

VOL. V.

Why.

I did not love him. Long ago, Instead of yes, I gave him no.

I did not love him ; but to-day I read his marriage notice. Pray,

Why was I sad, when never yet Has my heart known the least regret

Over that whispered no ? and why, Reading the notice, did I sigh ?

No analyst can guess the cause : A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure, I am glad to know the wound I gave is healed, that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace ; and yet A woman never can forget

The man who once has loved her; and To-day I seem to see him stand.

With every glance a mute carese, Still pleading for the longed-for yes.

His early love for me is deadnother lives in that love's stead :

And if he loves her well, as men Should love their chosen ones, why, then

He must be glad that long ago, Instead of yes, I gave him no.

Perhaps that is the reason why I read the notice with a sigh.

A WOMAN DID IT. A Touching Little Story

A broad stretch of barren, saudy shore, covered here and there with ragged tufts of seanty evergreens ; boats lying up on the strand like sleeping sea monsters, on one side ; and on the other the eternal roar of great white-crested billows, flinging white showers of spray into the salt accented air—this was what Mrs. St. Leger saw as she stood on the piazza of the solitary hotel, with her husband at

her side. "Is it not grand, Beatrice?"

rily nearer to him. "Yes; but oh, how dreary ! how sol-itary !"

"People don't expect much society in a place like this, Beatrice ; health is the main object for which we seek, and I believe the roses are brighter already in your checks, dearest wife. See how lit-tie Nell is fredicking down on the shore with the old boatman and his wife. Shall we walk down and bring Nelly

"Yon go, Alfred, and I will wait for you in the parlor. Don't be long, for the sun has already set and the air grows

Little Nell and her female companion aloue on the shore when Mr. St. Leger joined the group-the boatman had strayed off in another direction to look for a missing oar-and the child ran gleefully to meet him.

"Papa, papa ! see this pretty pink

the little boat drifted ashore, people whispered to one another that old Morison's daughter and the golden haired little girl were lost at sea.

. . . Ten years afterwards, Kathleen Morion-a childless widow, a listless exile now upon a foreign shore—was standing at her door, where the glowing Italian sunshine streamed down through blossoming vines.

soming vines. "The saints protect us from such a grim face as yours, Kathlina !" cried a merry neighbor, balancing a basket of fish on her hend, as she tripped by. "Don't you want to hear a bit of news?" "I am not so wrapped up in the fine folk at the castle as you, Ninetta," said Kathleen

"It's a lovely lady," returned Ninetta, "and she's dying by inches—La Signora San Legero. "St. Leger !" "Ah! that's the way the English have

"Go away ! I want no more of your

idle gossip Ninetta retreated, fairly appalled by the sharpness of her neighbor's tongue and voice; and Kathleen stood gazing fixedly into the sunset, with eyes that saw not a shade of the carmine glow. "I thought once that I should never

pity her," mused Kathleen, "but that was before my babes died. I have felt the serpent's tooth in my own heart since. Poor lady! and she is dying of a broken heart. I wish I could die!" The next evening, as Mrs. St. Leger

capital in their brains, and earn credit was lying on the sofa by the open winby their conduct. These are the men dow which led out upon marble terraces and velvet-smooth lawns, a slip of white vho rule. From another quarter I hear a more loleful sound, and the voice says : "I

me.

paper came fluttering down upon her hep as softly as the floating petal of an orange blossom. And, rudely acrawled upon it with a pencil, she deciphered these words : " There is one white American flower

among the pomegranate blossoms at Mareo Silvedo's." Beatrice St. Leger'scheek turned even

caler than its usual shade of pallor as the read the mystic lines. " Read, Alfred."

