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He Lives Long who Lives Well.

Wouldst thou live long? The only means are these,
Bove Galen's diet, or Hippocrates':
Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways,
And rather count thy actions than thy days.
Then thou hast lived enough amongst us here—
For every day well spent I count a year.
Live well; and then, how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity.
But he that outlives Nestor, and appears
To have passed the date of gray Methuselah's years,
If he his life to sloth and sin doth give—
I say he only was: he did not live.

—RANDOLPH.

The Old Love.

You love me, only me. Do I not know?
If I were gone your life would be no more
Than his who, hungering on a rocky shore,
Shipwrecked, alone, observes the ebb and flow
Of hopeless ocean widening forth below,
And is remembering all that was before.
Dear, I believe it, at your strong heart's core
I am the life; no need to tell me so.
And yet—Ah husband, though I be more fair,
More worth your love, and though you loved her not,
(Else must you have some different, deeper name
For loving me), dimly I seem aware,
As though you conned old stories long forgot,
Those days are with you—hers—before I came.

The mountain traveler, joyous on his way,
Looks on the vale he left and calls it fair,
Then counts with pride how far he is from there,
And still ascends. And when my fancies stray,
Pleased with light memories of a bygone day,
I would not have again the things that were.
I breathe their thought like fragrance in the air,
Of flowers I gathered in my childish play.
And thou, my very soul, can it touch thee
If I remember her or I forget?
Does the sun ask if the white stars be set?
No, I recall, shall many times, maybe,
Recall the dear old boyish days again,
The dear old boyish passion. Love what then?

MY CHUM, TITO.

It was at school that I first met Tito Zalez—I was eleven years of age, and Tito, I learned afterward, was ten. We became the firmest friends before the first quarter had expired. At the end of three months Col. Zalez called. We knew by that time that Tito's father was, or rather had been, a colonel somewhere, and we felt that he would have greatly obliged us boys by coming to see his son in full regimentals. I remember that he entered the play-ground one Saturday afternoon, that Tito suddenly gave a scream of delight, broke a window of the school-room with his elbow in his haste to leap down from the sill on which he and I had placed ourselves, and went with a mad plunge at his father's long legs.

Tito's father paid us a short visit, was good to me, and then went away. We expected him, Tito and I, the next quarter, but he did not come, and, what was worse, we heard nothing from him.

Tito told me, confidentially, on my return, that he had received no letter from his father, and that he had heard Mrs. Price say at dinner one day to Mr. Price that she thought it strange, and that Mr. Price had answered that he was inclined to think it rather strange himself, and that he, Tito, was sure that they had been talking about his papa, because they had spoken in whispers, and looked very much at him. I said that it must be fancy, and he tried to agree with me, but hoped that his papa would come to see him soon, for he was out of pocket-money, and his wardrobe was in need of considerable repair. But Col. Zalez never came, and only Tito, his son, remained sanguine, at last, of his return.

I know now, what I did not know in all its details then, that the Prices, *pere et mere*, were becoming very anxious concerning the whereabout of Tito's father; that two quarters were in arrear; and that the extra keep during Tito's holiday was added to the account; and that a third quarter had commenced. I knew afterward that Mr. Price had written to an out-of-the-way place in Central America, where the Colonel had dated his last letter, and that no answer had been returned; that he had written to a British consul, and elicited the information that no such person was known within his jurisdiction; and I heard Mr. Price speak once of civil wars and general political confusion, and of the fear that Col. Zalez had disappeared in a revolutionary vortex forever.

Lady-day quarter passed, bills were paid, Tito, waxing shabbier and shabbier, and still wondering why his father never wrote to him, got up every morning with a marvelous confidence in his parent's coming to see him before the day was out. Tito scarcely took into consideration the expense that he was to Mr. Price; he knew nothing of school bills; and Mr. Price was too tender-hearted a man to show his dissatisfaction to the child himself. Mr. Price was puzzled what to do with him, or how long he was to allow this to last; and he looked more thoughtfully at the small enigma every day, and could not see his way to a solution. One day Mr. Price went to London, to the old town address of Col. Zalez, and made many inquiries at his last lodgings—I learned afterwards—and returned baffled at all points. Tito's father had paid his bill and disappeared about nine months since, without leaving a clue to his whereabout. A telegram from abroad had led to his sudden departure, it was elicited, and Col. Zalez, packing up his boxes and putting on his boots, probably more down at heel than ever, had departed on his mission, whatever it was, to a foreign State, wherever that might be.

Tito became so very shabby after Lady-day that the master found excuses to leave him at home, when the boys went out for their airings or their cricket-matches; and finally one of our boys spoke positively to a few high words which he had heard exchanged between Mr. and Mrs. Price one evening with reference to the former's suggestion that he thought he should risk a suit of clothes for Tito.

The high words, at all events, ended in the suit of clothes being provided for poor Tito, who accompanied us in our walks again, and looked for the tall, sun-burned gray mustached man at the corner of every street we passed.

