An Idyl.

Bonnie Nelly standing
At the open door,
Shapely shadow falling
On the sanded floor.
Young and fair is Nelly,
Yet her eyes are sad—
Nelly's absent lover
Is a sailor lad.

Loving hearts will quiver,
Though no tempest blow—
Gallant ships have foundered
When the breeze was low.
Sailor lads are fickle,
Changing like the wind;
Nelly's lover far away
Another love may find.

Nelly, fie! thus doubting—
Sailor lads are true;
I can see a gallant barque
Breast the billows blue.
I can hear her anchor chain
Rattling o'er her side—
I see a sailor leap ashore,
Outstripping time and tide.

Nelly, woman, hasten,
Put on your freshest gown,
A sailor lad is coming up
The road that's from the town;
He's looking for a place he loves,
A little garden stile,
A little homely cottage door,
A little lassie's smile.

Oh, faithful sailor laddie,
A king might envy thee!
For such a welcome home as thine
I'd gladly cross the sea.

In Time to Come.

The flowers are dead that made a summer splendor
By wayside nooks and on the sunny hill,
And with regrets these hearts of ours grow tender,
As sometimes all hearts will.

We loved the blossoms, for they helped to brighten
The lives so dark with wearying toil and care,
As hopes and dreams forever help to lighten
The heavy loads we bear.

How like the flowers, whose transient life is ended,
The hopes and dreams are, that for one brief hour
Make the glad heart a garden bright and splendid
Above love's latticed bower.

One little hour of almost perfect pleasure,
A foretaste of the happiness to come;
Then sudden frosts—the garden yields its treasure
And stands in sorrow dumb.

Oh, listen, heart! The flower may lose its glory
Beneath the touch of frost, but does not die;
In spring it will repeat the old, sweet story
Of God's dear by-and-by.

In Heaven, if never here, the hopes we cherish—
The flowers of human lives we count as lost—
Will live again. Such beauty cannot perish;
And Heaven has no frost.

After the Rain.

All the day the wild nor'easter had swept across the plain;
All day against the lattice had plashed the driving rain.

And every budding flower and every blade of grass
Had owned the wild March weather and bowed to let it pass.

Dull morn and joyous noontide have worn themselves away,
The sun sank sullen to the west behind a shroud of gray.

Sudden the great clouds parted, like a yawning cavern's mouth,
Soft and tender gleamed the light, the wind blew from the south;

And every drooping blossom raised her fair rain-washed head,
The primrose glimmered 'mid her leaves, the violet in her bed;

Catching the golden radiance, outblazed the daffodil,
And from the greening hedgerows the sparrows twittered shrill;

And where a woman waited, her eyes flashed back the light,
And with a happy smile she said, "My love will come to-night."

Robert Burns.

(AN ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE.)

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimm'd her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up. —*Halleck.*

A brawny peasant—mired with clay, and rough with honest toil;
A ploughman—striding manfully across the furrowed soil;
The sunlight on his bare, bold brow, and in his burning breast
The lion leap and flash of song, that robb'd him of his rest.

Life's morning sky, whose trailing clouds were round him darkly driven,
He shivers with the light of Hope, and lo—the span of Heaven!
Descend! sweet Muse of Scottish song—blue-eyed and yellow-haired,
Descend, and let thy gift once more immortally be heir'd.

With noonday comes a burst of song, and heavens! the proud bard sees
His country, conquer'd to the heart, before him on her knees.
O rustling bay-leaves, cool and fresh! O day-dreams, rich and sweet!
The pride of genius in his breast—the ages at his feet.

Fade, splendid dreams! The heart that sang, upleaping to the stars,
Is broken on the wheel of Fate, and blanch'd with burning scars;
The life that open'd on the Sun, gulf'd in a swift eclipse—
So, stricken in his kingly flight, the eagle earthward dips.

Night! and the hand that swept the lyre is palsied in the dust—
That lyre whose golden wires of love ne'er knew the wrong of rust;
And evermore towards his grave, wrapt in its glory cloud,
A nation's pilgrim feet are bent—a nation's heart is bow'd.

Oh wildly-sweet at Scotland's feet he flung his heart and song,
And palsied by the craven tongue would do his laurels wrong;
Then pledge to-night, with brimming cups, the proud reach of his fame,
The magic of his memory—the manhood of his name!

