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LAMENT.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet could not speak,
Alas! I would not check;

For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!

I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years
Wept he as bitter tears!

"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer.
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the church-yard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And Oh, pray too for me!

Mrs. Gunn's Vision.

In the days of which we write there was no town in the land where the spirit of politics was more acrimoniously exhibited than in P——. Those were the times of Whig and Democrat, of free-trade theories and high tariff dogmas. Lawyer Dawson was the leader of the Democratic faction, and Doctor Gunn was the champion and standard-bearer of the Whigs.

Lawyer Dawson had a large practice, and was wealthy. Doctor Gunn was wealthy, and he too had a voluminous "visiting book," wherein the names of his patients were inscribed. These two men, in point of intellect and social position, were pretty nearly equal. Lawyer Dawson had an only daughter named Kate, and Doctor Gunn had an only son called Sam. In a town numbering only seven thousand souls it was not strange that Sam Gunn should be intimately acquainted with Miss Dawson, and as Kate was very pretty, it followed almost as a matter of course, that she should have a beau, and that he should be Sam Gunn.

Now although the House of Gunn and Dawson sat in the same church, and heard the same spiritual exhortations Sunday after Sunday, though they met at social gatherings, and exchanged the courtesies and civilities of life, yet there was a spirit of rancor in the breasts of the respective heads of these worthy families, engendered by politics, and kept alive and active by it.

It was evening, and the broad harvest moon had just risen over the tree tops, when Sam Gunn and Kate Dawson, arm in arm, sauntered along the river bank that skirts the town, and made their way to an old time-worn rock that had served as a seat for weary travelers and lovers for generations.

Sam Gunn was the first to speak when they had taken their seats.

"Kate," he said, I have been a good deal troubled of late, but I think I can see a way out of our difficulties; I say *our*, because you are concerned in my perplexities.'

Kate Dawson inclined her head in the attitude of attention; and Sam Gunn proceeded.

"When I was born, my mother had a vision, a vulgar person would style it seeing a ghost; but we'll call it a vision. She was informed that her son to be born of her would be a remarkable child, and have a remarkable destiny; that he would fill the land with his fame, etc., etc.," and Sam laughed.

"Proceed," remarked Kate, "I'm all attention."

"Well," continued Sam, "it is unnecessary to say that my mother religiously believes this is no nonsense, and imagines it will all come true. In a few months I am to enter some lawyer's office to read law. Now, of course I wish to enter the office of Lawyer Dawson; but how is that to be accomplished? My father is very stubborn on certain matters, and so is your's, Kate. Though they are friendly they are at swords' points in politics."

"It will be a difficult thing to accomplish your purpose," she replied, "and I can suggest nothing to aid you. You will have to break down and root out prejudice before you can hope to achieve your plan."

"My mother is very superstitious," continued Sam; "I have thought of sending the ghost to visit her, and inform her that her darling son Samuel can only come to honor and distinction by reading law in the office of Peter Dawson, Esq. A white sheet and unearthly voice are all that is required. I think I can play ghost."

Kate Dawson looked up and Sam Gunn knew, though he could not see, that her cheek flushed as she spoke.

"Would you deceive your mother?" she asked.

"Dear me, Kate," he replied, "don't speak so seriously. What harm can it do? Mother believes in signs and omens and such ridiculous stuff, no one can persuade her to the contrary, and"—he lowered his voice—"mother has more influence with father than any one on earth. If she once becomes convinced that her ghostly visitor is in earnest about the matter, she'll never rest until she has persuaded my father to place me in your father's office as a student."

"I cannot consent to it," replied Kate; "deceit is very repulsive to my mind. Evil consequences might follow. Your idea is that when you are my father's student they would withdraw opposition to our marriage. I don't see how that can be brought about by the course you propose."

"I think differently," said Sam, in a persuading tone. "Your father's fiery views as a Democrat, and my father's as a Whig, have to a certain decree estranged their feelings. Now, Kate, when once I am in your father's office, and he comes to know me well, I think he'll not be so severe on you for your preference for me; and my father, when he finds the benefits that yours is bestowing on me, will perhaps soften his aspirations."

"Vain hope," responded Miss Dawson. "I cannot consent to it, because I will not countenance wrong."

Just as she uttered these words, there was a sound of feet and snapping of twigs among the bushes, and Kate started.

"What is that?" she cried in alarm.

Sam Gunn darted in the thicket, but returned in a moment.

"I could see nothing," he replied. "Some animal straying, perhaps, nothing more."

But it was something more. Doctor Gunn had an Irishman named Dennis Toole, who drove his gig and attended to the horse. That evening Dennis had strolled down to the river and was lying on the bank gazing at the moon, when Sam and Miss Dawson came to the rock. Dennis heard their conversation, and as he was very much attached to Sam, he instantly made up his mind to play the ghost. In his retreat from the spot he startled Kate as we have seen.