" Nelly was drowned ten long years go, Beatrice. "Nelly is alive, Alfred ; I know it, I

cel it ! Oh, lose no time—inquire who und where Marco Silvedo is ! appearances and final abandonment of all regard for appearances; I say, when we get at the real thing, it proves to be "I will inquire," he said ; "but, Bea-trice, calm yourself. Remember how often we have been deceived before." a very disagreeable and repulsive thing. But it may be your own fault that you "We shall not be deceived again,

Alfred. smoking a short pipe of some dark, fragrant wood; an old, wrinkle-faced Italian, with a skin as yellow as pirch-ment, iron-gray hair and keen black eyes. Two or three children, as dark as himself, were playing around him a solar work working to yourself, bacaina

talk to the old man in his own language. income, contracted debts, without know-

SETTLING ACCOUNTS.

fess, however, that I would like to have

laid up something against a rainy day I would like to have made some little in

vestment that would bring me an income

without working for it so hard; I would

like to put up something for my chil-dren, as I see my neighbors doing around

not sympathize with this feeling. But,

lone, they will be better off in the end

than if you bequeathed to them the means of living in idleness and luxury.

The strong men are those who find their

There are few of us who would

did projects of beneficence, which they intend to carry into effect as soon as they get rich; but when the riches come A View of Matters and Things at the End of the Year. other uses are found for the money. If, however, you have grown rich honestly, and if your whole nature has expanded with the expansion of your estates, then you deserve to be congratulated. For Bishop Clark writes to the *Ledger* as follows : The end of the year is the time for settling our accounts. We look into our affairs to see how we stand in into our affairs to see how we stand in the world. And how are yon getting on i I hear, in reply, all sorts of voices in the air, some quite cheerful and others very sad. The first to which I give heed is neither joyful or mournful—the man says : "I hold my own; I owe no one

get. Very few men are sorry, when a anything that I cannot pay ; I have new year comes round, to find a balance been able to obtain food and raiment for myself and my family, and therefore I suppose I ought to be content. I conin their favor.

Clay and Bowie.

Henry Clay used to tell a story of his own experience. Upon a certain occa-sion, in his early methood, Mr. Clay was traveling in a public stage coach in Tennessee. His fellow passengers were a young lady and her husband -the lat-ter evidently an invalid - and a man in the front corner, so muffled up in a fur-lined cloak that his features were conif your work has been well done, you have gained something beside food and cealed. He appeared to be rather under than over the medium size, and was evihave gained something beside food and clothing; the fiber of your soul has been made stronger, and if you can leave your children the legacy of a good example, put them straight upon their feet to earn an honest living as you have dently enjoying a retreshing slumber. By and by a big, brown-faced, brawny Kentuckian got into the conch, smoking a rank, coarse-grained cigar. He gazed around fiercely, as though he would imment press upon the minds of his new com-panions that he could chew up and swalow any one who dared to interfere with him. In short, he was "half horse and half alligator, with a goodly sprinkling of panther and grizzly bear thrown in." He puffed forth huge volumes of smoke

without the least concern for the comhave not been able to hold my own. I fort of his companious.

Presently the lady, who seemed to be growing sick, whispered to her husband, and the husband, in the politest manner am worse off than I was when the year began. I had nothing then, and I have less than nothing now, because I have accumulated debts which I am unable to possible, asked the stranger if he would pay." This is bad, very bad; for we may sentimentalize about the moral not throw away his cigar, as the smoke greatly discommoded his wife. With With an impudent, swaggering stare the fellow replied, interlarding his speech with beauties of poverty as much as we please, when we get at the real thing, with its daily hungerings and shiverings, its piti-ful make-shifts and dismal contrivances,

several oaths: "I reckon f've paid my place. I'll smoke as much as I please. I'd like to see somebody stop me!" skalking around corners, or slipping quickly into doorways to avoid the inex orable creditor; its efforts to keep up

He looked very dangerous as he glared around, and it was very evident that he was used to quarrel and strife, and, furthermore, a struggle with him night have been a deadly one. The young man who had spoken to him shrank back, and was illent. The lady have not succeeded any better; you may lowered the sash by her side for a breath of fresh air.