ALEXANDER G. MURDOCH.

How a Jury Was Made to Agree.

A boy was being tried in Judge Galt's Court for forgery yesterday afternoon. There were two indictments against him, both being almost similar. The jury were only out a few minutes on the first indictment and found a verdict of not guilty. Then they were locked up on the second. Half an hour passed. His Lordship sent to the jury-room. Word came back they were not likely to agree for some time. It was 5 o'clock. His Lordship sent in word that he would be back in court at 8, and would then receive their verdict. He then left the court-house. A knock was soon heard on the door. The jury had agreed; but His Lordship had gone. Scouts were sent out in three or four directions, and His Lordship was captured at his club. He returned to court and received the jury's verdict of guilty.—*Toronto World.*

When the Alaska Indians want to get drunk they drink koelynahoo.

LIVING TWO LIVES.

The Singular Experience of Miss Miranda Davis—People Believe her to be Protected by a Demon.

In the extreme northwest corner of the town of Stafford, Conn., sheltered on the west by the gigantic and precipitous crags of a rambling spur of the White Mountains, stands a strange, shambling, goblin old house, writes a Stafford, Conn., correspondent to the New York *Mercury*. It is two stories high in front from the ground-sill to the jutting eaves, and only one story at the rear—indeed, rather less than one, being banked with earth almost to the level of the small, dark, diamond-paned windows, shutterless and deeply embrazured. There is, and always has been, according to the gossip of the neighbors, a soupcon of something weird and uncanny about the western windows of the old Davis homestead—two in number only, extending from the ground, or within less than a foot of it, to the heavy, overhanging eaves, whose gray and weather-beaten appearance suggests the eyebrows of a withered old man, while the windows themselves are like a pair of glassy, lifeless eyes; and the rickety door between (to develop the similitude) would pass muster with a vivid fancy as a Grecian nose whose tip forms a perfect right angle. The door was opened yesterday to your correspondent by a strange, emaciated and almost spectral figure—that of a tall woman of 50, unnaturally thin, and so pallid that incarnate ghostliness is the only epithet applicable. The facts of the case of the "Starving Woman of Stafford," as Miss Davis is styled, are so remarkable that a brief narrative will be interesting. Hansa Miranda Davis is now 54 years of age, and has consequently been an inmate of the old house for more than half a century. There was nothing hysterical or hysteriform in the nature of the seizure that overtook her at the age of 16, and has dominated her life for the last thirty-eight years.

"The first signs of trouble," said the remarkable valetudinarian, "came on when I was a girl of 16, but so gradually that I can scarcely tell you with precision in what manner they commenced. I had been to school all winter without missing a day or getting a single tardy mark, and I came out of the ordeal in the spring languid, tired and subject to peculiar nervous symptoms that I can hardly describe. That is, I would feel at times as if I was going to fly all apart in little pieces, then a kind of darkness would gather about me—my eyes growing dim, my perception of objects indistinct and uncertain. Faces and figures in the room would appear to be moving around me in a sort of a fog; while objects at a distance—trees, cattle, hills and houses—grew so vague and unreal that I often had to ask mother whether such and such a thing really existed or was merely an optical illusion. On the other hand my sleep was vexed with terrible and monstrous apparitions, forms, faces, figures, and wild, weird sketches of landscape, and these were so indescribably vivid and life-like that oftentimes they haunted my memory for days. What was stranger and more singular still, this horrible dreamlife became consecutive, and was continued from night to night in the regular order of passing events. My mother would awaken me in the morning from one of these vivid episodes of dream-life, and when night came my morbid brain would take up the thread of the dream exactly where it was sundered. At first this state of affairs was terrible to me, but as the years went on, and the habit became firmly established, I became gradually reconciled to the double life I was living, and ceased to be terrified by the strange phenomena of this duplicate consciousness."

Miss Davis sighed in weary, languid fashion as she finished her digressive description of the singular psychological symptoms that have accompanied her malady.

