss Marjoribanks, especially when there is so much to be made."

"I can quite understand that," declared Kitty, in her most cutting voice.
"Of course you can. I am sure you would be the last person to blame me for being eager to secure such a prize."

There was a sudden gentleness in his voice which startled her into looking up. She found his eyes fixed upon her again. Stephen had very expressive eyes; and she looked down, reddening and vexed.

"Please don't take the trouble to pretend that it is me," she said, with angry incoherence. "I can assure you that I am not being eager to secure the hundred thousand pounds!"

"There is not a man living," he answered calmly, "who could honestly say he would not like to have a hundred thousand pounds at his command. I confess that it would take a good deal to induce me to refuse it. And, as to the trifling defects you have hinted at, Miss Marjoribanks, well"—sighing resignedly—"one can't have everything in this world."

There was silence on Miss Marjoribanks's part. She was pulling a great purple-black rose to pieces and strewing the leaves on the table cloth and on the floor.

"What are your principal faults?" continued Stephen, looking at her. "It is well perhaps in such a case to be forearmed."

"Really!" cried the girl, drawing herself up.

Two Famous Song Writers.
Samuel S. Sanford, who is known as the father of negro minstrelsy, is brimful of recollections of Foster and other song writers of the country. The old negro man was met yesterday by a reporter, who found him just in the mood for talking. "One thing I've got to say is this," said he, as he lit his pipe and placed his thumbs in his vest arm holes; "I think that too much is thought of Foster and too little of Nelson Kneass. Foster owed his first introduction to the public to Nelson's generosity. Nelson had written a lot of songs that are now more sung by minstrels than Foster's. There's 'Jane O'Malley,' a quartet founded on the death of a poor young woman who was found in the Hudson; 'Ben Bolt,' one of the most popular in the minstrel repertoire. The Miller, 'Hold Your Horses,' 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Swing Low, Sweet Cherry Tree,' 'Swanee River,' 'The Old Folks at Home,' and 'Swanee River,' have the original manuscript with me. I have both Foster and Nelson Kneass, and I think Nelson was the better man."—Philadelphia Times.

Church and Dinner Pot.
In a certain village in Maryland a small boy kicked up a breeze in the parish church on a recent Sunday. It seemed that a certain god woman bought a calf's head and put it on to boil leaving her little boy to mind it while she went to the church close by. The minister had reached his "fiftieth" when the small boy stuck his head in the door and whispered: "Mamma! The good woman recognized her son instantly, and began to make signs for him to leave the door. "Mamma!" again came the whisper—this time a little louder than before. "What's the matter?" asked the minister, warningly, and indulged in other familiar pantomime with which she was accustomed to awe her son. But it didn't work worth a cent. The boy was excited and in dead earnest, and the denunciation will show. Baising his voice he cried: "Mamma, you needn't wink and blink at me, but had better come home right away, for the calf's head is buttin' all the dumplings out of the pot!"

What is it Made Of.
Take a strip of something that, for the sake of convenience, we will call a man—by which, by the way, is a gross libel on man. Around its neck place a tight collar, enshrouded with a hideous scarf and breast-pin. Put upon it a silk hat and cutaway coat. Close its lower extremities with pants, wherein calves were never meant to grow. In its hand a cane, and on its feet boots that creak at every step in limping measure. Place a cigarette in its mouth; teach it a few vocabulary of adverbs and adjectives commencing with "immediately clever" and finishing with "see you later, you know," and in my humble opinion you obtain a fair conception of the brains and capacity of the American dude. But let us change the subject—it is not enlightening.—Kate Field.

A Half Dollar Worth \$1,000.
When Mr. Oscar Taylor was in town a few weeks ago he showed me a silver half dollar for which he has already been offered \$1,000. It is one of four halves cast by the Denver Confederacy, when the mint was seized in New Orleans. On the liberty side the die is the same as on the present half dollar, but on the reverse side was substituted seven bars and seven stars, surrounded by a pole with the cap of liberty. A stalk of sugar cane and a stalk of cotton are shown, around which are the words, "The Confederate States of America." Only four of these coins were issued. Mr. Taylor purchased it from a man in Ozark, who parted with it for the extremely low price of \$100.—Merchants' Weekly.

A pint of whiskey put in a fruit cake will keep it for six months, and the same amount put into a man will keep him down town until 2 o'clock in the morning. Whole teams of oxen are often killed. So a white man, they say there is no danger while he has his back at his side, the latter being the better conductor. When one is struck, another must be immediately substituted.

