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### Childhood and Age.

It is indeed a little while
Since you were born, my happy pet:
Your future beckons with a smile;
Your by-gones don't exist as yet.
Is all the world with pleasure rife?
Are you a little bird that sings
Her simple gratitude for life,
And lovely things?

The ocean, and the waning moons,
And starry skies, and starry dells,
And winter sport, and golden Junes,
And Art divine, and Beauty-spells;
Fests, and song, and frolic wit,
And banter, and domestic mirth—
They all are mine—ay, is not it
A pleasant earth?

And post friends, and poesy,
And precious books, for any mood;
And then, that best of company—
Those graver thoughts in solitude,
That hold us fast, and never pall;
And then there's You, my own my fair—
And I—I soon must leave it all—
And much you care!

### Come to Me!

AN IRISH LOVE SONG.

Come to me! I am lonely without thee,
Day time and night time I'm dreaming about thee,
Night time and day time in dreams I behold thee,
Welcome the waking that ceases to hold thee;
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy bean' to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy wit, and good nature, to cheer us,
Come in thy loveliness, queenly and holy!

Swallows shall flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of my love, and its manifold treasure
Are twining my heart with the pleasure of pleasure.
Oh! Spring of my spirit! Oh! May of my bosom!
Shine on my soul till it burgeon and blossom!
The warm of my life has a root within it,
And the gladness alone is the sunlight within it.

Figure which moves like a song through the mind,
Features lit up with a reflex of heaven,
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where sunshine and shadows are chasing each other,
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
And the sing their cry from the heart of a dimple
Oh! thanks to the Savior, that even the seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened—
Dear, are you sad to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love,
I cannot smile, but your cheeks will be glowing
You cannot weep, but my tears will be flowing;
You will not linger when I shall have died love,
And I could not live without you at my side, love.

Come to me, darling, ere I die of sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Come swift and strong as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lips, and a smile on your cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary;
Come to the arms which alone shall caress thee!
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.

### THE STORY OF A LOCKET.

When I left the seminary to go out into a world of work, I left behind me many dear friends. At the end of a year, two of them at least, had not forgotten me. Clara Delancey sent me a very sweetly worded invitation to visit her for a month, said she was having a charming time, and wanted me to share it. Robbie Schwarz wrote that she loved me dearly as ever, and if ever I came to New York, she begged I would spend a few days with her. I decided to go to Robbie's first, for a week, and then to Clara's.

Robbie was evidently a petted daughter. Her room, where we slept together, was furnished with the utmost luxury, and I smiled at the familiar sight of an open jewel-box, and trinkets scattered all over the dressing-table. We talked half the night, and, among other things, I asked her about the three golden balls, which hung in front of the house.

"Why, father is a pawnbroker," she said, innocently, and then told me what a pawnbroker was in her own quaint style.

After a very pleasant visit of a week it was time for me to go to Clara Delancey's, and Robbie and I were talking it over. Robbie declared that I did not dress enough for Clara's gay society, and, as of old, offered to lend me any thing she had. But I refused.

That evening Mr. Schwarz brought into the parlor an old ebony box that he had been promising to show me, and unlocked it. It contained a great many valuable jewels and ornaments, which had been pawned to him years ago in Germany, and never redeemed. Some he had had for forty years. I looked at them with interest. As I turned them over with my hand suddenly I came upon a locket. It took my fancy at once; I could not bear to put it down.

"That's just the odd sort of thing to suit you, Madge," cried Robbie. "Put the chain around your neck, and let me see how it looks. Just your style!"

Every link of the chain had some fanciful bit of carving on it—a hand here, a profile there, a moth's wing, an imp's face, a flower—each done in such small space as almost to need a magnifying glass. Here, you can look at it for yourself as I talk. Mr. Schwarz said the locket and chain were brought him, some thirty years before, in Frankfort, by a sickly looking young Englishman, who only asked five pounds on them—hoping, he said, to redeem them within a week. But Mr. Schwarz had never seen or heard from him again.

"Oh, father," said Robbie, "we'll lend that to Madge to wear at the Delanceys!" At last she had found something I could not refuse. I would rather have had that locket and chain than all the jewelry in the world. And so, when I went from Robbie's house the next day, the locket went with me.

"My dear Madge," said Clara Delancey, a few evenings after, as we were getting ourselves ready for a *soiree*, "how very distinguished-looking you are in that black silk, and with your wonderful heirloom of a locket!"

I smiled to think how little foundation I had for distinction. Clara herself was looking exquisite, wearing maure and her pearls.

"Madge," she whispered, when we had been at the *soiree* perhaps twenty minutes, "you are making a conquest. Dudley Vereham is looking at you with all his eyes, and it is 'mirable visu,' as our Latin books used to say, for he scarcely ever notices us butterflies!"