Mr. Clay felt evers gallant instinct of his soul aroused. He considered for a moment whether he should interfere, ment, iron-gray hair and keet black eyes. Two or three children, as dark as himself, were playing around him; and when Mrs. St. Leger noted the raddy crimson hue of health in their checks, she knew what was meant by the words "pomegranate blossoms." Mr. St. Leger alighted, and began to talk to the old man in his own language it was not his business to risk his life in

The Uptown Schoolmaster.

At a social sit-down, following, and attendant upon, a teachers' convention in Carroll county, N. H., an old clergyman, who had been a pedagogue in his young-er days, related an anecdote, for the truth of which he said he could personally vouch.

It was in those times when, in the country, large girls, and larger boys, attended the district school. In fact, it was no unusual thing for boys to attend the winter term until they were twentyone, and the girls until they were eighteen. And in those days, be it re-membered, flagellations were more common than they are now. The armament of the rod and ferule was the teacher's

sine qua non. In a certain school in New Hampshire one of the oldest, largest, plumpest, and fairest girls happened to violate one of the teacher's rules. She was one of those laughter loving, irrepressible damsels so thorning to the pedagogue nlways good natured and never at home under the restraint of the school-room. The master, a prompt, energetic, powerful young man of two-and-twenty, summoned the fair delinquent into the middle of the floor, and, as was usual, in such cases, the attention of the whole school was called from the lessons to the scene on the floor, it being expected that the girl would receive a severe punish-

After a brief but severe harangue, the master took from his desk a huge ferule. such as is seldom seen nowadays, and told the damsel to hold out her hand. She hesitated, and hung her head. With an angry stamp of the foot the master cried out :

"Will you give me your hand ?" "Yes, sir," she promptly though omewhat shyly replied, looking up, not frightened, but with a twinkling smile playing around the dimples of her face; "and my heart with it!" at the same time holding out her plump hand. A dead silence reigned for a few moments in the school-room. The master's face flushed, and a moist light was in his eyes. Finally the ferule was laid back, mused, upon the desk, and the now blushing damsel was told that she might take her seat, but to remain after school

was dismissed. That schoolmaster lived in another town, and when he went away that girl went with him as his wife; and after the lapse of many years, he had never had occasion to regret his acceptance of the hand so quaintly given him.

Funny Incidents in the Pulpit.

At a clerical dinner party some time ago, says Appleton's Journal, the quesion went round to each, as follows : "Were you ever so placed in public in the performance of a service as to lose all sense of the solemuity of the occasion and be compelled to laugh in spite of his as

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

Grace Greenwood Tells us all About Them in the Most Interesting Manner.

The famous catacombs of Paris will laways be a subject of interest. In a letter to the New York Times, Grace A sympathy divine.

Greenwood tells us about them as follows: Our party entered the catacombs at the old Barriere d' Enfen. At this point each visitor, after being provided with a candle, descends nearly one hun-dred steps of a dark winding stairway to a narrow passage, damp, and of course utterly dark. From here we walked through a perfect labyrinth of other narrow passages, all doubly somber from the heavy coating of candle smoke on the rock overhead—walked for nearly

half an hour before coming to the great depository of bones. On each side, all the way through the old quarries, opened other arched passages, leading off into awful distance and darkness-wavs barred by chains or marked "danger-ous." We passed caverns like "drifts" in mines, and once we came upon a railing surrounding a pit, whose gloomy depths we vainly sought to sound with the trembling lights of our candles. To those in the rear the effects of the long line of lights flickering, waving, passing in and out of the dark arches, winding and doubling, was sometimes strangely weird and awful. All felt oppressed by

for no friendly echoes of our voices came back from the gloomy passages, only a dull, warning roar, and the heavy night, beaten back for a little space by

our tapers, seemed about to rush upon and overwhelm them and us. Surely there is a difference between the dark ness of ever so somber a spot which at some time has known daylight and that of a place which no ray of sunshine has ever reached. The darkness here was of the kind which "can be felt"-