Black Men as Lightning Conductors.
In his Leaves from a South African Journey, Mr. Froude writes: "On the road to the Vaal River—first experience of camping out in an immense plain with a glaring sun raising the temperature inside to ninety degrees. The mules have strayed, being insufficiently hobbled. I sent Charley my black driver in search of them in the early morning. He returned with his face as near white as nature permitted, declaring that the Evil One had jumped out of the ground at his feet with four younger ones. I suppose it was an antbear. Anyway, the mules are lost. He has gone back to our last halting place to look for them. My other youth has started with a rifle to shoot back, which I do not permit. I have had my mules around us in tens of thousands, and here am I by the side of a pond which is trampled by the antelopes into mud-soup, the only stuff in the shape of water which we have to depend on for our coffee, and also for our washing. To add to the pleasure of the situation, the season of the thunder-storms has set in. The lightning was playing round us all yesterday afternoon, and we shall now have a storm daily. Whole teams of oxen are often killed. So a white man, they say there is no danger while he has his back at his side, the latter being the better conductor. When one is struck, another must be immediately substituted.

The Zulu Origin of Baboons.
The Zulus supply us with a theory of the origin of baboons. To them a baboon is much less an animal than a man, whose transformation he is quite able to explain. It is one of Tsui's men, he says, when he kills one; and Tsui was a man of the Amafene tribe, a people so habitually idle that they would always eat at other people's houses rather than dig for themselves. Tsui, their chief, one day led them into the wilderness, where the handles of their digging implements gradually turned into tails, their foreheads became overhanging, and their bodies covered with hair; and from that time they went to the precipices and have had their dwelling among the rocks. So thought the Germans once of the storks; they were born men in other parts of the world, and came to Germany in the form of birds.—The Cornhill Magazine.

Peter Cooper believed that it was better to be deprived by many than to deny one deserving sufferer, and during the four cold winters succeeding 1874 he sat in his office or library from half past five in the afternoon till ten, with piles of one dollar greenbacks and new half dollars, and gave to every applicant, some times aggregating fifty dollars.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CURIOUS ITEMS ABOUT BIRDS.

"An Easy Way Out Of It."

"A pretty little fly-catcher, which had taken much pains to build her nest, was troubled about her own peevish eggs, and through no fault of her own. An impatient cough made her stop, and she said, "I am very sorry to hear you say so," rejoined the young man gravely. "But I think I would rather judge for myself. Not that I am so easily disenchanted as that, Miss Marjoribanks, especially when there is so much to be made."

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Another little bird that is much more frequently noticed than the annoyance of visits from the cow-bird, is our very common, pretty summer warbler (*Dendroica aestiva*). When this bird finds the strange egg in the nest, it covers up the egg (with any of its own that are alongside it) in a mass of material, and then the nest is ready to be broken up and another set of eggs is laid upon the new flooring of the nest. Sometimes it happens that a second cow-bird's egg is laid on the new floor, and again the warbler has to cover it also. The fact, therefore, is that the warbler does not care to have in such a case a three-storied structure. What patient, persistent birds, then, these little warblers are!

"Considering that many of our birds voluntarily perform such a laborious job to secure the welfare of their broods, let me ask of my young readers that in all cases of birds without disturbing them, and collect them only when the birds need them no longer. Their structure and materials can be studied as well then as before."

"Let me add, in conclusion, that a task of much interest to ornithologists is to determine how far the nests of our birds vary in construction, material used, and the places chosen. We many of our birds build nests throughout vast areas of country, it is not certain, by any means, that their nesting habits are the same in Maine and in Maryland, at the Atlantic seaboard and on the West coast. It is a matter of some interest, and I will largely study this subject, and subsequently compare notes, being very careful to correctly determine the species of birds that have built the nests found."

Too Clever for the Cat.
Birds often foil larger enemies than their feathered foes by some cunning piece of strategy. Here is an odd incident which really happened. A mother-bird seeing a cat approaching, and which she had no reason to believe was after her nest, she hid the animal by flying down to the fence upon which the cat was crouched, and then, by feigning a broken wing and hopping along with plaintive chirps just in front of her enemy, she succeeded in luring him to a safe distance. Then she immediately took to flight, and by a circuitous route returned to her nest. Bravely done, little mother! And here, too, is an account, taken from a newspaper, of a mother-bird who, when she saw a cat, and a very large one, near her nest, she flew to the belligerent little birds were on the spot. They swooped down on pussy from every direction, and, although she arched her back, extended her claws, and tried to give battle, she was overpowered by numbers, and she fled to the shelter of a coal-bunker near at hand. This did not end the matter. In the course of a half-hour Pussy made her entry on the scene again. But the birds seem to have put some of their numbers on a slyer plan, for, as soon as the cat came from her shelter, the alarm was sounded and the feathered class came afresh to attack in greater force than ever. Their felicitous enemy, profiting by past experience, did not wait to make a strike, but ran as swiftly as she could to her home half a square away, the sparrow striking her as long as she was in sight."