Midsummer and the holidays came round, Tito was left at school, and Mr. Price's blank look at the unclaimed one assumed by several degrees more stoniness of aspect. Once more the busy hum of school, old pupils and new ones—and Tito still on the establishment, and Tito's father nowhere. By degrees the story of the boy's forlorn position had found its way among the scholars, and Tito was pitied very much by the majority, and laughed at by a few thoughtless ones, who thought it rare fun for a boy to have a father who had run away from him. Tito's position was not an enviable one, but he bore it pretty well, and often fretted to himself a little, and with not half the noise which he had made on the night when he had missed his father for four hours. I was his counselor and his comforter, and I kept up his hopes, at last, by strange legends of various fathers' and mothers' returns, after years of absence from their children, and was continually ransacking story books for parallel cases to his own.

One day, Mrs. Price and her lord and master began to have a few words again concerning the unfortunate Tito; and Wickers, who was the boots of the school by day, and a page radiant in sugar-loaf buttons at night, came to Tito with the news.

"There's been a jolly row about you, Master Zalez," he said, "and they've thought it over—only don't you say that I told you, mind—and they think your father is a wenturer, and they're going to send you to the workus."

Tito stared, and finally walked away, keeping from the play-ground and his play-fellows all day. In the evening he came to me, when I was deep in geography, and wrestling with "principal towns," and whispered:

"Joe, I want you."

"What is it, Tit?"

"You heard Wickers say that they were going to send me to the workhouse?"

"Yes—but I don't believe it."

"I'm going to ask the master now—come with me."

"Oh, lor!"

"He's at the desk there, looking over the 'Themes,' and I want you to hear what he says."

"Very well."

So I left my place, at the imminent risk of getting six bad marks for inattention to my lessons, and went with Tito to Mr. Price's desk. I shall never forget the look of astonishment and discomfiture on the master's face, when Tito put the question very straightforwardly, and with wonderful composure.

"If you please, sir, is it true that you are going to send me to the workhouse?"

"Bless my soul!—who—who told you that, Tito?"

"I would rather not say who told me, sir—it's all about the school."

"Dear me—how vexing—how very unfortunate! My dear Tito, I should like to speak to you to-morrow morning about seven. What are you doing out of your place, Simmons?" he asked, catching sight of me at last.

"I came to take care of Tito, sir."

"Sit out marks."

I knew that I should have them, therefore the promulgation of my sentence did not take me very much by surprise. Tito might have made matters worse by getting himself into a scrape and informing Mr. Price that he had asked me to leave my place with him, had not a look from me silenced one who had quite enough troubles of his own. Tito went the next morning to Mr. Price's room, meeting Wickers by the way, who told him that the master and the missus had been "at it" again, and that Mrs. Price was sick of boys whose fathers never paid. Of the particulars of Tito's conference with Mr. Price, these are the principal, as detailed to me by Tito, between twelve and two.

It had all been arranged, and Mr. Price broke the news to him in as gentle a manner as he could, and wiped his own eyes once or twice surreptitiously with his pocket-handkerchief. He told Tito that he was not a rich man, that the school was the support of himself and a large family, and that it was beyond his power to keep Tito any longer at his own expense. He had consulted with his solicitor, who had advised him to hand over Tito to the parish authorities of Flatborough, who would pass Tito over to the parish authorities of the district in London where Col. Zalez had resided for many years. He told Tito that the parish would use every exertion, and take far greater pains, to find his father than he could do with a great school on his mind, and that he was taking the best and surest means to put Tito into his father's hands once more. He had no doubt that the parish would treat Tito very well, and that Tito would be very happy; but his auditor having his own opinion on this subject, went away discomfited. His last inquiry was:

"When is this to be, Mr. Price?"

"Oh, not this week," said the master, assuringly, "nor the next. Not till Michaelmas, at any rate."

Somehow the fate that loomed before Tito became known also to the boys, and was canvassed during play-hours, and generally set down as a "jolly shame"—not any of us taking into consideration the ways and means of Mr. Price, and the appetite—always a good one—of Tito Zalez, and the rapid growth upward and sideways—for Tito kept filling out rapidly—of the unfortunate pupil, who was out of his clothes again before any one knew where he was. Once the bright idea occurred to us of getting up a subscription to pay his arrears among ourselves and our parents; but the united contributions only amounting, after all the harass of canvassing, to eight shillings and three pence three farthings, it was thought advisable to return the subscriptions to the Tito fund. The second idea was entirely my own, and consisted in suggesting to my father, in a friendly and persuasive note, that Tito would be worth adopting, being a very nice and amiable boy, whom everybody would like at home. This idea was dashed to the ground by my father's courteous, but decisive, reply in the negative; and Tito, who had built a little on this letter, said, "Never mind, Joe," and asked whether Michaelmas-day always fell on the 29 of September.

