

LADIES' COLUMN.

IN AUTUMNS LONG AGO.

The hills were veiled in purple mist, The trees set as a zone of gold, And far away as eye could reach The still green prairie forest rolled.

Two happy children on a hill, And fast in the sunset clouds Haroun's enchanted city loom.

We were so earnest as we planned Such lives as never could have been— Lives like some gorgeous phantasy With words of love dropped in between.

Oh, could I see with those same eyes, Or wave again the magic wand That set among the sunset skies The palace of fairy-land.

Oh, young brave heart that trod alone The wondrous road so dim and cold! How did thy small feet find their way To that fair land with streets of gold?

Some day I shall feel tired of life, And full of rest from head to foot, Shall rest in the sunset glow for those So long up the golden street.

Just a few words, but they blushed The brightest all out of a day; Just a few words, but they lifted The shadows and cast them away.

Only a word, but it dappled I saw a dear little heart; Only a word, but it sweetened Check a tear that was ready to start.

Oh! that the rule of our living More like the golden would be! Much, oh! so much of sunshine Would go out from you and from me.

Laurel Spring.

I was having my fill of fashionable life. A hand's-breadth from me there were diamonds flashing, there were priceless silks gleaming and trailing along a polished floor, there were lights and perfume and music, and a splendid company, smiling and graceful and gracious, were going through the figures of a quadrille.

Others were promenading; others were chatting in gay groups. Just past the window where I stood, a pair of these radiant creatures swept at this moment, the lady coquetting with her jewelled fan. I could have put forth my hand and touched her as she passed—so near, and yet so far apart from me.

A stately picture, set in a costly frame, having nothing in common with such every-day, toil-worn folks as the rustics who stood looking on from without, and among whom Jacob and I, lured by the lights and music, had stolen up.

It was the piazza of the grand hotel at Laurel Spring, and a grand ball was in progress. Ah, how beautiful it all was! It seemed like a kaleidoscope of jewels, flashing, changing, aluring, as I stood there at the window looking through.

How should I look in just such a silk? how would Jacob appear in just such a white vest and elegant dress suit? I looked up at Jacob. He was a tall, brassy fellow, was Jacob, and he was my husband, and I had got so used to seeing him in that blue shirt working a field that I could not fit him into the fashionable rig to my satisfaction.

But I said, ecstatically, "Don't they look beautiful, Jacob?" But Jacob answered never a word. He stood there at my side, looking on absorbed.

Again the music sounded, and the splendid movement on the floor kept time to it. It so wrought upon me that in spite of my Quaker bringing up, I felt my heart beating quick, and my feet putting themselves in motion.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" I said again, clasping my hands by way of steadying myself. "It's a grand play," said Jacob, gruffly, "and I suppose we've got a right to applaud it if we like."

"Ah, but, Jake, jealous old Jake, why can't you own up that it's beautiful?" "Pshaw!" said Jacob, impatiently; "I see nothing beautiful about it. It's all a commercial affair—the whole thing bought and paid for. These shoddy shop-keepers and office-holders and old-diggers, and Heaven knows what all, send their women-folks here to keep trade going—for nothing else under the sun but to bargain and haggle and ogle for places and power and money."

"Then it's business," said I, admiringly; for I was determined to lure Jacob out of his moodiness. "Well, I never have seen business look so fair and desirable, Jake—unless," I added, laughing, "when I've caught a glimpse of you working a field in your old straw hat."

"Ah, that's a different story—a different story indeed," was the grave reply. "That's business of another sort, Mattie; grinding hard work, and too much of it. And this summer, confound it! failure at the end of it all. Ah, Mattie, you don't know what a load I've carried under that old straw hat!"

Al, but I did. Many a time had I looked from the quiet doorway and seen Jacob working a field with a shadow on his face that was not made by the brim of that old straw hat.

He was revolving bitter things now, I knew, as he stood there a spectator of the revelry. "Little Mattie," said he, presently, "you've as good a right to be there as the best of them, my wee woman."

