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NO. 7.

POETRY.

TWO MEADOWS.

Down in the pasture meadow,
Two footstools here and there,
Deep in the scented clover,
Pressing the grasses down,
Eyes that were sunny and saucy—
Curls of a tawny gold—
A smile of rippling sweetness,
And a mouth half shy, half wild,
He chased the straw-colored miller—
He loitered after and swung his line—
Hair of a limitless kingdom
Was this princely boy of mine,
Down in the pasture meadow,
Under a tinted sky,
Hopeful, and proud, and loving,
We stood a while, and I
We watched the "merry monarch,"
As he stretched his legs to the
With magnificence white and gold—
Watched till the west grew dim,
The summer died with its clover,
The dunes withdrew away—
The leaveser lifted and swung his line,
And its tuck to hard and gay,
Down in the meadow of marbles,
A keystone cold and white
Marks where our boy is sleeping,
His dreamless sleep to-night.

THE STORY-TELLER.

MISS GERMAINE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

In some parts of the suburbs of New York city, the Bloomingdale region among the rest, are quaint, picturesque, and even romantic-looking old houses, cottage-built, ivy-clad, flower-surrounded, imbedded in gardens, and so separated from the busy world as to seem to be part of it. One of these, which had been tenanted by successive generations of the Germaine family almost since the days of New Amsterdam, was understood to be quietly offered for sale some two or three years ago. The family had run itself out, both in wealth and in numbers. It had dwindled down to a widow and a daughter. Then the widow died, and the daughter of eighteen was left alone in the world. Her health was somewhat delicate; her means were small. She was ordered by her physician to seek a warmer climate for at least two winters, and she had made up her mind to sell the old home where she could no longer live without the ever renewing of recent grief.

Buyers ought to be easily found for so pretty and picturesque a place, and could have been found readily enough if things were done in proper business fashion. But Miss Germaine would do nothing in business fashion. Offer after offer she peremptorily rejected, merely on seeing the proposed purchaser. "Oh, no, Mr. Rowan," she would say, her eyes filling with tears, "I couldn't give my darling mother's house to him" (or her, as the case might be). "I couldn't have him" (or her) "reading in dear father's library, sleeping in dear mother's room! It can't be done." "I would rather sell it, and do without the money somehow," Mr. Rowan did not very well see how the money could be done without, but it was no use his talking. The young lady would not sell the house to any one whose looks and manner displeased her. Many and many an eligible offer did Mr. Rowan bring almost to a conclusion, until Miss Germaine got a glimpse at the other party to the proposed bargain; and then the thing was at an end.

Mr. Rowan was a builder and a house-decorator, whose principal premises were somewhere in Fourth Avenue. He had always looked after the Germaine house, attended to its repairs and redecorations, kept its gas-fittings in order, and in every other way been its practical business man ever since he started in business for himself. His father had been gardener to Dr. Germaine, the grandfather of our heroine. Mr. Rowan had prospered as the family of his father's patron decayed and declined, but he always felt the same interest and affection in the house and its occupants as though he were a gentleman of fortune. "I shall see you again to-morrow?" "Every day," he answered, "if you will allow me, until—until you go." The words were spoken by both in a low tone, but without the least attempt at secrecy. Mrs. Alsager and her daughter exchanged lightning glances of wonder.

"What manner, how strange!" Miss Alsager exclaimed, when the two were in their carriage together. "I do believe she is in love with him—the son of a builder, or gas-fitter, or something." "My dear, I almost think she is. What an odd country!" "She seems a perfect lady." "She is a perfect lady. I am told that there is no better family here than hers. And I never met a more agreeable and lady-like girl in my life." "Nor I. I like her immensely. But how can she go on with him? Isn't he a very handsome young man?" "Very. He would pass off for a gentleman anywhere. A strange country! It will be long before I understand it; but I am inclined to like everything."

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"Mr. Rowan," repeated Mrs. Alsager, in a tone of surprise; and she looked round for the elderly builder.

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Lady Pillula—A Pen-and-Ink Sketch.