"I was not sick," she went on, "at least, not sick in the proper sense of the term. But one symptom accompanied these strange experiences, and that was loss of all relish for food, gradual extinction of the sense of taste, and, finally, a rooted aversion to the pleasures of the table. My mother tried every art to tempt my fancy—left no means unexplored that promised to correct the disturbance. Dr. Peabody, of Springfield, was at last called in. This celebrated practitioner made a thorough study of the case, attended me for more than a year, and ended by declaring that I was organically just as sound as he in body, nerve and brain. In other words, nothing ailed whatever except that I was nervous, fidgety and listless. But my disrelish for nutriment went on all the same until I absolutely lived on nothing, or next to that. For months after my 17th birthday was passed I ate nothing but a Boston cracker each day, nibbling it bit by bit when I was faint, and taking a little water afterward. I had no nausea after eating, no oppression, no bad symptoms of any kind. Only that I could not eat more than a crumb or two at once without a sense of repletion supervening. Still I kept up wonderfully, did not seem to emaciate, and remained comparatively strong and vigorous. So the thing went on for more than two years, until it became a settled fact that some strange influence was at work in my case, and it was noised about that I was a victim of demoniac possession, as, indeed, I have sometimes imagined to be the fact."

The woman spoke earnestly, sadly, with a tinge of despair in her accents. Your correspondent smiled. Instantaneously, as if her nerves had been swept by a powerful current of galvanism, the woman was transformed. Her eyes blazed—to employ a simile fully graphic—like the diamonds of hell. A sudden and mighty spasm stiffened her limbs, her arms, her fingers—the joints extending with a series of quick, sharp explosions, audible at a considerable distance. Her lips turned livid, blue and cyanotic; her features ashen as death, yet sharply defined and hard, as though cut in stone—hard even to rigidity. The gentle, uniform, well-modulated tones of her voice hoarsened and grew abrupt and explosive. She seemed another being. "You seem to doubt," she uttered in low, compressed, reverberant tones. "But I tell you that possession of the devil is a real thing. And I know! Haven't I lived two lives these long, long thirty-five years—one terrible, more terrible than that of the damned; the other my own, that of a simple, loving, yearning woman? Have I not felt the movement of a malign spirit thrilling in every nerve, taking possession of me, swaying in this way and that against my own will, tempting me to every species of devilry? Ah! you men of science are beings of wondrous wisdom no doubt; but there are things in this world you can't fathom."

The paroxysm quickly spent its force. The woman became her former quiet and gentle self again, her rigid limbs relaxed, her fingers were once more supple and natural in their aspect.

"I must beg your pardon," she continued quietly and evenly. "How I have lived all these years—what tortures suffered—is something that passes the scope of explanatory phrases. And in this manner I have lived ever since I was a little girl."

To give this strange woman's history in detail would subserve no purpose, and could only weary the reader, being but a dreary monotony of starvation and morbid sensory phenomena, extending over a period of nearly forty desolate years. Though emaciated and attenuated by habitual abstinence from food—the longest consecutive period during which she had taken no food of any kind, liquid or solid, has been forty-seven days—Miss Davis is in good general health. Her pulse is full, firm, regular and elastic; her respiration normal, with deeper inspiration than the average; her movements, when unswayed by the paroxysms to which she is subject, steady, self-possessed, and exceedingly free from nervousness. She is not troubled by starts, and evinces no symptoms of hysteria. Her only surviving brother, with whom your reporter had a long and agreeable interview, speaks of her as the sunshine of his home, only lamenting the sad misfortune of demoniac possession, in which he believes as firmly as an orthodox expositor of the Bible. He is 57 years of age, of unquestioned veracity, and highly respected by all who know him.

"My sister's case has been a riddle to all the doctors," said Mr. Davis, "but I can make oath that—so far as I know, and no man has had such opportunities of knowing as I have—she has not taken an ounce of solid food since she was a mere girl of 18. Some of the doctors scout the idea of her having lived so many years on nothing, but I pledge you my word for the strict truth of my statement. At first I had a kind of suspicion that she might walk in her sleep at night and take food in that condition. But I soon convinced myself that my suspicion was unfounded."

Her strange paroxysms were for many years a source of apprehension to her family, but as years have rolled on and she has committed no deed of eccentricity or violence, they have ceased to regard them as dangerous, and now view them as a sad but incurable misfortune by which her life has been blasted. Delicate inquiry disclosed the fact, that, so far as her brother is aware, she has never been the victim of an unreciprocated passion. Indeed, neither in her physical condition nor in the facts of her monotonous biography can the closest scrutiny discover any cause or clew for the extraordinary sensory and psychological phenomena that appear in her case, unless, as she herself alleges, her whole life has been perverted by the indwelling influence of an evil spirit.