I laughed. I did not want to be there, and I had no desire to represent commercial interests. But as Jacob was grasping my arm with an almost painful grip, "By heavens!" he said, his gray eye lighting up with a strange fire, "I thought so. There's Stephen Risdale yonder the villain that robbed me—the villain that got my land in his grip, with his mortgages and his trust-deeds, and the devil knows what. He's there with the rest of 'em—the man that got a foreclosure on me, and left me to scrape and screw with the rag end of all my acres, and to grind a living out of the rocks! A gentleman is he, with a diamond stud and a gold chain bought with the money for which I've been a bond-slave for life!"

And, by the living God, I'll have it out of him!" As Jacob uttered these words he lifted his hand and struck sharply the broad window-sill. My heart gave a great throb. I thought that every one in the great assembly must stop and stare at us. But the music sounded loudly, the dancing went on, and no seemed to heed us. As we went down the steps I saw "Jigger Jim," the village idiot, grimacing and gesticulating and mimicking the dancing, with a group of village folk nodding and applauding and urging him on, and I was glad no one had heard Jake's words.

For to me those were appalling. This was the first time since we had been married that I had ever heard Jacob utter any thing approaching an oath. It startled me like the light of a flame suddenly glaring up red and lurid in the midst of a quiet woodland.

Jacob had been reputed a little wild; a good many wise old folk had shook their heads when we came together. It was said he had run through with all his thrifty father's money, had been wasteful and speculative and dissipated, and had none of the thrifty qualities and forehandness demanded so essential among the orderly farming people of Laurel neighborhood. Some said I would surely repent if I married him. Had the time for repentance come now?

Well, we had not been prosperous this year, and Jacob's farming had been marred by drought and blight. Well do I remember the aspect of that blighted corn field, from which we had expected so much. It reminded me of a troop of weather-beaten soldiers that I saw once returning some in the latter days of the war, raddled, dispirited, and with ragged manners trailing in the dust. No music, no cheers of welcoming voices, no juts off, to welcome their return. So, wearily, with dejected heads and thin long leaves unlifted, our corn field trailed on the hill-side.

Something of this demoralization and perhaps entered into our household—a sort of nameless shadow, a bleak and blighting something against which no energy and no activity could avail. We were young, you see, and and, as it were, just commenced life, and it was hard to know that things were going wrong with us from the beginning.

But Jake was still a hero in my eye, and I loved him well, and it was to lure him a little from the impalpable gloom that was settling about us that I had proposed this evening stroll. I did not take naturally to detection and moodiness, and that sort of quiet that settles like mould on some married lives; and the music, the moonlight, and the stirring people were like wine to me, and I should have gone back to our quiet little cottage gay as a lark if it had not been for those words. They seemed like lead to my heart of hearts, and weighed it down as we walked silently homeward.

It was late when we returned, but Jacob seemed in no wise inclined to retire. He walked about, restless and reticent. The place seemed too small for him; his tall figure seemed to contract its limited space, as he moved to and fro, till it was almost a relief to see him step from the doorway and silently stride down the road. It was no new thing for him to walk off the "blues" in that way; and I never intruded upon these moods, when he appeared to mentally set me aside as one who could not share in the thoughts that were urging him. Generally he came back to me out of these morose fits more loving and kinder than ever, and this was joy enough.

But to-night I was restless too. I wandered down to the gate and watched his tall figure as, with a deep shadow stalking after it in the moonlight, it disappeared down the turn of the road. I fell into a reverie standing there—a reverie of I know not how long duration. I was roused from it by the appearance on the road of Jigger Jim's distorted figure. We were very good friends, Jigger Jim and myself, and he had once signified his high appreciation of our friendship by presenting me with a huge brass button. His glee, when I punned this on my dress like a brooch, was indescribable. This time he stopped in the road and doffed his cap—a courtesy only extended to certain dignitaries of the village on rare occasions. Jigger understood "manners," but deemed them too good for ordinary use. He was in high spirits, apparently; laughed his strange guttural laugh, pointed to the moon sparkling above us, then to his breast, and was highly pleased when I indicated that the diamonds he had seen down at the ball were like that. Then, elevating his claw-like fingers, he gave a great leap, as if to grasp the serene planet, and pointing to my shawl and drapery, left me to infer that he would like to see me bedizened with something as

lustrous as the moon and the diamonds. Smiling as the harmless fellow went his way, I bethought me that it was late, and begin to wonder why Jacob did not come back.

