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Charity.

Be thou, oh! man, in all thy ways,
Generous as love, and like the rays
That shoot from suns to warm the field;
Let thy full sheaf, its substance yield,
Not with a stealth, but free as love,
As God sends rain from clouds above
To water fields with gentle showers,
And teach the seeds to burst in flowers.

So all through life, oh, sons of man,
Aid ye the heart in this grand plan
To wreath in smiles each careworn face,
To plant within the soul new grace.
Give of thy store, though small it be,
As God gives life and health to thee.
Oh; blest is he who gives with love
His charity; and high above
The angels sing and gild his name
On the eternal Roll of Fame!

—LUTHER G. RIGGS.

A Conceit.

O touch that rosebud! it will bloom—
My lady fair!
A passionate red in dim green gloom,
A joy, a splendor, a perfume
That sleeps in air.

You touched my heart: it gave a thrill
Just like a rose
That opens at a lady's will:
Its bloom is always yours, until
You bid it close.

IT ENDED WELL.

John Jordan used to be a good deal at our house, talking with father about the lay of the land. John was a civil engineer, and the railroad he was laying out was to run through our orchard. This brought him at our house a good deal, and in that way folks came to coupling our names together—and nobody so provoked as I!

I heard at Fishervill and away up at Haverham that John Jordan had been seen at our door three days out of the week, for five weeks; and nobody could believe that he came to see father. But I didn't treat John with any kind of favor, let me tell you! I was always quarreling with him because the railroad was to cut up the orchard—as if it was his fault, or as if I cared; but I wanted something to be disagreeable about. I was none too sweet to him, I assure you; and sometimes Lucius and I would stroll off to a game at backgammon in the back parlor, and leave John to the others; and sometimes when I saw him coming I would slip out, and when I returned, it would be pretty sure to be on the arm of Lucius. He always scowled when I came in with Lucius Glover, and I enjoyed that; and once he had the impudence to ask,

"What, in Heaven's name, do you find to please you in that fop?" and I was so angry at his daring that the tears sprang into my eyes; and at that he looked divinely sorry, and stammered, "I didn't know— I didn't know it was serious!" and that didn't mend the matter, for it wasn't serious. Lucius had never said anything to the point, though he had dealt largely in sentimental enigmas; and, what was more, I didn't know as I wanted him to; and I didn't like that John Jordan should take it for granted in this way. But I didn't understand *why* I didn't like it, though I've found out since.

"Who said anything about seriousness?" I snapped out. "I'm not one of the kind that asks a man's intentions if he looks at her! I never want to know their intentions, and they don't usually have any, except to while the time away!" I answered, more forcibly than elegantly.

"Very likely not," said he, going back to some plans he had unrolled for father to see when he came in—"that is, men like Glover."

"That's generous," said I, all in arms again. "I really should think that you and he were rivals."

"And so we are," he answered, without looking up. "I hate him because you like him."

"I don't see why—" I began, awkwardly enough.

"Perhaps you had better take a microscope to discover the reasons."

If this is love-making, thinks I, it's an odd fashion that I'm not used to; and perhaps for that reason I was somewhat vexed when father put an end to it. To tell the truth, after I had been listening to John Jordan, Lucius's small talk did seem small enough, and his sentiment weak enough.

"It's small thanks you give me for keeping the fire alive for you," I complained.

He turned back, with his hand on the door, all the mischief fading from his face.

"I give you instead," he answered, "that which naught enriches you, but makes me poor indeed! Why should I thank you for keeping the fire alive, when you mean that it shall die out untended at last?"

"Come, you are waxing sentimental," I cried, raking up the coals. "You've mistaken your listener. Good-night."

Well, about this time father had his stroke of illness, and was away from the bank—of which he was cashier, at a salary of fifteen hundred—for three months, with every prospect of being laid up the rest of his days; and I can tell you, if it hadn't been for John Jordan's board, we should have had short commons indeed. I began to be more convinced than ever that it was my duty to marry Lucius, when he should ask me.

Father got able to go out to the bank, and things began to get easier; after that I lived in hourly dread of a second stroke, and the future wasn't alluring; unless I should mary Lucius—nor then either.

They were to have a masquerade party at the Glovers'. I had borrowed a pink silk petticoat of Aunt Kitty's, the palest blush, and had draped over it a mist of Nottingham lace that we had had in the house time out of mind, and had bought for bed-curtains. It's awfully cheap stuff, you know, with a mesh as coarse as a cabbage-net, but it made a lovely effect.

"You look like morning blushing over the Alps," whispered my partner, in the grand right and left.

"I've never seen it; have you?" I mocked.

"Often," he answered; and then I was sure it was Lucius, who had been abroad once. He offered his arm, and we stepped into a bay window, to look into the frosty garden illuminated by the moon, and what do you think he said next?"

