

THE WEDDING RING.

The sky was flooded with sunshine
And birds—on the blue deep
Their white wings folded together.

The air harp of the forest
Were tuned to the sound of a psalm
And their distant notes touched me

She stood in her bridal whiteness
A lily pure and pale
The gold of her ringlets shining

And her lover, strong and stately
In the pride of his gracious youth
With a voice both deep and tender

He put the ring on her finger—
A band of virgin gold
Broad and heavy it bound her

May I never change to a fetter
Breaking her heart to scatter
May it be as dear as her mother's—
Is her mother's earnest prayer

They have gone their way together
And I sit in the summer night
Alone, with the thoughts of beauty

I am turning on my finger
My own dear wedding ring
And the memory of a life-time

It is not so broad as my daughter's
And the years have worn it thin
But it clasped two hearts together

Hearts that knit the closer
Through life in woe or gladness
That present, were ever loving

The years fall back like a curtain
And my husband comes once more
And I see his form in the moonlight

I feel his touch on my forehead;
It falls like a seal of rest
And my heart forgets its sad tender

MOTHER'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning
A kiss when I go to bed
A kiss when I hold my fingers

A kiss when my bath is over
A kiss when my bath begins
My mamma is full of kisses

A kiss when I play with my rattle
A kiss when I pull her hair
She covered me over with kisses

A kiss when I give her trouble
A kiss when I give her joy
There's nothing like mamma's kisses

THE LEPEBS OF THE PACIFIC.

A Terrible Story of Leprosy in the Sandwich Islands—The Chamber of Horrors and the Dance of Death.

Sandwich Islands (Correspondence of the San Francisco Bulletin)
After a few days of very quiet life in Halain, I began to look with a little curiosity toward a low peninsula to the westward, on the north coast of Molokai

It is the home of the lepers. A swift and fortunately smooth sail under the shadow of stupendous cliffs, that make beautiful and terrible this side of the island, brought me safely to the shore, there, watching its chance, the canoe plunged in upon the beach, over the breakers that render landing in this neighborhood very unsafe and often impossible

Forty years ago, a foreigner who visited the islands communicated this most horrible disease to a native woman, and from them have sprung the seeds that even at this late day can hardly be eradicated. Every island in the kingdom is haunted with the miserable victims, so terribly branded that no article under heaven can mask their deformity

They are quarantined in a small village, one of a row, apparently just out of school. They were gathered about a young girl who stood like a statue in their midst; her eyes resting upon her breast, her hands hidden in the folds of her coarse gown

It may be one of the instincts of our nature to laugh at deformity, but fortunately civilization refuses away this barbarism. The natives are at least natural—as natural as children. To them any sort of deformity is a constant source of merriment. As we rode one day thro' a small village, our attention was attracted by a swarm of children, apparently just out of school

As we draw nearer, the children turned from her to us, calling our attention to her in a most heartless manner, holding up her hands and pointing to her feet with boisterous shouts of laughter. The doctor quivered their unseemly mirth, and taking the poor child's hands, found the fingers quite destitute of flesh, and her feet in a pitiful condition. She was an undoubted leper, and her melancholy state was the occasion of the strange scene we witnessed

I was the guest of a most amiable couple, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, who have charge of the 284 lepers now in the settlement. I found mine host living in a little cottage, surrounded by the various hospital wards, dormitories and smaller buildings, in fact, right in the midst of the pestilence. Here, seldom meeting with foreigners, whose curiosity is generally not equal to their caution, continually at the mercy of the multitude around them; themselves, possible victims of the same terrible malady, patient, long suffering, merciful, their life is indeed worthy of all praise. Mr. Walsh showed us through the hospitals, four fair-sized buildings of one room each, with plenty of windows, and fortunately plenty of sea air almost always blowing over the place.

