THE

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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GOD'S ACRE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial ground God's acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison on the sleeping dust.

God's acre! Yes that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest; when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

Mrs. Jones' Elopement.

Mr Jones came home that afternoon feeling cross and tired. Business had been dull, and the clerks had been provoking. When he felt out of sorts, as he did that day, a nice supper and his wife's company were the best antidotes he knew of, and he hoped to have them effect a cure in this case, as they often had in other instances.

But Mrs. Jones was out, the girl said. She had been busy all the afternoon in her room; she didn't know what she was doing. About an hour ago she had put on her bonnet and gone out, and had charged her to tell her husband, when he came home, that she should not be back until late in the evening. "'Gone out on particular business,' she said," added Bridget.

"On particular business," growled Jones. "I'd like to know what particular business she has. I should say it was a wife's business to stay at home. She knew, of course, that I was coming home completely tired out, but that doesn't interfere with her pleasure in the least. She can enjoy herself just the same—probably all the more—because I am out of the way. I wish I knew where she's gone."

He went up to her room to see if she had worn some of her best clothes.

"Because, if she has," reasoned Mr. Jones, "she gone off to have a good time with some one she cares more for than she does for me."

Mr Jones' brow was black as any thunder cloud at the thought. He was in precisely the right frame of mind to make mountains out of mole-hills.

But she hadn't worn any of her new dresses.

"It can't be she's gone to a party, then," concluded Mr. Jones, "or she'd have rigged up more. It must be she's going somewhere else and wants to keep dark. It begins to look mysterious. A woman don't generally go off in this way without saying something to her husband, and wear her old clothes, without its meaning something, I've observed," said Mr. Jones, solemnly, to the Mr. Jones in the glass. "I'd like to know what it all does mean, anyhow."

It was just at this juncture that Mr. Jones discovered a letter on Mrs. Jones' writing desk. It was a freshly written page, beginning:

"DEAR EDWARD."

Mr. Jones' hair raised on end when his eagle eye caught the sight of that name. What awful thing had he discovered? Could it be that his wife was in the habit of writing letters to gentlemen? Perhaps she had gone out to meet one now.

He read the letter through without stopping to take breath from beginning to end.

It read as follows:

DEAR EDWARD:

I have read your touching appeal over and over, until every word of it is stamped upon my heart. It has caused me to fight a terrible battle with myself. I love you, and there is no use for me to deny it. I cannot deceive myself nor you by so doing. But my duty is to stay with my husband. I loathe him—I despise him; he is a tyrant—but he is my husband, and, as such, I suppose he has a claim upon me in the eyes of the world that you have not. But, my darling, I love you, and I have come to the conclusion to cast my lot with yours. I will do as you wish me to. I will meet you at the oak tree to-night at ten o'clock. I hope I shall—

And here, at the bottom of the page, the letter broke off abruptly. The other side of the page was blank.

"Great Jehosophat!" That was the awful word that broke Mr. Jones' lips when he had finished reading. It was the nearest to swearing of any word he indulged in. If ever he felt justified in using it he did now. His face was a sight to behold. It was full of anger, and surprise, and complete bewilderment.

"She loves him, does she?" he ejaculated, faintly. "And I'm a tyrant, am I? The wretched creature! She loathes me, and despises me, does she? I'll show her a thing or two. Let me see —ten o'clock, and I'll learn your 'Dear Edward' something he won't forget. I'll go out this blessed minute and get a couple of officers, and we'll wait for you. I fancy we'll surprise you a little. Great Jehosophat! and she's actually been deceiving me all the time, and letting some other man talk love to her, and coax her to elope with him! I can't believe it, and yet I can't doubt it, for here it is in her own handwriting. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it in black and white, Dear me! I wonder if I can bear up under the awful blow? What will folks say? I shall be ashamed to meet anybody. Its awful—awful!" and Mr. Jones wiped his face with his hankerchief and looked the complete picture of grief.

Mr, Jones was so "struck all of a heap," to use his own expression, by the terrible intelligence that he didn't stop to reason over the matter. He never once thought that "dear Edward" couldn't by any possibility have received this letter, since it hadn't been sent. He only realized that she was going to meet her lover at ten o'clock.

"I'll be there my lady," said Mr. Jones, significantly, putting on his overcoat preparatory to setting out in search of the proper officers. "I'll be there and I'll give your 'Dear Edward' something he didn't bargain for. I'll 'Dear Edward 'him!"

About nine o'clock Mr. Jones and a couple of officers came up the road stealthily and secreted themselves behind a clump of bushes near the place where the two main roads crossed each other.

"Now you mind what I say," said Mr. Jones. "I'll go for him, and you keep out of the way till I'm done with him. I'll make him wish he'd never thought of such a thing as making love to other men's wives, see if I don't. I'll pommel him! I'll trounce him within an inch of his life, the contemptible puppy!" and Mr. Jones struck out right and left at his visionary rival in a way that made the officers titter.

They waited and waited and kept waiting. The ten o'clock train came in, whistling shrilly. And still no sign of either man or woman for whom they were waiting.

Presently Mr. Jones bade them listen; he heard steps down the road.

The night was dark, and they could not see a rod off. But he was right in thinking he heard steps. Some one was coming.

"It's him, curse him," muttered Mr. Jones. "Now you lay low, and mind what I say. Dont come till I tell you to. I dare say I shall half kill him. But you keep off, and I'll take the consequences If I do kill him completely. Great Jehosaphat! I just yearn to get my hands on the wretch."

"He's close by now," whispered one of the men.

"I see him," answered Mr. Jones, in an awful whisper. "Here, hold my hat. I'm going for him, and may the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

Accordingly, Mr. Jones "went for him." He made a rush at the tall, black figure coming leisurely up the road. He gave it a punch in the stomach with one fist, and another in the ribs with the other fist, snorting like a wild bull. He was too excited to talk intelligibly at first. The unsuspecting recipient of such an extaordinary greeting seemed half inclined to run at first, but on second thought, seemed to think better of it and turned upon his assailant.

"Take that, and that, and that! cried Mr. Jones, who had got so he could utter words a trifle more coherently by this time, dealing blows right and left. "Run away with my wife, will you? You old villain, I'll learn you to swoop round the Jones family trying to break it up Take that— and that! and—oh, great Jehosophat!"

Mr. Jones' tune suddenly changed; the victim of a husband's righteous wrath had brought his cane to bear upon his foe and was doing good work with it.

"Smith—Dobson! help! help!" shrieked Jones, as the cane fell upon his head and shoulders in unmerciful blows. "Murder! help!"

The officers came to his assistance, and succeed in securing the stranger.

"I'd like to know what this means?" he demanded. "I supposed this neighborhood was respectable, but I should think you've all gone crazy, or else turned highway robbers."

