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THE WINTER STARS.

Oh, merrily dance the stars to-night,
Oh, merrily dance the stars;
And the moon looks down in silver light,
Through the blue enameled bars.
There is no sound in the forest round,
No voice from flower to tree;
And the winter rhyme, with its sparkling chime,
As its task goes silently.
Merrily over the fleecy snow,
We glide with spirits light;
The moon looks down with its yellow glow,
And the stars are gemmed with light.

Oh, merrily beat our hearts to-night,
Oh, merrily beat our hearts;
The winter has for us a delight,
That summer ne'er imparts.
Our eyes are bright with the warm love-light,
That winter may not chill:
And the sparkling snow, with its silver glow,
In joy gleams round us still,
Merrily dance the stars to-night,
With their eyes of golden hue;
And with young hopes in joyance bright,
Our hearts are beating too.

One Right of a Wife.

"John," said I, one night to my husband, as I put my basket of sewing away preparatory to retiring, "John, as you go down to-morrow morning, I wish you would stop at Mrs. West's door and leave her $5 for me."

"Five dollars!" And my lord looked up quite astonished. "For what?"

"Why, she is collecting money to aid that society she is secretary of, and as I always felt interested in it, I told her I would give her $5

I said this with quite a show of assurance, though I really felt quite uneasy as to the reception of my request, for John is rather notional in some of his ways; however, I had been cogitating some matters lately in my own mind, and determined to make a bold stand.

"Well, Sarah," at length came the reply, "you need not count on my doing any such thing. I don't approve of that society at all, and not one cent of my money shall go to help it."

"I give it out of my money," said I, growing bolder; "I only asked you to leave it at her door for me."

"Your money! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say—my money. Have I no right to spend money as well as you? I don't approve of the Masons, but that does not hinder you from spending money and time for them as much as you have a mind."

John looked at me quite amazed at my sudden outbreak. You see I had always been the most amiable of wives. Then he broke out quite triumphantly, 'Come now, who earns the money that maintains this family?"

"You and I together," said I.

"Together! Well, I should like to see the first cent you have earned in the seven years we have been married. Together! Well, I call that pretty rich.'

My spirits were visibly declining under his ridicule, but I kept on as boldly as I could.

"When we were married you thought, or pretended to think, yourself very happy in assuming the care of board bills and wardrobe. I didn't ask it of you. You asked me to be your wife, knowing well all that meant."

"As nearly as I remember," interrupted John, "you were mighty ready to accept me."

"Granted, to save argument," said I, coloring.

"Well, we stood up in church together, and you promised to love, cherish, &c., and so did I."

"And obey, too," said I; "but you in return endowed me with your worldly goods, and the minister pronounced us man and wife; and so we have lived."

"Yes," said John, complacently; and as I look back over the time, I think I have done what I agreed and made a pretty good husband. I really think you ought to be thankful when you see how some wives live."

"Well," said I, "I think I have been a domestic, prudent wife, and I don't feel one atom more of gratitude to you for being a decent husband than you ought to feel to me for being a decent wife. Is it any more merit that you keep your marriage promises than that I keep mine?"

"Sarah, you positively are very acrimonious to-night. Don't you think we had better go to bed?"

"No, sir. Well, meantime, we have laid by money enough to buy this house and still have some in the bank."

"Thanks to my hard work," chimed in John.

"More thanks," said I, "to the perfect good health we have always had. We made all those promises 'for better or for worse.' Now, it has been for the better with us all the time. Had you been sick or honest misfortune befallen you, I should have managed some way to reduce our expenses so that you would feel the burden as little as might be. Had I been sick, more care would have fallen on you. But we helped each other save, and now I claim an equal right with you in spending money."

"Whew! Why, that is treason. But go on."

"If we occupied the respective positions of superior and subordinate, I should do what I do for you for a fixed stipend and no questions should be asked as to the use made of it. Being equals, I will not ask compensation as a servant; but because the contract we have made is lifelong and not easily broken, I do not, therefore, call it very magnanimous in a prosperous man to accept these services and render in return only my board and the least amount that would creditably clothe me." You see I was growing irate. John's temper, too, was evidently on the rise.