A few moments after Dudley Vereham was brought to us by our hostess and introduced. Clara escaped for a promenade with one of her favorites, and I was left alone with him. He was a grave, handsome young man, with a rather abstracted air, which he seemed to try to overcome as he entered into conversation with me, and in a few moments I found myself talking with him with the greatest ease and pleasure. This was something enjoyable for most of the young gentlemen whom I had met in society hitherto had only answered "yes," "no," and "indeed," when I had any thing to say, and when they made any remarks I could only answer "yes," "no," and "indeed," myself. We never could seem to strike the same chords. But Mr. Vereham, I made up my mind at once, was decidedly agreeable. He had traveled a great deal, and once on that topic, there was no end to my interest. There were so many places I wanted to hear about, which I had seen only in imagination, and I would tell him how I had pictured them to myself, and then he would give me the true picture, sometimes with such comical contrast that I think we were both very much entertained. We promenaded, at ease together, and at last he asked permission to call on me.

"Why, Madge, he never called at this house but once in his life," exclaimed Clara, when I told her that night, "and that was a brief party call. It is a decided case of love at first sight my dear!"

Was it? I almost wanted to think so myself as I fell asleep, dreaming of Mr. Vereham. He called a few evenings after, was even more agreeable than at the *soiree*, and then he left, invited me to go sleighriding with him the next day.

"He'll propose, next thing you know," said Clara, sagely. "These grave bachelors always do it very suddenly. I have known it to happen more than once myself."

"Would you wear the locket, Clara?" I asked, as I was getting ready for the ride.

"Well, I don't know," replied Clara, thoughtfully. "Yes! It will look so handsome against your black velvet jacket, and they wear them on the street a great deal this winter."

We had a grand sleigh-ride, the strong black horses carrying us like the wind again and again around the principal drives of the Park. All the world was out, and it was a brilliant scene, intestified every few moments by some of the fast horses breaking into a race. I was in the highest possible spirits, and when we turned homeward felt as if it was the closing of a triumphal march.

"I beg your pardon; but that is a very rare and curious locket that you wear," said Mr. Vereham, as he assisted me out of the sleigh.

"Yes," I answered, confusedly; and gathering up my furs, hurried through thanks and leave-taking, and ran into the house. I had such a dread of my one questioning me about the locket, and finding out that I had borrowed it of a pawnbroker.

The next two or three times that I met Mr. Vereham I did not wear it. I was really beginning to think a good deal of him in a romantic sort of way, and Clara's raillery only added to it. It seemed to me that I never had seen, never should see, any one that I could like so well as I did Dudley Vereham.

Then came presently cards for a party which was to be the party of the season. Clara was getting up for herself some wonderfully odd blue frocks with pearls and turquoises. I was to wear my blue silk, the only real party dress I had, and—the locket. Clara did my hair, and that was half the battle.

"Now you are a perfect violet," she said, when I was ready. "Here, use some of this violet powder, child and let me pour some eau de cologne on your handkerchief. There is a charming great conservatory at Mrs. Hart's, and perhaps Mr. Vereham will ask you to walk there with him. We girls have counted up at least ten proposals that have been made in that conservatory this winter."

I must confess that my heart beat tumultuously when, in the course of that never-to-be-forgotten evening, Mr. Vereham, as Clara had predicted, invited me to walk with him in the conservatory. I took his arm all in a flutter, half terror, half happiness, and in a few moments we stood among the camellias and cactuses. He talked about the plants at first, showing me some that he had been blossoming in their own native climes. I answered rather at random, I am afraid, for the burden of my thoughts was, "Oh, what will father and mother say?"

Standing at last beside an orange-tree, there was a moment's silence. Mr. Vereham appeared somewhat embarrassed.

"May I ask," he said, hesitatingly—"I have been wishing a long time to ask—would you tell me, Miss Madge, the history of your unique locket?"

I supposed I looked surprised, for he hastened to add, "Let me tell you my story first, and then you will pardon my curiosity."

And while I stood there silent, summoning all my self-control, he told it. His grandfather, it seemed, was one of the younger sons of an old English family of nobility. His mother, when a girl, was presented with a curious antique locket, at the time of her confirmation, by an aunt, who was also her godmother. It was given her as a priceless treasure, it having belonged to the family for at least two centuries. She consequently made a love match, which was displeasing to her relatives, and left home and country to share the fortunes of her young husband. At last, when in Germany, pressed by the utmost necessity, for they had met with many reverses, they were obliged to pawn the locket, hoping by good luck to redeem it speedily. But the very next day they received letters telling them of Mrs. Vereham's father's illness, and summoning them to England that he might see them once more and forgive them. They went home immediately, and were detained there by his long and tedious illness, and afterward by business and family complications, so that it was three years before they found their way to Frankfort again, and then the pawnbroker was gone, leaving no clue.

