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A PRAYER IN HELL.

BY O. L. WILSON.

The earth and heavens pass away,
And mind and justice hold fast away;
Within the dwelling place of misery,
Where, joy to joy, our hopes increase;
The wicked pray, oh, such a prayer!
Ye rocks and hills, why stand ye there?
O see that woe and pain and grief,
Dread soul, thou curse, why look so fierce?
Hail! I was my shadow frightened me;
Hail! I was a devil's seed!
Hail!—his light of him doth shine
To make my shadow curse divine.
Ah, but my prayer was late—too late!
Behold! this late! my soul is late!
Ye rocks and hills, why stand ye there?
Fall down and crush me out of sight!
Woe bursteth in me! My! I shall
The agonizing pains of hell!
To flames within my deep-up soul!
Why stand ye there, ye hills and rocks?
My God! the light shines through the gate;
I cannot go! I must not wait!
I wish not to have you stand here!
To burn me up! I cannot feel
Where men of will ever find relief!
A greater hell than this I find!
Go back! I've done my best!
Cut off entirely so that
Most High Oupstent, I pray
Make dead my soul! I am dark my day!
I know that you, O God, are great!
I know that when the earth I tread
To glory of the God, I bear—
I bear the love of you, O God!
To those, who follow; ye hills,
Of which the need of hell is great!
In heart and hand, they shall be
Sworn up, and in my every tear,
The light of hell be on my face,
Oh! about the furnace high above,
And show to heaven from my soul,
Where comes not knowledge, dreams, or breath
No life; where all is woe and death!

MR. AND MRS. BONDURANT.

BY BONNE HEURE.

"I think you will find a document under your pillow, my dear," said Mr. Bondurant, addressing his wife, as he took his seat at the breakfast table.

The words were uttered with a look intended to express severe censure, with some pity and contempt, and rather more of the latter.

The husband slowly turned over his pillow, took up the bill of a grocer's bill—\$69.34. On the margin were the words, "Check expected immediately."

"I would rather not send this man a check just now," said Mr. Bondurant. "It is true I have a little more than that amount in the bank, but I shall need all I have and more also to-morrow to pay the costs of the suit I am conducting."

"This is about the answer I expected to receive," said his wife, "and I must tell you that your paltry excuses will not answer for the purpose. That bill must be paid at once."

"It is scarcely worth while, Julia, to speak so emphatically in regard to this matter," said the husband. "I am doing a little business for these grocers, and although they do not owe me anything now, I can, I suppose, get them to wait a few days and in the mean time let us have what goods we need."

"They will do nothing of that sort," said Mrs. Bondurant. "And if the bill is not paid before 3 o'clock to-day they will send it to Mr. Bondurant, who will pay it and take an assignment of the claim."

"Then let him do so," said Mr. Bondurant, quietly breaking a piece of hard cracker into his coffee and at the same time deliberately watching the softening process. "I believe, it is better for sailors than for poor landmen. They have more time to spend soaking it, unless when the rough weather comes on, and then I suppose they dispense with the ceremony of eating until the storm has expended its fury."

"Your insinuations are intended to exasperate me," said Mr. Bondurant. "But I warn you, sir, that you are treading on treacherous ground."

"If the ground, madam, on which I am treading is composed of your feelings I would not expect to find it uncommonly delicate," was the retort.

"Are you willing, sir, to have my brother pay that grocer's bill?"

"I could have easily arranged it in such a way that it would not have gone into his hands, but as I infer from what you say that the matter has been talked over between him and you and the grocer, and that he has agreed to take an assignment of the bill, if I do not pay it before to-day, I shall allow the matter to be disposed of in that way, and give myself no further concern in regard to it at present."

"Then it seems you are willing to have my brother provide for your family? That is just what he told me it would come to when we were married, and in fact immediately after he first married me, he visited me. My father and mother also gave me the same warning. They told me more than fifty times that you would never be worth a dollar in the world, and they would have to support us."

"And you are sorry you did not take their advice?"

"Sometimes I am, if I must tell you the truth. You know I could have married Rocky Billings, and I had other good offers. As it was, which, when decided, would bring a few thousand dollars. He had taken the case at his own risk and cost, and was to receive one-half of the amount received, his client having expended his last dollar in the suit, and being unable to do anything more. In the meantime that over-astute and agonizing brother-in-law, who was ready to pay the grocer's bill and take an assignment of the claim, had an interest in defeating the suit and was actually furnishing money for that purpose."