"What do you mean by services?—Housework? I am sure a home is as much for your satisfaction as it is for mine; and I am sure the tailor does not leave much of my sewing for you to do.'

"I don't complain of housework nor of doing your sewing; but I do think the burden of little Johnny has fallen on me."

"It strikes me," said he, with a provoking complacency of tone, "that if you earned his living you would have less to say about the burden falling on you."

"John," said I, "answer me honestly. Do you work any harder or any longer than you did before he was born?"

"I don't know as I do," said he; "I always worked hard enough."

"Well, so do I. But now as to little Johnny. I presume you will allow yourself an owner of him, as the law allows you entire control over him. How much do you do for him?"

"I maintain him. I do my part."

"No, John, you are wrong; you don't do your part. From the first you never have. Did not weary months go by in which you bore no part whatever of the burden?"

"Well, that is curious complaining; what would you have me do?"

"You might have got a servant, instead of letting all the housework fall on me; or you might have kept a horse, so that I could ride out and enjoy the fine weather; but that is all past now."

"I should say that it cost me enough for the doctor, nurse, &c., without talking about keeping a horse."

"True, it cost enough; but I am talking about the division of the burden. Was the part you bore in the payment of those bills equal to my part in the matter? Would you have taken my place for that money if it were to have been paid you instead of those who cared for you? I think not."

"Didn't I have all the clothes to buy?"

"No, sir. I went without new clothes of any sort for a season, and the money saved from my wardrobe supplied all that was needed; and I might add that all his other clothes have been got in the same way."

"Well, really, I had no idea how much of a martyr you were. Next you will be clothing me in the same way. How thankful I ought to be for so calculating a wife!"

"Now, in these two years," said I, continuing in the face of his sneer, "all of the care and confinement consequent on attending the child have fallen on me. I have managed some way to accomplish my house-work and sewing as I used to do. I can hardly think how it has been done. Did it ever occur to you to think how many times I have been to church since he was born?"

"You wouldn't expect a man to take care of a baby, would you? That isn't a man's work."

"Isn't it?" said I, bitterly; "then I wouldn't have a baby. I have been to church just four times, and then some visitor has stayed with Johnny. How many times did you ever get up in the night to soothe him when he has been sick and fretful?"

"How do you suppose," said he, "I could work by day if I didn't get my night's sleep?"

"Just the same way that I do when my night is broken, exactly."

"Well, Sarah, what is the drift of all this talk, anyhow? for I don't see any use in prolonging it."

"Well, then, it is my original statement—that as I did my part of the family labor and took all the care of John, and you are a man in prosperous circumstances, I am entitled to as much money for that as if I were employed and paid by the month for the same work, and I have a right to spend money for things that don't suit you if I please to do so; and I may add," said I, with a sudden vehemence, "that it is mean and contemptible in you to oppose or forbid my doing so."

John said no more. I saw by the look in his eye that he was quite angry; and so was I. That was the first time in our married life that we failed to kiss each other good night; indeed, I felt guilty, though I hardly knew why, but it was late before I fell asleep.

The next morning all was serene. No trace remained of the evening's storm, but nothing more was said about the obnoxious subscription. Next day I met Mrs. West, and she thanked me very heartily for doubling my money.

Dear John! He didn't mean to be unkind, but he had never stopped to think about such things. When his next settlement came and he slipped a $20 bill into my hand, and said, "That is for your private purse," I really thought he was the best husband in the world.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Curious Courtship.