I concluded, after a while, that I would stroll down the road and meet him—it was so solitary at the house, and the night was so alluring. After we passed a certain turn of the road, you came almost in sight of the seashore. A little earlier in the evening you were apt to meet knots of young folks here and there strolling up from the hotels. But at this hour it was solitary and quiet. The water touched the shore gently with a soothing sound; the beach stretched away white and glittering, circling the blue water with a grand sweep that curved out to the misty distance, where a silver veil only seemed to intercept earth and heaven. People said this was a bleak and solitary place in winter time. Now it was rarely lovely. I gave a long, free breath as I looked. No wonder Jacob lingered abroad on such a night as this. So smiling sweet was the scene that I forgot the weight upon my heart, and wandered on aimlessly, childishly, thinking of nothing but its beauty. A little way up the dusk shadow of the rocks cut sharply into the silver of the shore. I could imagine that on stormy days this place might wear a forbidding aspect. In olden times it was said that smugglers had lurked about those rocks, hidden in their overhanging ledges, and creeping to their cave in that very shadow. A useful shadow it must have been to them, I said to myself. How could any one discern them as they lay there on the sand watching for their boat? Peering into the shadow with this thought on my mind, I felt my heart for a moment almost cease beating, for there on the sands, in that very shadow, a man lay asleep, apparently. The next moment it occurred to me that Jacob, wearied out with his day's toil, had fallen asleep down here. He had done so once before, poor fellow, though that was before night-fall.

I approached very cautiously, thinking perhaps he might be playing a practical joke on me, as he used to do in old days. But it was not Jacob. The sleeper, whoever he was, was not so tall; he was slight, and elegantly dressed, apparently. But I went no nearer. Something thrilled through me like an electric shock—a wierd and perpetual telegram. This was the man whom Jacob had pointed out to me, lying there prone and insensible. And where was Jacob?

Then I gathered courage and approached him. I touched him with my trembling hands, but he did not move. It was Death, then, keeping watch by the moonlit shore—Death that had lured me on to come down and meet him here, terrible and face to face. I turned and fled down the sands, wildly, with flying fear, to escape the vision of terror that chased me as I went.

At my own threshold, stunned and fainting, I sank upon the stepping-stone. A figure standing in the doorway stooped and lifted me up. "Why, Mattie! why, how is this my lass? I thought you safe in bed." I withdrew from the embracing arms; I stood aloof shivering and gasping.

"I have been down—down to the sea-shore—" "And something has frightened the wee woman," said Jacob, in his most winsome and soothing tone. "Well, rest a bit, rest a bit, poor little birdie."

The sweetness and softness of his voice as he said these words seemed to me like that of one who feels the hour of eternal separation draw near. He came towards me. I held up my hands beseechingly. "Oh, do not come near me now, Jacob. Oh, not now, for I have seen—I have seen a terrible sight down on the sands. Stephen Risdale—"

Jacob's face gathered color, his eye shot fire. "Did he insult you, the villain?" he said. "He is dead," I answered, sharply and suddenly. "Dead?" repeated Jacob. "Oh, come away, come away, Mattie; the moonlight has made you daff."

"I wish that it had," I cried bitterly. "Oh, I wish that it had." Jacob picked up his hat, which lay upon the shore. "Come, Mattie," he said, "let us go down that way again; it's some ill shadow, I doubt, has unsettled your nerves. Come!"

He took me by the arm, not roughly, but hastily, and hurried me up the road at a breathless pace. It was not long before we came to the great shadow of the rock where I had seen the figure lying. But it was not on the spot where I had left it. A strange relief, the lightness from a terrible load, came to my heart—it almost seemed as if I had really been dreaming.

Jacob laughed. "You fairly scared me, little woman," he said. "At that moment I heard a rustling in the bushes fringing the foot of the rock, and turning my strained eyes thither, I saw a figure sitting there. It made my blood tingle in my veins, that sight, for this drooping recumbent shape was a living man, at least. It was, indeed, Stephen Risdale, and when Jacob awkwardly but determinedly drew near, we saw that he was stunned and bruised, that the frill of his shirt was torn, and the splendid diamond was gone from his breast.

Looking down from the rocks at that moment I saw the broad face of Jigger Jim. He nodded to me knowingly, putting his finger to his lips, then uttering one of his ear-splitting yells, scrambled out of sight.