But these legal and business complications the discouraged and fault-finding wife did not know much about. She knew that the grocer's bill and other bills were unpaid, and that the brother had already paid several of those bills and was holding the claims against her husband.

"Well, Julia," said Mr. Bondurant, returning from his office on the evening of the day when he left without saying "Good-by;" "I hope you have been able to get up a plan, dinner with the \$10 I left on the table this morning."

"I have not used the \$10, nor any of it," said his wife, handing the money back to him. "I have had a long and serious talk with brother Alfred to-day, and have come to a firm conclusion that under the circumstances it will be best for me to return to my father's house and remain there until you are able to provide for me and yourself also. For the present, you have as much as you can do to take care of yourself, and my

brother has promised to see that I am comfortably provided for."

Mr. Bondurant regarded his wife for a few moments in a bewildered amazement. He was carefully holding the \$10 bill which he had accepted from her, but without knowing why she had handed it back to him. He now dropped the bill on the table, and clasping his hands, as he was in the habit of doing sometimes when trying to get a clear view of some question that bothered him, he looked at his wife for a few moments in a solemn and earnest way, and then said:

"If our dear child had lived I suppose you would not have left me."

"No, I presume not; she, no doubt, would have kept us together. I would not have taken her from you, and I know you would not have gone to live with me at my father's house. I have not thought, Alfred, of really leaving you, but shall be true to my marriage vows, and shall be ready to return to you as soon as you are able to provide for me. But for the present we must part. My brother tells me that she claims you are presenting will end in nothing, and that you are not worth a dollar to-day, and it is not likely you ever will be."

"And if that is so, it would seem that you are leaving me with the expectation of returning no more."

"That must depend, Mr. Bondurant," said the wife, steering herself to a cold and firm look. "I am not in the contingency of your being able, at some future time, to provide for me in a comfortable way, which, I am sorry to say, does not now appear very probable."

"Then good-by forever!" said the husband, rising and withdrawing from the room, without taking any further notice of his wife; nor did he even look back.

The marriage, as a legal relation, remained undisturbed. The husband and wife, when meeting occasionally on the street or elsewhere, bestowed upon each other a bow of civil recognition, but without exchanging a word.

In this way eight years had passed. At the end of five years Mrs. Bondurant's family, including that devoted brother, had been both unable and unwilling to do anything more for her, and for the last three years she had been supported by her own means, performing the duties of secretary for an insurance company. Why that situation had been given to her just at a time when she had no other means of support, and at a salary much larger than she had expected to receive, was a mystery about which she had her own private speculations.

It was a cold morning in mid-winter, and the sidewalks were covered with ice. Mrs. Bondurant, on her way to her office, had just passed the manly form of one whom she had never ceased to admire—yes, love, for his image had always remained in her heart. Every photograph, piece of jewelry, or other memento that he had left with her had been looked at and handled again and again, and some of these articles she had often bathed with her tears.

On passing him this time she had received the usual look and bow, and nothing more. The poor woman could not, however, refrain from casting a look back for an instant to catch a glimpse of his receding form, and while she was doing so the treacherous ice, as if intending some mischief, permitted her to fall suddenly and at full length.

"Are you hurt, my dear?" were the first words she heard, and her quick, spontaneous answer was:

"Not much, I hope, darling husband!" And as he lifted her into the carriage he had hailed and took a seat by her side, with his arm around her, she added, "How glad I am that you are here to assist me."

"Yes, dear, that was a slippery path," he said softly.

"Which I hope I may never pass over again!" murmured the wife, earnestly.

"I gained that suit," said the husband, as the carriage was taking them to his home, which could now be hers also.

"Yes, dear, I knew you gained it, and I was so glad! I have saved more than half my salary the last three years. You know, and so do I, that most of that salary has come from you."

The long embrace and fond kiss which each received and returned was a mutual assurance that through their separation their hearts had become united more firmly than ever.

"It was all my—my—my fault," was what the repentant and now happy wife wanted and endeavored to say, but she was stopped every time.

"No, no, my dear," her husband would answer. "These self-reproaches, coming from you, are painful to me. The past has done its work in its own way, and now let us remember the persons it has taught us, and forget the sorrow through which those lessons have been learned!"

USEFUL HINTS.

To RESTORE VELVETS.—Hold over a basin of boiling water, back down. It takes a long time, but the nap will rise.

To CLEAN BLACK CARBON.—Wash in hot soda with a little borax in the water, rinse in very blue soap, and iron while damp on the wrong side.