It was a favorite pastime of the doctor to walk down every evening to the Green Tree Tavern, where a knot of politicians nightly assembled. Thither he wended his way on the evening in question, leaving his wife to doze away in her large stuffed chair until his return. There was no light in the room where the good lady reposed, and the moonbeams, as they struggled in the window, made an uncertain light.

Suddenly starting from her nap she rubbed her eyes and sat bolt upright in her chair with her eyes wildly straining towards the door, in which stood a figure draped in white from head to foot. Mrs. Gunn held her breath. The visitor raised his long arm above his head, and exclaimed in a deep and husky tone:

"Place your son without delay under the instruction of Lawyer Dawson, as this is the only way he can speedily rise to distinction. Do this and the fame of Samuel Gunn shall be known to the uttermost parts of the earth. I have said it."

With that the figure disappeared, and a few minutes later Mrs. Gunn was screaming for Dennis Toole.

"Here, ma'am," he cried. "I've been asleep, ye see. Is it any one wanting the Doctor?"

"I wish him directly. Tell him to come home."

"Is it sick ye are?" asked Dennis.

"I've not time to explain. Go to the Green Tree and bring him at once," she answered.

"Sure an' I will," said Dennis, who hurried off, laughing in his sleeve.

Later, when Sam entered the house, he was thunderstruck at his mother telling him that she had, a little while before, had a vision, in which a spirit had told her to place him to read law with Lawyer Dawson. Sam's consternation was very intense, and he "pooh pooh'd" it. Mrs. Gunn, however, treated the matter in a serious light, and was closeted with her husband the entire evening. Frequently Sam could hear his father's voice raised high, then again he could distinguish the pleading tones of his mother.

The following day the doctor called Sam to his side.

"Your mother wishes you to read law with Dawson," he said. "He is a good lawyer, but a stubborn Whig. Now I won't have anything to do with it. I have given a reluctant consent to it, but you'll have to make the terms yourself."

"But why should I read law with Dawson?" asked the deceitful son.

"Because your mother wishes it," replied the doctor. "She's had another vision, and if we don't humor her, she'll go crazy, and that will be worse than reading law in the office of a Whig."

"Very well, sir," said the dutiful Sam, "if my mother is in danger of becoming deranged by my refusal, I'll go and see Mr. Dawson, and tell him that I come with your approval."

"Yes—no—yes," stammered the doctor; don't say more than you can help, Sam."

Sam Gunn went to Mr. Dawson as a student. Very soon after a marked change took place in Doctor Gunn's feelings towards the lawyer.

"How do you think my son will succeed?" asked the doctor one day when he met Mr. Dawson.

"He has a fine mind," replied the lawyer, "and I think he will make a brilliant man." The doctor clasped Dawson's hand and pressed it warmly; from that day the two rivals became better friends.

Fifteen years passed away. Lawyer Dawson and Doctor Gunn were both gathered to a land where politics is unknown.

Sam and Kate had been married a long time and true to Mr. Dawson's prediction, the former had made a brilliant reputation as a political speaker, but he didn't trouble law much.

Dennis Toole was still continued in Sam's service; he had now become an old man.

One day he was talking to Sam, when he said: "Sure, Mr. Samuel, it is to me that you're beholding for your wife."

"What do you mean?" asked Sam, with a quick glance at the old man.

"That it was meeself that played the ghost, sure."

Sam broke out into a laugh when Dennis told him how he had heard his conversation by the rock.

"It was the best thing that could have happened, sure," said Dennis; "the doctor and the lawyer were made more peaceable and Christian-like by my ghost business, and no harm has ever come of it."

Poor Mrs. Gunn died without ever knowing that her ghostly visitor was the doctor's driver, Dennis Toole.

Preventing Sickness.

Some months ago a sensible business man, while traveling at the South fell in with an invalid gentleman. In the course of conversation the latter remarked to the former, "I suppose you also must be something of an invalid, as you are devoting so much time to traveling."

"Not at all," replied the business man; "I am in the best of health; but I am traveling so that I may retain my vigor."

"But your business, my friend—does it not suffer during your absence?"

"Better that my business should suffer a little than that by over application I should be totally incapacitated for attending to it," was the reply.

The exhausted invalid pondered a while and then said, "I wish I could have reached that conclusion twenty years ago."

Here is a lesson. A summer's vacation does not always repair mind or body weakened by excessive exertion; rest itself is not always rest, and recreation sometimes seems only weariness to the overtired mind. Thousands who are simply slaves to business are ever-looking forward to a time when they shall relax the strain and rest. That time seldom comes until too late. They subject themselves to a pressure which common sense should tell them is above the limit of safety. Little sleep, hasty meals, and constant business anxieties wear out the life. Hard work is not injurious in itself; but Americans seem not to understand how they can work hard and yet obey the physiological demands for systematic relaxation. Long vacations are well, whenever they can be taken, but a short time given to pleasant, wholesome rest and recreation every day, free from thought of business, will keep the power of life fresher and brighter.