"What sort of idiots are all you people here," gasped the victim, as the ape-like figure disappeared, "that you let a crazy dog like that prow around without a keeper?"

Jacob made some gentle answer. He was thinking, perhaps, of the hard words he had spoken that evening. He touched the injured man tenderly with his strong hands, and helped him to his feet. "We are all idiots, more or less, I believe," said Jacob. Stephen looked about him warily. "He was coming back to finish the job, I suppose, if you had not come to the rescue."

We took Stephen Risdale to our own house that night and cared for him tenderly. It was long before he fully recovered, but nursing him was a real pleasure to me. I was full of rejoicing. This man who might have been a vision of terror to me all my life, this man whom we had so strangely and unwittingly rescued—this was but a man after all, and not a fiend. Sickness cleared away some fogs from his brain, and rendered his mental vision clearer. He had done wrong; he was willing to make restitution. That acquisitiveness which is the moral condition of a shrewd business man melts like frost in the favor of illness.

Stephen swore that he would have Jigger shut up from further harm-doing, and he did so. But the diamond which Jigger had secreted baffled all search. It was only by long manoeuvring and a craftiness rivaling his own that it was finally recovered.

One day, with secret trembling (although I knew that Jacob and Stephen were following within call), I allured him up among the crags overlooking the water; and there, with frantic gesticulations and inarticulate mouthings and idiotic shouts of laughter, the jewel was delivered to my keeping, and I carried it home like a princess, Jigger Jim clapping his hands with satisfaction to see it flashing on my breast. He had stolen it for me, poor Jim, and I was to reward him so treacherously. He had stolen it for me, and Stephen Risdale declared it should be mine forever.

It is mine. I see it shining now in a harvest of plenty from our restored acres. I see it flashing in Jacob's glad bright eyes. Stephen Risdale, when he came up this fall, declared ours was the brightest little place he was ever in. And well it may be, for there is no shadow now—there never will be again—between Jacob and myself.

Children's Corner. DELIVERANCE IN TEMPTATION. James Carter was a clerk in an eminent bank. He had been connected with it for some time. He was very faithful and skillful, and was highly esteemed by the directors. One Saturday afternoon, at a time when a large amount of business, requiring much writing, had accumulated, and it was very desirable to have it attended to at the earliest moment, the manager of the bank came to James and said: "I want you to come down to the bank to-morrow. We must get our work up. Of course you shall be generous in our pay for this extra work."

"But," said James, "it is the Sabbath to-morrow."

"I know it," answered the manager, "but it is an extraordinary time, and your work must be done, and you must come to the bank."

"I never work on the Sabbath," was the answer. "Of course, you do not usually; but this must be an exception."

"I have been taught to honor the day, and to rest on it," said James, "and I am really sorry to disoblige you, but I could not conscientiously break the Sabbath."

"I must insist upon my request, and if you cannot grant it I shall be obliged to supply your place with another clerk, and you must go to-morrow, even if I lose my position."

"I think this man could not have believed that the youth would stand firmly by his principles. He wanted to gain his object, and he did not stop to think of the mean and crafty recommendation, or permit him to use his name as a reference. These thoughts must have passed rapidly upon him. He offered up a stout prayer and said: "I shall be sorry to lose my place. I do not know where I can find another; but I cannot break the Sabbath. I shall not enter upon my work to-morrow, even if I lose my position."

"Very well," was the short, unfeeling answer; "I will hand you what is your due to-night, and you may require your services at the bank any longer."

James went home somewhat dejected, but confident that he had done right. It was an uncommonly interesting Sabbath upon which he entered the next day; for to keep his hours sacred, he had a great deal of time to devote to his study, and he had placed his case before his heavenly Father, and patiently waited for the opening of His Providence.

But what an impression had been made upon the mind of the manager. What a rebuke he had received! What an invaluable clerk after all, he had lost! A man so true to his God, would not be unfaithful to his employers. His conscience troubled him on account of his unwholesome conduct toward the clerk, as well as for his readiness to break the commands of God. It was only a few days after that he attended the meeting of a number of banks held in the city. The cashiers had fallen into dissipated habits, and to meet the expenses of their dissolute courses had taken the funds of the banks. The directors wanted a man they could rely upon, if such a one could be found, and they were willing to pay him a high salary.