"It has always been the subject of intense regret to us," said Mr. Vereham, at the conclusion of his story. "And my mother has described the locket to me a hundred times, grieving to think how she had let it slip out of her possession. The moment I saw you first, Miss Madge, my eyes were riveted by your chain and locket, and I determined at once to make your acquaintance, as soon as we were on sufficiently friendly terms to warrant it, to ask you about your antique ornament.

By this time I was self possessed and proud. My little love dream was dashed to the earth; but no one should dream it had existed.

"The locket is undoubtedly yours," I said firmly. "It was lent me by an old school-mate, daughter of a pawnbroker. He is a German Jew, and his account of it coincides with yours. I will return it to him to-morrow, and give you his address that you may reclaim it."

Mr. Vereham was delighted beyond measure, and thanked me earnestly, wearing such a radiant face when we emerged from the conservatory that Clara told me afterward she was sure we were engaged.

"And to think, after all, it was the locket, and not you!" she exclaimed. "I declare, Madge darling, I never want to see the man again!"

Ah, well! As in the old fairy tale, the bell had rung midnight, the festival was over, and Cinderella must go back to every-day life. I returned home, and to my teaching, facing very grave and experienced after my winter's dissipation, and with my mind fully made up that I should never marry. But somehow the work of teaching did not go on so lightly as it used, when I had vague little sweet romantic dreams of love that might come any day. All that was past and lost now, and I was sick of dreams. I had a letter from Robbie, telling me of the redemption of that curious old locket, and what a splendid gentleman came for it, and how wonderful it was that it should have got back to its owners. As I put away the letter, I thought to myself, "That's the last I ever shall hear of Mr. Vereham!"

But one evening when I came home, tired and spiritless, there he was awaiting me! The moment I entered the room his hands clasped mine, and his eyes questioned mine eagerly.

"Little Madge, little Madge," he said, "what a fool I have been! I thought 'twas the locket that won all my thoughts last winter, and instead of that, it was you! I found it out when you had gone. Life has been a blank to me ever since. Have I lost my chance? Am I too late?"

Ah, the dreams, the dreams of love! How they came trooping back into my heart, in their most perfect sweet fulfillment! And how ten times beautiful is the happiness that comes out unburnt and immortal from the fires that we thought had consumed it!

And now I had my love and my locket. Hark! There is Dudley's step in the hall, and I always go to meet my husband. I leave you to examine the rich and dainty fancifulness of the graving, the churubs and the imps. But this is simply a magnificent antique. If you wish to see the triumphs of modern skill in gold and gems, you must wait until to-morrow, when Rebecca Schermerhorn, *nee* Schwarz, is coming to make me a visit.

NEURALGIA.—A correspondent of the *Lancet* says: "A few years ago, when in China, I became acquainted with the fact of the natives when suffering with the facial-neuralgia using oil of peppermint, which they lightly apply to the seat of pain with a camel-hair pencil. Since then, in my own practice, I frequently employ this oil as a local anæsthetic, not only in neuralgia, but also in gout, with remarkably good results."

### Plain Needlework.

Sewing—with every breath,
Seam of a welcome death.
Stitching—with speed through life's Ending, unequal strife,
Toiling—by hunger bid,
Nude in a coffin lid.
Cutting—the golden thread,
Bartering life for bread!

Death! canst thou triumph feel?
Dance, then, a *cotton reel*.