never dreamed of the day. So somber and solitary, so uncertily, though carthy, was all this weary, winding way, bordered with gloom and mystery, that of them sits down i it was a positive relief when we reached

the ossuary. Here, at least, were the representatives of what had once been life; for in these long, wide galieries, these subterraneau streets and courts are gathered the bones of 3,000,000 human beings-'the yellow harvest of time, of pestilence and of revolution. In these dismal coulisses stand silent at last the actors of many a fearful tragedy of French his-

tory; but out of those eyeless socketa stares such a strange look of watching and waiting and fellowship that it al-most seems as though they are ready to rush back on the stormy scene and take at were disturbed in their death, is arranged with frightful regu-

Oh, fair and stately maid, whose eves Were kindled in the upper skies At the same terch that lighted mine For so I must interpret still

Eva's Eyes.

Still let me blameless gaze upon

Features that seem at heart my own ; Nor fear those wate' ful sentinels, Who charm the more their glance forbids,

haste glowing underneath their lide, With fire that draws while it repels. -Ralph Walde Emerso

Items of Interest.

The current estimate of the cotton

rop of 1875-6 is 4,100,000 bales Buggins says that the most thorough way of keeping a house warm is to board your mother-in-law.

Wainwright's execution was fixed for Tuesday instead of Monday "in order to allow people compelled to come from a distance an unbroken Sabbath.

As old Mr. ---- heaved the last scuttle As old Mr. — nearest the has cellar, be was heard to remark : "If they had been boys instead of girls, it wouldn't have been thus. One ton would last all winter."

General Sutter, on whose land in were so boldly invading. For our part, we were inclined to speak low, and to watch anxiously each her bit of candle, at the great darkness and silence which we eighty years old, and lives in a poor cottage at Litiz, Pa., where he is edu-cating his grandchildren in a German school

> To be resigned when ills betide, Patient when favors are denied. And pleased with favors given ; Most surely this is wisdom's part. This is that incomes of the heart, Whose fragrance smells to heaven

A man has solved Mrs. Livermore's query: "What shall we do with our daughters?" He has purchased two washing machines and will take in washsomething menacing, sullen, almost savage—a hopeless, blind night, which are to do the work, and he will superin-

Yes, women are unreasonable, and ou may have remarked that when one of them sits down in a new, silk dress on a chair where a little boy has carelessly deposited two conts' worth of taffy, she will go on about it just as bad as if it were two dollars' worth.

The mercury stood five degrees below The mercury stood live ucgauge re-zero outside when Jones feelingly re-marked: "I wouldn't turn a dog away Would you?" "Wto night. Brown. Would you ?" "W-well, no," replied Brown, hesitatingly. "At least not if he was worth anything.'

That the French are determined to have every available man under arms is shown by Gen. Cissey's last order, re-quiring the registration. for military your more serious self?" and the follow-ing are some of the replies that were made : A very solemn clergyman and bit serious self?" and the follow-ing are some of the replies that were made : A very solemn clergyman and the revolutionist. This gigantic folgotha, this mighty magazine of Defaulters will incur a fine varying in amount from sixteen to two hundred

But Alfred St. Leger saw neither shell nor child. He had grown suddenly pale, then crimson.

" Kathleen Morison !"

The tall, pretty young woman threw the scarlet shawl back from her head, as she bowed. "So you haven't forgotten our flirtation, Mr. St. Leger ? And you are married, and this is your little girl. How time passes.

St. Leger drew a deep sigh of relief as Kathleen broke into light laughter. If he could but have seen the cruel smile upon her mocking lips he would scarcely have carried so light a heart in his bosom.

. "Mamma, Kathleon says it's the pretme out in half an hour. She often yees." Mrs. St. Leger uttered a low, smoth-red cry. All the changes that had passed over Nelly's head had not sl-bered her to the mother's wistful logic. The see one trying to live by his wits, with perhaps a very slender stock of wit to draw upon. To be rich and and torpid is bad enough, but to be poor and torpid is sure destruction.