The manager that had just dismissed his clerk offered to name a man. "If you wished," he said, "a truly faithful and capable young man, who would place himself above wealth, and rather lose his place than sin against God, they could not do better than to offer the position to James Carter. He then frankly told the story. He assured them that James had no idea of the recommendation. He had left the bank rather than break the Sabbath, having no other prospect in view. His noble step, which at first he regarded as doing a very unmanly thing, had fully convinced him of the sterling honesty of his character. The nomination was immediately and unanimously accepted, and to the astonishment of James the next morning he received the offer of a high position with a large increase of salary. Thus, without hands, when he stood before the iron gate of temptation, having lifted up his prayer for help from on high, it swung wide open before him.—Family Friend.

SUNBEAMS. Night is the best time for stealing chickens. The d-blob nowdays remarks: "Post no bills." The punctuating proof reader is the man of the period. The boy who was spanked remarked that his mother was his warmest friend. Chromos have gone out of fashion, but a great many papers give away a man with every subscriber. When a Colorado man is asked whether he likes to be lynched, he says: "No, I'll be lynched if I do."

On in the Black Hills the three degrees of comparison are said to be "mine, miner, and minus." There are no less than 2,360 varieties of American apples. An extra apple or two makes no difference. "It is not what the world is to us, but what we are to the world, that is the measure of our happiness."

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name, do not have it painted on your umbrella. Missionaries report that the Hindoo women are easily converted, but it is impossible to break them of lying, their favorite small vice. A French author says:—When I lost my wife, every family in town offered me another, but when I lost my horse no one offered to make him good.

A lover of good coffee entered a grocery recently, and holding up a handful of ground coffee from a big can, he inquired:—"Are there any beans in this coffee?" "No, sir," promptly replied the grocer. "How do you know?" asked the man. "Because I was out of beans and had to put peas in!" was the answer.

A prisoner in a Louisiana jail patiently endured paralysis for three months, so as to be able to change his denomination. The name, in the language of the local newspaper, "he was of like a telegram."

If the cockroach that crawled into our medicine bottle, did so with the expectation of bettering his condition, we sadly fear that, in the language of the poet, "he's stuck."—Oil City Derrick.

"Oh, who can hold a live in his hands?" Why, an Irishman working on a railroad, he can strike a match and light his pipe at the widest day that ever lived.

The following is the worst ever offered to a confiding public: Why are four single like one fourth of a gallon of consumed sugar? One is a quartette and the other a quart drunk.

N. B.—Contributors who send us original jokes are requested to give their names in full, not necessarily for publication, but in order that they may be added to the statistics of the State Lunatic Asylum.

Real estate business is not so profitable just now. The tenant is waiting for the landlord to lower the rent, while the landlord is waiting for the tenant to raise it. "When I die let me be buried within the sound of the hammer, the clang of the work-shop, the hum of the mill," says the candidate in his speech. And then he goes home and hangs himself in the kitchen.

Woman's constancy holds the world of happiness in its orbit. Nothing is more sacredly beautiful than her tender, trusting faith. The Queen upon her gorgeous throne relies upon her people's affection, and the humble handmaid in the kitchen believes she can light the fire with kerosene until we read in the undertaker's bill how possible it is to be deceived.

A Teutonic gentleman entered a drug store with a handful of currency, and asked a rather green clerk in attendance if he had a "fif tollar pill?" wishing to change his small amount of money into a larger note. The clerk looked up with bulging eyes, and retorted that the highest priced pills in the store was only \$2 a box.

"Business recovering, Mr. Venese?" asked a customer of a furniture dealer. "Yes," growled the tradesman; "business is recovering, and that's all it is. We are doing nothing but re-covering old furniture; have not sold a stick of new for a fortnight. And then the subject was laid on the table.

Springfield (Mass.) girls are out with a new wrinkle. They ask their gentleman friends to give them ten cent pieces which have been ground smooth one side and adorned with the gentleman's monogram, at the girl's expense. These coins the fair beggars wear about their necks in strings, as the Egyptian and Turkish women do, the one with the longest string being the top of the heap.