Lady Pillula was nearly eighty years of age, with the withering marks of time deeply written on her features and her mitted hands. Yet no small nerve and vivacity remained in her frame. She had nothing to do, so she took medicine. With little of interest in those who were about her to attract her attention, she fixed it on herself, and that part of the body which became the sole and specific object of her regard was her intestines. It is affirmed by physicians that one can by nervous concentration of thought upon one spot in the body induce or aggravate a local morbid action. This was Lady Pillula's peculiarity. Her passion was pills. Of these she was at once an artist, a connoisseur and a miser. Vast collections of empty pill-boxes lumbered her room. She took pills before she rose in the morning, before breakfast, at 1 o'clock, 3, 5, and 7, and 9. Holloway was an appetizer for lunch, and counteracted the ill effects of that unwholesome meal with the celebrated antibilious pills of Cocker. Her dinner was inaugurated with three boluses of rhubarb and concluded with aloes. Her nocturnal podophyllin was never pretermitted. She scanned the newspapers every morning for any purpose, the discovery of new pills. While her sister, Lady W., sought the columns of fashionable intelligence, and Lord W. perused the stock lists, she was busy registering the latest novelties in pillular invention. On the first occasion of her reading the advertisement of the notorious Revelante Arabica, headed "No more Pills or any other medicine," she announced her intention to try it, and she faintly. She only recovered upon the exhibition of a whole box of "Brandreth's." One form of pill she abhorred, namely, the minute globules of Homeopaths. These she condemned as utterly unworthy of a trial by any adult interior.

The most agreeable surprise you could pass upon her was to present her with a box of new pills. She would exclaim, "The same evening, and pronounce on their qualities next day with the precision and gusto of a connoisseur. Indeed, the mania affected her morality. She became morbid in the pursuit of her fancy; invading her sister's boudoir or even Lord W.'s dressing-room in the hope of finding some stray box of her condiments. If a visitor happened to carry such specifics with him or left them in his room, Lady Pillula took title of them. She had several times been nearly poisoned. Once she swallowed a number of buckshot which an incautious sportsman had turned into an empty pill-box on unloading his gun. In another instance some glass beads met with a similar accident.

One item of comfort to be extracted from this strange but authentic case, should not pass unmarked. Notwithstanding the vast numbers of portentous patents, from the exhibition of which innumerable consequences were pledged to ensue, Lady Pillula's organs seem to be contrived to resist them all. It was only affected by blue pill in unusual quantities, or prescriptions administered by her physician; the harmlessst of most potent pills was a constant source of vexation to her, though it amply testified to the simplicity of the materials with which people are gammoned.

Lord W. used to amuse himself occasionally at his sister-in-law's expense. He asked Savory or Corby for the latest inventions, and brought home boxes of them. He himself slyly mixed some rare and monstrous compositions, ranging from pitch to beeswax or bread, and was entertained to find that the old lady placed some of these high in her standard of excellence. When, however, he brought her with her credit, and with the perils to which without exposing herself by her unreasoning addiction to such fraudulent devices, she replied upon him rather sharply.

"Everybody takes pills of some sort," she said. "Some swallow opinions wholesale without knowing much of what is in them. Some people take their priest's prescription as if it were certain to contain a specific for their souls. Others take their political ideas from political quacks and gulp them with the most credulous simplicity. I have seen you take for granted any pill the editor of the *Chimes* makes up for you of a morning, and have known you to be the worse of it. Other people,"—here she looked wretchedly at her brother-in-law, who took a tea at special notice and then—"swallow the lies of promoters and stock-jobbers and suffer a good deal more than I do for their temerity. After all, I would rather be deluded anywhere than in my brains.—By the Author of *Gin's Baby*."

Hue, who by extended explorations of a section of the habitable globe scarcely known save by its name, between Tartary and China, gives many extraordinary accounts of customs and manners peculiar to the people, which strangely contrast with our civilization. On one occasion he came upon a Mongol encampment. Being kindly received, he purchased a sheep of a native. A Mongol butcher slaughtered the animal with such surprising despatch as to astonish the good Catholic Father. The climax was when, with a long knife, the butcher drew out the entire skeleton from the flesh without fracturing or doing violence to a single bone. They are so expert in that particular art, which amounts almost to a science, knowing as they do each bone, its name and exact position—the frame of an ox or any other animal is treated in the same manner with unerring facility. As Turks use neither knives nor forks, they have the skill to jerk out the bones of a fowl when placed upon the table, with similar adroitness, leaving the body in its original form. Their knowledge of anatomy, however, falls immeasurably below that of the Mongols, who practice dissections on worthless carcasses for the purpose of ascertaining how they are constructed.

A little girl in Milwaukee was lately frightened to death by the noise of a mill into which she ran.

Facts and Figures.