"We'll let you know what it means," cried Jones. "I dont believe you will want to run away with Samuel Jones' wife again."

"Is that you, Samuel Jones?" asked the prisoner. "I thought your voice sounded kind of familiar before, but you bellowed so I couldn't make it out. Are you insane or idiotic—or what?"

"Lord bless me, if you ain't Uncle Joshua!" said Mr. Jones, faintly. He felt small enough just then to crawl through a knot-hole. "I'm awful sorry that this has happened, but I couldn't help it. I didn't know it was you. You see Amelia's fell in love with some fellow and I came across a letter this afternoon that she had written to him saying she'd meet him here at ten o'clock, and I got these men to help me and we waited for him, and I thought you were the man!"

"Fell in love with another man and promised to meet him here at ten o'clock? Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle Joshua, indignantly. "You were always the biggest fool! You're crazy!"

"But I tell you I saw her own letter," exclaimed Mr. Jones. "I ain't crazy now, but I shouldn't wonder if I was before long."

"You've lost all the senses you used to have, and that wasn't enough to brag of," said Uncle Joshua, rather uncomplimentary. "Come along to the house and we'll ask Amelia what it means."

Uncle Joshua led the way with a pain in his stomach, caused by Mr. Jones' energetic attempt to teach his supposed rival not to meddle with the Jones family, and Mr. Jones followed in his wake with a sore head and a very black eye.

There was a light in the sitting room. Mrs. Jones was there.

"See here, Amelia, exclaimed Uncle Joshua, bursting in like a thunder storm "you're fool of a husband says you've fell in love with some one, and that you wrote him a letter saying you'd meet him at ten o'clock to-night and run away with him, and he says he's seen the letter. Now I don't believe a word of it, but I'd like to have you explain, if you can."

"You did!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "It's no use for you to lie about it Amelia. You've broke my heart, and you did write that letter. I found it on your desk and here it is. It begins—'Dear Edward.'"

"Oh, I know all about it now," cried Mrs. Jones, beginning to laugh. "O dear me! You see, Laura Wade and I agreed to write a story, and I have got mine half done, and went over to read it to her this afternoon, and when I got there I found that I'd lost a page of it. I must have left it on my desk. It was about a woman who was going to elope—my story was—and she wrote that she would go with her lover, and that, when she thougnt it all over, concluded to stay at home and do her duty. The page that was missing was the one that had the letter on it that she wrote to her lover. You found it, and thought I was going to run away! O dear I never heard of anything so funny! O dear me!" and Mrs. Jones laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"I can't see anything very funny about it," said Mr. Jones, feeling rather sheepish. "How was I to know you were writing stories? You've no business to spend your time in that way."

"That's so," growled Uncle Joshua, whose stomach began to feel sore and bruised. "You're a fool for writing stories, and Jones is a fool anyway!"

Which was poor consolation for Jones. The story of the whole affair leaked out, and he will never hear the last of Mrs. Jones' elopement.

Alexander Hamilton.

Alexander Hamilton was, next to Franklin, the most consummate statesman among the band of eminent men who had been active in the Revolution, and who afterward labored to convert a loose confederation of States into a national government. His mind was as plastic as it was vigorous and profound. It was the appropriate intellectual expression of a poised nature whose power was rarely obtrusive, because it was half concealed by the harmonious adjustment of its various faculties. It was a mind deep enough to grasp principles and broad enough to regard relations, and fertile enough to devise measures. Indeed, the most practical of our early statesmen he was also the most inventive. He was as ready with new expedients to meet unexpected emergencies as he was wise in subordinating all expedients to clearly defined principles. In intellect he was probably the most creative of our early statesmen, as in sentiment Jefferson was the most widely influential. And Hamilton was so bent on practical ends that he was indifferent to the reputation which might have resulted from a parade of originality in the means he devised for their accomplishment. There never was a statesman less egotistic, less desirous of labeling a policy as "my" policy; and one of the sources of his influence was the subtle way in which he insinuated into other minds ideas which they appeared to originate. His moderation, his self-command, the exquisite courtesy of his manners, the persuasiveness of his ordinary speech, the fascination of his extraordinary speeches, and the mingled dignity and ease with which he met men of all degrees of intellect and character, resulted in making his political partisans look up to him as almost an object of political adoration. It is difficult to say what this accomplished man might have done as a leader of the Federal opposition to the Democratic administrations of Jefferson and Madison, had he not, in the maturity of his years and in the full vigor of his faculties, been murdered by Aaron Burr. Nothing can better illustrate the folly of the practice of dueling than the fact that, by a weak compliance with its maxims, the most eminent of American statesmen died by the hand of the most infamous of American demagogues.

A Man's Friends.

It is very certain that a man's intimate friends are often the last to suspect his possession of unusual abilities. This is a trite observation, but one is constantly being surprised at some new proof of its truth. It was not long ago that a gentleman told us that he did not believe a certain celebrated poet had any real genius, because he once lived in the same town with him, and knew that his family were no better than they should be. He had never read any of his books, however. It was the old story over again. "He is a great man!", "Nonsense! I knew him when he was only *that* high!"

An Essay on Fish.

Fish may be divided into classes—codfish and fresh fish. The propriety of dividing them into classes will be at once apparent when we reflect that they are usually found in schools,

The mackerel is not exactly a codfish; but he comes so much nearer being a codfish than a fresh fish that he is for the present classed with the former.

Fish exist in sizes to suit the purchaser, from minnows to whales—which are not fish, strictly speaking. Neither is the alligator a fish; but if we attempt to tell what are not fish, this article will far exceed its intended limits.

The herring is not absolutely a fish; he is a suggestion of departed fish. But the strongest suggestion of departed fish are smelt. The herring sustains the same relation to the finny tribe as the Egyptian mummy to the human race.

Fish are caught by measure and sold by weight—that is, they are caught by the gill and sold by the pound. But they are sometimes caught by weight—till you get a bite.

Contentment is the chief respite to the successful fisherman.

Surveyors are apt to be good fishermen because their lines and angles are apt to be all right.

The mermaid and fisherwoman may also be mentioned in this connection. The former is a good illustration of what is meant by the ideal, and the latter as fitly represents the real.

Many land animals are reproduced in the sea. Thus we have the dog-fish, the cat fish, sea-lions and sea-horses, but no sea-mules. None of the above have hind legs, and any manner of mule without hind legs would be a conspicuous failure.

It may not be out of place to mention Jonah in this connection. He was not a fish, but was once included among the inhabitants of the deep. There has been considerable dispute as to the name of the fish that swallowed the gentleman, above mentioned, some persons arguing that the throat of a whale is not large enough to swallow a man. This objection seems to be inconsequential.