I remember visiting some rich cousins of father's in the city once; and all the time I had a consciousness that they hated to have their friends see me on the front steps in my shabby clothes that looked well enough at home; and when we were invited out one evening, I overheard them disputing as to who *shouldn't* go with me, "in that old-fashioned blue silk," which I, in my ignorance, had thought quite stylish!

You shall see what style is, one of these days, my friend," I promised them, mentally; "you will not be ashamed of me when I'm Mrs. Lucius Glover!" for, up on my word, I was weak and foolish enough to make up my mind on the way home that I would marry Lucius if he asked me, and let John Jordan take care of himself!

About this time Lydia Glover was attacked with a sudden friendship for me. Lucius usually came with her, and while he occupied himself with me, Lydia naturally fell to flirting with John; and more than once I caught myself answering Lucius absently, because I was trying to hear what John was saying to Lydia. Sometimes Lydia declared she could stay no later, and Lucius insisted that it was only the edge of the evening; and then John would get his hat and walk home with her. I know I had a queer sensation the first time this happened, which didn't improve as I waited for him, hovering over the falling embers after Lucius had gone, on pretense of locking up the house. "Seems to me it takes you some time to walk up to the Glovers' and back," said I, when he came at last.

"Oh, you needn't have waited for me!" he vouchsafed; "I couldn't get away before. The Glovers have a fine place;" after a pause, in which I couldn't think of any thing disagreeable enough to say, "I wonder how I shall bear it when I go there to see Mrs. Lucius?"

"That can't be the person you go there to see now," I assured him.

He laughed, and hummed the old-fashioned round,

"Go to Jane Glover and tell her I love her.
And by the light of the moon I will come to her.'

That's what they call a *catch*, isn't it?" lighting his candle. Don't sit up for me again when I go to Miss Glover's, Sleepy-Eyes, for I may stay late!"

"Don't let us masquerade any longer," in the same half-whisper; "I love you; I believe you love me, in spite of your dissembling. I think I have surprised it in your face sometimes. Be my wife, sweet."

The moment toward which I had been reaching had arrived, and found me unprepared. I was more wretched than a galley-slave, when I should have been most happy. I trembled like a reed in the wind, and leaned on his arm for support. "I—I can not answer you to-night," I said, temporizing; "the music confuses me. I don't know whether I love you—trying to laugh. "In a day—a week—oh, I can't answer you before Christmas; indeed, I can not!" I gasped.

"I will wait through time and eternity if only it be the right answer at last!" he returned. And then he led me to a seat, and somebody lent me a vinaigrette, and the people asked what the matter was, and it seemed so ridiculous to be so overcome by an offer, that I didn't tell them. If I had staid till the unmasking, you know—well there, that's a subjunctive case that I'll leave to your imagination. But the truth was, I wanted to get home and think! And I did think, with a vengeance! I thought all day and all night. I thought at church, at table, sewing on buttons. I had never made such an intellectual effort in my life."

Lucius came and went as usual, without urging it further, or appearing anxious about the result. Everybody seemed to be moving behind a mist, through which John Jordan's face shone out at times with an unutterable pathos in the questioning eyes. I wondered if he guessed at my dilemma. At last I went up to my sister Sophronia's, at Haverham, to finish my thinking. When I had been there three days, up came John Jordan in his own carriage. Well, when Sophronia's husband came home to dinner, while he was carving, said he—

"That's a great failure down at your place, Jordan. Now I had an idea that the Glovers were made of money."

"What do you mean?" cried Sophy. "The Glovers failed! Why, they gave a masquerade party only the other day, with no end of splendor."

"That seems to be the one of people who are tottering financially; they're determined to make a figure, if only for the last time," laughed Sophy's husband."

"They're pretty badly cut up by it," said John. "Lucius looks ten years older."

"Lucius?" repeated Sophy's husband. "He used to be a spark of your sister's, Sophy; didn't he? But he's no longer a match, eh?"

Sophy shot a quick look at me; John turned his head away; Sophy's husband regarded his plate. But as for me, I had done with thinking; I had made up my mind to go home that very day, and tell Lucius I would marry him, for better or worse! I had given Lucius encouragement, and if I refused him, he and all the world would think it was on account of the failure, and, of all things, I can't bear to be suspected of meanness! To be sure, I was going to lose the very things for which I had led Lucius on; but I deserved to; if that was any comfort. Sophronia said every thing she could think of to make me stay, and I vowed it was out of the question. John said if I was set upon it and nothing could persuade me, he would harness up and take me home. It was a trifle ungenerous, perhaps, to oblige one lover to carry me to his rival; but I didn't think of that, I was so absorbed by my own sacrifices.

It had been drizzling for about an hour when we started, but John had a covered sleigh and a fast horse. You know how short the December afternoons are, so it was dark as a pocket before we got into Haverham woods, and it had left off drizzling and a smart rain storm had set in, and no make-believe, and John's lantern gave about as much light as a glow-worm. The railroad hadn't crept up as far as Haverham Centre at that time, but it crossed the road, half-way through Haverham woods, where you would least expect it, where you find no hint of its approach, till it was thundering down upon you, because the woods shut in the prospect, and the wind in the pines deafened you.