A company has paid \$50,000 for the privilege of boring and raising oil on lands of the Chickasaw Nation, north of Texas and west of Arkansas. Fresh salmon is considered high-priced at twelve cents a pound in San Francisco at this season, but they have to pay fifty cents a pound for halibut. They have a haunted house in Hennessee, Minn. It has been vacant for a long time, but every night the upper windows are brilliantly lighted. A man named Acheson Wells, while wading in the river at Brownsville, Texas, stepped into a quicksand, and vanished from sight in a second. A new way of sinking wells. A local of an Indianapolis paper says that he does not depend upon journalism for his daily bread, but raises hens. Which moves an envious rival to ask whose hens he raises. An inventive genius of Kalamazoo has succeeded in bringing out an eight-legged steam walking machine that can hitch to and walk off with any amount of tonnage that wheels can roll. A negro was rescued in good condition in Charlottesville, Va., on Friday evening, after lying at the bottom of a well, covered with about fifty feet of earth and stones, for nine hours. Before we have had scarcely a breath of spring the annual crockers are predicting only half a crop of peaches. According to them we have had only half a crop for many years, but that half crop has served a very good purpose. In Michigan University, a tall girl by the name of Miss White, whom the students call *Alta Longa*, has solved every problem in the mathematical course, including one which has remained unsolved by the graduating classes for fifteen years. It was said by a looker-on that when President Grant introduced his cabinet to the Japanese embassy there was no hand-shaking. "The Americans snapped their heads in the usual jerky way, but the Japanese gave them the graceful salam of the East. An Oriental only knows how to bow." Madame Thiers, wife of the President, has given her decision against women being adorned with hair that grows not from their own scalps. Madame believes that Paris rules the world of Fashion, and that the wife of the supreme executive rules the fashion of Paris. We wish her success in her endeavor; it will relieve the purses of men and the heads of women. The ballot which it is proposed to introduce in England will consist of a piece of paper bearing an official stamp, and having on it the names and descriptions of all the candidates. The voter, after erasing the names of the candidates for whom he does not wish to vote, will fold it so that the names cannot be seen, and after exhibiting the official mark on the back, will deposit it in the ballot box. They have a resolute old fellow up in Washington County who, because his property was placed in the hands of his son, to prevent his squandering it upon drink, took to his bed and stayed there night and night for twenty years. He was determined that if his son had his property he should take care of him. He has been in good health all this time, but is waited on like a child. An Australian paper gives a very simple remedy for all forms of sore throat, and one which it asserts is certainly efficacious. It is wearing a soft old silk handkerchief next the skin and close around the neck, especially during the night. A common sore and stayed there to be relieved in an hour by this application; a serious case requires a day to be cured. Such a remedy is so simple that every one may easily test it without danger or difficulty. Pigeon-flying is one of the popular sports of Belgium. The breeding and training of birds are carried on in the most systematic manner, and matches are frequently instituted for various distances. A common sore and stayed there to be relieved in an hour by this application; a serious case requires a day to be cured. Such a remedy is so simple that every one may easily test it without danger or difficulty. Pigeon-flying is one of the popular sports of Belgium. The breeding and training of birds are carried on in the most systematic manner, and matches are frequently instituted for various distances. A common sore and stayed there to be relieved in an hour by this application; a serious case requires a day to be cured. Such a remedy is so simple that every one may easily test it without danger or difficulty. Pigeon-flying is one of the popular sports of Belgium. The breeding and training of birds are carried on in the most systematic manner, and matches are frequently instituted for various distances. A common sore and stayed there to be relieved in an hour by this application; a serious case requires a day to be cured. Such a remedy is so simple that every one may easily test it without danger or difficulty.

Mr. Joseph Sullivan, of Columbus, Ohio, a well known naturalist, publishes an account in the *Ohio State Journal* of the capture of the *Bassarif adata*, or ring-tailed cat of the Rio Grande region. It was taken in Fairfield County, Ohio, and was said to have been accompanied by a second specimen. The occurrence of this animal so far north is very remarkable, and it may be a question whether it had not been brought from Mexico or California, and escaped from confinement. It is an animal very much sought after as a pet, being clean in its habits, and readily becoming very tame and affectionate; indeed, it would seem to be quite a desirable animal to domesticate and keep about the house as a protection against rats and mice. Some years ago a specimen of this same animal was brought into the Smithsonian Institution, having been captured in a hen-coop near the city. It was in capital condition and in full fur; but it had evidently escaped from captivity, as shown by the marks of the rubbing of a collar around the neck.

Hue, who by extended explorations of a section of the habitable globe scarcely known save by its name, between Tartary and China, gives many extraordinary accounts of customs and manners peculiar to the people, which strangely contrast with our civilization. On one occasion he came upon a Mongol encampment. Being kindly received, he purchased a sheep of a native. A Mongol butcher slaughtered the animal with such surprising despatch as to astonish the good Catholic Father. The climax was when, with a long knife, the butcher drew out the entire skeleton from the flesh without fracturing or doing violence to a single bone. They are so expert in that particular art, which amounts almost to a science, knowing as they do each bone, its name and exact position—the frame of an ox or any other animal is treated in the same manner with unerring facility. As Turks use neither knives nor forks, they have the skill to jerk out the bones of a fowl when placed upon the table, with similar adroitness, leaving the body in its original form. Their knowledge of anatomy, however, falls immeasurably below that of the Mongols, who practice dissections on worthless carcasses for the purpose of ascertaining how they are constructed.

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