Paper Collars.

But there is even a graver accusation brought against the paper collars. The man who once begins to wear them continues to shed them daily. They are furnished with a tough spinal column of muslin, and are thus rendered indestructible. The result is that the wearers of paper collars are gradually covering the surface of the earth with a new geological stratum which every year grows deeper and broader. The discarded paper collar lurks in the closets and corners of boarding houses, where it mocks an honest servant girl who hastily picks it up under the delusion that she has found an available article or portable property. It eddies around the back yard, dancing before the breeze; and luring the passing cat to pause and notice eligible platforms for nocturnal concerts, she might otherwise never have observed. It lies in wait on the sidewalk, and taking surreptitious passage beneath the skirts of passing beauty, emerges to view upon crowded corners to the confusion of the innocent victim. If thrown into drains, the discarded paper collar joyfully braces itself to the work of choking the pipe. If tossed into the fire, its muslin internal structure burns slowly, giving off vast quantities of odorous smoke. In the upper part of the city it nourishes the predatory goat, who having thus formed a taste for clothing proceeds to gratify it by lunching on skirts of unwary children, and by dining with a select party of invited guests of accessible clothes lines. Cast into the river, the paper collar refuses to sink, but floats with the tide until it is stranded on some otherwise romantic shore which it straightway makes vulgar by its presence. It is a repulsive falsehood while it was worn, but it is a vast and imperishable nuisance when it is thrown away.—*New York Times.*

Different Kinds of Tongues.

The tongue of *kindness* is full of pity, love and comfort. It loves to cheer, console and encourage.

The tongue of *discretion* — knows where to speak, and where to be silent, careful, what, when and to whom it speaks.

The tongue of *knowledge* retails no small talk, scandalous reports, or small afairs of any kind, but tries to please, enlighten and do good.

The tongue of *truth* never stretches itself like Indian rubber to tell a good story. It dreads all lies, white, black or yellow.

The tongue of *humility*, does not speak great swelling words, about astonishing exploits. It boasts not of its own great deeds, has nothing to say of its own merits.

Painted Faces.

Paint is not confined to the natural and maturing beauties who are doubling the critical capes of the thirties and the forties, but is reaching the faces of the young women. This painting of the lily is matter of regret, for the American woman is known in all civilized lands for the beauty of her complexion, the delicate *nuance* of it being recognized in the term of "the American tint." To move away from the artistic side and look on the moral one, it appears still worse. Ten or fifteen years ago the calling of the woman who wore a painted visage was undoubted; it was to ascertain extent the sign of her commerce, and there are yet old-fashioned people who judge a painted face with the eyes of the past.

The motive which leads her to this lavish use of color is, of course, that she may become beautiful, and if she really did become so, no objection might be made, at least from an artistic point of view. But her mistake is radical—she does not become so. Viewed as an object of art, she is unlovely to look upon—utterly unkissable, and the osculatory test is supreme.

It is more or less a matter of indifference to man that the ugly woman should be given over to such a practice for she may not be saved in an æsthetic sense; but when the young woman endowed by nature with a pure skin, resorts to it, he is moved to commiseration and regret. He is wounded in his national pride, for European fingers have pointed to the complexion of Columbia's daughter as something unattainable to her sister across the sea. The roses are too red, on the British cheeks or the fibre is too rough; there is lack of clearness in the French skin, and that of the Italian is too sallow. Remarkable purity and delicacy belong alone to the typical American girl, and these characteristics will continue to be hers if she will avoid the vandalic paint-box and kohel pencils. The first artist of the world has already drawn her with his gracious lines and painted her with his beautiful colors, and his name is Nature.—*The Galaxy.*

Funny Incidents in the Pulpit.

At a clerical dinner party some time ago, says *Appleton's Journal*, the question went around to each, as follows: "Were you ever so placed in public in the performance of a service as to lose all sense of the solemnity of the occasion and be compelled to laugh in spite of your more serious self?" and the following are some of the replies that were made: A very solemn clergyman and his assistant, who were disturbed in their chancel by a miserable looking street cat, which had come in in some unknown way, and was rubbing itself up against their legs, meowing piteously. The rector beckoned to the assistant to put the cat out, which he did, but in a few moments she was back again. Upon this the very solemn rector placed the poor creature under one of the heavy box stools in the chancel, and, placing his foot on this improvised kennel, gave out the hymn beginning:

"A charge to keep I have."