THE LAZAR HOUSE. I was the guest of a most amiable couple, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, who have charge of the 284 lepers now in the settlement. I found mine host living in a little cottage, surrounded by the various hospital wards, dormitories and smaller buildings, in fact, right in the midst of the pestilence

A FEW FACTS. It is almost like misfortune added to misfortune that the leprosy is not more swift in its work of destruction. One may live fifteen or twenty years, growing slowly but surely toward the whole time. The following brief statistics made some time since at the settlement show the number of cases in proportion to their standing. Of 171 lepers—2 cases were of 15 years standing, 3 of 14 years, 2 of 13 years, 7 of 12 years, 9 of 10 years, 7 of 9 years, 82 of 8 years, 94 of 1 to 3 years, 15 under 1 year

THE KAHILI ASYLUM. Here all doubtful cases are attended to, and the patient has nothing further to do but wait for further developments, such as a thickening of the lobe of the ear, swelling of the hands and feet, paralysis of the arms and fingers, ulceration, &c. There is a deadly look in the eye which can hardly be mistaken. With all these dreadful signals of doom there is no pain. The senses are benumbed, and most fortunately so. As soon as it becomes certain that the patient is really a leper, he is sent at once and for ever to the asylum at Molokai, where he is housed and served with a fair allowance of eatables per day while all his little grievances are attended to in a gentle though firm way

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS. We enter the room. Mats spread of all sides are covered by about a dozen of fifteen recumbent figures, among the worst of the cases. A fetid odor, faint but perceptible, pervades the apartment. We heard hard, hoarse breathing, harsh whispers and deep sighs from those who can never again speak with their old voices. The decay of the vocal organs is almost the last stage of the plague, and seems the most terrible of all. The patient is usually by this time one mass of corruption. What faces are turned to us as we grope among the half-conscious sufferers!—faces that look just as though they had been baked twenty times across with a broad-axe, and each gash healing had left a horrid seam—Ears swollen to twice their natural size, raw-looking and bloody, while the enormous lobes, hanging nearly to the shoulder, ooze with a sickening pus. There are those with nostrils slowly withering away, some with no nasal at all; only an ulcerous cavity remains, too abominable to be thought of for a moment—Fingers grow sharp at the ends, sloughing the skin, shedding the joints one by one. This man can lay hold of and remove a toe without any sensation—What is it that so paralyzes the sensibilities? Nothing but death itself, grasping the vitals. They are but half alive, these lepers, and carry their own infectious corpse about with them. One old man, sitting in a wicker chair, a narrow strip of cloth about the loins, is covered from head to foot with large, hard swellings. There is not vacancy enough between his thousand-and-one fleshy hillocks to lay the tip of your finger. Yet he is unconscious of any pain whatever. He turns a ghastly grin—upon us, as he exhibits a new mound just making its appearance on one side of him, which is likely to crowd out a few of the older ones. The poor wretch looks more like a horned toad, polished down a little, than a man and brother.

THE DANCE OF DEATH. It is proof enough of their indifference to the future as well as their contentment with the present, to find that once upon a time these decaying remnants of humanity deliberately gave a grand ball at the hospital. There was a general cleaning out of disabled patients and a brushing up of finery, while the ball itself was the great topic of conversation. Two or three young fellows who had a few fingers left began to pick up a tune or two on native flutes made of bamboo. Though rather melancholy in tone, they were certainly not inappropriate to the occasion. The old, young and middle aged took a few quick turns in a dark corner, getting their stiffened joints limbered again, and so familiarizing their ungraceful forms with the hollow mockery of the waltz. Night came at last; the lamps flamed in the death chamber of the lazaret house. The wheezing voices, no longer musical, the shuffling of half-paralyzed limbs over the bare floor, the wild sea moaning in the night, all tended to make the scene most unearthy.

The flutes began their shrill, dolorous piping; there was rushing to and fro of wild figures. A bleeding, half-blind leper seized on another of the accursed beings, snatching her, as it were, from her grave, in all her loathsome clay, he dragged her into the intoxicating whirl of the dance. Naturally excited, heated with exertion, intoxicated with the very odors of death that pervaded the hall of the revellers, the mad crowd swayed and reeled through the unholy hours. Finally satisfied with the very bitterness of their unnatural joy, they called for the grand natural Hula-hula as a fitting close; in the thick atmosphere of smoking and half-extinguished lamps, they fed on the voluptuous abandonment of the maddened dance, till passion itself fainted with exhaustion. Was it not the dance of death?