Rogers wrote: "Mine be a cot beside the mill; a beehive's hut shall soothe my ear," and on the following day he moved in. That evening his wife caught a glimpse of him as he shot across the garden lot, slipping his hand about his head, and she passed into the house, remarking: "I just expected he would go fooling around them bees. The next minute he'll be in here howling for flour and molasses to soothe his ear."

"Never, no never, marry for money," gravely remarked the pastor to the youth. "I called out youngster just then from behind the pulpit door, 'why do you marry for 'taint for money—\$3 any way, and maybe more if the feller's rich?' The minister got around answering the question by leading the boy out by the scap-look.—Chicago Evening Journal.

At an evening party in the Fairbank St. German, the conversation turned upon the "kiss." "Oh," said a member of the Institute, "it is derived from a Sanscrit expression, meaning to open the mouth." An old mathematician, who was seated in a corner, was asked his opinion. "Kissing," he answered quietly, "is an operation which consists in the approach of two curves which have the same bend, as far as the point of contact."

There was silence in the school. The teacher had struck the bell, calling attention, and every eye was bent upon her. This was a splendid opportunity for the spread of information, and one of the little boys perceiving this, said his heart was full of questions. "What is it Johnny?" asked the teacher. "Tommy Migs's father's cow has got a colt," shouted the excited youngster, his face aglow with intelligence.

The teacher smiled. THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENTS. The inventions and improvements that have been made during the present century, the world will remain for all time a marked epoch in the world's history. Nearly all of the inventions and important improvements that now save the labor of millions of hands that now make a journey around the world a mere pleasure trip, that annihilate space, that records on its mirror the events of every day life, are almost wholly the result of human intellect of the nineteenth century. When we look back upon what has been accomplished, we are told in amazement at the grand and gigantic strides that have been taken in all directions to enlighten and benefit the world. Not only have great agents been discovered

or better utilized, but the minor and indispensable details of every-day life have been simplified, so that our mothers, our wives, our sisters and our daughters are not bound to that household slavery that made them carry the real burdens of domestic life. Now scarcely a day passes but some new and valuable invention is added to the endless list of articles to lighten the labor of the household.

So far, there has been no invention that has supplied so great a want in every family as the sewing machine. With the introduction of this genuine labor-saving apparatus, one of the greatest drudges of the household has been done away, and the work of furnishing the family garments with its tireless needle has become a pleasure and a pastime.

It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the many improvements that have been made in sewing machines, but among the almost countless makers and styles, none have stood the test of public trial and criticism better or even as well as the Victor Sewing Machine, now in use in every clime, at home and abroad. Lying at the original plan of the machine, very exact, under the name of the Phineas and Lyon, manufacturers, to meet the times, have placed their best machine within the reach of every family of whatever condition in life, thus benefiting the millions of this day, and generation as well as future generations to come.

THE WORSHIP OF SATURN IN SOUTH-EAST INDIA. The malevolent power of the god Sani, the Hindoo Saturn, is an essential part of the Hindoo faith. The sacred writings abound with instances of his implacable hatred to mankind. We have various sources of information as to the character ascribed to this deity; and, although now differing much in detail, seem to denote a common origin. In Greek mythology, Saturn is the son of Heaven and Earth, a deposed ruler of the gods. According to the view of Ptolemy and the astrological writers, he is the most evil of signs of the planets, placed between Jupiter and the firmament, and governor of the airy triplicity. When joined by an evil aspect to the ascendant, he causes sickness, family affliction, accidents, falls, and bruises. The mind becomes dull and heavy under his influence; the body suffers lingering diseases, coughs, colds, pleuritic complaints, and low fevers. When ill-dignified he is envious, covetous, jealous and mistrustful, timorous, sordid, dissembling, sullen, suspicious, stubborn, a contemner of women, a liar, malicious, unmerciful, and very exacting in retribution. This cheerful character is not inconsistent with the mythological accounts of either branch of the Aryan race. The use among ourselves of the adjective saturnine indicates a sullen and gloomy disposition. The Grecian Saturn mutilated his father and devoured his children. But the Hindoo Saturn delights in acts of wanton cruelty and mischief, pursues his victim with the ferocity and relentlessness of a blood hound, and seldom quits his prey until the utmost wretchedness has been attained. It is very remarkable, however, that the power of Sani is not supposed to extend to the deprivation of life. In this there is a remarkable resemblance to the Satan of the Book of Job. Sani oppresses his victims for a longer or shorter period, but never longer than seven years, and which is the maximum period of the duration of his malevolence, according to the Hindoos. According to Ptolemy, his three periods are thirty, forty-three and a half, and fifty-seven years; and his greatest term, referring to states, buildings, and masters of a human nature, is 400 years. He is less likely to attempt any escape from misfortune so long as Sani is against us. His power extends over the heavens, the earth, the sea, and the regions below the earth, and all beings great or uncreated, mortal or immortal, are liable to his power. Sani, the first person of the Hindoo triad, was driven into madness by Sani, and, decked with living serpents and human bones, danced with demons amid graves. Vishnu was tied to a rice mortar by serpents for having, at Sani's instigation, stolen butter from the cow. Sani was changed into a Vengat tree by the same power while paying his addresses to a Kurova damsel. Vign-wara, when an infant, had his head turned up by the evil glances of Sani—a legend recalling the malocchio, or evil-eye, of the Italians, which Pius IX. is believed to possess.