To REMOVE SCORCH FROM LINEN.—Peel and slice two onions, extract the juice by pounding and squeezing; cut up half an ounce of fine white soap and add to the juice; two ounces of fuller's earth and half a pint of vinegar; boil all together; when cool, spread over the scorched linen and let dry on; then wash and boil out the linen, and the spots will disappear.

To RESTORE FADED UPHOLSTERY.—The following directions were recently given by a correspondent of the London Furniture Gazette: Beat the dust out of them thoroughly, and afterward brush them; then apply to them a strong lather of castile soap by means of a hard brush; wash the lather off with clear water, and afterward wash them with alum water. When dry the colors will be restored to their original freshness. When the colors have faded beyond recovery they may be touched with a pencil dipped in water colors of a suitable shade, mixed with gum water.

LEMONADE.—Few persons understand properly the art of making lemonade. The lemon should first be rolled between the hands until the juice is well expressed, and then cut in small pieces, and every pip extracted, the sharp being held over a tumbler that no juice may be lost in the operation. The pulp should then be divided into small pieces, and the sugar thoroughly mixed with it. Last of all, the requisite amount of water should be added. Orangeade may be made in the same way as lemonade, using less sugar. They both should be kept in a small teacupful of cream of tartar dissolved in boiling water to each pint of lemonade.

USEFUL HINTS.

PETROLEUM FOR RUSTIC WORK.—"We see on every hand," says the exchange, "handsome rustic work falling to decay and becoming distorted by age. It is commonly made of a kind of wood which does not last long. Soak it thoroughly with crude petroleum when new, and it will remain unchanged indefinitely. A rustic sunshade, for example, made of our grounds would have been unusually exposed to dampness and decay had not been prevented a dozen years ago by petroleum. The peculiar brown color imparted by a mixture of the heavy oil remains unchanged; and a lattice-work of pine, with a fourth of an inch thick, fully exposed to dampness and weather, is as sound and unwarped as ever. The oil is now so cheap that there is no excuse for omitting its application, and it may be rapidly and easily brushed over the surface, and sunk into the pores with a whitewash brush. Apply it heavily."

CURE OF DIPHTHERIA.—When a member of the family is attacked by this fearful disease, the best medical aid should at once be called. The danger is too great to allow this advice to pass unheeded. Indeed, even in apparently light cases, that appear to be progressing, it is a speedy and favorable termination, the patient often suddenly dies, and what are called the sequence of the disease—its later effects on the organs and tissues of the body—frequently result in death, or protracted disorder and suffering. It will therefore be seen that intelligent professional treatment is necessary to prevent, if possible, such a fatal issue. Some of the best physicians may be so far away as to render his assistance practically impossible. For such, we say there are three principal remedies. The first is the saturated solution of chlorate of potash, given in teaspoonful doses every hour. The second is chloretine-water diluted with water two to four times as much water. A prominent physician of Springfield, Mass., has for the last sixteen years found it almost uniformly effective. Prior to its use, he lost half his cases. The third remedy is sulphur. Dr. Field, of England, has obtained remarkable cures with it. His prescription is, we believe, to mix a teaspoonful of the fumes of sulphur in a tea-cupful of water, and give as a gargle. If the patient is unable to gargle, blow some of the dry fumes through a quill upon the diseased parts of the mouth and throat; or burn some of the sulphur on a live coal, and let the patient inhale its fumes; or, filling the room with the fumes, let him walk about and inhale them. The patient should always be kept warm, the bowels open, and the system well nourished with easily-digested food.

USEFUL HINTS.

Centricities of the Old Time.
Mr. J. Underwood, who died in 1738, left \$2,000 to his sister on condition of being buried in the following manner: At the grave-side, six gentlemen, who were appointed to follow him, sung the last stanza of the twentieth Ode of the second Book of Horace. No bell was tolled nor black worn; no one was invited but these six gentlemen; and no relation followed to the corpse. The coffin was painted green, and the deceased was buried with his clothes on. With him were buried three copies of Horace, Bentley's Milton, and a Greek Testament. After supper, they sang the thirty-first Ode of the first Book of Horace, all being in strict accordance with the will. A maiden lady who died in 1786 left the following singular legacies in her will: "Item—I leave to my dear attendant Jacko (a monkey) £10 per annum during his natural life. Item—To Shock and Tib (a lap-dog and cat) £5 each for their annual subsistence during life; but should it happen that Shock died before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then, and in that case, the survivor to have the whole."