FATE. "The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare. The spray of the tempest is white in air. The winds are out with the waves at play. And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea, and the hunters come from the chase in glee. And the town that was built upon a rock, was swallowed up in the earthquake shock. —Overland Monthly.

Dyspepsia—A New Cure—Up in a Balloon.

The balloon ascension made from Memphis by Captain S. D. Thompson and Professor Brooks was a failure, so far as testing the mechanical attachment was concerned. The management of the balloon itself was bad, and the gentlemen seem to have been kept busy in preventing it from mounting too high or coming down too low. The highest altitude reached was eleven thousand six hundred and seventy feet. Some of the phenomena and results of this ascension, as observed by Captain Thompson, are interesting. In his account of it, he says: "Among the other phenomena observed, I might mention that the balloon, in ascending, always assumed a whirling motion from right to left, while, in descending, it whirled from left to right, and when the barometer indicated an equislope, it remained stationary, turning in neither direction. From this observation, I am satisfied that latitude and longitude can be calculated in a balloon at night by means of nautical instruments.

Novel weapons were lately used by a husband and wife, in Trenton, N. Y., in a quarrel while at ten. The man, stung into a passion by the sharp and bitter tongue of his wife, first picked up a boy and flung him at her; but this novel missile, after flying howling through the air like a screaming shell, brought up against the stove, and exploded in a series of terrific yell. The man then snatched up another child and hurled it at his wife. This one struck with a dull thud against the wall, and the uproar became dreadful. The father was then about to seize the baby, when the wife, who had been somewhat astonished at these extraordinary proceedings, picked up a coffee-pot filled with the beverage hot from the stove, and hurled it with so sure an aim on a vigorous arm as to bring the infuriate man to the floor and to terms at one and the same time. The children fortunately were not seriously hurt.

Florence is described in a letter written there as a slow place. The legend says that Florence was built upon a field of flides, by retdages from percpetuon, about fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. The letter in question says the poppy is a fitter exponent of her present state. For a spell of sleep is upon her politics, her religion, her industry, her modern art. The driver lies asleep upon his load; the lumberer nods upon a bench outside his little shop in the drowsy morning. The writer has seen a bare-foot boy enjoying his siesta stretched upon the pavement of a crowded thoroughfare, and another throw down his cap for a pillow in the public street, with that careless grace which belongs to the Italian people, as his sole preparation for a similar slumber.

A telegram has been received at Girard, Erie county, announcing that Charles White, the lion tamer, traveling with Thayer's Menagerie, was actually eaten up, by the lions, on Friday night in a small town in Michigan. He is said to have been struck on the shoulder by the same lion, that came so near killing him at Rochester, knocked down, and the others at once on him, and before they could be beaten off had torn him to pieces and devoured the greatest portion of his body.

Fierce Fight—Two Women Engage in Bloody Combat in Tennessee—One of them Killed. Within seven miles of Dresden, in Wexley county, Tenn., lives an extensive planter named Gobert. He has one son, a lad of about twenty, with long flaxen hair and cowhide boots. Gobert employs several colored people to work his land. Among those employed were two yellowish girls, of rather prepossessing appearance. Young Gobert became familiar with both, to whom he gave slight tokens of his peculiar regard, from time to time, but managed to keep each in the dark with regard to his intercourse with the other until last week.