On the twenty-eighth, in the dusky evening, which steals upon us so early at this date, and when the boys were strolling about the play-ground, waiting for the bell to ring them to tea, Tito suddenly came to me, with the bottoms of his trousers tucked up, and his threadbare jacket buttoned to the chin, in a way that looked like business, and said:

"Good-by, Joe—I'm off."

"Off?—Off where?"

"Hush! don't make a noise; but I can't stand the notion of a work-house—I'm afraid of it; and—ugh;—the skilley! To-morrow's Michaelmas-day, and I'm going to run away."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, I do."

"But what's to become of you?"

"I shall enlist for a drummer, perhaps, or turn farmer's boy, or something. I'm off at once, through the school window, over the wash-house tiles, and so into the back lane."

Tito's sudden resolution took all my breath away; the novelty of the expedition aroused my love of adventure, and, regardless of consequences, future hardships, future punishment from the hands of Mr. Price, and the sin of disobedience to my pastor and master, I said:

"I'll go a little way with you, Tit, and come back again before they shut up for the night."

"But how you will catch it!"

"Yes, I know that; but I should not like you to start alone."

"Thank you, Joe; it's very kind of you; but I think you had better stop."

I thought so also, but I went with Tito; and we succeeded in getting from the school by the way which my small friend had ingeniously sketched out. When we were outside the playground wall, and heard the boys' voices welling to our ears from the other side, our hearts sank a little at the boldness of the step, and we hurried on, somewhat crestfallen, to the sea shore, and went on by long, low-lying sands, knowing that the tide was out, and that we were not likely to meet anybody at that hour to stop us before we reached the King's Gap. This was a cleft in the cliffs, where I was to part with him and wish him godspeed on his journey. Tito had a bundle with him, in which he had packed a small great-coat, his socks, one shirt, a cricket-ball, a large bag of marbles—the boys were always giving him marbles, by way of token of their respect for him—a few half-penny prints, which he had colored, and a volume of fairy-tales that his father had given him. The night was soon upon us, and we grew less stout-hearted in the darkness, and were doubtful if the sea might not come up quicker than we had bargained for, and cut us off from the King's Gap before our tired legs could wade through the deep sand toward it. But we reached the Gap in safety, crept past the coast-guard house on the station, and then paused to consider the next step. This was the place of parting; but a look back at the dark country road I had to traverse, and a sudden remembrance of all the horrible stories I had heard of travelers being assassinated in lonely districts, and of children being stripped by gypsies of their clothes, and turned adrift to die of cold, deterred me from returning to Belvoir House till daylight. I said that I would go on with Tito; and Tito, who had looked dismally in his direction also, said, "Thank you, Joe," and was evidently grateful for my company.

We were both becoming very nervous, but we kept up appearances for a while. We took the wrong turning, and found ourselves on the edge of the cliff again. We made a short cut across a field to "try back" for the roadway, and lost ourselves completely. We went wandering about meadows and turnip-fields in vain efforts to get off farmers' property, and failed. We were frightened almost to death by a white cow that bellowed suddenly over a hedge at us, and Tito dropped his bundle in his hurry, and we had to creep back cautiously for it, but were never able, from that night, to set eyes upon it again. We were overtaken by the rain—a heavy, steady down-pour, that washed the last atom of courage from our hearts.

"Joe," said Tito, suddenly, "I wish I hadn't come."

"So do I," I assented; and then, with our heads very much bent forward, to keep the rain from our faces, and to allow it more easily to find its way down the backs of our necks, we, two foolish, miserable hearts, trudged on, doubtful if we were walking over cross-country to London, or back again to Flatborough. When it came to thunder and lightning along with the rain, the climax had arrived, and Tito burst into tears, and wished that he was in his comfortable work-house, and that I was out of trouble; and then the friendly shelter of an old shed, with the doors off, suddenly coming across our path, we darted into it, and huddled together in one corner, praying for the daylight. How the long night passed we never knew. We went to sleep at last, with our arms around each other's neck, and thought of "The Children in the Wood." We were scared once more by the white cow, who came in with stately tread out of the rain also, and snorted and sniffed about us, and finally lay down across the door-way, barring our egress, and pretending to go to sleep, Tito said, that it might take us unawares when we followed its example. We did not know that it was a cow till the morning, our impression being that it was a bull of the very maddest description, and one to be especially wary of, if we set any value on our lives.

Somehow, we dozed off to sleep at last, despite our fears, and when we awoke again, hearing the hum of voices near us, we found that it was morning, and raining hard still, and that a pale-faced man, and a rosy-faced girl, with milk-pails, were looking down upon us in intense astonishment.

"Lawks?" the girl said, "what are you a-doing here? What boys are you?" I looked at Tito, and he returned my glance; our spirits were at zero, and it seemed necessary to give in.

"We're from Mr. Price's school at Flatboro', and should be glad to get back," said Tito.

"Flatborough—why, that's fifteen miles from here," said the farmer's man. You don't mean to say that you two little ones have been a-playing truant—good gracious!"