The last experience mentioned was that of a clergyman at his first baptism of infants. He was then very young in years, and had never before held a baby that he could remember of, much less hold a baby and a book in the presence of a church full of people. The first infant given into his arms was a big, squirming boy of thirteen months, who immediately began to corkscrew his way through clothes and wrappings. The minister held on bravely, but in a few moments the child's face disappeared in the wraps, and his dangling legs beneath were worming their way to the floor. Seized with the horrible impression that the child was tunnelling his way through his clothes and would soon be on the floor in a state of nature, he clutched the clothes violently by the sash-band, and, straddling the child upon the chancel-rail, said to the mother. "If you don't hold that baby he will certainly be through his clothes, and I shall have nothing left but the dress to baptize."

The Greatest Mine in the World—Ten Millions and a Half in One Year.

The Belcher gold and silver mine in the Comstock lode, Nevada, is without doubt the greatest bullion producing mine in the world. It has produced in the last two and a half years the immense sum of $16,772,965. In 1873 it produced $10,779,171 and paid out as dividends $6,790,000 during the year, a large surplus being carried forward. By adding the dividends under the old organization and deducting the assessments levied, we have the following results up to March, 1874;

Dividends, June 1864 to May 1865 inclusive	$ 421,200
Dividends to 1872	2,184,000
" " 1873	6,670,000
" in Jan. and Feb. 1874	1,040,000
Total dividends	$10,405,200
Assessments, 1865 to 1871	660,400
Stockholders profits	$9,744,800

The cost of crushing the ore was $12.10, and the cost of mining was $8.51 per ton; total $20.61. The number of tons worked in 1873 was 154,664; the total receipts of bullion in 1873 were $10,779,171.07; the average yield per ton in 1873 was $69.69.

The bullion statement is as follows, from the stamped value of bullion as per assay certificates: Value in gold, $5,725,247.50; value in silver, $5,069,520 51; assay grains, $44,403 06; total, $10,-779,171 07. Number of ounces of refined bullion, 4,173,535·74.100. Average fineness of gold, 66½ thousandths; average fineness in silver, 0·929 thousandths. Value per ounce in gold, $1.-37 19 100; value per ounce in silver, $1.20 2-100. Value of bullion per ounce, $2.57 21 100; average value per tun in gold $37.16; average value in silver, $32.53; total value per tun, 69.69. This statement will appear strange to those who suppose the Comstock lode produces nothing but silver, as it shows that in this, the greatest producing line on the lode, the gold predominated.

This mine has no parallel in the world, the Crown point, adjoining it, being the only one approaching it in richness. The mine produced in two and a half years nearly seventeen millions of dollars, and since its opening has paid nearly ten millions of dollars as dividends above all assessments. The success of this and the Crown Point has encouraged mine owners on the whole Comstock to pursue developments at greater depths. The circumstances connected with the development of the Belcher into a first class mine furnish an example for other mines in similar circumstances, After their ore gave out, they worked systematically and uninterruptedly until they develop the largest ledge ever opened in any mine in the world.—*Scientific and Mining Press.*

An Ancient Royal Coach.

A Paris correspondent writes: 'While demolishing an old house at Montmarte and clearing the site for the Church of the Sacred Heart, the workmen made an interesting discovery; they found that the wainscoting of one of the rooms was composed of wood elegantly carved and gilded. The various pieces, when put together, showed that it was an old royal coach, whose panels had been used to stop a hole to keep the wind away.' There is no knowing how this relic of the ancient *regime* came to be employed for building purposes, though the probabilities are that some Brutus or Aristides of the revolution of '93 seized upon the royal equipage, and contemptuously used the materials wherewith to construct a dwelling. Nor is there any clue to show to what epoch the gilded coach into which Louis XIV. may have told Lord Stair to step, belonged; Mme. de Pompadour may have ridden in it; it may have served at the wedding Marie Antoinette, or have conveyed Louis XIV. to the scaffold. The panels are said to prove that the coach was very old, but it could not well have been before the fifteenth century, for in 1405 the only suspended coach which existed belonged to Queen Isabeau, and under Francis I. there were only three, one of which belonged to the Queen, another to Diana of Poitiers, and the third to Jean de Laval. According to Dalaure, there were a good many coaches in Paris in 1563, and the Parliament petitioned the King to prohibit them, as they took up the whole street and splashed ladies and gentlemen riding to court. Toward the end of the reign of Henry IV, Bassompierre had a carriage built with door and windows.

Macaulay at Rome.