An accident led to a full knowledge of his faithlessness, and both girls became violently enraged, not so much, however, against the betrayer as against each other. At first they had a slight fight, some hair was torn up by the roots, and cuts about the face given on both sides, but the young gallant parted them before any serious damage was done. The fire of jealousy, however, raged in the bosoms of the two girls to such an extent that they silently and mutually resolved each to be the death of the other. On Friday, when the family had gone to Dresden to do business, the girls met in the yard, one an outdoor servant, and the other an in-door servant. Both were armed with heavy sticks. The battle began at once. According to the testimony of the surviving lady, the contest lasted fifteen minutes, during which they frequently clinched, knocked each other down, rolled over, but scratched terribly. Sometimes the sticks would be dropped for sticking, and presently resumed again. The survivor, Jane, has an arm broken, an ear bit off, half her hair gone, and four or five contusions about the head and shoulders, and face scratched all over. The other girl, Kate, up to the moment of receiving the fatal stroke, appeared to have the best of the fight, as she bears no evidence of rough handling, save a blackened eye and the loss of two front teeth, which were rammed down her throat by the point of the enemy's stick. Immediately after Jane's arm was broken at the elbow, she grasped her stick in the left hand, and getting a clear and open stroke, swung her weapon round, and came home on Kate's neck with such force that the girl dropped down, and never uttered a cry nor moved a limb—her neck was broken. Jane took to flight at once, and keeping in the woods as much as possible, did not stop until she fell exhausted, about seven miles from the scene of conflict, near Westley's farm house, where she was picked up by a colored employe of the latter establishment. When the family came home they found Kate cold and stiff in the yard where the fight took place, with every indication of a fearful battle having been fought. The Amazonian duelist was brought to Dresden, where she confessed the whole thing. Young Gobert has been put under arrest. The girl is in charge of a physician, who says that her injuries may prove fatal. —Nashville Press.

How to Lengthen Life. 1. Cultivate an equable temper; many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion. 2. Eat regularly, not over three times a day, and nothing between meals. 3. Go to bed at regular hours. Get up as soon as you wake of yourself, and do not sleep in the day time, at least not longer than ten minutes before noon. 4. Work always by the day, and not by the job. 5. Stop working before you are very much tired out—before you are "fagged out." 6. Cultivate a generous and accommodating temper. 7. Never cross a bridge before you come to it; this will save half the troubles of life. 8. Never eat when you are not hungry, or drink when you are not thirsty. 9. Let your appetite always come uninvited. 10. Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the one in which you have been exercising; this simple rule would prevent incurable sickness, and save millions of lives every year. 11. Never resist a call of nature for a single moment. 12. Never allow yourself to be chilled "through and through;" it is this which destroys so many every year, in a few days sickness from pneumonia, called, by some, lung fever or inflammation of the lungs. 13. Whosoever drinks no liquids at meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks the former are the most pernicious. Drinks at meals induce persons to eat more than they otherwise would, as any one can verify by experiment, and it is excess in eating which devastates the land with sickness, suffering and death. 14. After fifty years of age, if not a day laborer, and sedentary person after forty, should eat but twice a day, in the morning and four in the afternoon; persons can soon accustom themselves to a seven-hour interval between eating, thus giving the stomach rest; every organ without adequate rest will give out prematurely. —Hall's Journal of Health.

—Among the clerks in the dead-letter office, says the Press, is a brother of Amos Kendall, who appointed him while he was Postmaster General in Jackson's Cabinet, more than thirty years ago. Amos Kendall is now worth over a million of dollars. His brother still enjoys his twelve hundred dollar clerkship, and has never gotten beyond that point. His story is a lesson for the young men who so eagerly strive after Government appointments. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred a clerkship is a curse to a young man, if there is anything in him.

A debating society had under consideration the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The decision arrived at was, "No, but impossible."

Quaint—Married on a Chimney—When and Wherefore. In England, from early times until the present, a notion has prevailed that if a man married a woman in her shift only, he was not liable to any debts which she might have contracted. This was a vulgar error, founded probably on the legal maxim that a husband is liable to his wife's debts, because he, upon marriage, acquires an absolute interest in her personal estate—the unlearned deduction being that if the wife had no estate the husband would not incur any liability. The register books of a village in Wilts, under date of 1715, contain an entry of a marriage of a woman "in her smock, without any clothes or head-gear." At Uleomb, in Kent, in 1725, a woman was married in her chemise. At Whitehaven, in 1766, a woman stripped herself to her shift in the church, and in that condition she stood at the altar and was married. In Lincolnshire, between 1838 and 1834, a woman was married enveloped only in a sheet. And not many years back a similar marriage took place. The clergyman finding nothing in the rubric about the woman's dress, thought he could not refuse to marry her in her chemise only. At Kirton-in-Lindsey there was a popular belief that the woman must be actually nude when she left her residence for that of her intended husband, in order to relieve him from her debts; and a case of this kind occurred. A woman left her house from a bed-room window in a state of nudity, and put on her clothes as she stood upon the top of the ladder by which she accomplished her descent. The notion of marriage in a chemise was prevalent at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, recently.