### The Famous Dykes of Holland.

To the dykes Holland owes its existence. They are immense ramparts of earth and stone raised all along the coast, and sufficiently strong to prevent the sea from forcing its way through them, and high enough to defy inundation. They are also required to restrain the channels of the rivers, which are nearly as perilous to the kingdom as the ocean itself. The first thing necessary to the dykes is a solid foundation; obtained by ramming down the soil, and by laying a substratum of clay, or, when that is not possible, by driving piles. The dyke formed of such earth as will cohere most readily, and its face is protected by the interweaving of "willow twigs, whose interstices are filled with puddled clay. This wicker-work, being renewed every three or four years, makes such an active demand for willow boughs that the trees are extensively cultivated in Holland for that purpose. Not frequently the dykes are planted with trees, because their spreading roots aid greatly in holding the earth together. Sometimes their base is faced with masonry, and strengthened by huge heaps of stones brought from other countries, while the upper part of the dykes, rising in some places as high as forty feet, is thickly covered with turf. The vastest of these artificial protections are at the Helder, and at the western end of the island of Walcheren. The annual expense of keeping in repair each of those stupendous dykes is not less than 20,000 guilders—about $36,000, and taking care of all the dykes of the kingdom and regulating the water levels cost from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 guilders—$2,400,000 to $3,200,000. A special corps of engineers (waterstaat), numbering many men of science, receive regular salaries for guarding the country from all danger of inundation. During the winter, when great storms are common, these engineers are stationed at the points where an irruption of the waters is most to be feared, and ample supplies are at hand to repair old Neptune in case of need. Watchmen are posted day and night along the line threatened with attack to give instantaneous warning of approaching peril, and to summon from the neighboring villages workmen appointed by the authorities to the scene of danger. The rising tide at such times is watched with intense anxiety; and when the calamity is anticipated an alarm-bell is rung, and every man hurries to his duty. If the sea still rises a new rampart is built on the top of the dyke, and so rapidly that the water is almost always kept out. Should the strength of the dyke be doubted, or a breach be made, sheets of sail-cloth or mats of rushes are placed on the outside to resist the action of the sea. In the event of all these precautions failing, a semicircular rampart is thrown up behind that part of the sea wall which has shown signs of weakness, thus presenting an inner barrier to the remorseless foes. There have been numerous instances in which all these efforts have been ineffectual, and entire districts have been overwhelmed and lost, with thousands of lives, in the great rivers or in the ocean. What is now the Zuyder-Zee was dry land up to the thirteenth century, and the Gulf of Dollart, in the province of Groningen, was made in 1277 by an inundation which destroyed not less than forty-five villages. The average height of the Holland dykes is about thirty feet, and their breadth at the base seventy feet, with room enough at the top for a roadway. Their total cost is estimated at $1,700,000,000.

### Extravagancies in New York.

Never, in the history of New York, has anything been known like the present extravagance in dress, equipage, and entertainments. The pompous daughter of an ex-collector married recently was the fortunate recipient of gifts valued, at the lowest estimate, at eighty thousand dollar. A country seat on the banks of the Hudson, handsomely furnished; carriages and horses; a check for $10,000; a *riviere* of solitaire diamonds; and a coffee-pot of solid gold, for which the donor paid $2,000, were among the most expensive presents; while jewels, laces, and articles of vertu are said to have poured in until there was no room for more. A point-lace veil and flounce, ranging from $500 to $1,500, have come to be regarded as quite indispensable accompaniments to the marriage ceremony and wedding ring. Importers look purchasers straight in the eye, and without the faintest suspicion of a blush, ask four hundred dollars for a black silk costume that would scarcely attract more than a passing glance, and for which one hundred dollars would be ample compensation. Imagine the audition of a conscience that will permit a man to demand $2,[illegible] and seven dollars apiece for ribbon bows for the hair. To be sure, the ribbon is very beautiful—satin on one side and gros-grain on the other, and attached to movable rings on hair pins, that they may be becomingly and effectively arranged in the hair; but seven dollars! why, it is simply awful!! All fine articles of French jewelry—the pretty imitations of gold, pearl, enamel, and gem brilliants, jeweled, carved and painted fans, are going up at an alarming rate, and we are told no more are attainable at any price. Kid gloves have advanced more than any other article in the line of necessities. Jouin's, Jouvin's, Alexandre's and Bertin's two and three button gloves are eagerly bought up at two dollars and seventy-five cents and three dollars and twenty-five cents per pair. It is generally conceded that not a single firm in New York can furnish a complete assortment. Stewart's glove counters, on almost any morning, would afford a study for the pencil of a Hogarth. No roulette table was ever surrounded by more eager, excited, rapacious faces than those that cluster about the glove stands in our fashionable stores. The profound uncertainty in which the present Franco-Prussian contest is involved, has prevented dealers from holding back for still higher prices. The fear of a speedy peace; thousands of workmen and women anxious to get employment at any price; cheap labor, and consequently cheap goods, have operated as most salutary checks upon the majority of our merchants.

WHAT THEY DO.—An eminent member of the French Academy of Medicine, Dr. Joly, recently read a paper before that learned body, to show that the enervating influence exerted upon the nation by the excessive use of alcohol and tobacco has produced the degeneracy which rendered possible the humiliations of the late war. "Depravity," he says, "could scarcely devise a worse compound than the mixture of brandy and tobacco, which is the latest liquid novelty by patronized Parisian sensualists."

PETITIONS have been sent to President Thiers for the pardon of Cremel, who confessed that he killed the Prussian soldier at Luneville.