Well, the horse went stumbling on through the slosh, and the noise of his feet and the sing-song of the sleigh-and the storm roaring through the woods must have rendered it impossible to hear anything; for while I was wondering who would buy the old Glover mansion, and if John guessed why I was hurrying home, and what I should be married in, all at once there was a flash and a noise as if a battery had been discharged across our path, mingled with shouts, and a pandemonium of bewildered faces--and then, oblivion! They got us home somehow; I didn't know anything about it. We had both been saved by a miracle, but the poor horse paid the debt of nature. I've learned to write and sew with my left hand since then, and I'm so used to my broken nose that I sometimes wonder why strangers look so hard at me; for, you see, I'm no longer a beauty. A very different kind of sacrifice had been required of me from that which I had reckoned upon. I believed that all which was necessary now was to send Lucius word that I could not think of imposing such a wreck as myself upon him till death should us part. But Christmas eve, as I lay on the hair-cloth lounge in the back parlor—for, in spite of my bandages and weakness, I would be in the thick of the family gathering—just before the lamps were lighted, John Jordan came in and bent over me with a bouquet of tea-roses.

"As kind as ever," I murmured, putting out my right arm instinctively, and hiding my tears against the sofa-cushion.

"I'm glad it was the right hand," said he, sitting down on a hassock, "because the wedding-finger is left;" and slipped upon it the biggest diamond I ever saw. Look, it's like a petrified tear—a tear of joy.

"It was my mother's," he continued. "Will you wear it, and answer the question I asked you last month at the masquerade, sweet?"

"The question *you* asked me?" I cried, "I thought—I thought it was only Lucius," I confessed, hiding my face behind the tea-roses.

"And how, may I ask, were you going to answer Lucius?"

"I was going to answer 'No.' Who would want a wife like—like me?"

"And *I* will not take 'No' for an answer," said he; and the church bells rang in the happiest Christmas-eve of somebody's life.

Lazy husbands are known out West as stove watchers.

A TALE OF HORROR.

How Vengeance was Executed—Paris During the War.

A most important trial is about to come before one of the tribunals of the Seine, in France. A correspondent writes: "During the late war, under the Government of September, there were committed two of the most shocking acts of inhumanity and barbarity that it is possible to imagine. A peaceable citizen of Brittany was taken out and stoned, after which he was burned alive, and a *sergent de ville* of Paris was drowned in the Seine. There was still another case worth a passing notice. There is an old saying that when one wants to get rid of his dog he begins by accusing him of having dydrophobia. There was a moment when a neighbor could be gotten out of the way by calling him a Bonapartist. An ex-policeman was chased by the crowd for this crime, and took refuge in a house, but was again driven into the street. The rumor then ran about that he was mad, having been bitten by a mad dog, and a hundred persons pursued him with sticks and stones, killing him in the street exactly as if he were a mad dog. But the most curious case of all was that of the guard Vinceenzini, which I give at length. On Sunday, the 26th of February, 1871, the Parisians were out in their Sunday costumes enjoying the warm air which gave promise of an early spring. An immense crowd had gathered in the Place de la Bastille to see a company of the National Guard salute a red flag raised upon the column of July. The entire city wore the air of a fete day, and everybody seemed to enjoy the warmth of the sun. From time to time a band of ragmuffins passed bearing a red rag and marching to the cadence of the Marseillaise, pausing from time to time to cheer *La Republique democratique et sociale.*

Suddenly one of these groups raised a cry of "Mouchard," and it was soon shouted in chorus throughout the place. On the side of the rue St. Antoine one soon saw a man in citizen's dress, tall, finely formed, and with a handsome, energetic face, running away, pursued by the mob. This was the unfortunate Ex-Sergent de Ville Vincenzini, who succeeded in making a passage through the crowd and in entering a shop, No. 205 rue St. Antoine, kept by the widow Canchois. The rascals who pursued him tore him from this place, beat him horribly when in the street, and only raised him from the ground when the crowd began to cry "Hang him!" An attempt was made to hang him from the balcony of Pierre Ouvrier, Boulevard Richard Lenoir, but the mob became impatient before the knot could be made in the rope which had been hastily brought, and it then occurred that it would be more amusing to drown him. He was hurried to the Canal Saint-Martin, but a new difficulty here presented itself, and the crowd started for the river. Seeing that he was lost, Vincenzini tore himself away and threw himself upon his knees. His appeal for mercy was met by fresh insults and blows. Being unable to endure this martyrdom any longer, he cried: "Give me a pistol, and I will kill myself before you; it is worth since you will have my life." At this moment a girl named Lacanal, who has just died at Saint-Lazure, where she was awaiting her trial, stepped forward and slapped the face of the wretched man, saying: "I condemn you to be drowned." This summary judgment was applauded by the crowd, and once more the guard was pushed toward the river, followed by thousands of persons.