Jonah might have been made in a smaller mould than other men. Moreover, it is certain that he was cast over before being swallowed—cast over the rail of the vessel.

There has been much speculation, also, as to the cause of Jonah's expulsion from the whale's interior, but the theory most generally accepted is that he soured on the whale's stomach.

He was very fortunate in reaching land, since he had no pilot. If he had taken a pilot into the stomach of the whale he would doubtless have selected Pauncheous Pilot as the proper man.

Jonah was the first man who retired from the Department of the Interior, and Delano was the last one.

But we digress. Let us return to our fish.

The codfish is the great source of all salt. In this respect Lot's wife was nowhere; however, it would be well to "remember Lot's wife."

The saline qualities of the codfish permeate and percolate the vasty deep, and make the ocean as salt as himself. Weighed in his own scales, he is found wanting considerable freshening. He is by nature quite social, his principal recreation being balls—fish balls.

The codfish was worshipped by the Greeks; but he is only half as well treated by the inhabitants of Cape Cod —he is simply shipped. Hence the difference between the Greeks and the inhabitants of Cape Cod.

Small fish are usually harmless, but parents can't be too careful about permitting their children to play where large fish abound, as it is an established fact that the big fish frequently eat up the little ones.

The jelly fish is, perhaps the best understood of all the finny tribe, because being translucent, it is easy to see through him.

The greatest number of fish is eaten on Friday, and the next greatest number on Saturday, because those that are left over are warmed up for Saturday's breakfast.

Argumentative persons are fond of stating that it is grammatical to say that the five loaves and three fishes were ate, since five and three were always eight They should be treated with silent contempt.

Fish are provided with air bladders, so that they can rise from the depths of the sea by simply filling these bladders with air. If any one is disposed to ask where they get the air for such inflation, let him understand in advance that this article is not intended for the solution of petty conundrums.

There are many interesting rumors about fish which might be mentioned, but the foregoing facts may be considered as of-fish-al.

National Burial Customs.

These several methods were practiced in the earlier ages by all the eastern nations. The Egyptians have become so identified with the first that we now turn toward the land of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies for a description and illustration of this mode. As late as the sixth century of the Christian era this process of preserving the dead was the custom among the people, when it was superseded by the modern rites, which have remained to this day. The Hebrews buried their dead, though from certain passages of Scripture it would seem that they occasionally practiced incineration. A feature of their burials has come down to us, namely, that of locating cemeteries without the walls of the city. With them the days of mourning numbered seven, although when a person of eminence died they continued sometimes thirty days. During this period, fasting, mourning, and other sacrifices were kept up by the friends of the deceased. The Greeks, as the next nation in point of early interest, were accustomed both to burn and to bury their dead. When it was intended to inter the remains, the body was placed in a coffin of baked clay or earthenware, and deposited, as with the Hebrews, out of the city. Burial within the city was forbidden. The funeral was succeeded usually with fasting that was more or less prolonged.

During the days of the republic in Rome interment was general, and even in the early years of the empire the custom was held, but later burning was the practice, which, however, fell into ill-favor in the fourth century, when Christianity was gaining a strong foothold, and the Emperor himself became a disciple of that faith. In the latter days of the republic and the earlier of the empire, when incineration was introduced, it was the custom, if the deceased was rich, to wash the corpse, which was then anointed with oil and perfumery by the slaves of the undertaker. A coin was placed in the mouth to pay the ferriage into Hades, the abode of departed spirits. The body was well dressed, and placed with the feet toward the door of the house in which the deceased had expired. The funeral took place at night. If the station of the dead warranted it, the body was conveyed through the forum, where an oration was pronounced. It will be remembered how Marc Antony spoke over the body of Cæsar when his remains were taken to the place of public assembly. The body was then burned, the flames were extinguished by wine being poured on them, and the bones and ashes were carefully collected and placed in an urn, to be preserved by the relatives and friends.

The Germanic races at one time practiced what has been known in recent years as cremation. The remnants of this old custom are seen even now in their torchlight processions in honor of their departed princes, which point unmistakably to the fire-burial once so prevalent. The views of Sir Henry Thompson on cremation are accepted by the descendants of the Germanic races, which may serve to show that the relics of the fire-burial still exist. The Saxons

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and Frisians of the olden time were terrified at its darkness, when the narrow grave was introduced among them as the successor of their burning burials. With the Northmen cremation followed the mound-burial. Cæsar, when he was in Gaul, observed that the natives practiced cremation, and Tacitus speaks of the fire-burial as a Germanic custom, special kinds of wood being used for chieftains. The Northmen buried the ashes of their dead after their incineration and planted flowers over the tomb.

The natives of the islands of Behring Sea were in the habit of mummifying the bodies of their dead. This custom does not appear to have ever existed among the tribes inhabiting the main land on either the American or Asiatic side of the sea. In the Chukchee Peninsula, on the Asiatic shore, there is no soil in which to bury the dead, and cremation is impossible for want of wood, hence the nations expose their dead, to the mercy of the bears, dogs, and foxes. In the Yukon Valley, Alaska, the soil is almost always frozen hard, and excavation is extremely difficult, but timber abounds, and the remains of the dead are boxed up in wooden coffins, and elevated on posts. The Indians of the great Northwest employ a similar means of disposing of thair dead. On the islands soil is not permanently frozen, and graves might be easily dug, but wood is scarce, and as there are no wild animals, the natives lay their dead away among the nooks and crannies of the rocks The Kaniags and Aleuts preserve their dead by mummifying. The Indians of the West take great care of the remains of the papooses and young men and women, whom they wrap securely in robes and blankets and place in trees or on raised platforms, where they rest, sometimes for a number of years. They, however, would leave with the utmost unconcern an aged woman to die or to be torn to death by ravenous beasts. Beside the Indian his pony is killed, and his utensils are deposited with him in his pouch, with his flint and steel, and favorite weapons. The old Norse warrior was burned, and his dog and often his horse were also cremated. In India burning and burying were and are both practiced, and until quite recently it was the custom for the widow of the deceased to place herself on the funeral pyre with her husband's remains and be burned alive. The Turks and other Eastern nations treat their dead with great reverence, and bury them in cemeteries which are given a religious keeping. The modern Greeks usually bury their dead with their faces uncovered, and open-faced caskets are quite common among Americans. The orthodox Jews still retain the mourning ceremonies of their ancestors, while the others conform more to the custom of the nations among whom they dwell.

In England, France, and other European countries the beautiful service prevails of strewing the graves with flowers, and the anniversary which is celebrated here as "Decoration Day" shows how this lovely practice has founnd favor with Americans. For centuries the Christain burial places throughout Europe were in the churches, and in cemeteries adjoining places of religious assembly. In France in the year 1777 this custom was discontinued, which example was very generally adopted elsewhere.