In the February *Atlantic*, Mrs. Kemble relates this odd anecdote of Mrs. Basil Montagu's second marriage:

Her marriage with Mr. Montagu was attended with some singular circumstances, the knowledge of which I owe to herself. She was a Yorkshire widow lady, of the name of Skepper, and came with her only child (a little girl) to visit some friends in London, with whom Basil Montagu was intimate. Mrs. Skepper had probably occasionally been the subject of conversation between him and her hosts, when they were expecting her; for one evening soon after her arrival, as she was sitting partly concealed by one of the curtains in the drawing-room. Basil Montagu came rapidly into the room, exclaiming (evidently not perceiving her), "Come, where is your wonderful Mrs. Skepper? I want to see her." During the whole evening he engrossed her attention and talked to her, and the next morning at breakfast she laughingly complained to her hosts that he had been so incoherent with that, but had tormented her in dreams all night. "For," said she, "I dreamt I was going to be married to him, and the day before the wedding he came to me with a couple of boxes, and said solemnly, 'My dear Anne, I want to confide these relics to your keeping; in this casket are contained the bones of my dear first wife, and in this those of my dear second wife; do me the favor to take charge of them for me.'" The odd circumstance was that Basil Montagu had been married twice, and that when he made his third matrimonial venture and was accepted by Mrs. Skepper, he appeared before her one day and with much solemnity begged her to take charge of two caskets, in which were respectively treasured, not the bones, but the letters of her two predecessors. It is quite possible that he might have heard of her dream on the first night of their acquaintance, and amused himself with carrying it out when he was about to marry her; but when Mrs. Montagu told me the story I do not think she suggested any such rationalistic solution of the mystery.

Two Standards of Prosperity.

Tea and coffee, strange to say, represent in an absolute way the standard of prosperity of a country. It may be interesting, then, to ascertain what is our position as consumers of tea and coffee. There is a statistician who has compiled exactly such truths for us, showing the proportions of the consumption of tea and coffee per head of population in Europe. The table is an uncommonly eloquent one. Belgium consumes the most—16⅞ pounds per head, and Russia 1.32 pounds. Great Britain uses 6½ pounds per head; France 4⅝, Italy 1¾, and Spain but one-quarter of a pound for each individual. This shows almost at a glance that those countries where industry is the most thriving consume the most tea and coffee.

By our own estimates of consumption, taking our population to be 44,000,000, we use 4⅝ pounds of coffee, and 1⅜ pounds of tea, as a yearly allowance for every man, woman and child in the United States. We are about on a par with the Netherlands as tea consumers.

Looking, then, at the immense advantages to be derived from these mild stimulants (and some kind of a stimulant is a necessity of human life), may we not dread any financial measure which may force our people to seek other substances, and supplant with alcohol our tea and coffee.

Such questions are grave ones, and are worthy of the attention, not only of our manufacturers, but of the workmen themselves. Better defer those happy times of specie payment (and there are no stronger advocates of the hard dollar to be found than ourselves), than force upon a people the alternative of either abandoning their tea and coffee, or taking to those deleterious stimulants which are the bane and ruin of our country.

The Young Couple's Friend.

At the best, love is fatal to friendship; the most that friendship can do is to listen to love's talk of itself and be the confidant of its rapturous joys, its transports of despair. The lover fancies himself all the fonder of his friend because of his passion for his mistress, but in reality he has no longer any need of the old comrade. They cannot talk sanely and frankly together any more; there is something now that they cannot share; even if the lover desired to maintain the old affectionate relation, the mistress could not suffer it. The spectre of friendship is sometimes invited to haunt the home of the lovers after marriage; but when their happiness has been flaunted in its face, when it has been shown the new house, the new china, the new carpets, the new garden, it is tacitly exorcised, and is not always called back again except to be shown the new baby. The young spouses are ever so willing to have the poor ghost remain; the wife learns whether it takes two or three lumps of sugar in its tea; the husband bids it smoke anywhere it likes, and the wife smiles a menacing acquiescence; but all the same they turn it out-of-doors. They praise it when it is gone, and they feel so much more comfortable to be alone.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

New Investigations in Magnetism.—MM. Treves and Durassier have recently investigated the question of whether, and how, in a steel magnet, the known portative force varies when the weight and section are affected by the gradual dissolution of the magnet in an acid. The result is that the force is always proportional to the section and to the weight, so that a curve representing the variation of weight and section would be parallel to one indicating the diminution of intensity. As the dissolution progresses, the metal shows serrated inequalities perpendicular to the axis of the bar; and if a horseshoe magnet be treated, the curved part is found to dissolve incomparably quicker than the straight portions.