Arriving at the banks of the Seine, a charitable man cried that the victim knew how to swim. This had not been thought of before, but the idea was acted upon and Vincenzini was strongly tied to a plank and then launched into the stream. So many persons crowded upon a canal boat to see the dying struggles of the victim, that it gave way and a number were precipitated into the river. When this confusion arose poor Vincenzini was seen floating down the river, his great strength enabling him to keep his head above water. He turned his eyes imploringly from side to side in search of help, but at this moment the crowd began to stone him, and he was struck several times. At last he raised his head as far as possible, looked about this merciless crowd, and, seeing far below him many men and boys with stones in their hands waiting for him, he gave up in despair. By an effort he made a plunge, turned over under the plank and in a few moments brought his terrible martyrdom to a close. His body was not found till three months afterward. About 20,000 persons witnessed his murder, and M. Mace alone tried to save Vincenzini. He was badly maltreated, and came near sharing the same fate. But although there was so many spectators no direct proof could be obtained for a long time. One day the woman Lacanal was discovered, and several men have been arrested who were seen throwing stones. Some of the participants have been already transported, many were killed in June, and only about half a dozen have been brought to trial. The woman Lacanal and two of the men have died in prison.

Destructive Flood.

Immense damage was done in Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, by a freshet. The St. Mary's River was swollen by the rain and thaw. A couple of miles above Sherbrooke there is a natural dam of rocks across the river, beyond which, for several miles, it is called stillwater. The ice on this portion of the river broke up in consequence of the freshet, and flooded the whole of the valley. On the left bank of the river, where Sherbrooke is situated, the scene is said to baffle description. The flood brought down thousands upon thousands of tons of ice, and great numbers of logs. Whole trees were uprooted from the banks in the course of the torrent, the solid ice below the village remained firm, and the flats upon which Sherbrooke stands became a boiling sea. Boats and canoes were in demand. Every house was flooded; the cattle were driven out of town by persons on horseback; the women, children, and aged people were taken away in boats. Many families abandoned their houses altogether, while others moved up stairs. Two bridges in the village and a large bridge over the St. Mary's river are gone. A new vessel nearly ready for launching was destroyed and much timber carried away. The day after the flood the mountains of ice, and the logs, trees, and other debris became frozen solid, so that the village is now imbedded in a frozen sea. The ruin is indescribable; it extends a mile and a half in length by a mile in breadth. In the event of a sudden thaw the village will be quite destroyed.

WHAT HE DID.—"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in the pulpit—did you mean by that that you preached?" "No, sir, I held the light for the man who did preach." "Ah, the court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came directly from you." "No, sir; I only threw light on it."

"The rear admirables of the Navy" is good.

Spring Colors.

Spring in winter is not unfrequently succeeded by winter in the spring, and it is not at all unlikely to prove so this season. At any rate, notwithstanding the generally mild weather of February, spring styles and spring business are a little slow in coming, though it is quite believed that the latter will make up for its tardiness, when it does come, by being unusually active.

Spring colors are foreshadowed in gloves, which the best authority has had prepared in pure Quaker grays and browns.

A study of these colors in a dozen different degrees of each shade is a lesson for a lifetime, and would prove a revelation to many who think they know all about color. Commence with the silver gray (remember we are talking about gloves), and go through from the pure drab gray to blue gray, iron gray which is almost black, and bronze gray which is almost brown.

Of all these, the pure drab is the finest, the clearest, the choicest—one envies the Quaker ladies who have had it and the rarest shades of brown to themselves so long.

Drab gray, or Quaker gray, is the most durable and economical of all colors in gloves. It looks exactly the same by gaslight, is delicate enough for evening or reception wear, and can be used as a hack glove afterwards.

But do not confound gray with lavender. Many do this; and should you by chance ask our glove authority to match a lavender silk with a gray glove you would set his teeth on edge, and so disturb his equilibrium that he would turn you over to one of his subordinates, considering anybody good enough to wait upon a lady who did not know gray from lavender.

Next to these pure grays comes the wood and nut browns, and these in all their varieties are to be the livery of the spring, relieved with a dash of color or a gleam of white in the trimming of the bonnet or the square silk handkerchief which it is now the fashion to wear about the neck.

The most elegant costumes *complet* will consist of two or more shades of these colors blended together in what may be called a minor symphony.

Rum and Wife Murder.

Thomas Lowndes murdered his wife Margaret in their tenement rooms, Williamsburgh. Both were in liquor and were quarrelsome. Lowndes is a blacksmith. He received his wages on Saturday, went home, and he and his wife were both drunk in the evening.