About 1770, there was living in London a tradesman who had disposed of eleven daughters in marriage, with each of whom he gave their weight in half-pence as a fortune. The young ladies must have been bulky, for the lightest of them weighed £20, 2 shillings and eightpence.

The hottest place on earth is Bahrin, on the Persian gulf.

A New Story of Lincoln.

Gen. Steel, being the oldest member in continuous service of the Indiana Legislature, was appointed Chairman of the committee designated by the Legislature to meet President Lincoln at the State line and escort him to Indianapolis. At Lafayette there was an immense gathering of people to greet the President, and an earnest call by them for a speech, a wish which he seemed very reluctant to comply with. Finding, however, that he must say something to quiet the multitude, he related the following: He said his situation reminded him of a man out of Illinois, who was a candidate for nomination for an office. The convention at which the nomination was to be made, was held in a town some miles distant from where the candidate resided. On the morning of the day on which the nomination was to be made, the candidate hired a team to take him to the scene of his hopes. The horse proved very slow. The man pounded, but with his best efforts he did not get through till after the convention had adjourned and his hopes were blasted. He returned home in a frame of mind which you can imagine. The horse had been fired, and was forced to travel at a snail's pace.

Our candidate did not waste much of his powder on the foreman, but, on his way home, meeting the owner, he denounced him in the strongest terms for letting him have such a horse. The owner said there must be some mistake kindly by the way, and he would go and travel, and finally persuaded him to return to the stable to find out the trouble. When they got to the stable, the owner asked the man in charge what horse he had given him. "I gave him the horse horse," said the man. "Why a man should start to a funeral with such a horse as that, he would not reach the grave till two weeks after the resurrection," and, said Mr. Lincoln, "if I make a speech in every town I pass through, I shall not reach Washington till two weeks after the inauguration."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Good Humor.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful quality is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and works of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It is a great help in a rough over some domestic mishaps that to cry or scold about them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and especially its fruitful side. Into such a household, good, but dull, humor, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to make some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of being irritated about it. "Vie, what is the reason I never can find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good, but rather impatient, husband, after rummaging all through the wardrobe. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked; then, with a comical look, she said, "I have never seen a clean shirt since I was married. I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and the went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her; and then she felt happy, and so what might have been an occasion for hard words and unkind feelings became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out in the conversation. Some people have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved. It does just as well oftentimes to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.—Scottish American.

Italian Postal Curiosities.

The distribution of letters is, in fact, one of the weakest points in the Italian postal system. Except in large towns the postoffice does not profess to make any house-to-house distribution at all, except on the payment of a small fee, generally a sou for each packet delivered. It gives it up, and in the large towns the delivery is done in a very careless manner. The postman rarely takes the trouble to climb the stairs to the different apartments, except just before Christmas, but contents himself with leaving all the letters for a house with a porter, who delivers them whenever he happens to be going up-stairs; if the porter is not at the way the letters get back into the bag until the next round is made, or are even sometimes left at a shop near. No wonder then that letters frequently miscarry without such willful intention as the postman showed who was discovered one Christmas stuffing all his letters into a sewer grating that he might get the sooner to his Christmas dinner. The excuse for non-delivery is that with houses of five or six stories the work is too hard for the postman; but the remedy for that is obvious. It is only fair to say that the postoffice does not recognize this haphazard distribution; but complaints only remedy the evil for a time, and somehow one's letters seem to miscarry more frequently after making them. As a consequence most business houses pay a small fee to the post-office to have a box of their own, into which all of their letters are put, and withdrawn by a messenger.

The difficulties put in the way of cashing postoffice orders (and also, it may be added, of obtaining registered letters) are most vexatious. You must produce some one to identify you who is known to the officials, and it is easy to see how difficult this may often be; otherwise a notarial certificate is required, and that is only removing the difficulty a step further.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Did't Declare Himself.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson was traveling in Egypt, with his daughter, they met an Englishman who did all in his power to make it pleasant for them, and when the time came for their separation, said: "You may wonder, sir, why I have overstepped my usual reserve so far as to become so intimate with you, but it is for the sake of a countryman of yours, one bearing the same name—Emerson—Ralph Waldo Emerson. He has done me much good, and I hope some time to cross the ocean to meet him." And Mr. Emerson never told him it was himself whom he sought.

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BREVITIES.

PHILADELPHIA has 7,581 grocery shops. Three enrolled militia of Massachusetts numbers 245,762.