Japanese Oddities.

The Japanese turkeys do not quite come up to those of their kind in America. Their flesh does not become so succulent and tender upon a diet of rice as upon meal and corn. The Japanese have an odd name for this bird, signifying the "seven-colored face," from the changing hues of the gobbler's gills. In the same way their name for the crab, the animal that walks "seven ways." Speaking of curious names reminds me of what the coolies say about chestnuts and sweet potatoes. These poor fellows, who perform the most toilsome and prolonged tasks for a mere pittance, who "bear the burden and the heat of the day," in the fullest sense of the expression, have a hearty appreciation of good food. Toiling as they do for daily wages that would not purchase the food of a child in our country, cheap food is the necessity of their lives. Hence it is that they feed largely upon sweet potatoes, the cheapest of all edibles in Japan. Chestnuts, which are known as "nine mile nuts," while not excessively dear, are generally beyond the means of the coolies. But they delight to fancy that sweet potatoes are almost as good as chestnuts, so they accordinly dub the potato "eight mile and a half food," which makes it only half a mile short of the chestnut. A man who lives on chestnuts can go nine Japanese miles (about twenty-two and a half English miles) in a day, while he who eats sweet potatoes can go eight miles and a half (twenty-one and a quarter English miles) hence the names. Notwithstanding what seems to us to be the weak and insufficient diet of the Japanese laboring men, their endurance and strength are truly wonderful. I have ridden sixty miles between sun and sun in a jynrickisha drawn by two coolies, and the day after that I went about forty miles more with the same two men. At the end of the first day's journey they did not seem to be very fatigued. Immediately after stopping at a tea-house for the night they took a bath in water so hot that I could not have washed my hands in it, and after comfortably parboiling themselves got out, took a heavy meal of rice and dried fish, and then sat up almost all the night gambling and drinking saki. On the coldest days, and even when there is snow on the ground, you can see these fellows on the street with no clothing save a thin cotton shirt, a pair of pants of the same material reaching to the knees, and straw sandals. Nor do they seem to be particularly cold, although a foreigner would consider their custume barely sufficient for a warm Summer day.—*Correspondence Cleveland Herald.*

A Lucky Man.

Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a ship-yard, twenty young men in a village—all want to get along in the world and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices wtll become a master builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual! Luck? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old, dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something worth having, good fortune good name, and serene old age, all go in his hard, dirty road.

Origin of Mahogany Furniture.

About the eighteenth century a West India captain brought some mahogany logs as ballast for his ship, and gave them to his brother, Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, who was then building a house. The wood was thrown aside as too hard for the workmen's tools. Some time afterward his wifo wanted a candle box. The Dr. thought of the West Indian wood, and out of that the box was made. Its color and polish tempted the Dr. to have a bureau of the same material, and this was thought so beautiful that it was shown to all his friends. The Duchess of Buckingham, who came to look at it, begged wood enough to make another bureau for herself. Then the demand arose for more, and Honduras mahogany became a common article of trade.

TRE REPO

TRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 18

Some Curious Ways of Observing St. Valentine's Day.

Our own ancestry in England and Scotland have observed some very funny customs within the last three centuries. At one time valentines were fashionable among the nobility, and, while still selected by lot, it became the duty of a gentleman to give to the lady who fell to his lot a handsome present. Pieces of jewelry costing thousands of dollars were not unusual, though smaller things, as gloves, were more common.

A gossippy old gentleman named Pepys, whose private diary has come to afford great interest and amusement to our times, tells how he sent his wife silk stockings and garters for her valentine. And one year, he says, his own wife chanced to be his valentine, and he grumbles that it will cost him five pounds.

There was a tradition among the country people that every bird chose its mate on Valentine's day; and at one time it was the custom for young folks to go out before daylight on that morning and try to catch an owl and two sparrows in a net. If they succeeded, it was a good omen, and entitled them to gifts from the villagers. Another fashion among them was to write the valentine, tie it on an apple or orange, and steal up to the house of the chosen one in the evening, open the door quietly, and throw it in.

The drollest valentine I ever heard of belongs to those old times in England, and consisted of the rib of a small animal wrapped in white satin ribbon, which was tied in true lover's knots in several places. This elegant and suggestive gift was sent to a bachelor, and accompanied with verses:

"Go contemplate this lovely sign!
Haste thee away to Reason's shrine,
And listen to her voice;
No more illusive shades pursue,
To happiness this gives the clue,
Make but a prudent choice."

So far, it is uncertain whether or not the lines refer to the pleasures of eating, suggested (to modern minds) by a rib. But they go on to explain:

"Till Adam had a partner given,
Much as fair Eden bloomed like heaven,
His bliss was incomplete;
No social friend these joys to share,
Gave the gay scene a vacant air;
She came—'t was all replete!"

which leaves nothing to be desired, I'm sure.

Those were the days of charms, and of course the rural maidens had a sure and infallible charm foretelling the future husband. On the eve of St. Valentine's day, the anxious damsel prepared for sleep by pinning to her pillow five bay leaves, one at each corner and one in the middle (which must have been delightful to sleep on, by the way). If she dreamed of her sweetheart, she was sure to marry him before the end of the year.

But to make it a "dead sure" thing, the candidate for matrimony must boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, and fill its place with salt. Just before going to bed, she must eat egg, salt, shell and all, and neither speak nor drink after it. If that wouldn't insure her a vivid dream, there surely could be no virtue in charms.—*St. Nicholas for February.*

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German Gentlemen.