The next morning at breakfast they quarreled, and he went to a saloon near by and drank. He returned to his rooms about 1 o'clock, and meeting his wife in the narrow front room caught hold of her and threw her to the floor. They struggled, and she fought him. He reached a worn sheath knife from the table and stabbed her three times, once on the head, once in the breast, and once in the abdomen. He sat down on a low sofa in the room and watched his wife as she died. His sons, Tommy and John, aged nine and six, were with him. He gave Tommy money to get liquor, and after drinking it he went to sleep in the windowless little bedroom, and lay in a drunken stupor for an hour or more.

The boys did not leave the room while their father was asleep. As he aroused he asked Tommy where his mother was. The son said she was on the floor. He asked if she was dead, and shook the dead body as though to awake it. He called a Mrs. Armstrong who lives on the second floor of the same building. As she entered the room and saw the dead body on the floor she fainted.

The husband then ran out of the house, took a drink of whisky in a saloon near by and wandered off. The police of the Fourth street station were informed, and an officer took charge of the dead body and guarded the rooms. The husband when arrested was locked up in a dark cell. He refused to see any one, or say anything about his crime. He hugged one corner of his cell, and seemed utterly unconscious of what he had done.

Valuable Discovery.

The *Virginia* (Nevada) *Enterprise* states that a lawyer of that city, named Carson, has made a discovery which should also make his fortune. It says:

"Carson, a few weeks since, by some chance, discovered a mixture, composed of very simple ingredients, which operated like magic upon any kind of grease—as an extractor of grease from clothing or any textile fabric. This fluid was found to possess the property of cutting oil and grease from machinery almost instantly and in a most unaccountable manner. The fluid applied with a sponge to an engine, when covered with grease burned in upon it, clears all away as readily as water would wash away so much mud. This was the original discovery, but in experimenting with it Carson ascertained that by the addition of another ingredient the fluid acquired a new property. This has the power to burnish all metals. A piece of rusty and greasy hoop iron washed with a sponge dipped in the fluid at once assumes the appearance of a piece of highly polished steel. Carson assures us that the fluid contains neither acid nor alkali, and in proof of this has no hesitation in washing his eye with it. He says that the ingredient which imparts a polish to rusty iron is a thing very simple and cheap, and asserts that should he name it, all would wonder that the never thought of making this use of it. The fluid first discovered is now in use at several of our mills, where it is found to be just the thing for cleaning engines and other machinery."

New Hampshire Politics.

It is claimed, and the result verifies the claim, that in no State is the organizations of the two parties so complete as in New Hampshire. The largest majority cast in the State since 1852 was that of 9,115 given Mr. Lincoln in 1860. The next year the Republican candidate for Governor had only 4,015 majority in a larger total vote. In 1869 the Republican majority was 3,733, and the next year it dropped to 1,353, while in 1871 the Democrats, for the second time in nearly twenty years, carried the State over the Republicans, having a plurality of 807. The next year the Republicans had a majority of 1,149 on Governor, and in the fall gave General Grant 5,443 majority. Last year the majority dwindled to 228.

TO IMPROVE THE APPEARANCE OF FURNITURE.—Take a soft sponge, wet with clean cold water, and wash over the article. Then take a soft chamois skin, and wipe it clean. Dry the skin as well as you can by wringing it in your hands, and wipe the water off the furniture, being careful to wipe only one way. Never use a dry chamois on varnish work. If the varnish is defaced and shows white marks, take linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts; shake well in a vial, and apply a very small quantity on a soft rag until the color is restored; then with a clean soft rag wipe the mixture off. In deeply carved work, the dust cannot be removed with a sponge. Use a stiff-haired paint brush instead of a sponge.

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

The Ancestry of the Praying Women.

The Rev. John Hussey contributes an interesting article to the *Independent* on the extraordinary movement against intemperance, now in progress in portions of Ohio and Indiana, in which he shows that the pious women who are conducting this singular campaign are descended from praying people. We make the following extract:

Southern Ohio was perhaps the last place where one would have supposed that such a movement could begin. The people of the section where this work took form belong less than any other people of our country north of the Ohio River, except those of some parts of Southern Indiana, to the New England type. Between the Scioto and Miami Rivers lies the "Virginia Military Reservation," granted by the General Government to the State of Virginia, in place of claims which that State relinquished to the Northwestern Territory. This large territory was settled originally by Virginians who had Revolutionary claims. The land was owned in very large tracts, and has been more or less subdivided. The old Virginia families have always been very influential, especially in the counties Highland, Fayette, and Ross. Early in this century many came to Southern Ohio from other Southern States. The Friends or Quakers came from Virginia and Western North Carolina in such numbers as to exhaust some of their settlements in those States, and purchased of the old Virginians in Ohio smaller bodies of land, forming a line of settlements from Lawrence county through Jackson, Ross, Highland, Clinton, to Warren. The great body of the Quakers are now in the three latter counties. These plain Christians have been an important element in the prayer movement, but were not much concerned in its first origin, as few of them are found either in Hillsborough or Washington, the two places where success was first achieved. Somehow there is a law of nature which "old families" are prone to violate. Family pride is not apt to be an active element in the busy industries of life. Too much leisure invites dissipation, and many of the scions of our excellent old families have gone under before the destroying evil of intemperance. Hardly a prominent family in Hillsborough but has felt the keen shafts of this adversary. In some, all the male members have died intemperate, or are in danger of doing so. If it were not improper, I could connect with the names of the most of the women who are prominent in carrying on this movement in two of the largest places in which this work has been highly successful, some one dear as life cut down in youth or manhood; with some of whose names the country has been so long and so familiar; of all professions—physicians, lawyers, and not omitting a shining example of the clerical profession—some in public life, others renowned in war. The religious element is an important one, and has given soul to the whole movement. The churches of all of the principal denominations are many of them large, and have for two generations wielded a powerful influence. The three principal religious bodies are Presbyterians, Methodists, and Quakers. In Hillsborough the Presbyterian Church numbers over four hundred communicants. The Methodists do not, I presume, fall far behind them. In one of the towns reformed, the Quakers have six hundred members. Religion is influential, and hence the essential elements were at hand.

Spring Fabrics.

The fineness and daintiness of the new spring materials harmonize well with the purity and delicacy of color. Chene silks have reappeared, the small irregular vine or leaf shaded in wood color upon a pale gray or other neutral tinted ground.

Hair-striped summer silks also show only a line of color—brown, violet, or purple—upon an ash or creamy surface, and the old-time lustres or new twilled challies, fine as the finest tamise cloth, though varied with blue and buff and mauve, and almost prettier than grenadine in black, still exhibit an enormous preponderance of the soberer tints of the season.

The only new fabric which the season has developed so far is all gray and brown, in all the different shades of these colors. It is a lovely, soft material, very fine, and all wool. It is manufactured in what are known among tailors as "fancy diagonal" patterns, but is called "basket serge." It is a very choice and desirable material for spring suits, or for serviceable wear during the spring and cool days in summer. The price is one dollar per yard.

In silks there is a decided effort to return to lighter, smoother, purer styles than have been fashionable during the past few years. Heavy gros grains, and other thick and apparently massive silks have been discovered to be charged not unfrequently with sugar or some other starchy substance to increase their bulk and weight, and the fact has discredited all silks of that description.

Pure black silks, so smooth as to approach taffetas in quality; jaspers, which are in dark colors what chenes are in light; leaf-tinted chenes, hair stripes, delicate and fine, added to the mixtures in silk and wool, which seem as if they had been made to test the degree of rarity which dress fabrics could attain and live, present a striking contrast to the thick cords and rough-and-ready wool and cotton textures which have been considered "style" for the past two years.

The Bothersome Flies.

The following from an exchange may not be without value:

Let me give you a piece of my experience with the troublesome flies. My room, with a southern exposure, and the window open day and night, has been free from flies all summer, though in the adjacent kitchen and dining-room there have been millions. I explain this by the following observations:

1. Flies hate light. You find them in dark corners, dark passages, dark holes, never in blazing sunlight.

2. Flies hate a draught. They are attracted by effluvia, and like close air, while wind beats them about and gives no promise of anything to eat. Set up a tent on the prairie, making a little oasis of darkness and dead air, and in an hour it will be full of flies. Where do they come from? From down in the grass where it is dark and still. In England I have seen multitudes in the close lanes, overshadowed with trees and branching hedge-rows, of which there are so many in that country. But you never find them in the open air and light.

3. Flies like all kinds of dirt, particularly decomposed organic matter. A kitchen full of scraps and grease, a dining-room with an unctuous cloth and steaming viands, a sick room, full of pestiferous odors and effluvia of every sort are their paradise. Where there is perfect cleanliness, flies, if they come at all, will lie torpid, as they do in unoccupied rooms during the hot weather, and because there is nothing for them to eat in such a place, they will leave as soon as light and wind are introduced.

An Even Exchange.

Old Davis, of Ossipee—the well-known shingle and clapboard autocrat of thirty years ago—had a dog named Watch. The dog had become old and a nuisance. Davis had threatened often to kill the brute, and had as often relented. One day Sim Brown, the Concord peddler, drove up to Davis' store, but Davis wanted to buy nothing.

"Can't I sell you a clock? I've got them cheap as dirt, and real good ones, too."

"I haven't got any money."

"Drat the money! I'll take a fair exchange of anything."

Davis scratched his head, whereat Brown continued:

"Come, we'll have a trade, somehow. You've got to have one of my clocks. Now what have you got to exchange for it?"

"I've got nothing but a watch."

"Eh!—a watch?" cried the peddler, brightening up. "What kind of a watch?"

"Taint of course a very good one, or I wouldn't want to trade it off."

"What kind of cases?"

"I can't say much for the cases, but the inside is in good order, and it runs well. It'll let you know when feeding time comes sartin."