But we did mean it; and Tito said that, if they could put put his friend Joe in the right place for the school, they might drop himself at the nearest work-house, when they went that way, as it was all the same, and he was expected there; a piece of information which gave our listeners the impression that we were from the lunatic asylum, five miles off. The farmer was sent for, and as he knew Belvoir House well, and was going to Flatborough on business that morning, we were in a fair way toward the end of our adventure and its unsatisfactory results.

We drove to the school after a breakfast which we were not in a fair condition to enjoy, and Mr. Price, his wife, the assistants, half the boys, and Wickers were in the hall to see our ignominious return.

"You dreadful boys," Mr. Price said, "what a fright you have given me, and what a deal of trouble! The county police are looking everywhere for you. What made you go away?"

"Please, sir, Tito was afraid of the workhouse," I explained; and, as he did not know his way to London, I thought that I would just put him on his road."

"I'll talk to you presently, Simmons," said Mr. Price, meaningly; and then he turned to Tito, and said, "You need not have been afraid of Michaelmas-day, Tito, for I had made up my mind to risk another quarter; but your anxiety of mind was, to a certain extent, excusable, and I shall not punish you severely."

I felt a twittering all along my spine, but said not a word against his manifest partiality.

"And, my boy, I am very happy to relieve you from a great suspense this morning," said Mr. Price, laying his hand on Tito's curly head. "Here is to-day's paper, with a telegraphic dispatch from Central America."

As he unfolded the paper and pointed to one item of intelligence in the top corner of the right-hand column, I bent forward with Tito, and read, in large letters, the following news concerning a small State, that, at this late stage of my story, I need not particularly allude to.

"Great revolution in ——. Release of Col. Zalez. His election as President of the Republic."

Tito's troubles were ended from that day. The next mail brought a letter from President Zalez, whose political intrigues had thrown him into prison, and then had placed him at the head of a government; and Mr. Price's account was settled in due course.

I met President Zalez at a hotel in New York, whither he had gone for a holiday, two years ago; and his son Tito was then a bigger fellow than his father. We laughed over Tito's troubles at a princely banquet which the great man gave us; and, as he smoked his paper cigarettes, we reminded him of our first treat together in the little town of Flatborough-on-the-Sea.

I was afraid that he would have kissed me again in his gratitude, but he sat down, sighed, as though the cares of government were a little in the way of the peace and rest that he had found in England, leaned back in his chair, and lighted another cigarette.

THE ARMY STANDARD.—A circular from the United States War Department, requires the standard height for recruits to be as follows: For artillery and infantry, five feet four inches and upwards; for cavalry, not less than five feet five inches and not more than five feet ten inches. This will not be applicable to musicians or to recruits for colored regiments, the present regulations for enlisting whom still remain in force.

An Irish Breach-of-Promise Case.

The Dublin correspondent of the London *Times* writes:

A breach-of-promise case, in which £5,000 damages were claimed, has been the chief event of interest at the Limerick Assizes. The plaintiff was Miss Elizabeth Sheehy, daughter of a magistrate of the county, twenty-six years of age, and the defendant, John Evans O'Leary, a Major in the Limerick Militia and a nephew of the late Gen. Sir De Lacy Evans. There were four counts in the summons and plaint; the first, alleging the promise generally, then stating it within a certain time, and in the third and fourth counts alleging that time to be when the defendant's uncle died, or when he should have wound up his affairs. The defence was substantially an averment that the plaintiff had released the defendant from his engagement.

It appeared from the facts stated and deposed to that the attachment between the parties began in 1865, and a heap of letters, numbering no fewer than 146, had been sent to the plaintiff from that time. They were full of terms of endearment, and breathed the ardor of the southern temperament. The lady was usually addressed as "My own darling Bessie," as the "loved wife," and "heart's love," and she was assured in the most solemn terms, often repeated, that her "fond and affectionate lover to death" would love her as long as he lived with the same devotion; that there was not in the world a man who loved another as he loved her; that every one about him knew well that the day he heard from her he was quite a different man; that he could not live a day without seeing or hearing from her; that he had read her letters a hundred times; that he could never forget her beautiful face; that, sleeping or waking, it was ever before him; with many other expressions of the same kind, denoting great warmth if not sincerity of feeling. He pressed her in his early letters to name a time for their union; but after some time the effervescence of his passion seemed to have subsided, and the plaintiff, having noticed some coolness in his manner, wrote to him a very spirited though affectionate letter, telling him she would not endure his seeming coldness, and that she would release him from his engagement if he requested it.

This letter framed the ground of defense. The case, however, was that, though the engagement was broken off in 1867, he renewed it afterward. In the course of interviews with her he spoke of his pecuniary affairs, but stated that he would marry her on the death of his uncle. After that event she asked him if he wished to break off the engagement, and he replied, "Certainly not"—that he knew his uncle had not forgotten him, and that when everything was settled they should be married. In July, 1872, he fixed September for their marriage, but he subsequently declined to fulfill the engagement. It was alleged that by the death of Sir De Lacy Evans he became possessed of from £8,000 to £12,000.