It has been said that the well-born German is distinguished for his *morgue* and disregard of those in a lower station than himself. This was, and is, his chief reproach in the eyes of his middle-class fellow-countrymen. He does not conceal that he despises their want of manner, their glaring solecisms, their extraordinary coarseness of behavior, and absence of tact. They, who perhaps know as much as he does, are richer than be is, are unconscious of all that jars and grates upon one of a finer fibre than themselves, and are apt to to declare that he trades on his nobility, and assumes a merit that he is far from possessing. Not from the so-called "lower orders" is resentment ever likely to become dangerous, but from the well-educated, underbred middle-class; the very middling—if refinement of speech, suavity of manner, and gentleness of utterance count for anything. The middle class as we understand it—one brother a merchant, another in the guards, the eldest son of the house heir to a baronetcy, the youngest walking the earth in an M. B. waistcoat, and waiting for the family living—is almost incomprehensible to the ordinary German mind; but let us hope that the day may not be far distant when the arrogance of the aristocrat may be tempered and the tone of the citizen refined. So long as commerce means here shopkeeping, every petty grocer writes *Kaufmann* (merchant) over his shop door, and every Jew usurer signs himself *Banquier*, it is to be feared that a commercial career will not prove very attractive in the eyes of, or draw many recruits from, the upper ranks of society. It is not given to every man to be what in common parlance is called "born a gentleman;" but if his birth be not gentle, his manners may make him so; and we all know that a "cotton lord" may be a truer gentleman than the descendant of a "hundred earls." The modest independence and self-reliance which bring about suavity of manners and an absence at once of the servile or the arrogant in a man's intercourse with those of another rank is not at a premium in Germany, where self-assertion or obsequiousness strikes the outsider with a sense of pained surprise. The German gentleman, the man of noble birth, of splendid presence, of polished if of cold and arrogant manners, fails where we might expect him to fail. "Without love," says our great humorist, "I can fancy no true gentleman"—love that is, not of the individual, which may be but mere sublimated selfishness, but that chivalrous devotion which high-minded manhood ever bears to gentle womanhood. The German gentleman may be gallant, he may be a man of pleasure, a lady-killer, a *grand vivier;* as a rule he is perfectly ready to flirt with any pretty woman, to make daily *Fenster* parades before her windows, to whisper soft sentimental nothings to her during the course of the cotillion, it may be even slightly to "compromise" her. She is of course, a married woman (for these attentions would mean marriage to a girl,) so she knows, and ought to know, how to take care of herself. He will go away and laugh over his little social successes, when his comrades banter him on his *bonnes fortunes;* and she will be backbitten in the "Kaffees," and a tolerant society will view the matter with indifference, unless, indeed it comes to such a climax as makes indifference, no longer possible; and even then, an easy-going temper disposes the lookers-on generally to be tolerably lenient. Their bark is much worse than their bite in these matters, and, after all, one must not draw the line too tight. Marriage is beset with a thousand difficulties; life is more amusing behind the scenes of a theatre than in the dull, domestic round. One likes to have one's moments of relaxation, and eternal parade, civil as well as military, is rather a gilding of the lily. Women are well enough to be "a moment's ornament," but life is easier *en garcon.* One has a thousand egoisms and ambitions to occupy one's time and thoughts, and a man galooned all over with gold, and staggering under orders, cannot be expected to sit like Hercules at Omphale's feet. German ladies are not accustomed to the entire and untiring devotion which English women accept with all the unconsciousness of a right. No man rises to open the door for you when you leave the room; if cups of tea or coffee have to be handed about, it is the lady of the house that will carry them round; she will be rewarded with a "*Tausand Dank, meine Gnadigste,*" but the "most gracious" will be allowed to trot about all the same. A man need not wait (in that happy land) for "pain and anguish' to "rack the brow" before the ministering angels appear upon the scene. You (one of the angels) may search an hour for your *sortie de bal* in a cloak room, before one out of that group of glittering beings assembled round the door will put out a helping hand. When at last you emerge from your difficulties and pass down the stairs they will draw themselves up in *stramme militarische Haltung*, click their heels together and bring their heads to the level of their sword-belts; and if that is is not devotion, chivalric behavior, and splendid respect, the world has none to show, and you are an exacting and irrational malcontent.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

* * *

Age of the French Language.

It will be one of the most remarkable discoveries of the age if there is really ground for thinking that the French tongue was spoken in Gaul in the fourth century before Christ, and that it was afterwards superseded by Latin. As much seems implied in a late review in the *Times* of M. Viollet-le-Duc's "Annals of a Fortress." In that book the imaginary history of a fortress is traced from the earliest times to the march of the Allies on Paris. In the review we read: "In the fourth century before the Christian era this position, then known as the Val d'Avon, was occupied by a tribe of Gauls." In due time, "when Gaul had become a Roman province, the Val d'Avon, with the highland above, was transformed into the camp of Abonia." If there is any meaning in words, this clearly implies that the Gauls called the place Val d'Avon, and that the Romans changed the name to Abonia. That Gauls in the fourth century before Christ should speak such remarkably good French is certainly surprising. But, if anything could make us believe it, it would be the authority of one who has studied the revolutions of Gaul so minutely as M. Viollet-le-Duc. It is possible, however, that the translator or reviewer may be answerable for the statement rather than the author himself. M. Viollet-le-Duc, writing in French, would naturally call his valley Val d'Avon, whether he was speaking of the fourth century before Christ or of the nineteenth century after Christ. He would naturally say that the Romans planted their camp of Abonia in the Val d'Avon. But it is a hasty conclusion from this that the Gauls called the place Val d'Avon, and that the Romans changed the name to Abonia. Dr. Guest, writing in English, might say with perfect correctness that Aulus Plautius founded Londinum in the valley of the Thames. But it would be rash to argue from this that even Plautius himself ever used the words "Valley of the Thames," and still more rash to argue that forms of words was usual among the Britons of the fourth century before Christ.

* * *

Children's Winter Clothing.

It is a favorite maxim with city mothers, says Scribner's Monthly that children are warm-blooded, and need less clothing, than adults. Especially is this held true of babies and girls. Boys are warmly protected by cloth leggins, kilt suits and stout shoes, while their little sisters defy the winter wind in bare knees and embroidered skirts. There is a poetic fancy, too that girls should be kept in white up to a certain age. A dozen little girls, of from three to five, were assembled the other day, and the universal dress was an under vest and drawers of merino, a single embroidered flannel petticoat, and an inbumbent airy mass of muslin, ribbons and lace. Meanwhile, their mothers, women of culture and ordinary intelligence, were wrapped in woolens, skins and furs. In consequence of this under-dressing the children are housed except on warm days or when they are driven out in carriages, and therefore a chance cold wind brings to these tender hot-house flowers, instead of health, disease and death. It is absolutely folly to try to make a child hardy by cruel exposure, or to protect it from croup or pneumonia by a string of amber heads or by shutting it up in furnace-heated houses. Lay away its muslin frills until June; put woolen stockings on its legs, flannel (not half cotton woven vests) on its body, and velvet, silk, merino—whatever you think you can afford—on top of that, tie on a snug little hood and turn the baby out every winter's day, unless the wind be from the north-east and the air foggy and before spring its bright eyes and rosy cheeks will give it a different beauty from any pure robes of white.

* * *

Leaf Photographs.

A very pretty amusement, especially for those who have just completed the study of botany, is the taking of leaf photographs. One very simple process is this: At any druggist's get a dime's worth of bichromate of potash. Put this in a two-ounce bottle of salt water. When the solution becomes saturated—that is, the water has dissolved as much as it will—pour off some of the clear liquid into a shallow dish; on this float a piece of ordinary writing paper till it is thoroughly moistened. Let it become nearly dry, in the dark. It should be of a bright yellow. On this put the leaf; under it a piece of soft black cloth and several sheets of newspaper. Put these between two pieces of glass (all the pieces should be of the same size) and with spring clothespins fasten them together. Expose to a bright sun, placing the leaf so that the rays will fall upon it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few minutes it will begin to turn brown, but it requires from half an hour to several hours to produce a perfect print. When it has become dark enough, take it from the frame put in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes till the yellow part become perfectly white. Sometimes the venation of the leaves will be quite distinct. By following these directions it is scarcely possible to fail, and a little practice will make perfect. The photographs, if well taken are very pretty as well as interesting.