Lord Macaulay, when a young man was visiting Rome, and one night went to see the Coliseum by moonlight. While alone under the dark arches, where it is as black as night, all of a, sudden a man in a large cloak brushed by him rather rudely, as Macaulay thought, and passed into the darkness. Macaulay's first impulse was to clap his hand to his watch-pocket; and sure enough he found that the watch was not there. He looked after the man, who he doubted not had stolen his watch as he brushed past him, and peering into the darkness, could just distinguish the outlines of a figure moving away. Macaulay rushed after him, and, seizing him by the collar, demanded his watch. Macaulay could speak very little Italian, and understood none when spoken, so he was obliged to limit his attack on the thief to violently shaking him by the collar, and an angry repetition of the demand, "Orologio! Orologio!" ("Watch! Watch!") The man just attacked poured forth a torrent of rapidly spoken words, of which Macaulay understood not one syllable. But he again administered a severe shaking to his captive stamping his foot angrily on the ground, and vociferating, "Orologio! Orologio!" Whereupon the detected thief drew forth the watch and handed it to the captor. Macaulay, satisfied with his prowess in having thus recaptured his property, and not caring for the trouble of pursuing the matter any further, turned on his heel as he pocketed the watch, and saw nothing more of the man. But when he returned to his apartment at night his landlady met him at the door, holding out something in her hand, and saying, "Oh, sir, you left your watch on the table, so I thought it better to take care of it. Here it is." 'Good gracious! What is this then? What is the meaning of it?' stammered Macaulay, drawing from his pocket the watch he had so gallantly recovered in the Coliseum. It was a watch he had never seen before. The truth was plain—he had been the thief! The poor man he had violently attacked and apostrophised in the darkness and solitude of the Coliseum arches had been terrified into surrendering his own watch to the ruffian who, as he conceived, had pursued him to rob him. The next morning Macaulay, not a little crestfallen, hastened to the office of the questor with the watch, and told his story. "Ah, I see," said the questor, "you had better leave the watch. I will make your excuses to the owner of it; he has already been here to denounce you."

Kissing Among the Ancient Persians.

Xenophon says, in "Angesilaus" (v. 4), that it was a national custom with the Persians to kiss whomsoever they honored. And Herodotus (i. 134), in speaking of their manners and customs, says: "If Persians meet at any time by accident, the rank of each party is easily discovered; if they are of equal dignity, they salute each other on the mouth; if one is an inferior, they only kiss the cheek; if there be a great difference in situation, the inferior falls prostrate on the ground." Respecting the mode of salutation between relatives, the following passage from the "Cyropædia" of Xenophon (i. 4) is worthy transcribing:

"If I may be allowed to relate a sportive affair, it is said that when Cyrus went away, and he and his relations parted, they took their leave, and dismissed him with a kiss, according to the Persian custom—for the Persians practice it to this day—and that a certain Mede, a very excellent persons, had ong been struck with the beauty of Cyrus, and when he saw Cyrus's relations kiss him he stayed behind, and, when the rest were gone, accosted Cyrus and said to him: 'And am I, Cyrus, the only one of all your relations that you do not know?" 'What!' said Cyrus, 'are you a relation?' 'Yes,' said he. 'This was the reason then,'; said Cyrus, that you used to gaze at me for I think I recollect that you frequently did so.' I was very desirous,' said he, 'to salute you, but I was always ashamed to do it.' 'But,' said Cyrus, 'you that are a relation ought not to have been so.' So, coming up to him, he kissed him. The Mede, having received the kiss, is said to have asked this question: 'And is it a custom among the Persians to kiss relations?' 'It is so,' said Cyrus, 'when they see one another at some distance of time, or when they part.' 'Then,' said the Mede, 'it seems now to be time for you to kiss me again: for, as you see, I am just going away.' So Cyrus, kissing him again, dismissed him, and went his way. They had not gone very far before the Mede came up with him again, with his horse all over in a sweat; and Cyrus, getting sight of him, said, 'What! have you forgotten anything that you had a mind to say to me?' 'No, by Jove,' said he, 'but I am come again at a distance of time.' 'Dear relation,' said he, 'it is a very short time.' 'How a short one?' said the Mede. 'Do you not know, Cyrus, that the very twinkling of my eyes is a long time to be without seeing you, you who are so lovely?' Here Cyrus, from being in tears, broke out into laughter, bid him go his way and take courage, adding that in a little time he would be with him again, and that then he would be at liberty to look at him, if he pleased, with steady eyes and without twinkling.—*From the "Literature of Kissing."*

The Prolongation of Life.

Attempts have been made to build up theories aiming at the prolongation of life. Some have dwelt upon climate influences alone; others have prescribed just the diet suitable for each period of life from the cradle to the close of a century of existence. M. Flourens states that the length is a multiple (five) of the length of growth. This period of growth usually terminates when the bones become united to their epiphyses. Then, assigning twenty years for such a period, he argues that one hundred years is a normal limit of life. Experience has declared that an active, even a fatiguing life, during the first half of a man's life, is conducive to longevity; but that in the latter half his existence should be peaceful and uniform. Cornaro, an Italian nobleman and a centenarian, who died in 1566, stated that a man of fifty years had attained only half his age. This author became a writer of repute on vital statistics, and in his work entitled "Birth and Death of Man," among some of the causes of longevity he refers to "divine sobriety" in these words "It is pleasing to God, friendly to Nature, the daughter of Reason, the sister of Virtue. From this root spring life, health, cheerfulness, bodily industry, mental labor, and a well-disciplined mind. From it, as clouds from the sun, fly repletions, indigestions, gluttonies, superfluities, humors, fevers distempers, griefs, and every ill of human flesh.