### A Military Experiment.

Out in a certain Western fort, some time ago, the major conceived the idea that artillery might be used effectively in fighting with the Indians by dispensing with gun-carriages and fastening the cannon upon the backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A small howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointing toward the tail. When they had secured the gun, and loaded it with ball-cartridge, they led that calm and steadfast mule out of the bluffland set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood around in a semicircle while the major went up and inserted a fuse fuse in the touch-hole of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready, the major lit it and retired. In a minute or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back there on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head around to ascertain what was going on, and, as he did so, his body turned, and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity grew more and more intense, and in a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions a minute, and the howitzer, understood, threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; the lieutenants were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care a fill about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; the sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet, and the major rolled over on the ground and groaned. In two or three minutes there was a puff of smoke, a dull thud, and the mule—oh! where was he? A solitary jackass might have been seen turning successive somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor, finally with his howitzer, at the bottom of the river; while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarters, rattled the abode bricks down into the parlor, and frightened the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the results of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

### What a Dream Did.

The Fort Wayne *Sentinel* soberly narrates the following as a fact: A gentleman of high social position, living in this county, has a sone engaged as a clerk in a large mercantile house in Omaha. A few weeks ago the father received a letter from his son to the effect that he had been robbed of $3,000 belonging to his employer, while returning from a collecting trip into the country. The father was naturally troubled by the intelligence, and when he retired to his room for the night he lay awake for some time thinking of the unfortunate occurrence. At last he fell asleep and, as it seemed to him, he was sitting by a table in a bed-chamber of —— Hotel of Omaha, listening to the conversation of two young men who were recalling the particulars of a robbery in which they had just been concerned, while they counted over the proceeds of the same with an exultant air.

Learning the number of their room, he descended the stairs, consulted the register, fixed their names in memory, together with the date under which they were written, and then awoke. He immediately wrote a letter to his son, requesting him to call at the —— Hotel, look at the register, and if he found the names of John B. Wilson and James Frank inscribed on its pages under the date of November, to have the parties found, arrested, and charged with the theft of the $3,000. The son followed the directions, and from a letter received by the father, we learn that the said John B. Wilson and James Frank were arrested at the said hotel, that they confessed to the felony, that $4,812 of the stolen money was recovered, and that the offenders had been sent to the penitentiary.

### Affection of a Dog.

In 1863, Captain ——, of an artillery company, of South Carolina, was killed in battle in Virginia. His body was placed in a coffin, and this boxed up and brought to the home of his family, at that time in Columbia. It arrived about one week after his death. On its arrival his dog, that he had reared and petted during his life, was at the front gate, and approaching the house, began to smell about, and manifested much excitement. When the coffin was removed from the hearse, he ran under it, and followed it into the house, between the pall-bearers. Although a week had elapsed since his master's death, and his body was closely sealed in the coffin, this dog recognized him by his sense of smell alone. When the coffin was laid on the table in the parlor, the dog laid under it, and remained there eighteen hours, until the funeral on the next day. Upon the day succeeding it was observed that the dog had not been seen since the interment. Search was made for him, and he was found lying upon his late master's grave, shivering in the cold rain, that had been falling for some hours. He refused to leave his position, and had to be tied and led home, where he was turned loose. In a short time he was again missed, and a servant was sent to the cemetery, where he was found in the former position. He was carried home and chained up. He now refused to eat or drink at all, and only lay moaning. Upon the morning of the third day he was found dead.

COOKING FISH.—The following method of cooking fish is very much in vogue in Holland, and, indeed, constitutes a part of the morning meal of every white inhabitant when fish can be procured, any kind answering the purpose almost equally well. First fry the fish to a golden brown, with egg and bread crumbs and clarified butter. Keep it very hot in a metal dish while boiling some fresh eggs (half done), and have a pot of rice prepared and desiccated. Take the fish, and, with a fork in each hand, break it up and remove all bones as speedily as possible before it becomes cold. Fill the plates with rice for each person, sprinkling black pepper and salt thereon; chop up rather fine two or three green chillis (or capsicums), and sprinkle some over each plate of rice, or, as a substitute, use a little cayenne. Now break two eggs over each plate of fish and rice, stirring all together with two forks.

MATHEMATICAL.—Benjamin Greenleaf, the mathematician, whose arithmetics have puzzled so many young brains, was an eccentric man, who loved a pleasant joke. Going one day, with a basket on his head, into a room where there were several boys, he asked one boy after another, "Are you fond of fractions?"

Each lad, fearing that a problem would follow, said, heartily and promptly, "No Sir."

But one courageous fellow said, "Yes, Sir."

To him was given the basket with its contents—a number of nice apples, halved and quartered—with the remark, "You may divide those fractions."

They claim to have a girl in Maine who has been sneezing continuously for more than a week.

### Baffled.

I will plant a tree for myself, she said,
With clusters of crimson blood,
Whose beauty shall dazzle the waking sight,
Whose scent shall fill all the dreamy night
With the breath of its perfume.
But the blight fell down with the morning dew,
And the rose-tree died ere its first bud blew.

I will twine a wreath for myself, she said,
Of myrtle, and laurel, and bay,
Whose glory shall hallow my living head,
And over the grave where they lay me dead,
Speak of me and my fame alway.
But the canker was deep, and the thorn was keen,
And the bright leaves withered her clasp between.