ESPECIALLY FOR GIRLS.

The Proposed New System of Education by Sympathy.

I mean to marry some of these days, writes a girl to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that brings me to the threshold of my great system for the education of one's faculties and powers of conversation, without these horrid dull books. Ah! and those solid old newspapers! There seem to be telegrams from all over the world at once, and if you believe them, everything is topsyturvy, which is absurd. But you are getting impatient, I see, and want to know what is the system. Why, I have been telling you all along, it is simply sympathy. You know they say a woman's greatest strength is in her weakness, and I am sure she shows her greatest knowledge in her—timely—ignorance. Sympathy is like a sinapisme—mustard leaf—it seems quite pleasant and comforting at first, but if rightly applied, it produces sighs and groans, and in fact all the symptoms of a severe malady. Strong men are driven wild by it, and are thankful to have the application removed at any cost. Sweet ignorance is a handmaid of sympathy, and I have found it invaluable at times. If a woman knows how and when to be ignorant there is nothing she may not achieve, especially in these days of certified bluestockings. Ignorance is really bliss in this way, and the rest of the quotation is truer than ever. Now, as every girl of average capacity and attractions has the means of making the acquaintance of men of various professions, it is the easiest thing in the world to invite instruction—there comes in coy Ignorance—and then administer your sinapisme, sympathy. The usual result is, of course, confidence of ambitions and volleys of "shop," for it is a quaint thing that men lapse into the slang of their profession the moment their hearts are warmed. So one may learn quite easily and be amused into the bargain. Change your subjects at intervals, and you will get all the "higher education" a woman needs, and to my mind in a much pleasanter way than that which those young females adopt who retire to the fastnesses of Oxford or Cambridge.

Philadelphia belles, who were distinguished last year for the great number of their bouquets carried at entertainments, have gone to the other extreme this year to encourage economy on the part of young men.

A reply has been sent by the Home Secretary to a numerously signed memorial from Falmouth asking for the release of Dudley and Stephens, late captain and mate of the Mignonette, who are under sentence of six months' imprisonment for killing the boy Parker. Sir Wm. Harcourt says he regrets being unable to advise any further interference with the sentence passed by the judges.

English is the popular foreign language in Scandinavia, but not because of English influence. It is due to the American ties that reach every hamlet in the peninsula by reason of some relative or dear friend in the great free land beyond the waters.

The curse of the eldest son of the father of the human race seems to be no longer effective. The British Parliament and the American Congress have each a member bearing the name of Caine.

USES OF GLUCOSE.

Made from Almost Anything and Used in Almost Everything.

The *National Druggist* says: At the request of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue of the United States a committee of the National Academy of Science was appointed, consisting of professors of University of Philadelphia, Yale College, Columbia College, Harvard College and John Hopkins University, the purpose being to scientifically investigate the various products known as glucose, grape sugar, maltose, etc. The committee found that glucose is made from many things besides starch and potatoes, such as "from leaves, straw, rags, chips, twigs and residues from breweries, distilleries," etc. The following, which we take from their report, shows to what use glucose is put:

Both glucose and grape sugar find extensive applications for a great variety of purposes as substitutes for cane sugar or for barley. The most general purposes for which glucose or starch sugar is used are:

First—For the manufacture of table syrup. This consists of a nearly or quite colorless glucose, with a sufficient addition of cane sugar from the sugar refinery to give it the flavor and appearance of a highly refined molasses. The quantity of cane syrup added varies from 2 per cent. up to 33 per cent.

Second—As a substitute for barley malt in the brewing of ale or beer. This is really a substitution of Indian corn for barley, but it constitutes a very imperfect substitute, as the corn, by the treatment employed in extracting its starch for conversion into glucose, is completely deprived of all the nitrogenous bodies and mineral salts which it originally contained. Hence, the glucose alone, which is simply transformed starch, is substituted for the entire barley grain, with its great variety of valuable constituents. This is not true, however, of the maltose produced from the entire corn by the action of the malt. This material contains all the soluble constituents of the corn, together with the additional substances which are rendered soluble by the action of the diastase of the malt.