* * *

A "Secret Blow" in Fencing.

Very silly is the belief of the existence of secret blows, whose magic defies the most consummate skill. "The commander's blow" and "the Italian blow" are the most famous of these secret blows. They are simplicity itself, and cannot be successfully executed if the adverssry be a tolerable swordsman and carefully on his guard. To explain them here would oblige me to enter into technicalities, which would be Greek to the majority of readers. The only secret blow which is certain of success is "the gendarmes' blow." The gendarmes are the rural police. When your adversary is about to attack you, assume a horrified expression of countenance, cast a terrified glance at the horizon *back* of him, shout: "There comes the gendarmes!" As he turns his head to look, run your sword through him, exclaiming, as you do so, and this artfully, that the whole sentence may seem to be one ejaculation: "Let's make haste!" It wrings my heart to be obliged to add that judges and juries are not disposed to consider "the gendarmes' blow" as a legacy of the Chevalier Bayard.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

* * *

Old Saws.

Among the wise sayings for the year are the following:

A blind man's wife needs no painting.

Death is before the old man's face and may be at the young one's back.

Review the time you have misspent; think upon it and lament.

Sloth is an argument of a mean and degenerate mind.

Evil company makes the good bad, and the bad worse.

Good men are safe when evil ones are at variance.

In a thousand pounds' worth of law there is not a shilling's worth of pleasure.

Recreation should fit us for business, not rob us of time.

He that can do us an injury may at one time or other do us a kindness.

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A Father's Sacrifice—A Story of French Conscription.

Up four flights of stairs in a house in Paris were three snug little rooms inhabitated by the family Roumille. They had only peaked roofs, chimneys and the blue sky to look out upon, but so pleasant were the rooms within, and so neat, and tasteful and sunny, that there was small temptation to turn the eyes away from them.

It was evening, and the family were assembled at supper. They were observing a *fete*, and the best gilt china glittered on the table, a little bouquet of fresh flowers stood by each glass, and an iced cake, surrounded by a wreath of rosebuds, distinguished the center. Around the board sat the jolly, affectionate old father, the delicate and loving mother, their brave, handsome boy, and one other not now belonging to the family, but soon to be called daughter by the parents, and wife by the son. She was a gentle, lovely young girl, looking with affectionate respect upon the old folk, and with fond, modest eyes upon her lover.

"Son," said the mother, "for twenty-one years this night hast thou been the delight of my heart. Thou hast gladdened my eyes every day thou hast lived. Ah! that thou wert but a few years younger, that I might be sure of thee longer!"

"Wife, dost thou not see that Marion takes thy word as a reproach to her?" said the father. "Thou would'st have thy son all for thyself, thou sayest."

"I do not mean that I would not have my child Marion for my daughter," she replied. "No, no! Bless her heart, she need not blush so. And she need not fear. I think even my Robinet happy to be her husband. But the conscription, father! Our boy is of age."

The old man's happy face grew pale and uneasy.

"Wife," he said, "our boy is affectionate to us, true to Marion, and loving to God. If heaven is but just, he will not draw the fatal lot. Heaven blesses the good."

"Whom God loveth he chasteneth," said the mother, with a sigh, and Marion's cheek grew whiter.

"Come, do not darken a sunny day by clouds of fear," said the young man. "To-night I am free. To-night I can be the happiest fellow alive. Even if to-morrow I draw the wrong number, and must go to fight, I may return to you covered with honors. Will you not be glad and proud then?"

"My son, my son, I have known many a brave boy join those ranks dreaming as thou dost; but few came back to their mothers. Oh, Rodinet, thou art my only one, and if thou art killed I shall be childless."

"Ah, wife," said the father, forcing back his tears, "Could'st thou not be almost happy to be a widow? The conscription spares the only sons of widows. If thy useless old husband were gone, thou could'st keep thy brave young son.

"Ah, ah," cried the wife; "stop the old man's tongue. Put thy hand on his mouth, Marion. I cannot bear to hear him talk so."

"To-night let us be happy," said Robinet. "I am not yet a conscript, and I believe I shall escape to-morrow. So, 'begone dull care!' Father, shall I cut my birthday cake?"

"Yes, my boy," said his father. "Let us not borrow trouble. It would kill me to see thee among the dissolute soldiery, driven to slaughter! I will not, no, I cannot think of it. Yes, cut thy cake but do not harm those pretty buds. Marion placed them there in token of how she will round thy life with pleasures. Eh, Marion? Each bud for a kiss or kind word, eh?"

Marion wiped her eyes and smiled blushingly. Cheerfulness was restored, and the happy family gave themselves up to enjoyment of each other, the secret thought that perhaps it was for the last time, making every voice tenderer.

On the next day the drawing was to take place. Father and son proceeded to the place of decision. The son, with white cheek and dilating eye, drew, while the father stood by, his usually jovial form trembling with agonizing apprehension. It was a fatal number! and with a groan of despair the old man fell upon his son's neck.

"Oh, my boy!" he said, "I cannot let thee go! I cannot see thee driven to slaughter! Thy mother's heart will be desolate. I cannot, no, God forgive me, I cannot."

He wrung his son's hand, and, shaking his head at the few brave, consoling words Robinet's trembling lips uttered, he stopped them short by kissing him tenderly. He then went out, with a gesture forbidding any one to follow him.

"The mother will weep over her son, said a by-stander--Marion's father; "but an old man, like an old dog, goes alone to grieve. He thy poor old father, idolizes thee, boy. Ah, Robinet Roumille, there is another—a poor young girl—whose bitterest tears will be secret ones.'

The youth, almost stunned with despair at his fate, returned to tell his mother and Marion. They awaited his arrival, kneeling at the feet of the Holy Mary's image, and praying with agonizing fervency.

Robinet entered quietly, and stood rigid and pale behind them, his eyes large, and his nostrils quivering. The mother turned and looked at him, then fell back in a swoon. Her son raised her, and laid her upon a sofa in slow recovery. Marion clung to his arm, and held one of his hands in hers, weeping bitterly. None asked for the words they could not bear to hear.

"Ah, thy poor father!" the mother murmured, "I know he is weeping in secret. He was ever slow to show his grief. His heart is broken like mine. Oh, that I had thy father here! We would mourn together."