I will carve my dream for myself, she said,
Its love lines fixed forever,
A thing of beauty and joy and life;
We will pass serene through the world's hot strife,
I and my work together.
But death's strong hand struck sudden and cold,
The chisel dropped from her fainting hold.

They tossed them aside in a careless heap,
Dead root and blossoms, and half-wrought stone,
Where the river of life flowed swift and deep,
And they left not a trace thereon!

### IN AN ELEVATOR.

At last I had succeeded; and after six years' hard work, the firm, Smith & Brown, had agreed to become Smith, Brown & Co., and I, John Beland, was to be the junior partner. It had been a dream of mine, for I don't know how long, to see that sign changed; and often I pictured to myself how nice it would look to have in large golden letters——

"SMITH, BROWN & CO., COTTON FACTORS, OFFICE UP STAIRS."

Yes! I had succeeded! but everybody said I looked miserably, and sister insisted on my going away for the summer. So, nothing loth, I left New Orleans, and, after several days shaking in the cars, I found myself in New York, preparatory to the usual tour taken by Southerners through the North. I arrived at about 4 in the evening, and my first care was to get to a hotel, intending to see about some dinner.

Having reached my destination, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I proceeded to see about my baggage and room. The former, for a wonder, was all right; but, as to the room—the hotel was crowded, the clerk said, and I must go up into the fifth story. "That is always the way they treat us poor bachelors," I muttered between my teeth.

The gentlemanly clerk caught at the words, and politely assured me that "there were plenty of ladies on that story, an assurance that did not improve the state of my temper, as I never was fond of ladies' society; in fact, my sister thought me quite a bear because I never would be attentive to her husband's sisters, and I suppose that was very provoking.

Seeing that I must swallow my wrath, if I wished to swallow any dinner, I picked up my satchel and shawl and made for the elevator. Little did I know what a few hours, or rather minutes, would bring! I got in, and several others did likewise, until we nearly resembled a sardine box. The man was just going to shut the doors and take us up, when a pretty little lady tripped hastily toward us, seeing which I made the man stop and wait for her. She duly rewarded me with the sweetest and brightest of smiles. I don't know which did look prettiest, her sweet little mouth, her bright, laughing, brown eyes, or the embarrassed blush on her transparent skin. Whatever it was, I said to myself; "Isn't she pretty?" But there was no place to sit down, and as I had the end seat, I very gallantly offered it to her.

With another blush she took it, and under the spreading skirts peeped out the daintiest little foot imaginable. After sitting down, she gathered up her dress, and with one eye turned toward the carpet and another up toward me, and blushing more than ever, she said, in the sweetest of voices: "There's room enough for you, sir!" What could I do after such an invitation, the prettiest one a woman had ever bestowed on me in my life! Accept it, of course! Although I must fain acknowledge that it was very uncomfortable to have just about one-sixteenth the amount of room you ought to have, and to feel as if you were going to be upset at every move; this, however, was soon improved as people went out at every story.

I continued taking a good survey of my companion; but it was in fear and trembling, she would catch me in the act. Once, indeed, I did catch her eye, as she was going to do what I had been doing—taking a good look. After which she never raised her eyes again, and, in fact, almost turned her back on me. The first, second, third, and fourth stories had been passed, and we had left at each landing a part of our passengers; still, my companion did not move, until, at last, only she and I were left.

We had passed the fouth story, when I noticed that the elevator went slower, and slower, until there was a kind of snapping noise—a side lunge that threw the little lady's head on my shoulder, and we stood still between the fourth and fifth story. Too high for the one; too low for the other!

"The ropes' given way, sir, I reckon," said the man in charge, to my inquiring look.

"How will we get out," said I.

"I'm sure I don't know," said he coolly, "guess if we do 'twont be before night."

"The dickens," said I, "this is a pretty pass," exasperated by my hunger, and the man's coolness. The naughty word had no sooner passed my lips than I looked at my companion to see the effect of it, but she was too excited to notice anything.

"Do you mean to say we are going to stay here all the afternoon," she said in a half imploring, half frightened voice.

"Yes, Miss," said the man with the same imperturbable coolness.

"What will papa and Nettie think," she said, with tears fairly starting in her eyes, then turned to me in a most child-like, trusting way and exclaimed:

"Oh! do you think sir? Is there nothing that can be done!"

For my part I greatly feared there was nothing to be done, but anybody would have been a brute to have told that dear little creature anything half so distressing, so I was just going to assure her that something would be done, or that I would do something to extricate us from this difficult position, when the elevator man, evidently enjoying her distress, said with gusto: "Yes, miss, not till late, and lucky, too, if you escape without any hurt; the first thing you know, while we are talking here, before anybody could help us, we might pitch down and break every bone in our bodies."