Improvidence of Great Men.

The folly of some men renowned for great wisdom is conspicuous in every country. This foolishness is made manifest in common affairs of private life, even when the world is ringing with public applause for the exhibition of profound wisdom in public affairs.

The proverbial unthriftiness and folly in expenditure characteristic of our Daniel Webster is well known. He was always receiving large sums as income, and yet always involved in debt. He could take care of the affairs of the nation, but not of his own.

Lord Bacon was another instance of similar improvidence. Bacon himself did not follow his own advice, but was ruined by his improvidence. He was in straits and difficulties when a youth, and in still greater straits and difficulties when a man. His life was splendid, but his excessive expenditure involved him in debts which created a perpetual craving for money. Bacon took bribes, and was thereupon beset by his enemies, convicted, degraded and ruined.

Pitt managed the national finances during a period of unexampled difficulty, yet was himself always plunged in debt. Lord Carrington, ex-banker, once or twice, at Mr. Pitt's request, examined his household accounts, and found the quantity of butchers' meat charged in the bills at one hundred weight a week. The charge for servants' wages, board wages, living and household bills exceeded £2,300 a year. At Pitt's death the nation voted £40,000 to satisfy the demands of his creditors; yet his income had never been less than £6,000 a year, and at one time, with the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, it was nearly £4,000 a year more. Macauley truly says that "the character of Pitt would have stood higher if, with the disinterestedness of Pericles and De Witt, he had united their dignified frugality."

But Pitt by no means stood alone. Lord Melville was as unthrifty in the management of his own affairs as he was of the money of the public. Fox was an enormous ower, his financial maxim being that a man need never want money if he was able to pay enough for it. Fox called the outer room at Almack's, where he borrowed on occasions from Jew lenders at exorbitant premiums, his "Jerusalem Chamber." Passion for play was his great vice, and at a very early age it involved him in debt to an enormous amount. It is stated by Gibson that on one occasion Fox sat playing at hazard for twenty hours in succession, losing £11,000. But deep play was the vice of high life in those days, and cheating was not unknown. Selwyn, alluding to Fox's losses at play, called him Charles the martyr.

Sheridan was the hero of debt. He lived on it. Though he received large sums of money in one way or another, no one knew what became of it, for he paid nobody. It seemed to melt away in his hands like snow in Summer. He spent his first wife's fortune of £16,000 in a six weeks' jaunt at Bath. Necessity drove him to literature, and perhaps, to the stimulus of poverty we owe "The Rivals" and the dramas which followed it. With his second wife he obtained a fortune of £15,000, and with this, which he realized by the sale of Drury Lane shares, he bought an estate in Surrey, from which he was driven by debts and duns.

The remainder of his life was a series of shifts, sometimes brilliant, but oftener degrading, to raise money and evade creditors. Taylor of the Opera House used to say that if he took off his hat to Sheridan in the street it would cost him fifty pounds; but if he stopped to speak to him it would cost a hundred. He was in debt all round—to his milkman, his grocer, his baker and his butcher. Sometimes Mrs. Sheridan would be kept waiting for an hour or more, while the servants were beating up the neighborhood for coffee, butter, eggs and rolls.

While Sheridan was paymaster of the navy a butcher one day brought a leg of mutton to the kitchen. The cook took it and clapped it in the pot to boil, and went up stairs for the money; but not returning, the butcher coolly removed the pot lid, took out the mutton and walked away with it in his tray. Yet, while living in these straits, Sheridan, when invited with his son into the country, usually went in chaises and four—he in one, and his son Tom following in the other. The end of all was very sad. For some weeks before his death he was nearly destitute of the means of subsistence.