The case for the defendant was that he was only worth £240 a year and £1,000 in cash; that he had been from his early youth steeped in difficulties, and tried to find consolation in drink, and that his intemperate habits had been referred to by the plaintiff, who used her influence to try and reclaim him. Counsel relied on the many expressions of agony in the defendant's letters after the engagement was broken off as a proof that it was not renewed. He expressed surprise that a beautiful, virtuous, and accomplished lady should throw herself away upon an idle, dissipated, and worthless person.

At the close of the case the jury, after twenty minutes' deliberation, found a verdict for the plaintiff with £1,875 damages.

The Slaves of Barbary.

The number of Christian slaves was immense. For instance, in the early part of the sixteenth century, Hayraddin employed no less than 30,000 Christian slaves, for two years, in constructing a pier for the protection of his ships at Algiers; and, a century later, in Algiers and its surrounding district alone, there were between 25,000 and 30,000 Christian slaves, French, Spanish, English, Italians, Styrians, and even Russians. There were three denominations of slaves—those of the State in the service of the King or Dey, those of the galleys engaged in the seaports and the expeditions of the pirates, and those belonging to individuals, either employed in domestic, farm, and other labors, or dealt in as an article of commerce, being sold and resold in the same way as horses or cattle. The records of the sufferings of the unfortunate captives are truly heart-sickening. Immediately on their landing, they were stripped of their clothes and sold; and then, covered with a few rags and chained, they were set to work, some in the galleys, but the greater part in the country, under a scorching sun—some in tilling the soil, some in cutting wood and making charcoal, some in quarrying, some in sawing marble, some in the port, up to the middle in water, for nine hours a day; and all this under the whip of a brutal overseer. In many an instance, as described by the missionaries, their skin peeled off under the broiling sun, and their tongues lolled out from excessive thirst, which they could not leave their work to quench. But their physicial sufferings were fully equaled, or rather surpassed, by the pangs of their mental pain and moral degradation. While many endured this protracted martyrdom rather than abandon the faith of Christ, others, in their utterly subdued and broken-down state, embraced Islamism, which immediately procured them some alleviation of the cruel treatment under which they groaned. Driven to desperation, several committed suicide, and numbers died from hardship.—*Murphy's Terra Incognita.*

Precautions Against Cholera.

In a lecture on this subject, Prof. Forster calls particular attention to the effect of wells in spreading cholera, and gives numerous instances, not only of different cities, but of different parts of the same city, in which cholera was epidemic, where the water supply was from surface wells, whilst it did not prevail where water was obtained from other sources, or from deep rock wells. He states that in Dresden the water in one well sank when seven feet were pumped out of another 120 feet distant; that carcasses contaminated the water 160 feet off, and that the ammoniacal liquor of the gas-works at Munich was detected in wells 700 feet distant. In short, wells generally seem to collect fluid matter from a space of at least 200 feet radius; and, since very few are removed that distance from privies, they are liable to be contaminated by them. Indeed, chemical analysis shows that well-water in cities is rich in nitrates which could only have such a source. It is plain, therefore, why rocky or impenetrable clay soils are not favorable to the appearance of cholera, while the rapid sinking of surface water and a porous soil involve a contrary tendency; so that cholera may continue epidemic even in winter. Cholera is not only produced by drinking such water, but milk, beer, meat, &c., treated with it, become similar sources of the disease.

The Farmers' Movement.

T. R. Allen, Master of the Missouri State Grange, has been making a two weeks' official tour through Missouri and Arkansas. He reports the farmers everywhere enthusiastic in the Grange cause. He fears there will be some trouble in Aakansas, and perhaps in Missouri, in regard to colored farmers, but trusts that it will not be serious. The Patrons being organized for social purposes, the colored man, he thinks, cannot be admitted to the same lodges, but wherever a sufficient number of them desire separate organization, he will himself see that they are properly organized and set agoing. The people in Arkansas with whom he came in contact were as intelligent a set of farmers as he had seen anywhere, and wherever he went the greatest peace and unanimity of opinion seemed to prevail. The Order, he further states, is in the highest degree flourishing in this State. There are already more than 500 lodges in Missouri, with an average membership of 75, and those numbers will be more than doubled in the next three months. There will probably be more than 100,000 Grangers in Missouri before spring opens. The Grangers, Mr. Allen thinks, will endeavor to keep out of politics, but they cannot fail to greatly modify parties eventually.

At a meeting of farmers at Kankakee, Ill., Mr. S. M. Smith, Secretary of the Farmers' State Association, reiterated his advice to the farmers to combine as the other industrial classes did, and get higher prices for their produce than those offered under the undisturbed operation of supply and demand. He said one great fault with us is that we get into debt and mortgage our corn, pork, and beef before they are raised. Then we are at the mercy of our grocer and merchant, and we must sell for any price they decide to pay us. We should get clear of debt if we have to wear our pants until they have as many colors by reason of patches as Joseph's coat. Get out of debt and be in a condition to hold your produce until the consumers will be willing to pay you a fair remuneration for your labor. If the pork men meet in September and set a price on your pork, as they did last year, and say they will only give $4 for it, then meet them by holding out until they will be willing to give you $6. There is no excess of breadstuffs over what the world wants to consume; if there is a surplus one year there will be a deficit in the second or third year, and it will all be wanted at remunerative prices. Get out of debt and keep out of debt, and assert your true manhood, and do not stand at the mercy of every combination that is formed to fatten on you.