Mrs. St. Leger looked languidly up

from her book. "It is safe, Kathleen ?" " Quite so, ma'am; we'll be back by teatime.

"Then I may go, mamma?"

" If Kathleen will take care of you,

The purple light faded into gray, and the gray into starry darkness, and the moon rose up solennly over the tides, and they did not return.

"Oh, Kathleen, I am so tired. Take

me back to mamma.' "Hush, child! We're going where the sun shines all the year round, and you shall gather ripe oranges from the trees, and the parrots are redder than ponies. Just wait a minute."

"And can I have a monkey ?"

" Twenty, if you like."

"But will mamma be there ?" No ; but we'll send her a monkey

in a letter."

Nelly laughed at the idea; but the next minute her checks grew pale again, "I want my mumma, Kathleen, I don't care for the monkeys and the par-

rots any more. I want my mamma." Kathleen did not answer. She was intently watching the movements of a sea. Suddenly a tiny white pennon fluttered out, and was instantly with-

drawn. "The saints be blessed !" muttered Kathleen. "I began to think it would never come. Nelly, darling, here's the boat; jump in."

Are we going to mamma?"

"Yes, yes-jump in, quick." And Kathleen's strong arm was pulling them out to sea in another instant. As they ran up alongside the large black hull of the vessel, a voice hailed

"Is it you, Kathleen Where's the

" Here."

"The ladder will be lowered in a minute. I tell you what, my girl, you've shown courage to-day."

" Are these all your children, Signor Silvedo ?" "Yes, signor-all. Two are with the

saints in glory—three are here." Beatrice, listening from the carriage, felt the blood grow chill around her

heart. Was the faint light of hope that had begun to dawn on her life's horizon but a deceptive mirage, after all. Mr. St. Leger was about to re-enter

e carriage, when the old Italian rose pol tely to his feet. "The signor and signora would honor

him by partaking of a glass of his own wine ? Nay, he would receive no refusthousand times worse. The young man Elena-Nella !" A tall, slender girl of fifteen or there-

abouts came to the door-a girl with a skin as fair as drifted snow, and blue,

the weary years ago, "Nelly! Nelly!" she cried, wildly, "don't you remember your mother?" And Nelly St. Leger, with the flood-

gates of memory wide open in her heart, fell, sobbing on her mother's breast. "I knew I had a mother once, before I sailed across the sea," she faltered, in as I have tried to pay my debts, if

Italian ; "but I thought she had forgotten me !" Mareo Silvedo, who had been gazing in blank astonishment from one to an-other, now came forward and told how the child had been left at his door one

chill Novembernight, how and by whom he did not know, nor could the be-wildered child tell him.

"I had just buried my youngest child," he said, "and it seemed as if the good saints meant this one to take her place. I shall miss her sorely, ugh I don't grudge her to the signor. tho Kathleen, standing at the door as the carriage rolled by the next day, with

Nelly sitting between her father and mother, smiled darkly to herself.

"I had meant that my revenge should have lasted still longer," she said to her-self; " but the poor lady cannot live long -and, after all, she was not to blame. Besides, when little Kathleen died, I large vessel lying a little distance out at buried almost all the bitter smart in her grave. Let them be happy while they can.

> For Kathleen knew that she was amply avenged.

All About Armies.