During this tirade she had grown paler and paler, and the tears rolled down her cheeks till at the close she sat down, hid her face in her hands, with an hysterical sob, which was quickly followed by another, and then another. (I have since found out that when a woman starts in that line it is hard to tell when she stops.)

"You are a brute," I indignantly exclaimed, "to frighten the lady so." Then turned to her, "Madam, fear nothing, doubtless we will soon be all straight. Don't think there is any danger of hurt—ourselves."

I—am—so—glad—you—think—so, she said, between her sobs, "because—because—I—shouldn't—like—to—get—hurt—or—to—to—die! Oh, papa!"

But notwithstanding she being glad, she cried harder than ever.

Here was a pretty fix for a hungry young man of twenty-seven, but I felt so sorry for her, and I should so have liked to have comforted and petted her; but that was out of the question. I wonder if throwing my arms around her would have comforted her a little. I am sure I don't know. I kept on talking, however, and trying to reassure her and got so far as calling her "dear little creature," which was doing very well for a young man who did not like ladies' society, and was rather timid.

By this time the people had come to our assistance, and were trying everything to get us either up or down. I was too busy comforting her to know what they did, but suddenly there was another side lunge; she screamed, and was knocked senseless into my arms. The elevator had fallen several feet lower, but we were scarcely in a better position, as it was now between the fourth and third; again too high for the one, too low for the other.

Here was I, with a girl fainting in my arms. I did not know what to do, but a faint idea of cutting corset-laces flashed through my brain; but where were they? How could I get at them? Where was the knife? Gone glimmering with the remains of my luncheon out of the car window. Corset-laces out of the question—what next? I had a dim recollection of burnt feathers being used in such cases, but where were the feathers? None at hand except those in her hat. And would she not, with returning consciousness, exterminate the preserver of her life as the destroyer of her hat? But at last a feasible idea came into my head, and recollecting the cologne and brandy in my satchel, I finally applied them with success.

I have often read of girls fainting in gentlemen's arms, and invariably the hero takes that opportunity of discovering what a lovely nose or lovely mouth the heroine possesses, and has a soliloquy over it; but let me assure you, dear reader, that I had no time for soliloquy or for looking at her nose and mouth. I was too troubled and anxious.

At last she did open her eyes, and as she recovered consciousness she jumped up and thanked me, blushed, apologized—in fact she did not know what to do—and neither did I. By this time they had got us to a place where we could get out. My fair unknown tried to walk, but could not, so I offered her my arm, which she accepted with another of her charming smiles; we had scarcely turned the corner when we were stopped by a fine-looking, white-haired gentleman, and another brown-eyed young lady.

"Why, Mary, I did not know you were in the elevator. I thought you were out shopping, and so you are the young lady that fainted?" said the father.

"Yes," she answered, with a little half sob.

"Why, Manie," said her sister, and kissing her, she burst into a merry laugh, in which "Manie" tried hard to join. The old gentleman took his daughter's arm, thanked me cordially, and then went off, not before Mary (or Manie, as I prefer, calling her) had bestowed on me one of her expressive looks, which I felt repaid me for everything.

So I went away and actually got my dinner, after which I went to my room, to meditate what I should do with my evening; but while I smoked my cigar I meditated a good deal on my adventure, and still more on the pretty face that had been the heroine of it. Of course I had found out her name—"Maynard". "Mary Maynard," no Manie Maynard was so much prettier. A knock broke my reverie. I said "Come in," and Mr. Maynard walked in. He said his daughter had told him how much she owed to me, and how much obliged he was, etc., etc., and finished by asking me to call on them. Then he asked me where I came from, and hearing I was from New Orleans, asked me if I knew several persons from their, whom he mentioned. Fortunately, I did, and we talked of its habits and inhabitants, and ended by discovering that he was an intimate friend of my brother-in-law, Dick Lacy. On the strength of this he invited me to join the girls at the opera. Of course I did not refuse. This invitation brought about many others. Thus, in a little while, we became very well acquainted.

In a few days the Maynards left for Canada, and I followed to Niagara, and of course I accompanied them. Manie was too pretty not to have admirers, and too mischievous not to like to flirt, so I felt many a jealous pang. If any actions betrayed me, my words at least never did; nevertheless, the little mischief would bestow her glances and favors on others, and then turn to me with a mischievous glance to see what I thought of it. Nellie was quieter than Manie, and tried hard to smooth matters between us, and when coming back from the theatre or opera Manie *would* insist on taking any other arm but mine. Nellie would say, *entre nous*, "Never mind, she likes you best for all that."

Once I thought indeed that another would prove successful, and it was hard not to tell her how matters stood; but, I thought I had no right to ask her, accustomed to every luxury, to share my poor lot. So I resolved to wait till the end of the Summer, and then give others a fair chance.