"How'll you trade?"

"I'll give you my watch for one of your clocks, and call it a bargain, without any ifs and ands."

"Done!" said Brown, and he selected a steeple-topped Connecticut clock and brought it into the store. "There's your clock. Now where is that watch of mine?"

Davis went to the door, whistled and called:

"Watch, Watch! Here, old fellow, you're wanted!"

The dog came in with a bound.

"That's the 'watch,' Brown. You'll find his in'ards all right, and he can run like Sancho, and when it comes meal-times, if he don't let you know it, I'm mistaken in him."

The peddler gasped and staggered, and he said something not quite proper to polite ears; but he did not back down. He only said, as he hitched the dog to the axle-tree of his wagon, and prepared to drive off:

"Somebody will have to pay me for that clock before night."

And I opine that there are hundreds of people to-day in that section of New Hampshire, who have a firm belief that they helped to pay old Brown for that clock.

How a Hundred Lives were Saved.

The explosion at the west shaft of the Hoosac tunnel was accompanied by a thrilling incident. John Greene, a blaster, left the office where Donnelly was engaged in charging the cartridges, not a minute before the explosion, with twenty-seven pounds of nitro-glycerine in a can, ready for charging the holes below. He had reached the cage, some fifty feet from the office, at the time of the explosion, and he realized that if he remained where he was, and a second explosion occurred, all the buildings would be demolished by the consequent explosion of the nitro-glycerine. Some told him to throw the can down the shaft; others shouted, "Drop it and run!" but he did neither. Dashing through the back door of the cage, he rushed to an old building some distance from the machine shop, where he put down the can, and then returned to see what had become of his comrade Donnelly. He had just reached the machine shop door, about 100 feet from the office, when the second explosion took place, but—thanks to his forethought—without exploding the glycerine. Greene was within a few feet of James Mullany when the piece of wood struck him with fatal effect, but he (Greene) escaped uninjured. By his remarkable presence of mind, Greene saved the lives of perhaps a hundred persons.

The concussion wrenched doors from their hangings inside the dwellings near the office, both the doors and windows from the machine shop across the way, and tore the whole side of the compressor building and boiler-house, strewing the fragments for a long distance in every direction. Mullany the blacksmith who was killed, was one of the best men on the work, and had been employed there for ten years. He was a sober, industrious man, much beloved by all who knew him.

One Idea of Poverty.

It was Bulwer who said in nine cases out of ten poverty was only an idea. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for the want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the rich man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand a year, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and who does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never knew a moment's peace, because they lived beyond their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people, than among those who are called rich—always providing that poor folks do not in a smaller way emulate the prodigality of their rich brethren. Poverty is simply the question of the good or bad management of money in hand.

Preparing Sandstone.

There are numerous methods of preparing artificial sandstone, of which the following seems to be one of the best: From one to five parts of sand are mixed with one part pulverized lime and one part cement, and a little water, just sufficient to slake the lime and cement without forming a mortar. This mass is pounded in thin layers, especially at the corners and on the sides, so that these portions may adhere firmly together. The pieces are dried in the air and then placed in dilute water glass, where they stay two or three days. When dry they are as hard as stone, and are suitable for cornices and ornaments. They are perhaps as good as the Ransom stone, which latter is made from a mixture of cement, sand, and purified chalk. There are three different formulæ for preparing it, of which the following is the best: Cement, six parts; elutriated chalk, twelve parts; fine sand, six parts; infusorial silica, one part. These stones soon harden.

A FRENCH SUICIDE.—Most Frenchmen, when they commit suicide, like to do it in a way which will render them celebrated in the papers, such is the inherent vanity in their natures. A coachman living at Montmartre invited his friends to dinner recently, and on arriving there, instead of finding their host at the head of the table, ruddy and joyous, they discovered him dead, hanging on the bed-post. He had taken the precaution to provide bread, cheese and wine for his guests.

If there be a class of human beings on earth who may properly be denominated low it is that class who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without being anything in and of themselves.

INSANE ASYLUM ATROCITIES.

Inhuman Treatment of Pauper Lunatics in Pennsylvania.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* publishes a lengthy and interesting description of the treatment of the insane poor in certain county almshouses in Pennsylvania. The *Bulletin* states that terrible abuses have grown up in this connection which only need exposure to bring about a speedy reform, and announces its intention of publishing all the facts that can be obtained concerning these abuses. A visit to one county poorhouse betrayed a terrible condition of affairs in the Insane Department.

All sanitary measures were neglected, and a sickening odor prevailed in the department named. The insane paupers were confined in wooden cages, having only a small opening protected by iron bars, to admit air and light. The interior of the cages were covered with piles of dirty straw and filth, and the atmosphere was indescribable. In cage No. 1 was an agricultural laborer, clad in rags. He was quiet and civil, his derangement not being of a violent character.