If the United States Congress carries out its purpose to reduce the army from 25,000 to 15,000, it will be the smallest army of any nation, says the New York Herald. France, with a population of 36,000,000, has a standing army of 303,-000 men : Great Britain, with a population of 32,000,000, has an army of 225,-000; Germany, with a population of 41,-000,000, has a peace establishment of 274,000. Mexico, with a population of 9,000,000, maintains an army nearly as

ing how they were to be met, and ino Ouixotic a manner.

dulged in luxuries which you could not Clay was settling back, with pity for afford. You hoped that somehow matthe insulted and disgust for the insulter, ters would come out right, that somewhen, suddenly, but very quietly, the cloaked figure in the corner assumed an upright position, suffering the furred mantle to fall back without a particle of thing favorable would turn up, but the year has closed and brought no relief. We may be sorry for such disappointed men, but we do not altogether regret excitement, thereby revealing the small, that they have some anxiety and sufferbut well-knit, muscular frame of a man ing, because this may lead them to do better in the future. To persist in this kind of life will inevitably lead not only plainly dressed in a closely buttoned frock coat, with a face rather pale, and a pair of bright gray eyes that gleamed like polished steel-and those strange eyes quickly attracted the attention of to social degradation, which is no slight calamity, but also to the utter deterioration of personal character, which is a the ferocious Kentuckian.

With a terrible calmness this quiet man passed his hand under his collar at who begins with running in debt is in the back of his neck, and deliberately danger of running into something worse than debt before long. It is a pitiable sight to see one trying to live by his drew forth a long, glittering and ugly looking knife from its sheath in that singalar place.

"Stranger," he said, "my name is Colonel James Bowie, well known in Texas and Arkansaw. If you do not put that eigar out of the window in less

than fifteen seconds, I'll put this the roughness is gone. This man says: "It is not my fault that I have failed to knife through your heart, as sure as death !"

better my position. I have done the best that I could. I have toiled hard, Clay said that he could never forget the expression of the colonel's eyes at lived carefully, expended frugally, but everything has turned against me. If I had received my dues as faithfully that moment. They told, as unmistakably as signs can tell, that the threat would certainly be fulfilled; and this conviction evidently impressed itself upon the mind of the offender. During I had had the same return for my labors that others have had, I would not coma very few seconds his eyes met those of Bowie. With all his brute strength he plain. As it is, I am disappointed and disheartened. I do not like to ask for was the weaker man, and he quailed. With a muttered curse he threw the favors; I will not be dishonest. I am trying to do my duty in the state of life cigar away, upon which Col. Bowie where God has placed me, but I meet with no encouragement and no success. coolly returned his knife to its sheath. and without another look or word re-The new year comes to me dark with folded his cloak about him and lay back clouds; it brings with it a heavier load as before. At the next stopping place than I am able to bear-my faith in Providence is almost gone." Beware of the Kentu kian got out and took a seat

with the driver. that ! To lose your faith would be far Sta'e Legislatures. worse than to lose your money. I do

As

Arkansa

not know why you are thus sorely tried,

but God does, and you will find it out by-and-bye. The best fruit does not

always grow in the richest soil. Awhile

ago, I saw a man removing the mellow

earth from the roots of a tree, and sub-

stituting in its place cinders and ashes

-the tree was growing too luxuriantly,

and the vitalizing sap ran to wood and

leaves. I do not mean to say that you are to sit down doggedly and look for

no further worldly prosperity; it rather becomes you to believe that if, with a

buoyant heart and a strong will, you

persevere in well-doing, a change for

the better will soon come. You will not

be tried beyond your power of endur-ance. Some of those who have been

most prosperous in the end, met with

One further voice breaks the stillness,

and that is brisk and jocund. It says :

"I have prospered abundantly, I am

much richer than I was a year ago, whatever I touch turns to gold." I trust

tnen that you have touched nothing that

is deteriorated by turning into gold. I

trust that your conscience has not be-come metallic. I trust that there are no

widows er orphans to cry out against

the severest rebuffs in the beginning.