The Reason Why.

Can you wonder that American women so quickly lose their beauty? Shut up in houses nine-tenths of their time, with either no exercise, or that which is of a limited, irksome sameness, they are, as a consequence, unnaturally pale, soft and tender; their blood is poorly organized and watery, their muscles small and flabby; and the force and functions of their bodies, as a whole, run low in the scale of life. A spurious fullness is often seen in the outline during girlhood, which usually melts like snow under an April sun whenever the endurance is put to the test, as in performing the functions of a mother. The change in appearance from the maiden of one year to the mother of the next is often so striking and enduring that it is difficult to believe we are looking on the same person. The round, pleasing shape is prematurely displaced by a pinched angularity, and an untimely and an unseemly appearance of age. And it is all nonsense to blame our climate for this sad state of things; blame only their hot house, enervating mode of life. English ladies of rank, who, by the way, are celebrated for keeping their beauty even to a ripe old age, think nothing of walking a half dozen miles at a time; while American ladies would think such a thing "perfectly dreadful." If American women, so daintily and richly fed, will sit in dark and sultry rooms the live long day, they must expect to bloom too soon, to hasten through this charming period—at the longest in about ten years—and for twenty years after, have the grim satisfaction of being thin, wrinkled, angular and sallow.

Getting Ready to be Married.

We do not at this time presume to meddle with the fashions, but desire to speak a word to those unfortunate damsels who are laboriously "getting ready to be married."

We lately tried to put ourselves in the place of an acquaintance who was passing through this ordeal, and we came to the conclusion that if men were obliged to submit to so much shopping and matching and advising and "trying on" they would break promise oftener than they do—the rascals.

Now, girls—this is confidential—is it not taking too much thought for the morrow to work and worry yourself into leanness of body and soul in order to astound your acquaintances by the variety of your bridal apparel? We confess—no, it is not a sin, we boast—that we have an eye, two eyes, for that most charming vision, a beautiful woman richly and becomingly dressed; to feminine loveliness we grudge nothing within the bounds of taste and of a purse which is open at one end for charity; and we think a little modest extravagance, even if it has to be planned for, may be pardoned on the day which should be the fairest in a maiden's calendar. But to make up garments for years and years to prepare a trousseau ten times as elaborate as ever was needed in flirtation days—girls, what are you thinking of? Don't you know that an unruffled face will please the bridegroom more than forty ruffled skirts? Wouldn't you respect yourselves more were you to "get ready" by learning new ways to be really useful than if you make yourselves incompetent for anything but to exhibit new dresses?—*Christian Union.*

Accidents from Reaping Machines.

Some of the deaths occasioned by reaping machines are terrible. The country papers have been pretty full of them for a month past. The following from the *West Bend* (Wisconsin) *Democrat* is an example of what we read almost every day:

Theodore Klunke, of the town of Farmington, met his death on the 22d inst., in the most shocking manner. The particulars are as follows: Klunke was sitting on his reaper on his way home from a wheat-field where he had been at work. One of the wheels of the machine struck a log which threw Klunke from his seat and he fell before the sickle-bar; at the same time the horses became frightened and dashed across the lots. Klunke, in trying to save himself, caught hold with both arms to the bar, and in doing so, the sickle guards entered both sides of his breast and literally tore the flesh from his body so as to leave the ribs bare. Some children who were playing in the field at the time of the accident managed to stop the runaway team and call the neighbors. The mangled body of Klunke was picked up and carried to his house, where he expired in two hours thereafter in the most intense agony. He was fifty-six years old at the time of his death, and leaves a wife and four children to mourn his sad loss.

Hints to a Young Ball-Goer.

Be very careful not to pull down your shirt-sleeves, or up your collar, or, in fact, to do anything to your costume as you enter the ball-room. It implies nervousness or uneasiness with yourself to do so; and your one great endeavor in all societies should be to appear thoroughly at your ease, and satisfied, without vanity or coxcombry, with your dress and appearance. Do not stand idle; but do not dance overmuch. The one implies a small number of friends; the other wastes valuable time, and prevents your keeping that constant look-out all round you which is essential to success. Be introduced to knowable people quietly; there is no necessity to advertise to by-standers that you did not know them before. Never talk much to a woman you have only just made the acquaintance of, nor eagerly. She may be allowed to suppose you wished to know her, but not that her acquaintance is any particular squisition to you. Above all things, my dear boy, I entreat you not to stand in the doorways, nor herd with other men upon the landing. It is simply advertising yourself a failure. Tie yourself to the veriest wallflower, gossip with the dowdiest mother, dance with the most disappointed of maidenhood, rather than sink to this. Sitting in corners comprises a very large subject, or, rather, array of subjects. To know how to sit in corners well and prudently requires a vast experience and a steady head; so, until you have much extension your acquaintance and your knowledge of humanity, I would recommend you to avoid that most agreeable of the pleasures of ball-going. It is not for a novice at once to penetrate to the inner depths of fashion's mysteries, and I shall therefore put off my advice on this subject until I come, in a future letter, to the great subject of flirting, which, of course, comprises the art of sitting in corners.—*London Society.*

Love Life of George N. Sanders.