His noble and royal friends had entirely deserted him. Executions for debt were in his house, and he passed his last days in the custody of sheriff's officers, who abstained from conveying him to prison merely because they were assured that to remove him would cause his immediate death.—*Samuel Smiles.*

A Narrow Escape of William IV.

One cannot but wonder whether William the Fourth of England ever learned that a plot was laid for his abduction during his visit to New York in the spring of 1782. The Prince was a young and reckless midshipman, given to flirtation, and to the inebriation which found vent in wrenching off door-knobs; and it probably never occurred to him that in his person the "rebels" would find a hostage worth having. The project originated with Colonel Matthias Ogden of the Jersey line, and the intention was to surprise the Prince and his commissioned guardian, Admiral Digby, at their quarters in the city mansion of Gerardus Beekman on Hanover Square. Two officers and thirty-nine men were to aid Colonel Ogden in his enterprise. Embarking on a rainy night in whale-boats, they were to land in New York near the Beekman mansion, force the doors of the house, capture the Admiral and Prince, and convey them to their boats. The plan was approved by Washington, but it does not appear that any decided attempt was made to carry it out. In some manner, the apprehensions of the British leaders were excited for the safety of the Prince, and every precaution was taken against a surprise. Had it not been for this warning, the boldness of the plan appears likely to have insured its success.—*Scribner.*

Aunt Annie's Stories for the Little Ones.

THE CANARY.

In the town of Cleves a birdcatcher showed for some time a canary-bird, of which the tricks were universally known and admired in the surrounding neighborhood. The birdcatcher took the bird out of the cage, set it on his finger, and addressed it thus: "You appear here, dear Bijou, before very high and respectable people; mind, therefore, that you do not disappoint the expectations they have formed of you." The bird seemed listening the whole time, and remained in an attitude as if it heard the speech attentively, bending its ear towards the man's mouth; when he ceased to speak, it twice distinctly nodded its head, and it ever a nod was knowing and full of promise, it was the canary's nod.

"Good," said the birdcatcher, raising his hat to the bird; "let us see that you are a canary of distinction; give us a song at once". The bird sang, "Oh fie, that is too harsh; that sounds like the croaking of a hoarse raven; give us something sentimental." The bird then whistled as if its tiny throat had become a lute. "Quicker!" said the man, "slower! All right! but what are you about with your head and feet? No wonder, Mr. Bijou, that you go wrong when you forget to beat time. Now, that is a good Bijou. Bravo, little man!" All that was ordered, and of which he was reminded, the canary admirably performed at once. Its head and feet beat time and expressed not only the movement but the spirit of the melody. The tune itself seemed an echo of the soul, while true to the strictest musical laws. "Bravo! bravo!" resounded from all sides of the room. "And you show no gratitude for this praise?" cried the birdcatcher indignantly, whereupon the bird testified its thanks most respectfully.

"You have done a difficult piece of work poor Bijou," said the birdcatcher when he had finished; "now do two or three more things, and then you shall rest; show the ladies how to make a courtesy."

The bird placed one foot behind the other, sank and rose again with perfect ease and grace. "That is right, my boy, and now for a bow." It made one directly, inclining its head, and scraping with its feet.

The canary's next trick was to play with a blade of straw, which it shaped like a soldier's gun.

"You have done all I told you well," said the birdcatcher; "now go to sleep while I take your place." The canary then pretended to fall asleep, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding and sinking so much to one side that many hands were outstretched to save it from falling, whereupon it sat up again directly and sank down as far on the other side. At last it remained so long in one position that the man took his hand away and laid it on the table, assured it would sleep there quietly. Scarcely had he begun to display some tricks of his own than a great black cat sprang upon the table seized the bird with her teeth, and spite of all resistance dashed with it through the window.

The birdcatcher was inconsolable for his loss, as he had gained his living many years through the poor little creature.

How to Save.