Che followin	ng table giv	es the nu	mber
representat	tives in th ach State L	e Senate	and
	Senate.		Total.
hama		100	133

ļ	Arkansas	82	106	rioun
	California 40	80	120	be ca
	Connecticut 21	241	252	brae.
	Delaware	21	80	really
	Florida 24	53	.77	under
	Georgia 41	175	219	2010101111
	Illinois 25	90	115	tolera
	Iowa 40	100	140	fair al
	Indiana 50	98	148	of the
	Kansas 25	75	100	what
	Kentucky 38	100	138	
	Louisiana 36	101	187	In nit
	Maitio	151	182	taste
	Maryland 24	86	110	and h
ŀ	Massachusetts 40	, 240	280	hands
	Michigan	100	182	might
	Minnesota 22	47	69	
ŀ	Mississippi	112	146	atrica
l	Missouri	200	234	ern fi
ľ	Nebrasks	39	52	dead
ŀ	Nevada 19	38	55	all th
ł	New Hampahire 12	341	353	piled
l	New Jersey 21	60	84	
ł	New York 32	128	160	on h
ł	North Carolina 50	120	170	farni
ł	Ohio 36	105	141	canno
l	Oregon 16	34	50	it; m
ł	Pentisylvania 38	100	183	
l	Rhode eland 36	72	108	hand
l	South Carolina	124	157	to pe
l	Tennessee 25	75	100	pape
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I	West Virginia 24	65	89	tural
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larity and system. It seems to me that chancel by a miscrable looking street cat, which had come in in some unknown it forms a sort of ghastly complement to way and was rubbing itself up againt the city overhead. The great passages The are named after the streets and boule their legs, me-ow-ing pitcously. The are named after the streets and boule-rector beckoned to the assistant to put the cat out, which he did, but in a few darkness, and immutability, the uproar, moments she was back again. Upon the brightness and the rush of the lasy this the very solemn rector placed the day above. They suggest, with more poor creature under one of the heavy overpowering force, the great, the dread box stools in the chancel, and, placing his foot on the improvised kennel, gave mystery of death which forever under-lies our life. Here, beneath beautiful churches, fragrant with incense, gorout the hymn beginning : "A charge to ceep I have." The last experience mentioned was geous with pictures and marbles,

that of a elergyman at his first baptism neath altars bright with tapers, and gleaming with golden vessels and cruci-fixes, are chapel-like chambers, cut in of infants. He was then very young in years, and had never before held a baby the rock, whose air is heavy with the that he could remember of, much less hold a baby and a book in the presence o lor of mortality, whose ceilings are of a church full of people. The first infant given into his arms was a big, darkly frescoed with smoke, on whose rough columns are solemn inscriptions in black lettering, whose walls bear quirming boy of thirteen months, who crosses of skulls, set in mosaics of bones. nediately began to corkserew his way There is even shown here a singular colthrough clothes and wrappings. The minister held on bravely, but in a few noments the child's face disappeared in the wraps and his dangling legs beneath were worming their way to the floor. Seized with the horrible impression that burial place before the first revolution, but the bones-brought from the various the child was tunneling his way through his clothes and would soon be on the

cemeteries by night in funeral cars, with religious rites-were shot down a shaft floor in a state of nature, he elutched the and left in a mighty indistinguishable clothes violently by the sash band, and, heap. It was not till the time of Napostraddling the child upon the chancel leon-the man of men to bring order rail, said to the mother : "If you don't hold that baby he will certainly be through his clothes and I shall have —that the present system was adopted nothing left but the dress to baptize."

and the mass of comingled mortal re-mains ranged into ranks. Since then inscriptions have been placed over every new section, telling when and from what connetery they were removed. This is all the distinction now. Here only is real equality and fraternity. Here, side by side, are heads which once toiled at the great problems of science and humanity, and heads that once plotted small thefts and assassinations; heads that once wore coronets, heads that fell 88 under the knife of the guillotine, heads the French artistic slang has it; the chairs and tables, tike people too early once pillowed on the breasts of princes, heads that have lain on the black slab of the morgue. Here are skeleton hands that were once soft and fair and glittering with jewels; strong hands, once dripping with blood; cunning hands of musicians, rude hands of exe-cutioneers; feet which marched in all the campaigns of Napoleon, feet that tramped the weary ways of want, feet that have gone on pious pilgrimages feet that have danced at the Mabille, Pom-

padour may here have mingled her bones with those of some gentle sister of

A Western Joke.