Third—As a substitute for cane sugar in confectionery.

Fourth—For the adulteration of cane sugar, to which it is added to the extent of 20 or more per cent.

Fifth—As a substitute for cane sugar in canning fruits and in the manufacture of fruit jellies.

Sixth—For the manufacture of artificial honey. This is neatly put up in glass jars containing a small piece of genuine honey-comb.

Seventh—In the manufacture of vinegar.

Eighth—In the manufacture of liquor-coloring used in mixing liquors and making artificial liquors.

Ninth—Other more limited applications; in the manufacture of wine; by the baker in making cakes; in cooking; in the preparation of sauces; as an addition to some canned meats, especially corned beef; in the preparation of chewing tobacco; in the manufacture of printers' rollers, and in the manufacture of some kinds of inks.

The demand for glucose and grape sugar for these purposes is extremely variable, and depends on the relative prices of corn and of the articles for which this kind of sugar is substituted, especially sugar-house syrup and barley

Latest from Ireland.

Mr. Edward Gayer, T.C., died on December 29th at his residence, John street, Sligo

On January 1st Edward C. Hackett, J.P., was inaugurated Mayor of Clonmel, Tipperary.

At Buncrana, Donegal, a farmer named John Deery was choked while eating his Christmas dinner.

There died at Lochwinnock, Scotland, his native place, on the 4th inst., aged 64 years, John Orr, merchant, Dungarvan.

Some houses are being demolished in Upper Dorset street, Dublin, to make way for new buildings of the Dominican clergy. One of them was the house in which Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born.

A Cure Without Parallel in Surgery.

The House in Committee of the Whole, says a telegram to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, has agreed to the bill pensioning the mother of the late Capt. Charles P. Johnson, of Iowa. Gov. Sherman and other leading men of the State warmly urged this action. It is claimed that there is no parallel in the medical records of this country or Europe to this case. Johnson enlisted at Leon as a private in Company A, 17th Iowa Volunteers. In the summer of 1863, while leading his company in a charge at Big Black River, in the rear of Vicksburg, he was struck by a Minnie ball, which passed horizontally through the lower part of his body from side to side, going between the intestines and the spinal cord, tearing the former and injuring a vertebra of the column. The cord was affected to the extent of paralyzing the lower limbs. The hospital surgeon said it was a hopeless case, but by request, and as a last act of kindness to a friend, the regimental surgeon came and dressed the terrible wound by drawing a silk handkerchief half at a time entirely through Johnson's body. The next day the helpless Iowan fell into the hands of the confederates, was put into a cattle car, and jolted away to Atlanta. His mother, hearing of his condition, hurried down from the north, got through the lines, and found him still living. When Sherman long after captured the Georgian City Capt. Johnson was still alive and the devoted mother was nursing him. They were sent to St. Louis, where the wound was seen and examined by the surgeons there, some of whom are still living and will remember it. For sixteen years this helpless man lived and suffered. The only position which gave him any relief from torture was lying face downward. He required more constant care than a child, and this was given him by his mother. Eating tomatoes, berries or any fruit would open the wound afresh, Congress recognized the peculiar claims of Capt. Johnson during the latter part of the war by the extraordinary course of commissioning him a captain in the regular army. He was then put upon the retired list, and was thus provided for. Since his death the aged mother who took care of him has been without means.

A committee of the United States Congress has reported favorably a Bill to prohibit aliens and foreigners from acquiring or owning lands within the United States.

COLD WEATHER HINTS.

Bed Clothing Should be Light but Warm—Heat Between the Shoulders.

Cassel's Magazine has the following on keeping warm: "Cold as a bugbear causes people to overcrowd their beds with woollen stuffs, blankets and such like. The bed clothing, even for old people, should be light though warm. There is nothing better than eider down when you can get it. The night dresses of old people should be comfortable, and especially should they be warm between the shoulders; this is the place which cold likes, as a foe, to assail just about 3 in the morning, when the morsel of fire has got low or gone out. Let them beware of it!

"Cold as a bugbear plays much mischief in the nursery. Thousands of children in this country are coddled to death, and many actually stifled in bed. They call it being overlaid; it is being smothered. That is the right name for it.

"But the children must be kept warm?"