The way to save is to begin with little matters, and to begin at once. No one ever made his way from poverty to riches who scorned economy in small things, and could not comprehend the value of a single cent. The poor man who would get ahead pecuniarily must learn that to save cent after cent—one at a time, if he can do no more—till he gets a hundred of them, and so has a dollar, is a wise and noble thing for him to do. Having thus actually saved his first dollar, he will have acquired with it a power of self denial and a tenacity of purpose which will enable him to save one dollar after another until he gets a hundred; and then he can save on indefinitely, and become independent in fortune.

"But," says some one who has lived all his life without saving, "How am I to save. My habits are fixed. How can I learn to lay by something for old age?" You must do as to money matters what a certain ancient school of philosophers did as to morals. These old sages used, every night, to review their actions for the day, and see what they ought not to have done that they had done, and what they might have done better of the things which it had been necessary for them to do. So must you every night review the actions of the day, and see what you have spent that you ought not to have spent, and how you might have got more economically what it was necessary for you to obtain. Any one who faithfully makes such a review of his expenditures will be apt to discover many opportunities for retrenchment and reform; and then, if he will, he can at once begin to save, and many acquire economical habits which will secure his future prosperity.

The Science of Apple Eating.

The boy is indeed the true apple eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. It belongs to him and he may steal it, if cannot be had in any other way. His own juicy flesh craves the juicy flesh of apples. Sap draws sap. His fruit eating has little reference to the state of his appetite. Whether he be full of meat or empty of meat he wants the apple just the same. Before meat or after meal it never comes amiss. The farm boy munches apples all day long. He has nests of them in the haymow, mellowing, to which he makes frequent visits. Sometimes old Brindle, having access through the open door, smells them out and makes short work of them.

The apple is indeed the fruit of youth. As we grow old we crave apples less. It is an ominous sign. When you are ashamed to be seen eating them on the street, when you carry them in your pocket and your hand does not constantly find its way to them; when your neighbor has apples and you have none, and you make no noctural visits to his orchard; when your lunch basket is without them and you can pass a winter's night by the fireside with no thought of the fruit at your elbow, then be assured you are no longer a boy, either in heart or years.

The genuine apple eater comforts himself with an apple in their season as others with a pipe or cigar. When he has nothing else to do, or is bored, he eats an apple. While he is waiting for the train, he eats an apple, sometimes several of them. When he takes a walk he arms himself with apples. His traveling bag is full of apples. He offers an apple to his companion and takes one himself. They are his chief solace while on the road He sows their seed all along the road. He tosses the core from the car window and from the top of the stage coach. He would in time, make the land one vast orchard. He dispensed with a knife. He prefers that his teeth shall have the first taste. Then he knows the best flavor is immediately below the skin and that in a pared apple this is lost. If you will stew the apple, he says, instead of baking it, by all means leave the skin on. It improves the color and vastly heightens the flavor of the dish. The apple is a masculine fruit, hence women are poor apple eaters. It belongs to the open air taste and relish.—John Burroughs in *Winter Sunshine.*

Dull Great Men.

Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher, La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables, and Buffon, the naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Mormontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friend said of him, after the interview, I must go and read his tales, in recompense to myself for the weariness of hearing him. As to Corneille, the great dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation which, while it sparkle dies; for Charles II, the wittiest of monarchs, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras" that he caused himself to be introduced in the character of a private gentleman to Butler, its author. The witty King found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long been considered the model of style, was shy and absent in society, preserving even before a single stranger formal and dignified silence. In conversation Dante was taciturn and satirical. Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled, Rousseau was remarkably tame in conversation, without a word of fancy or eloquence in his speech. Milton was unsocial and sarcastic when much pressed by strangers.

Matrimony and Misfortune.

A married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is monarch.—[*Jeremy Taylor.*

Turkish Rules of Conversation.