—The citizens of Natick propose to erect a monument to Henry Wilson.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

"Behold, I commit my daughter unto thee of special trust."

Precious and lovely, I yield her to thee!
Take her, the gem of thy dwelling to be!
She who was ever my solace and pride,
Glides from my bosom to cling to thy side.

Guard her with care which must never decline:
Make her thy day-star—she long hath been mine;
Lonely henceforth is my desolate lot,
What is the casket where the jewel is not?

Take her and pray that thine arm may be strong,
Safely to shield her from danger and wrong;
Be to her all that her heart hath portrayed,
Then o'er thy path there will gather no shade.

Now she doth love thee as one without spot—
Dreams of no sorrow to darken her lot—
Joyful, yet tearful, I yield her to thee;
Take her, the light of thy dwelling to be!

The Bedawin.

In person the Bedawy is well-built, muscular, often tall, though thin, with regular features, a slight beard, and a complexion bronzed by heat and exposure. His raven locks, long and glossy, are often shaven around the temples, in accordance with the Mohammedan requirement. His eye is black, piercing, and restless. His dress simple, consisting of a cotton shirt, sometimes white, but oftener blue, whose loose folds descend to the ankles, and which is confined with a leathern girdle about the loins. This shirt, tunic, or robe is open in front down to the waist, and serves as a spacious and most convenient pocket, where the wearer stows away all manner of things. This arrangement of the garment is common to all Orientals, and is called "the bosom," and we have an example of it in the case of Moses in the desert. Besides the girdle, however, both sexes wear from infancy a leathern girdle around the naked waist, adorned with amulets, and also with shells (*cypræa*). Neither sex wear drawers, either under or over the shirt, which usually constitutes the entire wardrobe of both; and they are ridiculed by their neighbors for "going naked." This is also the custom among the poorer class in Egypt. It would seem to have been the practice of the Hebrews during the Exodus, if we may judge from the urgent repetition of the command that priests wear "linen breeches to cover their nakedness, reaching from their loins to their thighs, when they come into the tabernacle, lest they die." A woolen cloak, generally of camel's hair, in broad stripes, brown and white, is thrown loosely over the shoulders of the desert Arab, and is his only covering at night. With it he also improvises a tent, while traveling under the burning sun; he stops, panting with the heat, and spreads his cloak on the points of his spears stuck into the ground, and waits for the evening. His head-dress consists of a gay handkerchief of cotton, or of silk mixed with cotton, striped red and yellow, whose border is ornamented with a long braided fringe and tassels, worn in such a manner that one corner hangs loose on the back, and two others fall on the shoulders, while the folds of the fourth shade the forehead and face. This handkerchief is bound around the head with a thick cord of brown camel's hair, considered the best safeguard against a sun-stroke, and thus floats in the wind, or its folds are wrapped about the face to protect it from the sun or conceal it from an enemy. The Bedawy generally goes barefoot, but, when he can afford it, buys from the town, or steals from a passing traveler, a pair of red morocco shoes or boots, usually very large, and with the toes turning up like a skate; or he makes himself a pair of sandals, generally of camel's skin, which he binds with tongs around his foot. These sandals are always made after one model, and appear to derive their form from high antiquity. We have abundant evidence from the Bible narratives that this identical form of sandal was long worn by the Hebrews. The word *naal*, signifying sandal, is translated *shoe* in Exodus iii., 5; Deuteronomy xx v., 9; xxxix., 9; Joshua v., 15; Ruth iv 7, 8; I Kings ii., 5; Isaiah, xx., 2; Ezekiel, xxiv., 17. The word *latchet* also indicates the sandal wherever it occurs, as in Genesis xiv., 23; Isaiah v., 27; Mark i., 7. All of the foregoing description of the Arab costume is not applicable to the poorer class, whose sole garment is the loose cotton shirt or tunic already mentioned, generally the worse for wear.—*Bible Lands, Van Lennep.*

Boots in Warfare.

Those admirers of the Germans who, since the success achieved by the Prussians in 1870-71, would have us introduce into our army everything Prussian, even to the pickelhaube and long boots, will do well, the *Broad Arrow* says, to examine the medical statistics recently published relative to the late war. From these tables, prepared with that painstaking and laborious care which is so marked a trait in the German character, we learn that no less than nearly 40,000 men were placed upon the sick list during the campaign, suffering from injuries caused by the long boots worn by the infantry, and that in several cases the lacerations were of so serious a nature that tetanus terminating in death, supervened Undoubtedly the ammunition boot at present issued to our infantry is by no means a perfect clothing for the foot, and we hope ere long to see an improved pattern introduced; but still it must be admitted that, taking it all in all, it is a far more serviceable article than either the long boot of the German or the shoe of the French soldier. The former is made to fit over the instep, can with difficulty be taken off when wet, or when the feet are swollen with much marching; if made loose, to facilitate putting on and off, chafes the heel which has too much play, while the latter fails to keep out either mud or dust.