It is not generally known, says a Cincinnati paper, except to our older citizens, that the late George N. Sanders formerly a resident of our city, or its immediate vicinity. About the year 1838, and for some few years previous, George N. Sanders was one of the beaus of Cincinnati society. Of commanding presence and fine education, he was destined to shine in any position in life. But of this it is not our purpose to speak. We rather will deal with the tenderer side of his nature. He sought the hand of a beautiful young lady, now the wife of one of our principal dry-goods merchants, and was rejected. He was not, however, to be baffled so easily. He took considerable pride in some fancy stock he was selling on his farm near the city, and as a compliment to the young lady above mentioned, and probably to advance his interests in that quarter, named a fine young Alderney cow for her, and, at considerable expense, had a celebrated artist of that day paint a portrait of the bovine creature, and presented it to the object of his affections with his compliments. It did not have the desired effect, though, for the lady returned the picture, and, as a retaliatory measure, named a fine Berkshire boar, raised on her father's place, "George N. Sanders." For a year or two Mr. Sanders was quite unconsolable, and to mention a Berkshire pig in his presence was sufficient to arouse his ire and cause a suspension of acquaintance with him. He shortly after subscribed to a journal, or magazine, entitled *The Passion Flower*, published in New York, and became so deeply interested in the editorials, which were of a high order of merit, that he opened a correspondence with the editress, Miss Reed, which eventually became a courtship by letter, and ended in their union, although up to the very day they were married they had never laid eyes on each other.

The Size and Model of the Ark.

A writer in the *National Gazette* discusses this subject at length, taking both the Bible account and that recently discovered in Assyria for a basis. He says that, reckoning the cubit at eighteen inches, the ark was 450 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 45 feet deep, and would register about 15,000 tons, if measured as a sailing ship, or about 12,000 tons, if measured as a steamer, by British rules. It was thus smaller than the Great Eastern. It had three decks, and was divided into numerous compartments by longitudinal and transverse bulkheads, for the safety and order of its occupants. It was built of gopher wood, a species of timber resembling the pine in length and strength of trunk, and the white cedar in lightness. In model, says the writer, it was all that a great carrier could be, chestlike, with lines straight and angles square, but the bottom and top were elliptical in outline, presenting convexity to the earth and to the sky. After giving the dimensions and the model of construction of the several parts, this authority tells us, as if he were equally certain on this point, that the ark "is now in a good state of preservation, but lying under an eternal mantle of snow, hundreds of feet deep, at an altitude of 17,500 feet above the level of the sea. Ever since the flood dried up, the climate of Armenia has been colder, and snow always covers the top of Ararat, rendering it impossible for any of Noah's descendants to go up and find the ark."

Decidedly Cool.

A Baltimore paper tells of a seedy-looking individual who entered the office of one of the leading lawyers, a dignified ex-Judge of that city, a day or two ago, and said: "Give me the price of a good dinner; I have had nothing to eat to-day." The Judge told him he had nothing for him, and the man replied: "You must be mistaken. You are dressed well, are evidently fed well, for you look sleek and happy, and you are surrounded with every evidence of thrift; you must have the price of a dinner about you." The Judge ordered the man out of the office. The individual, however, stepped forward to the table where the Judge had laid his valuable meerschaum pipe, and, taking it up, placed the mouth-piece in his mouth, saying, "Well, if you won't give me a dinner, let me smoke your pipe." He made a hasty exit from the office, the irate lawyer expediting his progress to the sidewalk.

Singular Electrical Effect.

During a recent storm at Whiteville, Va., the lightning struck the telegraph wires near the railroad depot in that place, and traversed a thousand yards in a flame of fire. I was in a position, writes a spectator, to observe about one thousand yards of the wire, from right to left, when a flash to the left was instantly succeeded by a prolonged smacking noise, like the fusillade of a thousand fire-crackers. This was instantly followed by a like sound to the right, when the whole wound up with the usual explosion again to the left. Evidently the fluid had attacked the wires, which was found true upon examination. About every third post was rifted and scarred from the upper wire-arms to the earth, while the wires remain wholly intact in their insulators.

A Chapter on Washing Day.

What Danbury Thinks About It.