"Bless their innocence! yes. The bed as soft as down, the clothes as soft as soft can be, but smooth withal, without any tendency to rumple up or cover mouth or face. This is warmth, this is comfort. The room, too, should be moderately warm; no more, I pray you; and the air ought to be as pure and sweet as the odor of roses. Is it so in most nurseries? Nay, for your bugbear cold steps in and seals doors and windows. No wonder that when baby wakes up it is peevish and fretful.

"Your bugbear cold is the best friend the tailor has, for even young men wear double the weight of clothes on a winter's day that they ought to. They sweat themselves in consequence, so cold the foe sets in and ends many a life. Topcoats, in my opinion, should never be worn except while riding by rail or driving or when standing about in a draught; then they cannot be too thick and cosy. If worn at all when walking, they should be very thin. Very light waterproofs should be worn when walking in winter—worn over the arm, I mean, and never put on except when it is raining. But the warmer the socks the better, and the shoes ought to be moderately strong and thick, for many an ailment is caught from standing about on damp cold ground.

"Damp is much more to be dreaded than cold, but even this should not be made a bugbear of; I would rather have damp inner clothing than a damp coat; the underclothing, indeed, of every one who perspires freely and easily is seldom, if ever, free from damp. When I was newly married, sir, the little woman who owns me used to air my handkerchief, my newspaper and my table-napkins. She knows better now. But preserve me and you and every one from sleeping in a damp bed."

Greenhouse and Window Garden.

A sudden cold snap, or "cold wave" as it is now termed, is liable to come at any time during the winter, and must be guarded against in the greenhouse by attention to the fire, and in the dwelling by moving the plants away from the windows to the middle of the room, says the *American Agriculturist*. Dryness of the air is the chief obstacle to successful window gardening. Plants succeed much better in the kitchen than in the parlors, as the air is charged with moisture from the cooking, etc. If the house is heated by a furnace there should be a pan for evaporating water in the furnace, kept well supplied. If stoves are used keep vessels of water on them. Dust is very injurious to plants. Much may be prevented from settling on the leaves by covering the plants with a light fabric whenever the room is swept. All smooth leaved plants, like the ivy, camelias, etc., should have a weekly washing with a damp sponge. The others may be placed in a sink or bath tub and given a thorough showering. Water should be given as needed, whether daily or weekly. Do not water until the soil is somewhat dry. Keeping the earth constantly wet soon makes unhealthy plants. Let the water be of the same temperature as the room. Hanging plants dry out rapidly. Plunge the pots or baskets into a pail or tub of water, and after they have ceased to drip, return them to their places. The so-called green fly, or plant louse, is easily killed by tobacco water. Apply this when the color of weak tea. Red spider is very minute, and works on the lower side of the leaves. When these turn brown, the spider may be suspected. Give frequent showers, laying the pot on the side, and apply water with the syringe. Scaly insects and mealy bugs are best treated by hand picking before they become numerous. Chrysanthemums, when through flowering, should have the stems cut away, and the pots of roots taken to the cellar. The pots of bulbs which were placed in the cellar or in a pit, for roots to form may be brought to the window, and as they grow give an abundance of water. If needed, support the heavy flower spikes of hyacinths by a small stake.

The Marines in Egypt.

The two marine battalions in Egypt are gradually dwindling down through sickness and casualties. They are now about one-third below their original strength. No further reinforcements are to be sent out, as there are no men to go. At Suakim they tried to keep up their spirits by a New Year's race meeting, with flat races for camels, horses and ponies, to be ridden by their owners. The Admiralty, by their unjust attempts at petty economy—saying one thing and doing another—seem to try how they can worry officers and men who are endeavoring to hold their own against perpetual discomfort. Public opinion, however, has been too strong for the attempt to make officers refund some small sums which they had received beyond what was paid to the army in the matter of climate allowance; but a strong grievance still remains, says the London *World*, in the refusal of the Admiralty to pay the field allowance in the same proportion and manner that has always been customary with former marine battalions, and which is laid down for the army in the Queen's Regulations.

Josh Billings, who has abandoned housekeeping and removed from Sixty-third street to the Windsor Hotel, New York, is now about 65 years old, and begins to feel the burden of life, irrespective of its probabilities. He has been lecturing twenty-four seasons, and has furnished a New York weekly a half or quarter column miscellaneous contribution every week for the last nineteen years.