The most noted instance of the persistent malice of Sani is the theme of the splendid epic of the Mahabharata. It is the adventures of Nala and Damayanti. Resenting the preference shown by the latter for the former, Sani first incited Nala to gamble away his kingdom, and then turned the pair, penniless and forlorn, into the desert, where they sought their fortune. Sani, however, brought them to the court of the King of Vidura, where he struck the reader with horror. It would be difficult to find a parallel tale in any other literature, containing so much misery and terror, with such conjugal fidelity and unbending fortitude. There is a temple dedicated to Sani at Ketchinam in the south-western part of the Malabar coast. Like all edifices of this nature, it is divided into the three portions of outer apartment, holy place, and cella, or sanctum sanctorum. The image of Sani is mounted on a gigantic cow. His ministers are Brahmin priests, and his ministers are assembled in the form of Brahminical pagodas, with the exception that no Dasis, or vestals, are attached to the temples of Saturn. A great festival of three days' duration is held, commencing on the 18th of Adh each year, in honor of the misgiving god, on which, contrary to the usual custom of the Malabar coast, are feasted at the expense of the temple, although the offerings made far exceed the amount of the expenditure. Sheep, poultry, rice, camphor, plantains, and artificial flowers are made of gold and silver are offered. The animals are brought alive, and are slain by the priests at the close of the day of the feast. The special peculiarity of the rite is that all the worshippers earnestly supplicate, not the presence, but the absence of the god, and beseech him never to visit their homes, or to turn the evil light of his countenance upon them. The most curious story in the old Great book may however, be credited with more sagacity than these worshipers of Sani, who she should pray for his recovery.

"Better not your case to mention Than attract the gods' attention."

MR. STANLEY. A London correspondent writes:—"Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, who has come over to England for the hunting season, telegraphed to the President of the United States to inquire whether it was possible to send a gunboat to the coast of Africa to convey Mr. Stanley's African followers from that place round to Zanzibar. Probably no American gunboat is near enough for the service. Many influential Americans resident in London think it would be a grateful recognition of Mr. Stanley's services, if the English Government ordered a gunboat to take these brave people to their homes. As it is understood that a large sum was voted for the expedition by the proprietors of Daily Telegraph and New York Herald, it is no question of money; but our American friends say that Mr. Stanley has proved himself to be a distinguished public servant, and an English gunboat could reach Loanda before a vessel dispatched on this special mission from one of our ports. Mr. Stanley having determined to remain at Loanda until his followers are shipped for Zanzibar, he cannot be expected home for about three months. His letters shortly to be published are said to be of even greater importance to commercial men than to mere geographers."