FIVE CENTS WORTH OF ORANGE PEEL. —A man from the country requested five cents in Hartford, Conn., in the purchase of an orange, and preparatory to getting himself outside of it, threw the peel on the sidewalk. Soon after, a young woman came along, slipped upon the peel, and fell, breaking her leg. The woman was to have been married the next day, but wasn't. The man who was to marry her had come from St. Paul, Minn., and was obliged to return on account of business, to await the recovery of the girl. On his way back he unfortunately took a train on the Erie Railroad, which ran off the track, and his shoulderblade was broken, forcing him to stop at Dunkirk for repairs. On getting back to St. Paul he found that his forced absence had upset a business arrangement which he had expected to complete, at a pecuniary loss to him of \$5,000. Meantime the injured girl suffered a relapse, which so effected her health that her marriage was delayed, which had a bad effect on the young man, and he finally broke the engagement and married a widow in Minnesota with four small children. This so worked upon the mind of the girl that she is now in the insane hospital at Middletown, Connecticut. Her father, outraged by the conduct of the young man, brought a suit for breach of promise, and has just recovered ten thousand dollars. The anxiety and expense of the whole affair thus far have been enormous, as anybody can see. Similar cases are likely to occur, so long as people will persist in throwing orange peel around loose.

In Richmond is a negro who, eighteen years ago, bought his freedom of his master, and, working hard, early and late, soon was able to buy his wife. He has been prospering since, and he now owns the finest livery stable and hack stand in the state, and is said to be worth \$50,000. His old master, when Lee evacuated Richmond, was worth half a million dollars. Thousands upon thousands were destroyed by fire, money went this way and that, and not long after he came back to Richmond, broken in spirit, ruined in property and tired of his troublesome life. His old slave found him, took him to his house, gave him the best medical skill that money could buy and every luxury. Presently the old man died, peacefully and happily. His funeral was a large and expensive one, and he was borne to a lot in the cemetery paid for by his old slave, who also paid for the funeral outlay. Over him was raised a handsome monument. The widow of the deceased slave owner lives in a house presented by the negro, who also supplies her with every comfort.

YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE WANTED.—A lady writing under this heading, hits off the men as follows: "A woman wants you. Don't forget her. Don't wait to be rich; if you do, ten to one you are not fit to be married. Marry while you are young and struggle up together. But mark, young man, the woman don't want you if she is to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon or whiskyjug. Neither does she want you if you don't take care of her and the little 'after thoughts' which are sure to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which is too apt to be an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter section of a dove pipe on his head, swears like a pirate, and is given to filthy practice generally. She wants you for a companion, a helpmate—she wants you to have learned to regulate your appetite and passions; in short in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast."

A man who lately sued a lady for breach of promise was offered \$200 to settle. "What!" he cried, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a shattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart? Two hundred dollars for all this! Never, never! Make it three, and it's a bargain."

A Colorado miner wrote the following concise but hopeful letter to his true love: "Seven years is rather long to court a gal, but I'll have you yet, Kate."

All Sorts of Paragraphs. —Groely's umbrella is forty-two years old. —God cures and the doctor takes the fees. —Santa Anna is to return to Staten Island soon. —The Crown Prince of Prussia wears paper collars. —Victor Emanuel's abdication is looked for by Italians. —An entire jury of Smiths was recently impaneled in Sheffield, England. —A joyous smile adds an hour to one's life, a heartlet laugh a day; a grin, not a moment. —A San Francisco runaway couple hired a tug-boat and were married out in the harbor. —One dollar is the price which a fearless youth in Missouri asks for biting of a rattlesnake's head. —A San Francisco tobaccoconist is making 1,000 fine cigars, each tipped with gold, as a present for Grant.