Uncertainty of Wealth.

"The absence of the law of primogeniture causes a frequent change of ownership in the private residences which contribute so much the adornment of our cities. While the head of the family lives, the home may be retained—though very often a reverse of fortune compels him to seek humbler quarters—but when he dies the heirs are obliged to get rid of the too expensive luxury. How many of the houses built in St. Louis twenty years ago are now owned by the men who erected them, or their descendants? How many of later date, now occupied by their builders, will be in possession of their present tenants, or their descendants, twenty years hence? Other influences beside the lack of primogeniture contribute to this, in some respects, unfortunate result. There are more ups and downs in life in the new world than in the old. Fortunes are made much more quickly, and disappear much more rapidly. Wealth is seldom transmitted beyond the second generation, and in many instances does not last through the first. The boy born with a silver spoon in his mouth frequently has to taste pewter before his pilgrimage is over, and he may have the pleasure of being splashed with mud from the carriage wheels of the man who was once his father's porter. This is a free country, very free indeed, and among the consequences of that freedom is the exceeding uncertainty of financial matters. Yet in no country is less provision made for the evil day so far as our children are concerned. The wealthy parent brings up his sons and daughters as though there were not the remotest possibility that they could ever be poor. If a rich father should insist upon his boy learning a trade he would be set down as a mild-mannered lunatic. If a rich mother should instil into her daughter rigid ideas of economy and industry, she would be looked upon as either very mean or very foolish—probably both. Yet every day we are taught the necessity of this preliminary discipline; every day we see men and women falling from affluence to poverty, who, if properly trained, might not have fallen at all, or, if they did fall, could have risen again. It is a shame and disgrace that, in a land where labor is supposed to be honorable, and where the law recognizes no distinction of caste, so small a proportion of the sons of the wealthier classes learn trades. No young man has a right to consider himself thoroughly independent unless he has some avocation by which, health permitting, he can always make a living. And the best and surest avocations are those for which there is always a demand. Lawyers, doctors, preachers, professors, clerks—all these and their kindred are frequently a drug in the market; but how seldom is it that a good carpenter, blacksmith, machinist, wagon maker, shoemaker, tinsmith, book binder, or printer has to travel far in search of remunerative employment! We shall never be thoroughly republican until there are fewer genteel drones in the national hive."

There is probably no subject on which more has been written than the above. Almost everybody has seen evidences of the fact about them; and how many who will read this article can realize its truthfulness!

Queer German Customs.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Malsungen, thus pleasantly refers to the customs of that city, which are the same as those preceding the time of Luther:

Some of the customs of the city are nearly as old as its towers. The night watch calls the hours of the night from each corner in the very same words, we suppose, to which these streets echoed long before Luther's time, and his shrill horn and deep monotonous sing-song, breaking the perfect stillness of the night, seem not unlike a voice from the remote past, as he calls:

"Listen and hear me, gentlemen;
The bells have rung the hour of ten;
Take care of the fire and candle-light,
That no harm befall the city to-night,
And now praise God the Lord."

Indeed, I doubt if the city would seem strange to its inhabitants of the sixteenth century. Of a Sunday morning when the church bell is ringing procession, is something curious to see. There are the ladies and gentlemen looking like pictures from a fashion book of ever so long ago; peasant men in their sack coats of colored linen and red or green hats; their wives in short dresses and tall black caps, with long ribbon streamers; and, best of all, the pretty, fresh-faced Madchens, with their hair decorously pinned in tight braids flat across the back of their heads, as Kaulbach sometimes show them to us. Then comes the Herr Pastor, who, happening to be a man of Luther's build, and wearing a robe and vestments strikingly similar to Luther's, confirms the impression that this is 1552, and the brave old reformer is here on his way from Wartburg, in neighboring Eisenach, to quiet his too zealous followers. We have every reason to believe that the doors of the old church were not so freely opened to him as to his successor, and yet if we follow the people into the ancient stone building, the impression that we are living in days gone by is not weakened.

Adulterated Articles Under the Microscope.

Dr. R. U. Piper lectured in Chicago recently on the subject of the adulteration of articles in common use as food or in the arts, and the use of the microscope in detecting the presence of improper substances. The lecture was illustrated by means of the microscope and magic lantern. We condense the following from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean's* report of the lecture.

Candies are colored with chromate of lead and other poisonous chemicals and drugs. Vermillion, a compound of mercury and sulphur, is used in large quantities for coloring fancy soaps, &c. One prominent firm in this city inform us that they sell hundreds of pounds for this purpose every year.