There was a stir below, and a sound of many steps coming up the staircase. It paused at the door. Robinet opened it. They were bringing home his father—dead. He had killed himself that Robinet might be exempt from conscription. He had fallen a sacrifice to an insane idea of duty. Let us not judge him too harshly. He meant well, his brain gave way, he died that his son might live. God is more merciful than man!

Thus the widow kept her son; but the memory of the father was held in a tender depth of regret, in the forever saddened hearts of both mother and son.

Origin of Phrases.

The origan of phrases and some of our common words presents an interesting study. The term "sub rosa" is said to have originated as follows:

Cupid gave a rose to Hippocrates, and from this legend arose the practice of suspending a rose over the table when eating, when it was intended that the conversation should be kept secret.

The explanation of "by hook or by crook" is that in the olden time persons entitled to get firewood in the king's forest were limited to such dead branches as they could tear down with a "hook or crook without hurt to his majesty's tree."

"In spite of his teeth" originated thus: King John of England once demanded of a Jew the sum of 10,000 marks, and, on being refused, ordered that the Israelite should have one after another of his teeth drawn until he gave his consent. The Jew submitted to the loss of seven, and then paid the required sum; hence the expression, "In spite of his teeth."

The word "derrick" is an Americanism, and yet it had its origin in England. Early in the seventeenth century, when the office of hangman in England was no sinecure, one Derrick held the place, and, among Puritans and Calvaliers alike, his name became associated with the gallows. The Puritans brought the word hither, and gradually it was applied to hoisting-cranes, by a very natural process of metonymy. The word appears only in American dictionaries.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

The Shower of Gold.—It was a bright afternoon in midsummer, and the jeweler who lives in the sun was showering everything with gold. Did you never hear of the jeweler who lives in the sun? It is he who in the morning turns the dew-drops into sparkling diamonds, and at noonday makes rainbow bridges of the seven precious stones, and, when sunset comes, builds castles of ruby with gates of pearl. A wonderful workman is he, and now he was emptying great bushel-baskets full of gold dust out of his shop-windows, and the lake was all smooth gold, as far as the eyes could see, and the green trees were all covered, and so were the blue mountains, and one could see it coming softly down through the air from beyond the white clouds. One could see at the edges of the clouds, too, how it had fallen upon them, and had lodged among their fleeces and there stayed. It was as if there had been a snow-storm in summer, and all the snow-flakes were pure gold.

Four men were in a boat on the lake, and one said to the others: "Look at the gold!" One was a poet, who sang to hearts of the golden age; and one was a miser, who hoarded the yellow gold so that no one but he could see it, or use it, and it could do no good; and the third was a barterer, who bought and sold it, and thought of it only; and the last was an artist, who had golden visions, and painted pictures that made folks joyful with longing.

So they all looked at the gold, and each one thought to himself; "What may I do with it?"

And the miser thought: "I will get on shore as soon as ever I can, and I will hurry and get all the largest trunks that ever I can, and be first to gather up all the gold, and nobody shall have any of it but me." So he got to land, and found sixteen trunks, each as large as a bureau, But when he got them to the place, the gold was nowhere to be seen, and not the smallest gold-flake did the miser get.

And the barterer thought: I will fill my pockets with the gold, and carry it to the city, and buy and sell, and make more." So he opened all his pockets as wide as he could, and the gold fell in, and he buttoned and stiched, and double-stiched them up, as safe as safe could be. But when he got to the city and opened them,—it had all vanished,—there was no gold in them!

And the artist thought: "I will let it fall upon my palette, and catch it in my brush, and thus I will mix it with my colors and paint pictures that will make people joyous and me great." So he did, and painted sea and shore and sky so wonderfully that men forgot their sorrows and were joyous, and praised the artist.

And the poet? The poet's heart was so full that he could do nothing; he could not think what was so beautiful that he might use so beautiful a thing for it. He could only open his soul to the beauty of it and pray that he might give its beauty also to others. There it lay, till one time when he was sad and in trouble, and then it shaped itself into strange, sweet music, by and by the poet wrote a wonderful poem, so that all the hearts of the people opened to him, and they listened when he sang to them of happiness, and how to know and to be the good, the true, and the beautiful—that was it.

And the miser and the barterer wished: "Oh that I were the artist!" and the artist wished: "Oh that I were the poet!"—*St. Nicholas.*

◆

Winter and Spring.—An old woman, dim-eyed and bent, sat on a bench at the door of a hut in spring time. Above her head rose a tree that had just put on its first leaves. Behind her ran a river, down which a vessel was making way in the direction of the sea. On the roof of the little hut, birds were resting in the fresh, warm air. Near the old woman's feet sat a little girl who had been reading. The book lay open by her side.

The little girl looked up at the old woman with wonder and child-like pity.

"Shall I ever be like that?" thought the little child. "Can I do anything for you, granny?" said she.

And granny, dozing in the sun, thought to herself. "Ah, my voice was once like that, and my feet and hands were swift to help; but now I am old."

The wind blew softly, the birds chirped, and she dozed off into a dream of her own childhood. The fields were green around her, for it was full spring; the doves were cooing; and she was playing with a ball by the side of her mother.

River, river, where are you flowing to? The river, which came from the mountains, is going to the sea, where it will be lost in the great world of waters.

The trees and hill-sides will put on a deeper green, for the summer will follow the spring. But the summer, too, will pass; the brown autumn will come; the leaves will fall; the winds will blow; and some night, when the little girl is asleep, a frost will kill off the last straggling flower. Good bye, flower! good-bye, leaves! But you will come again in the spring.

And what will the little maid do? She also will pass through spring to summer, from summer to autumn, and so on, through the failing years, to the wintry days. Then some one shall give her back the love and care she gave in her own early springtime to the old and feeble grandmother.

◆

The Wise old Hare.—There was a little dog whose name was Dart. He was owned by a lady, and she took great care of him. One day she put a nice red ribbon, for a collar, around his neck, and said to him' "Now, Dart, this is Sunday; and I want you to keep still at home, and not soil this nice new ribbon."

But no sooner had this lady left the house to go to church than Dart crept forth, and went into the swamp for a frolic. Soon he started a hare, and took a great leap after him. But the hare was not much afraid of such a young dog.

The hare knew of a hole in the trunk of a tree that bent over a pool of muddy water; and there he ran while Dart ran after him. But, just as the hare ran into the hole, the dog lost sight of him, and made a leap into the pool.

He yelped and barked; and it was some time before he could get out. Then what a sight he was. with his hide all dark with mud, and his nice ribbon spoiled!

When the lady came home from church, and found that Dart had not minded her, she had him chained up in his little house, and did not let him go with her when she went to walk that afternoon by the side of the sea.