There is no important difference in Monday among those families who do their own washing. The way of observing it is very similar. The first thing is to get the man up an hour earlier than usual to get down the boiler. We don't understand why a boiler is kept on the top shelf where nobody but himself can reach it. But perhaps it is not intended we should understand it. Having got down the boiler and taken his place at the table, and pronounced grace with a benevolent aspect, he is called into the kitchen again to lift the boiler up on the stove. He finds it full of water and weighing about three-quarters of a ton, but he sinks his teeth into his lips, lays his eyes out on his cheek, inflates those cheeks and accomplishes the task. After breakfast, which is eaten hastily, and from a table that is garnished with a bar of soap, a package of starch, and a blueing bag, he is sent down cellar after the tubs, washboard, bench, etc. He puts both tubs together and the wash-board inside, with a view to avoid coming down stairs again, although he has been years giving practical demonstration that those things can't be carried at one time. But he grasps the inside of the tubs with one arm and takes the wash bench under the other, and starts for the stairs. No one who has not tried it can begin to understand the amount of circumspection required to engineer a wash-tub and a wash bench up the same stairway at the same time. He knows it, but there is an undying hope in his breast that there is a way to accomplish it, and he starts.

Before reaching the stairs the tubs slide around and the board slips out. He thinks at first that he will put his heel on it and split it in two, but changes his mind, sets down the things, and replaces the board. Then he starts again, and when he has got as far up the stairway as he can go without proceeding sideways, he turns the tubs to the front, but as his hold to them has been gradually yielding all the while, he finds they are so low they strike the stair, and in an effort to raise them the bench gives, and to save that he loses in part his hold on the tubs, and before he can recover it the board slips out and goes back into the cellar, two steps at a jump. He turns round and looks over the tubs down at the board, which he eyes with an intensity there appears to be no call for, and again attempts the ascent. He gets the bench started ahead, but the ends catches in the top step, and having exhausted his endurance and reach in getting it that far, finds himself completely powerless to lift it over the obstruction. It has grown very warm in the last minute, and his breath comes very short and quick, and it seems as if the arm which holds the tubs will very soon drop off at the shoulder and leave him a cripple for life, and at this juncture the outside tub loosens and commences to slip and threaten trouble. He presses his arm all the tighter to the inside tub, and tries to get his knee up against the outside one, but is too late. There is a squirm or two, and then it is over.

The outside tub is down with the wash-board, having accomplished the trip with a noise that is almost deafening. The other tub follows at once, being urged thereto by a kick that nearly throws him from his feet, and then getting the door open he shoves the bench into the kitchen and clear across the room, to the apparent jeopardy of the legs of the entire family. After that he gets upon the other things—making no remark to anybody, but looking around on every one in a manner calculated to reflect the greatest amount of discredit. Then he put on his coat, rubs his arms, and starts down street, and gets out on the walk, when he is called back to bring up some wood. If that wood was in the shape of a burial casket it is extremely doubtful if he could have looked more solemn in taking it up stairs. At noon he comes home to dinner and finds only one leaf up, the table-cloth in the wash, and that his wife has cut the bread after cutting the soap. What comments he contemplates making on this state of affairs are never made. He is sent out in the yard armed with the clothes-line, and an injunction to not drop it in the dirt, and in the seclusion of the space devoted to the back yard, he vents the spleen that has been gathering within him, and whips that clothes-line around wite sardonic joy. After that he comes in with his teeth together, and lifts two tubs full of water to the floor, and then goes into the bed-room and puts on a pair of dry pants, and grimly eats his dinner. It may occur to him that there is no difference in this Monday from any that has preceded it, but he can't help but wonder what kind of misery that is which comes up every time so fresh and formidable as to appear entirely new.

A Minnesota Farm.

Mr. Dalrymple of Minnesota, who, growing tired of law some ten years ago, pre-empted a farm of eighty acres, and now owns nearly 6,000 acres in a bend of the river not far from St. Paul, sold his wheat last year—40,000 bushels—for $44,000, 25 per cent. of which is said to be clean profit. This season he had 2,000 acres in the same staple. To harvest and haul the crop required 100 men, 80 horses, 10 McCormick reapers and four steam threshing machines. The hands were paid $2.50 to $3 a day and board and lodging, the former including, in addition to regular meals, lunches at 9 A. M., and 3 P. M. The grain is not stacked but hauled from the shock to the thrashers, and from thence to the warehouse at East Hastings, loaded into cars from the wagons and sent to Milwaukee. Some years portions of the estate have been rented, and at other times there has been trial of different crops, but none of these plans, Mr. D. says, paid as well as the present system with the assistance of his brothers, and all in wheat.

ADVERTISING.—All who are any account in a business, a financial, or in a social sense, are benefited as often as their names are brought before the public. Thus the great, the immeasurable advantages of advertising. It is the most effective and the most legitimate way in which to become known in a business sense. No person, in either ancient or modern times, has made his mark in a business, a political, or social point of view whose name had not become popular by publicity. Obscurity is the opposite of popularity; and all are obscure who are not generally known, and how can a person