GENERALITIES. Slove pipe poetry is seasonable now. The Dankin Act has been defeated in Cobourg and Port Hope. House-keepers will rejoice to hear that the price of coal is falling in the mining regions. Considerable excitement prevails in Peterborough in connection with a proposition made to submit the Dankin Act to popular vote. The Education Department in Toronto is investigating the recent dishonest and fraudulent practices connected with teachers' examinations. Contribution boxes placed in a number of the public schools of London for the benefit of the orphan's home have in some instances been stolen. The Turks have suffered a defeat before Kars, which for the time being gives the Russians a decided advantage in prosecuting their Asiatic campaign. General Grant has resolved to retire into private life. If he had done so some eight or nine years ago, his country would have been a gainer thereby. Westward bound freights have been advanced one third, with the prospect of a still further advance of one fifth. Why cannot all the freight be sent eastward? If a brother meets a brother fallen very low, should a brother have a brother, father down to go? Everybody needs a holy kindly words to say when a brother meets a brother, falling by the way. Toronto Seymour says the demonization of silver was a mistake, and Senator Korman thinks its demonization would be another. Give us plenty of silver, and we will not much care which of these men is right. The great strike among the striking coal miners in Pennsylvania has finally collapsed. The men have gone to work, poorer but, it is to be hoped, wiser than when they undertook to enforce compliance with their unreasonable demands. The following cure for small pox is one upon which Edward Hime is willing to stake his reputation as a public man. "One ounce of cream tartar dissolved in a pint of water, drank at intervals when cold." The remedy is said to be never failing, and to cure the worst case in three days, without leaving a mark, or causing blindness. It has also, the merit of being so simple that no physician is needed to administer it. A Sir John Bennett was some months ago elected by a certain section of London a member of the board of alderman. This body rejected him as unfit for and unworthy of the office, and a new election ordered. He was re-elected, re-elected. A third time was he elected; and a third time has he just been rejected; and it is now the duty of the board to appoint a person to fill the vacant position. What the particular sin is for which he has been so emphatically condemned is not very clearly stated; but as we understand it there are aldermen in some of our Canadian cities who ought to give up their seats if this man is unworthy. The result of the French elections, giving a very large majority against the Government, must marshall MacMahon that there is a point beyond which military dictatorship will not be tolerated by the French people. Franco is nominally a republic; but really it is almost anything else. It is not Imperial; it is not Monarchical; it is not Republican; but despotic it is, and that worst kind of despotism which depends upon the will of an erratic mind backed up by the power of a large standing army. The result of the late elections must be considered a most emphatic protest by the nation against such an exercise of power, disregard of which will inevitably lead to disastrous consequences. The defeat of the Dankin Act in the towns of Port Hope and Cobourg is not to be accepted as an evidence that the temperance communities in these places have been relaxing their efforts or are lacking in any degree in zeal for the cause they have espoused, but rather that the public generally requires a good deal more education on the subject. The prestige of success in the counties in which they are located, upon which, doubtless, reliance was to some extent placed for success in the towns, has not had the anticipated effect, and the friends of the cause of prohibition have to go back to the work of education and moral suasion for a while longer. The "spirit of unrest" seems to be holding high carnival in Russia just now. Scarcely a day passes without bringing reports of popular demonstrations against the Government, or of riotous proceedings, or of conspiracies unearthed, or of assassinations attempted assassinations. There are Socialists, and Nihilists, and Communists, and Internationalists, and Pan-slavists, and no end of other "ists," which nearly all mean the same thing, all engaged in some enterprise against the peace and security of the Government. The despotic form of government prevailing, under which undoubted abuses have grown up, is to some extent the excuse for the existence of these organizations; and the temporary withdrawal of troops to Bulgaria and other scenes of the Russo-Turkish struggle, furnishes opportunity desired for the turbulent demonstrations which mark the unchecked presence of these elements of disorder. Russia has herself very much to blame for all this. The yoke she has imposed upon her vassals has not always been as easy to bear as it might have been, while her exactions have sometimes been such as even the most patient, enduring human nature must rebel against or sink under. Most men will fight before they will submit to oppression, which is what most of these anti-Russian "ists" are trying to do, though too well watched usually to make much headway.

Says the Guelph Herald:—"Mr. Thomas Amos, of Aberfoyle, has just returned from a week's visit to the County of Grey, and corroborates, in every particular, the evidence of Mr. Dunbar, given in the Herald, Saturday. Mr. Amos says that, previous to his Grey visit, he was in favor of the passage of a Dankin Act by law in Wellington; but during the visit he saw what quite convinced him that such a law was worse than useless. He visited a great number, both in Owen Sound and elsewhere—he found no difficulty whatever, although an entire stranger, in procuring liquor; he saw many others doing likewise, and never saw any refused. Mr. Amos is a well known and respected gentleman, and his statement is entitled to the greatest credence."