Dart was very sad because he could not go. He barked and cried a good deal: but he had been naughty, and so was made to know, that, when he was told to stay at home, he must stay, and not run after hares, and jump into pools.

Muscles and Steam.

A bundle of muscle-fibres (as a recent German writer puts it) is a kind of machine, consisting of albuminous material, just as steam engine is made of steel, iron, brass etc., and, as in the steam-engine, coal is burnt in order to produce force, so in the muscular machine, fats, or hydrocarbons, are burned for the same purpose; and just as the constructive material of the engine—iron, etc.,—is worn away and oxidized, the constructive material of the muscle is worn away, and this wearing away is the source of nitrogenous constituents of the urine. This theory, it is asserted, explains why, during muscular exertion, the excretion of urea is little or not at all increased, while that of carbonic acid is enormously augmented; for, in a steam engine moderately fired and ready for use, the oxidation of iron, etc., would go on quite equably, and would not be much increased by the more rapid firing necessary for working, but much more coal would be burned when it was at work than when it was standing idle.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Mississippi to make education compulsory throughout the State.

Woman dictates before marriage in order that she may have an appetite for submission afterwards.—[*George Eliot.*

Most of the rules and precepts of this world run this way—to drive us out of ourselves into the world, for the benefit of society.—[*Montaigne.*

Growth. Thirty-six years ago the first white child was born in Iowa, and he is living now. To-day there are over 500,000 Hawkeyes by birth.

It is stated that the so-called camels' hair brushes are made from the hair of the tails of squirrels, the demand for which is increasing very rapidly.

It is said that Charles Francis Adams is worth more than $2,500,000; and besides, Mrs. Adams is very rich by inheritance. This fortune is being constantly increased by Mr. Adams' prudence, economy, and attention.

A piece of wood cut from a tree is a good conductor. Let it be heated and dried, it becomes an insulator. Let it be baked to charcoal, it becomes a good conductor again. Burn it to ashes, and it becomes an insulator once again.

Meat has been sent from Buenos Ayres to France in a perfect state of preservation in a pickle composed of two parts of bi-borate of soda, two of boric acid, three of saltpetre, and one of muriate of soda to 100 parts water.

Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and as for beauty; though men may fall in love with girls at play there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work.—*Cobbett.*

In the vegetable world the reed runs up in a season, and is frail; the oak in a century, and is as solid as the hills; so the slower the human body is in reaching its maturity the more durable is the constitution, and longer the life.

This life will not admit of equality; but surely that man who thinks he derives consequence and respect from keeping others at a distance, is as base-minded as the coward who shuns the enemy from the fear of an attack.—[*Goethe.*

The old settlers and Indians up in the Dakota country assure us that the beavers and muskrats have constructed their winter-houses very lightly, and this indicates a mild winter. They say this sign never fails. One old fellow says he has watched them forty years.

Kentucky ought to be happy. Its debt amounts to only $184,394, of which only $10,340 is due for about twenty years. The Governor says that the State is able to pay it many times over whenever it is called for. What is more, the United States government owes it more than the amount of its debts.

Death is infinitely unlike sleep in that as we contemplate it, our sense of the emptiness of the casket grows every instant while we gaze, whereas, while we watch one whom we love in slumber we feel drawn nearer to him moment by moment. The living, sleeping friend is our friend indeed. The dead form is only the garment which he has left behind in our keeping.

Be careful how you name your baby "Centennial J. Smith;" it sounds well, we admit, and patriotic beside, but the first thing you know he will be nicknamed "Centy" Smith, from which to "Penny" Smith is but a step, and then that child will only pray that it may live long enough to whallop its fond parents before it joins the angel throng.—*Easton Free Press.*

When we look around and see the large number of able-bodied men who spend their money and their time at the beer saloons, while their wives are stitching at home, or go out washing to earn money to keep themselves and their children from starving, we naturally wonder why more young men don't get married—and marvel more that so many young ladies do.

Observe a young person profusely decorated with what by custom is called "jewelry." Does the presence of jewelry entitle the young person to consideration? Or does the presence of the young person entitle the jewelry to consideration?. It is well to know about these things, for we don't like to divide our admiration and thus rob an object that is entitled to the whole of it.—*Fulton Times.*

No couple in Prussia according to a law passed last year, can get a divorce in a legal court unless they have the genuine documents to show that they personally appeared before their pastor or curate for the purpose of a family reconciliation through the good offices of such religious officers. If these confess to stertility of effort, then the court consents to take the application in hand. Things are serious in Prussia—always a matter of life and death.

If spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not with silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.—[*Longfellow.*

The National Museum of Bucharest has been robbed of its principal treasure, the golden hen and chickens. The group—which was of pure gold, was profusely adorned with precious stones, and weighed thirty-four pounds—was of ancient workmanship, and was dug up some years ago at Petrosa. The robber also carried away the msssive golden amphora and pedestal which came from Petrosa: A portion of the broken head of the golden hen was found in the snow, outside the Museum building.

Among the public houses of London there are 87 King's Arms, 23 Queen's Arms, 49 King's heads and 60 Queen's Heads. The signs of the Royal Oak number 26, of the Royal Standard, 12. To the Prince of Wales 49 taverns are dedicated; to the late Prince Albert 23; to the Iron Duke, 26, and to Lord Nelson, 22. Among the lions are 74 red, 26 white, 17 golden, and innumerable blue ones. The number of Saracen's Heads, George and Dragons, White Swans, Bulls, black and white, Bull's Heads, &c., is almost beyond computation.

An English journal of recent date says: "A family journal is a thing yet unknown to Mussulman readers, and it is as assuredly a sign of the progress of ideas that a publication of this class is announced as being about to appear. The inmates of the harem have not, hitherto, as a rule, been distinguished for their literary tastes; but as in his prospectus the editor appeals mainly to the support of that section of Ottoman society, there is reason to believe that the intellectual culture of Turkisn ladies has of late years undergone some improvement.

Activity is not Always Energy.

There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others as well as to themselves. They are industrious, prudent and economical; yet after a long life of striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill-luck. They say fate is always against them. But the fact is that they miscarry because they have mistaken mere activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they have supposed that, if they were always busy, they would be certain to be advancing their fortunes. They have forgotten that misdirected labor is but a waste of activity. The person who would succeed in life is a marksman firing at a target; if his shots miss the mark they are a waste of powder. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or it might almost as well be left undone. Everybody knows some one in the circle of friends, who, although active, has this want of energy. The distemper, if we may call it such, exhibits itself in various ways. In some cases the man has merely an executive faculty, when he should have a directive one; in other language, he makes a capital clerk, for himself, when he ought to do the thinking of the business. In other cases what is done is not done either at the right time or in the right way. Energy, correctly understood, is activity proportioned to the end.—*Scientific American.*