There is nothing half so funny as practical joke, and this, as told by an Eastern paper, is a regular rib-tickler : "Frederick Walker and Peter Kohler, him when dead, as the fashionable isher sat on him when alive. We not judge of his taste until he shows mtil he takes his house into his own is, and makes it to his mind. It is ed it until a number of the people were ersuade people to do this that these ers are written, but the writer is not shot the imaginary man. The body fell

rancs. - besides mpru fifteen days to three months.

At the annual Christmas sale of fat tock belonging to Queen Victoria there was a large attendance of buyers. The sale consisted of forty-two very fine shorthorn and polled Scotch oxen and heifers, which realized from £30 to £53; four hundred fine wether sheep, the South Downs fetching from £3 11s. to £5 4s., the Cheviots £2 19s. to £3 7s., and lambs £2 19s. to £5 2s. 61.; and fifty bacon hogs and porkers, the white Prince Consort's breed bringing £14 5s. to £15, and the bacon hogs £5 to £15 5s.

How to Calculate Interest.

The following rules are so simple and to true, according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk should post them up for reference. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to There is even shown here a singulat car-lection, arranged by a celebrated sur-geon, of diseased bones—a sort of osseous hospital. The categoriths were consecrated as a The categoriths were consecrated as a

number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired ; separate the right hand figure and divide by six ; the result is the true interest on such sum for such number of days at six per cent.

Eight per Cent .- Multiply any given amount for the number of days upon which it is desired to ascertain the in-terest, an I divide by forty five, and the result will be the interest of such sum for the time required, at eight per cent. Ten per Cent .--- Multiply the same as above, and divide by thirty-six, and the result will be the amount of interest at

clerk saves only two and three-fourth cents per day, from the time he is twenty-one until he is threescore and ten, the aggregate, with interest, will amount to \$2,900 ; and a daily saving of twentyseven and one-half cents reaches the important sum of \$29,000. A sixpence saved daily will provide a fund of \$7,000 -sufficient to purchase a good farm. There are few employees who cannot save daily, by abstaining from the use of cigars, tobacco, liquor, etc., twice or ten times the amount of the six cent piece. Every person should provide for old age, e man in business who can lay by and th a dollar a day will eventually find him-self possessed of over \$100,600.

Good Men Wanted.

The country has fallen into a most un-fortunate condition as regards our public offices, says the New York *Ledger*. Frauds have become so common as apparently to be no longer the exception, • but the rule. The consequence is, that the mere holding of public office has come to be regarded as a ground of suspicion, and good men are unwilling to accept any appointment on account of the odium to which it subjects them. Thus when the important office of commissioner of Indian affairs became vacant recently, it was found almost im-

with a hearty kiss as she stood beside him; but har cheek was cold as ice as litil. Nelly clang, terrified, to har skirts. "T am revenged!" was the first, the informed officially that, "though her brain. And when, the next morning, long after the outward-bound Sardinia was spreading her white sails to the breeze, spreadin

ese multifarious drawing-rooms by he puts forward as his own taste.

ine cases out of ten it is not his at all, but the taste of the town, he has meekly put himself into the is of the fashionable furnisher. We at as well lay the charge of the themerey. al, vulgar paraphernalia of a mod-inst-class funeral at the door of the

at a country party, are waiting for an introduction, and the taste, if taste it may alled, in the pictures and bric-ais so discordant, that if the owner likes one-half of them we cannot rstand how he should be able to ate the other. Of course, it is not iways to judge the owner of one

The Average Parlor. There are parlors belonging to rich men who are the sons of rich men, who have been educated carefully, and who have traveled and seen all that there is to be seen of splendid and beautiful, and yet, though their rooms are full of the external evidences of wealth and travel, the things seem unhappy; the

colors all "swear at one another,