Dangers of the Cold Bath.
Alluding to a recent case of death of an old gentleman, we find in the *Medical Press and Circular* says: "The great mistake that is usually committed in regard to it is the error of never raising the temperature of the water from that of the surrounding air. In very cold weather, the temperature of the water in the bath, the temperature of the water in the bath, will often be lower than 45 degrees, and where water is brought straight from the main or well it may be even 10 or 15 degrees lower. Only the strongest constitutions can derive benefit from the cold bath, and the temperature of a liquid 60 to 70 degrees colder than the body to its surface, and it is very questionable if it is ever attained with permanently good results. Reaction may be afterward complete, but there is always a certain danger from the condition of the body being temporarily such as to prevent immediate reaction. In such cases very serious accidents are possible, and this last instance of death may perhaps be regarded as an example in point. A temperature of from 40 to 50 degrees is quite cold enough for any person to submit himself to. This allows for a difference of between 40 and 50 degrees in the heat of the body and that of the bath, which is sufficient to produce all the benefits to be derived from it, and it is well for all if these extremes were never exceeded."

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Cure for Lumbago.
A correspondent in Smyrna, Turkey, sends the following, and states that it is reliable: Take a piece of old stannic cloth, such as we use to cover tables, but of a soft, pliant kind, sufficiently large to cover the loins; place it over the lumbago, and bandage yourself with a flannel bandage, so as to prevent perspiration will ensue on the loins, and you are quickly rid of this wearisome complaint."

Henry Bergh, the friend of animals, is 60. He frequently acts like it.

Well, I've got a point up at last," said a slow composer as he ended a sentence with a period.

The officials of the Tewksbury Almshouse seem to all appearance to have acted in a manner too horrible to think of. It is a hall that is said of them to be true, hanging is far too good for them. They ought to be well, Titian won't say what, but will leave it to every one's own imagination or sense of propriety.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.
Patience is a success.
Above all things, reverence yourself.
The virtue of propriety is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude.
Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasures at the cheapest rates.
Let our lives be sure as snowflakes where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain.
Act and speak to your servants as you would wish others to do to you if you were a servant.
Bear in mind every service that you can render, forget every service that you have rendered.
Those who would let anything take the place of Christianity, must first abolish all sorrow from the earth.
To be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.
Life is loving, and that is so lived the largest of this is true, and so lived himself, and is most useful to his fellows.
Thousands will at once form a positive opinion of a subject from its aspect seen through their standpoint where one will wait around and scan it on all sides.
Sincerity is the virtue of a confessor. And assuredly the secret man breath many confessions, for who will open himself to a blast or a hallelujah?
We must mistake between the romance of a man and the mysteries of God. God only reveals Himself through many a veil, but those veils are not falsehoods.
The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is that by being what you are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

Science and Religion.
It is a great mistake to fancy that anyone in his zeal for religion objects to scientific investigation of facts. Very much the reverse. It is not the investigation of facts or their discovery that is ever found fault with, but the impetuous and illogical conclusions that are drawn from these facts. For instance, nobody could say anything against the most thorough investigation of all the phenomena in connection with the composition and various conditions of water, the heat produced by the contraction of that at the moment of freezing it expands, etc. But what is objected to is the laying it down a universal and irrefragable principle that such laws not only are everywhere prevalent throughout the universe, but that it is not possible to observe a substance that is not in accordance with these laws. This is a mere question of evidence whether such differences have actually ever taken place. There is nothing, it is urged, unreasonable in water freezing at 40° Fah, instead of the 32° Fah, which is the temperature it should do in any one and not the other, except that such is the fact. Whether there ever has been a case in which this difference in freezing or in anything has taken place, whether in a few grains of water, or in a few leaves, has to be determined not by argument on its antecedent impossibility or the reverse, but simply on evidence for or against the fact. A law of nature is simply nothing but an observed and established fact. The very opposite would be quite as much a law of nature, and in itself quite as reasonable.