Cocoa is adulterated with lard and starch, certainly to the extent of more than fifty per cent. Tea I have not as yet examined to any extent. Dr. Hassall, in his report before the British Parliament, before alluded to, says: "Tea is adulterated not only here but still more in China, while as to chocolate the processes employed in corrupting, the manufacture are described as 'diabolical.' It is often mixed with brickdust to the amount of ten per cent ochre twelve per cent. and peroxide of Iron twenty-two per cent, and animal fats of the worst description."

Chocolate is made up principally of clay, starch, iron in some form, and some kind of hard grease; a pound of the mixture may cost about five or six cents.

The first article of paint I show is adulterated with potato starch. This pigment goes under the name of Chinese blue. This blue, which is a form of the so-called Prussian blue, is produced by mixing solutions of ferro-cyanide of potassium and per sulphate of iron. The article I exhibit is sold for seventy five cents a pound in the market; the starch is worth four cents, perhaps.

I also show sugar adulterated with starch.

On this slide is seen American vermilion, bicromate of lead, adulterated with corn starch, red lead and sulphate of barytes. I also find sulphate of lime in many samples of so-called English vermilion (mercury vermilion) in which there was not one particle of vermilion of any kind. This article varies in prices from $1 to $2 or $2.50 a pound and indeed that used by artists costs several times this last amount. We should think that this last surely might be kept pure, as it does not cost more to manufacture it than any good article of the kind. The only adulteration found in this vermilion, that is that put up for artists' use, as yet is red lead, and this is the worst possible material for the purpose, as it is sure to blacken in time, and thus spoil the picture. The other forms of adulteration would merely weaken the color, and this might be obviated; indeed the vermilion might be made more permanent by mixing some of the madder red with it.

The Ideal of Manhood.

The period of complete manhood is fixed by law at twenty-one. But physiologically that is certainly not universally correct; for although development may be regarded as accomplished in every respect at this age in the healthy English female, and vertical growth may have terminated even in the male, a man's vital power cannot be regarded as having attained its maximum development until about the age of thirty. For some years after the youth has ceased to grow, in the ordinary sense of the word, the dimensions of his chest—the great index of vital power—continue to expand; and numerous are instances derived from military experience showing that recruits at the age of twenty are unable to undergo the fatigue of active service that is borne with impunity by men of a more mature age. They are, literally, not as yet well knit together. Several important bones are not perfectly consolidated; and it may be specially mentioned that the sternum which has to bear so great a strain in labored respiration, and which is specially taxed by the weight of the soldier's knapsack, is not converted into a single plate of bone until after the thirtieth year. It is not until the sixth quinquennial period of life that our leading anatomical authorities find that the following events connected with the consolidation of the skeleton, take place: 1. Completion of the vertebral column; 2. Completion of the sacrum; 3. Coalescence of the third and the second piece of the sternum; 4. Completion of the ribs; and, 5. Coalescence of the haunch-bones with their crests.

An Unfeeling King.

The French King Louis XIV., at one period of his reign, in addition to his other accomplishments, undertook to make verses, and received from two of the literary men of the day instructions as to the best method for succeeding therein.

He made one day a little madrigal which even he himself did not think any too good of its kind, and then said to the Marechal de Gramont:

"Marechal, I beg of you to be good enough to read this little madrigal, and see if you ever saw a more miserable affair, because people have lately learned that I am fond of verses and they bring them to me of all kinds."

The Marechal, after having read them, said to the King, "Sire, your Majesty judges divinely well of everything, It is true that this is the silliest and most ridiculous madrigal that I ever read."

The King began to laugh, and said to him, "Is it not true that the one who made it must have been a great coxcomb?"

"Sire, it is impossible to give him any other name."

"Oh, well said the King, "I am delighted that you have spoken so honestly to me about it, for I am the one who made it."

"Ah! Sire, what treachery! let your Majesty give it back to me, for I read it carelessly and in a hurry."

"No, M. le Marchal; first sentiments are always most natural.

The King laughed a great deal at this little joke, and every one was of the opinion that it was one of the most cruel things that could be done to an old coutier.—*Providence Press.*

Managing Women.

Is an art in which tact and talent play a conspicuous part. We once heard a henpecked husband declare that a married man had nothing to do, when the honeymoon was over, but to sit down and wait for death! He did not know that a man who fails to conquer with his tongue puts his brains to little domestic use. John Wilkes, confessedly the ugliest man in London, once boasted that he would give the handsomest fellow he ever saw an hour's start with a woman and distance him any day in the race for her good will. He proved the assertion, if all accounts be true. The Duchess of Gordon said the conversation of the poet Burns almost carried her off her feet. Mirabeau, whose face was terribly pitted with small-pox, captured the beautiful Sophie, captivated Maria Antoinette, and managed women at will: These men knew what power lay in the tongue, that coaxing, "silver-sweet" little instrument which gives those soft answers which turn away wrath, and can say, if used adroitly, such flattering pleasant, soothing and happy things as no shrew can long withstand.