The time for going home was drawing near, and none of the numerous suitors had been accepted. We started homeward. Tired of railroad traveling, we agreed to take the river route home, and we reached St. Louis in time to catch the Natchez. One fair September evening, Nellie being reading, and Mr. Maynard away smoking, Manie and I, voted Nellie too stupid or studious for us, went on deck for a change. She looked so very lovely that I could not help telling her so. She laughed and blushed, and said: "Mr. Roland, compliment from you! it is enough to make me faint."

"Please don't," exclaimed I, laughing, "Do you remember our first meeting? Pray don't try that experiment again. I have not my satchel at hand."

"You took such good care of me then that I feel very much tempted to repeat it."

"Don't I always take good care of you; that is, when you let me, and do not persist in wearing your dangling around you." This was the first time I had ever put my jealousy in words, to her at least. She looked astonished, and, for a wonder, answered seriously:

"Yes; I must say you have been kind to me from the first moment we met, and always taken good care of me. I fear that in spite of it I have been often teasing."

I hesitated a moment, then determined to have it out then and there.

"Miss Manie," I said, "if I have taken good care of you hitherto, let me take care of you for life," and I took the little hand resting on my arm. She did not withdraw it, but said nothing. After a while I said:

"Miss Manie, you must know by this time how much I love you, and I think you might spare me any suspense; God knows it has been hard enough to bear all Summer, your having others around you."

"Why did you not, then, come forward like the others?" she answered, impetuously. "No woman likes to be faintly wooed, and I suffered enough on your account. Oh! I used to be jealous even of Nellie at one time," and she hid her face in the one hand I had left free. Then I told her what had kept me back, and she said, "how little I knew any true woman's heart, if I thought she would let pecuniary considerations sway her for a moment in a matter of that kind." And when I pressed for a more definite answer, she answered with her natural sauciness, "Do you think I would have let you keep my hand so long if I had not meant to say——" She looked at me, laughed, put both hands in mine and said with a mischievous smile, "No."

But, as I declared, possession is nine-tenths of the law," and as I had her, I took her whether she wished it or not; so it was settled.

To-morrow is our wedding-day, and I have no fear, that the fates will not be happy for us both. And here I am to be married to-morrow—I, that disliked ladies' society—I, that was never to marry till I could lay a fortune at my wife's feet! There is but one comfort—I am at least a junior partner.

I stood across the street this morning and looked at our new sign. It does look respectable, and I must say that "& Co." adds a certain finish to it, without which Smith & Brown would have been decidedly vulgar, and the person representing that Co. does feel respectable and comfortable. There is but one drawback. Manie insists on calling me nothing but "Co." Well, reader, my little story is done. Take warning and don't trust yourself in an elevator with a pretty girl, unless you are a junior partner with a satchel, as there is no telling what might happen between the third and fourth stories.

### The Approaching Transit of Venus.

The astronomical world is already actively busily preparing to observe this engrossing phenomenon. The passage of the splendid planet across the sun's face has always been looked for with the most intense interest. The great interest attached by astronomers to a transit of Venus arises from its furnishing the most accurate means within our reach for determining the sun's horizontal parallax, and hence for determining the distance of the earth from the sun, and consequently also the distances of all the other planets. The approaching transit does not occur till December 8, 1874; but as it is indispensable that the exact longitude of every station be almost perfectly known, the stations instrumentally equipped, the instruments long and thoroughly tested, temporary structures erected and, as it is eminently desirable that all the co-operators should act in preconcerted harmony, there is no time to be lost in making these manifold arrangements. Already the various nations interested are making preparations to send out expeditions.

A transit lasts several hours, and the different observers must be so stationed that the sun will not set to them during these hours. Four stations will be occupied by British observers, and the method to be followed is that of measuring the absolute local times of ingress and egress during the star's transit. Germany is also to send out parties, fully equipped, to four stations. Russia is taking active measures to supply a chain of observers at positions one hundred miles apart along the country extending from Samschatka to the Black Sea; and the French government, notwithstanding its crippled financial condition, will provide for observations at St. Paul's Islands, Amsterdam, Yokohama, Tahiti, Noumea, Muscate and Suez.

THE INDIAN NOT CIVILIZABLE.—To those who advocate the application of the laws of civilization to the Indian, it might be a profitable study to investigate the effect which such application produces upon the strength of the tribe as expressed in numbers. Looking at him as the fearless hunter, the matchless horseman and warrior of the Plains, where Nature placed him, and contrasting him with the reservation Indian, who is supposed to be revelling in the delightful comforts and luxuries of the enlightened condition, but who, in reality, is grovelling in beggary, bereft of many qualities which in his wild state tended to render him noble, and heir to a combination of vices partly his own, partly bequeathed to him from the pale-face, one, at forced, even against desire, to conclude that there is something antagonistic between the Indian nature and that with which his well-meaning white brother would endow him. Nature intended him for a savage state; every instinct, every impul