Conversation in Europe has been described as a duetto in an opera, in which the two persons engaged in it are talking to an imaginary third person, each recounting a tale of his own. "I say something and you say something else, and we will agree to call it a conversation." Now in Turkey there are certain forms or canons of conversation, any violation of which is considered an outrage, and the sum of which constitutes their code of politeness as applied to conversation. I will enumerate these one by one:

1. Never to interrupt the speaker while he is talking. However longwinded or uninteresting his conversation may be to you, politeness requires that you should wait for his conclusion. You are not under any obligation to enter into conversation with him at all; but if you do, it is an understood condition of your conversational treaty that you should let him have his say.

2. Never to diverge, in the middle of a conversation, from the main thread of a discourse into a collateral issue. The breach of this rule is considered by a Turk as an unpardonable rudeness. To drive a red herring, as it were, across the scent of conversation is, in his opinion, to confound all thought and render all profitable consecutive conversation impossible. This leads, as a corollary, to

3. To allow a short but sufficient pause between the conclusion of a discussion on one subject and the entering on a new subject.

4. Never tell a person a thing he knows already.

5. Not to excuse oneself when convicted of being in the wrong. How very seldom you hear in Europe, "Yes, I was in the wrong. I am sorry for it." But in Turkey it is considered a violation of principle and a breach of politeness to refuse to be convicted of error. The cause of this difference lies deep in the character of the two races; in the absence on the part of the Turk of petty vanity and distracting self-esteem. The proudest in the world, they are entirely exempt from vanity.

6. When you have nothing to say to hold your tongue. Empty, idle jabbering is a Frank but not an Ottoman practice. In Europe it is considered *de rigueur* to "say something," whether or not something is worth saying or not. Not so in Turkey; to say something when you have nothing to say worth saying is considered there a degradation to yourself and a rudeness to your neighbor.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Indians After an Honest Man.

Indians may be treacherous, but they can be honest; and who shall say how far the dishonesty of others has led to their treachery? They know when they are cheated, as our Government has found to its cost.

An old trader, who had established himself at what happened to be a favorable locality among the Northern Indians, tells a good story of his first trials with his red customers. Other traders had located in that same place before, but had not remained long. The Indians who evidently wanted goods, and had money and furs, flocked about the store of the new trader, and carefully examined his goods, but offered to buy nothing. Finally their chief, with a large number of his tribe, visited him.

"How do, John?" said the chief. "Show me goods. Aha, I take that blanket for me, and that calico for squaw—three otter skins for blanket, and one for calico. Ugh! pay you by'm by—tomorrow."

He received his goods and left. On the next day he returned with a large part of his band, his blanket well stuffed with skins of various kinds," now. "John I pay."

And with this he drew an otter skin from his blanket and laid it on the counter. Then he drew a second, a third, and a fourth. A moment's hesitation, as though calculating, and he drew out a fifth skin—a very rich and rare one—and passed it over.

"That's right, John."

The trader instantly pushed back the last skin, with—

"You owe me but four. I want only my just dues."

The chief refused to take it, and they passed it several times back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At length the dusky chieftain appeared to be satisfied. He gave the trader a scrutinizing look, and then put the skin back into his blanket. Then he stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried out to his followers:

"Come; come and trade with the pale face, John. He no cheat Indian; his heart big."

Then turning back to the trader, he said:

"Suppose you take last skin, I tell my people no trade with you. We drive you off like a dog, as we drive off others; but now you Indian's friend, and we be yours."

Before dark the trader was waist deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. He found that honesty had a commercial value with these Indians.

Horrible Hallucinations.

Some antipathies are so irrational that they look very much like a monomania. Mr. William Matthew, son of a governor of Barbadoes, was troubled with an unreasonable dislike of spiders which some of his friends thought was more affected than real. One of the doubters, Mr. John Murray, afterward Duke of Athol, meeting Mr. Matthews in company, and, desiring to raise a laugh at his expense, left the room for a few minutes. On returning he walked up to his victim, with one hand closed. Believing the clenched fingers held a spider, Mr. Matthew became furious, drew his sword, and but for timely interposition, would have done a mischief to himself or his tormentor. He was only quieted on being satisfied that Murray's hand was empty.