CANON FARRAR is said to have a sweet and musical voice.

SENATOR BLAINE wears a nickel-plated watch that cost \$7.50.

APPLES were never before so plentiful, of such fine quality, and so cheap.

At a recent dinner the Queen of England plucked ripe peaches from potted trees.

"SWEAT NOT AT ALL," not even when putting up a depraved and ungovernable stove-pipe.

MISS YEW CHUNG, a Chinaman who weighs just 100 pounds, is coxswain of the Yale crew.

MRS. EMILY FAIRFIELD has postponed her visit to the United States for the present season.

JOHN E. OWENS, the actor, has given up the stage for mining speculation in San Francisco.

BELL, the telephone man, has been elected professor in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

The Lowell Courier believes that the lover who pressed his suit was a tailor or clothes-cleaner.

There are in Georgia 83,222 colored men who own, by the tax receivers' returns for their respective counties, 551,199 acres of land.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., has twenty-five national banks with a capital of \$15,145,000, and \$3,251,203 surplus and undivided profits.

"GLASTY JOLLY" is given as the latest addition to fashionable slang in England. It is probably created for use at a mother-in-law's funeral.

MRS. JOHN C. GREEN has given \$100,000 to the American Sunday-School Union, to be used in developing a higher order of Sunday-school literature.

There are hundreds of entertaining writers who would be good historians if they did not know so many things that have never happened.—New Orleans Picayune.

MARK TWAIN draws and paints a little. He drew the number to build a fence at the back of his house, and the white-washing on said fence is said to be one of the finest sights in Hartford.

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the boy.

A ROUSE IN NEVADA, being sick with colic, ended his sufferings by deliberately dashing out his brains against the stone wall of his corral. It was in Nevada, also, that a pet dog recently committed suicide by drowning.

W. N. ARMSTRONG, a lawyer of New York city, has been appointed Attorney General in the new Cabinet of King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich islands. His father was one of the first missionaries to the islands, and he himself was born there.

SCRIBDERS are on the increase in France. The number in 1870 was 4,187; in 1875, 5,275; in 1874, 5,617; in 1876, 5,804; in 1877, 5,922; and in 1878—to which only statistics have been made up—6,424. A great number of cases, too, are hushed up and never appear.

A PRIZE was offered for the mother who presented the greatest number of her own children at the Indiana State fair. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Line were each accompanied to the fair by nine, but Mrs. Line gave birth to a tenth on the grounds, and so took the prize.

A THEOLOGICAL professor asked his class the question whether they could think of any reason why the grave of Moses should have been so strictly concealed, and a simple youth, who, unfortunately, stumbled, thought it must be "because they would t-take him up and set-stuff him."

AMONG the languages of civilized nations English is the most widespread. It is the mother tongue of about 80,000,000 people; German, of about 50,000,000 and 60,000,000; French, of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000; Italian, of 20,000,000; and Russian, of between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000.

THE correspondence of Peter the Great will shortly be published in imperial authority at St. Petersburg. The work of editing the materials has already been seven years in hand. The text is elucidated by commentaries from the pen of the Russian Academician Bychkoff. The appearance of the volumes has long been anxiously awaited, and is expected to be a literary event of the first order, no less on account of the monumental character of the work than the elegance of its execution. It is probable that it will contain many interesting revelations.

A Woman's Tactics.

When one woman is jealous of another, she rarely attacks her openly; but she instinctively talks a great deal about her, and the general drift of her remarks under such circumstances must be familiar to every one whose acquaintanceship is not confined to the male sex. It is certain that she will never admit her jealousy; but beyond that there is no saying what observations she may make about her enemy; nor will she miss any opportunity of saying an unkind word of her. She will generally contrive, however, that none of her weapons of attack shall be so damaging as her praise. She will allow that her enemy is beautiful—beautiful as a tigress—but she will affirm that she is wicked; she will admit that she is amusing, but she will declare her to be ill-natured; if she calls her innocent, she also calls her silly; and if she praises her as true-hearted and trustworthy, she stigmatizes her as unsympathetic and uninteresting. If she begins by describing her as clever, she goes on to hint that she is an infidel. If she abuses her balls and her parties, she abuses her for being too fat or too thin, or mentions some social failing. There are plenty of other faults with which ladies accuse each other behind their backs, such as inhospitability, idleness, having "odd people" to stay with them, frequently changing their servants, and even telling lies; but it is noblesse to multiply instances. Such accusations are all alike unkind and unjust.