A picture of despair—a pig reaching through a hole in a fence to get a cabbage that lies a few inches beyond his reach. —While performing "L'Africaine" at Stockholm, the ship was made to rock so naturally that the prima donna became sea sick. —The Duke of Hamilton, Eugenie's cousin, has been outlawed from the Tuilleries. His latest sensation was delirium tremens. —Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like an arrow? Because they can't go off without a beau and are never until they can get one. —In Cork, Ireland, a short time ago, the crier of the court endeavored to clear it by exclaiming, "All ye backguards that isn't lawyers, leave the court."

A couple in Savannah met for the first time on Friday last, courted Saturday, were engaged Sunday, and married on Monday. The groom is seventy-five and the bride fifteen. —Miss Sarah T. Lovell, who died on the 15th at Bangor, Maine, at 73, had been 36 years in bed with consumption, and succeeded in surviving a whole-family, none of whom, herself excepted, had the disease. —A little boy in giving an account to his brother of the Garden of Eden, said "The Lord made a gardener and put him in the garden to take care of it, and to see that nobody hurt anything or pasted bills on the trees."

The Mayor of Mobile recently married a colored couple. After the ceremony, the husband said, "Massa Caley, you have forgotten something." "What is it, Anron?" asked Mayor. "Why you ain't bussed de bride."

Mrs. Mary Perkins and her two daughters were drowned in a mill pond in the town of Wondsworth, N. Y., the other day. They were riding by when their horse took fright and backed into the water, where it was some twenty feet deep. —The poet Longfellow, at a party in Boston, asked a French gentleman, who happened to be present, why he seemed so sad and unhappy at that moment. To which the latter replied, "Me very mosh dissatisfied. Mo just hear dat my father be dead!"

In a divorce case in Indiana, a letter from the defendant was read, in which she said that she was unable to be present, but she begged the court for God's sake and her sake to let her husband have the decree, and the court granted her request. —Fourteen old girls assembled at a party at Saxton's river the other day, found that their united age was 2,043 years. The oldest, who was 81, in being invited to ride home in the evening after the party, resented the imputation, and said "she'd rather walk."

It is not an uncommon complaint against a newspaper that it hasn't life enough. But a brother editor reports this objection, made to his paper by a gossip-loving lady: "I like your paper very much; I have only one objection to it—it hasn't death enough."

Among the old laws and regulations which formerly existed in Massachusetts, was a by-law in the town of Scituate, that no one not smoke a pipe during Divine service; but might be permitted to delay going to church if he had a chance to shoot an Indian. —Stroke the back of a cog with one hand, and at the same time touch the top of your head with the finger of the other hand, and you will receive an electric shock equal to that from the batteries of a telegraph office. The experiment is worth trying. —Exchange

Corns—an exchange gives the following as a sure cure for corns: "One teaspoonful of tar, one of coarse brown sugar, and one of saltpetre. The whole to be warmed together. Spread it on kid leather the size of the corn, and in two days they will be drawn out."

During the late hurricane at Shipman, Ill., two men were blown over one hundred yards and lodged in apple trees, without sustaining any material damage. A calf eight months old was likewise transported into a large locust tree, several hundred feet distant from where it was quietly and peacefully grazing.

A Venerable Printer.—W. L. Barry, Esq., of the Lebanon (Tenn.) Herald, aged eighty-nine years, is the oldest printer in America. He sets his ten thousand ems from sun to sun, and handles his composing stick with as much ease and accuracy as when he set the obituary notice of George Washington. —In 1850 the then Prince Regent, now King of Prussia, told one of his courtiers that there was one member of the Prussian diplomatic corps whose very sight he hated. This unfortunate diplomatist was none other than Otto von Bismarck, who is now Primo Minister under the man who then so sincerely hated him.

A kind physician, living near Boston, wishing to smooth the last hours of a poor woman whom he was attending, asked her if there was anything that he could do for her before she died. The poor soul, looking up, replied: "Doctor, I have always thought that I would like to have a glass butter dish before I died!"