An Incident of Sarah Bernhardt's Early Life.
The memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt will be published next October. The book will be edited by M. Dorenborg, and will be entitled "Ma Vie de Theatre."
"It is a fact," she writes, "to grow a girl," says Sarah Bernhardt, "my character had suddenly changed. I bent everybody, and got into a furious passion whenever I was contradicted."
"I was fond of drawing. I was copying in chalk a copy of a female's picture, the 'Crucifixion.' My pretty aunt was laughing while pointing with her parasol, observing that one of the eyes was much higher than the other. The parasol scratched the drawing. I turned pale and felt inclined to beat her. The lady on me, an old friend declared that the drawing was not so bad after all, and that unquestionably I had an artistic sentiment. 'Let us make an actress of her,' he continued, appearing happy to have found a suitable subject. 'At present but she is as ugly as a monster,' cried my godfather. 'My pretty aunt was laughing while pointing with her parasol, observing that one of the eyes was much higher than the other. The parasol scratched the drawing. I turned pale and felt inclined to beat her. The lady on me, an old friend declared that the drawing was not so bad after all, and that unquestionably I had an artistic sentiment. 'Let us make an actress of her,' he continued, appearing happy to have found a suitable subject. 'At present but she is as ugly as a monster,' cried my godfather. 'My pretty aunt was laughing while pointing with her parasol, observing that one of the eyes was much higher than the other. The parasol scratched the drawing. I turned pale and felt inclined to beat her. The lady on me, an old friend declared that the drawing was not so bad after all, and that unquestionably I had an artistic sentiment. 'Let us make an actress of her,' he continued, appearing happy to have found a suitable subject. 'At present but she is as ugly as a monster,' cried my godfather. 'My pretty aunt was laughing while pointing with her parasol, observing that one of the eyes was much higher than the other. The parasol scratched the drawing. I turned pale and felt inclined to beat her. The lady on me, an old friend declared that the drawing was not so bad after all, and that unquestionably I had an artistic sentiment. 'Let us make an actress of her,' he continued, appearing happy to have found a suitable subject. 'At present but she is as ugly as a monster,' cried my godfather. 'My pretty aunt was laughing while pointing with her parasol, observing that one of the eyes was much higher than the other. The parasol scratched the drawing. I turned pale and felt inclined to beat her. The lady on me, an old friend declared that the drawing was not so bad after all, and that unquestionably I had an artistic sentiment. 'Let us make an actress of her,' he continued, appearing happy to have found a suitable subject. 'At present but she is as ugly as a monster,' cried my godfather. 'My pretty aunt was laughing while pointing with her parasol, observing that one of the eyes was much higher than the other. The parasol scratched the drawing. I turned pale and felt inclined to beat her. The lady on me, an old friend declared that the drawing was not so bad after all, and that unquestionably I had an artistic sentiment. 'Let us make an actress of her,' he continued, appearing happy to have found a suitable subject. 'At present but she is as ugly as a monster,' cried my godfather. 'My pretty aunt was laughing while pointing with her parasol, observing that one of the eyes was much higher than the other. The parasol scratched the drawing. I turned pale and felt inclined to beat her. The lady on me, an old friend declared that the drawing was not so bad after all, and that unquestionably I had an artistic sentiment. 'Let us make an actress of her,' he continued, appearing happy to have found a suitable subject. 'At present but she is as ugly as a monster,' cried my godfather. 'My pretty aunt was laughing while pointing with her parasol, observing that one of the eyes was much higher than the other. The parasol scratched the drawing. I turned pale and felt inclined to beat her. The lady on me, an old friend declared that the drawing was not so bad after all, and that unquestionably I had an artistic sentiment. 'Let us make an actress of her,' he continued, appearing happy to have found a suitable subject. 'At present but she is as ugly as a monster,' cried my godfather. 'My pretty aunt was laughing while pointing with her parasol, observing that one of the eyes was much higher than the other. The parasol scratched the drawing. I turned pale and felt inclined to beat her. The lady on me, an old friend declared that the drawing was not so bad after all, and that unquestionably I had an artistic sentiment. 'Let us make an actress of her,' he continued, appearing happy to have found a suitable subject. 'At present but she is as ugly as a monster,' cried my godfather. 'My pretty aunt was laughing while pointing with her parasol, observing that one of the eyes was much higher than the other. The parasol scratched the drawing. I turned pale and felt inclined to beat her. The lady on me, an old friend declared that the drawing was not so bad after all, and that unquestionably I had