He had been shut up in that filthy box for eighteen months, simply because they had no other place to put him in. In the other cages the scenes presented were even more inhuman and revolting. The unfortunate inmates were nearly naked, two of them wholly so. They crouched among the straw and litter in their dens, some asleep or in a stupor, and all suffering greatly from the wanton neglect of their keepers. Some could not rise from weakness, their limbs having been so long in a crouching attitude that they could not move them.

A still more shocking sight, however, was revealed on proceeding to the basement of the hospital. There, in a similar cage, lying on a heap of loose straw, was a young woman twenty years of age. She is dumb, distorted, and idiotic. For eighteen years she has been confined in the poorhouse, and six years she has been confined in the cage, her only clothing a piece of coarse bed-ticking.

She is so weak from lying that she can neither move her limbs, rise nor walk. The almshouse in which these terrible sufferings were witnessed is ten miles from Easton, Penn.

The *Bulletin*, in concluding the exposure, calls upon the State to see to it that the Board of Public Charities does its duty in wiping off this deep stain on civilization and humanity.

The Funerals of To-Day.

Modest funerals at modest prices are not the rule in New York, a local paper says. A prominent undertaker says that every funeral he has had charge of in the last few months has cost at least $475. That sum represents only the amount paid to himself. Metallic caskets only are used in fashionable funerals, except for very old people, who are content with wooden coffins covered with cloth, costing $90. The caskets range from $90 to $350. The last are marvels of luxury and are furnished with all the modern conveniences. In a funeral, then, where sorrow can be indulged in to the wildest excess, the casket will cost $350; the hearse, $12; eight carriages at $7.50 each, $60; porters, $6; gloves for she pall-bearers, porters, undertaker, and clergyman, $30; undertaker's attention, $10; and the opening of the grave, $7, which makes up the total $475 that the undertaker receives. If the funeral takes place at a church, the sexton receives $10; there is $1 extra on each of the carriages. The choir in most churches is paid. In Catholic churches the organ, choir, and draping of the church completely in black will be furnished for $160. These expenses added, which are by no means unusual, bring the cost up to $635, and by no means includes a number of important items which go to make up a fashionable funeral. Not the least of these is the flowers. They are furnished as certainly as the coffin, forming a very important part of what one might call the trousseau of death. These are, to be sure, not all furnished by the family of the dead, but they are in part. A moderate basket of flowers, such as are used on these occasions, costs $20, out of season; and one basket of flowers is scarcely perceived in the floral luxuriance which usually is seen.

Spring Stuffs.

Camel's-hair, the most stylish fabric for over dresses, says a New York fashion journal, is shown in various degrees of thickness, some of which are light enough for midsummer wear. Very handsome qualities of this goods woven in basket figures and in wide "diagonals" are sold for $2 a yard, and measure fifty inches in width; some very rough yet light camel's-hair is a trifle more expensive; a novelty for $3 a yard is untwilled camel's-hair of light loosely woven threads; while the very lightest quality, with scarcely more weight than sheer muslin, is sold for midsummer use at $4 a yard; the new camel's-hair chale, exceeding all others in softness and fineness, is two yards wide, and $8 a yard. The colors that prevail among such goods are natural shades, ecru, cream color, darker brown, and various beautiful hues of silvery gray. From four and a half to five yards is the quantity sold for a polonaise. Casimir chevron is a quaint fabric said to be of camel's-hair, but far more stiff and wiry; it comes in gray shades with reversed stripes, and costs three dollars a yard.

Bold Kidnappers.

A correspondent writing from the City of Mexico says: "Not long since a rich man, Senor Cervantes, was kidnapped in the evening in one of the most central streets. He passed between two files of loungers who politely—this is old Spanish politeness—opened to let him pass. He was put into a coach at hand and driven to the house of a well-to-do Spaniard, who kept a grocery store; this is also situated on the plaza, also in a central part. Here he was placed in a sort of a grave dug below the floor, and messengers were carrying his letters and arranging ransom. But his friends and Governor Montrel and the police were wide awake also, and after some days the letter-carrier and others were caught, including the owner of the house, the Spaniard Senor Bello, the head of the conspiracy. The victim was rescued alive, and in less than twenty-four hours this Bello and two others who were most guilty were shot at Bello's doors, and afterwards hanged above the place of their crime, and exposed to the public gaze till the sun went down."

Jennie Kissed Me.

We find in a magazine a chapter on "Kissing Literature," which omits the gem of the whole—Landor's playful and exquisite verses on the wife of his friend, who impulsively kissed him for some praise he had given her husband:

Jennie kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Cupid, you who love to get
Sweets into your book, put that in;
Say I'm ugly; say I'm old;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Put add to that, when all is told,
Jennie kissed me.

THE GREAT COLORADO DESERT.

How it May be Reclaimed or Converted into a Great Chain of Lakes.

Senator Jones of Nevada has received full reports of the results of a sc