A prisoner in the Bastile, who detested mice and hated spiders, had his feelings under better control. Having obtained permission to have a lute, he was horrified to find his music attracted crowds of long-legged spinners and bright eyed mice. Loth to deprive himself of his amusement, but not enjoying it in the presence of such an audience, the musician borrowed the keeper's cat which he put in a corner, and let loose upon his uninvited visitors when they were most entranced with the lute. The cat went in for the mice, the spiders staid not for ceremonial leave-taking, and the soloist's future audiences were as select as he could wish.

Lord Lauderdale vowed he had rather hear a cat mew than listen to the best music in the world; that the better the music the more sick it made him.

Peter the Great, a man of very different mettle had at one time such a terror of water that he could not cross a brook without being taken with strong convulsions; but ashamed of being the slave of an unmanly weakness, he determined to conquer it, and ultimately became as fond of water, as he had been averse to it.

Count d' Arnstadt never failed to go off in a fit if he knowingly or unknowingly partook of any dish containing the slightest modicum of olive oil. A still worse penalty attached to lobster salad in the case of a lady; for if she ventured to taste it at a dancing party her neck, before she returned to the ball-room, would be covered with ugly blotches, and her peace of mind be destroyed for that evening.

James I never overcame his horror of cold steel. When he knighted Kenelm Digby, his hand shook so that, had not Buckingham guided the royal blade, the new knight would have paid for the handle to his name with the loss of an eye.

An antipathy must be such a troublesome possession that one must be enough for anybody. Exeter, however once counted among its natives a young lady who not only had a mortal aversion to all colors, save green, yellow and white, but was thrown into a perspiration by every funeral that passed her way; and, more wonderful still, became unconscious immediately she set eyes upon a uniform.

Hospitality.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS.

Emerson says: "I pray you, oh excellent wife, do not cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at your gate, nor bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a price at a village inn. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your actions, in your accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, what he cannot buy at any price at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparely and sleep hardly to behold. Certainly let the board be spread, and the bed dressed for the traveler, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the housewife where they are simple, so that the intellect is aware and sees the laws of the Universe; the soul worships truth and love, and honor and courtesy flow into all deeds."

The most obtuse must see in this quotation the whole philosophy of hospitality. One of the greatest delights of having a home of our own is to have a place in it for friends and strangers. We do not build a house simply to meet the wants of our own families. We have one or more guest chambers, and the extension table, to which we may welcome our friends. The larger our means, the more liberal provision we make for hospitality. They are greatly to be pitied who can barely supply their own physical wants, who dwell always in narrow quarters, who have no pillow or plate for friend or stranger. There are some homes that we wot of, that have room enough for all, and an indefinite power of expansion. There is always room for one more, and where the welcome is so warm that no guest ever thinks of apology for absence and comes next time. There are others with houses roomy enough, but unblest with friends the year round. No one breathes the fragrance of their roses, or wipes the bloom from the clusters that are supposed to grace their tables. They live to themselves very elegantly and comfortably, it may be, but very selfishly and selfishly. The door-step is always clean and the lawn always shorn. It is kept for the eyes and not the feet. No children play there, and the dogs are not at home. We hope the folks are happy and enjoy it.

There are others that would like to make their friends welcome, but spoil their pleasure by over-exertion. The guests are made to feel uneasy by the visible effort put forth to entertain them. The whole secret of putting our friends at their ease, is to be at ease ourselves; and in order to be thus we must not misinterpret their visit. They haven t come to see our furniture, our surroundings, our dress, but ourselves. Courtesy, then, rather demands our society and conversation than our silverware and crockery. There is no objection, of course, to the best we have, and cupboards and purses match, but they should be set upon the table as if they were every-day ware. By all means kill the turkey if that is your humor, but do not tell your guest that the bird has been waiting his coming a month. Let the rare dish be served up with as much ease as if it were always upon your table. Keep your art, whatever it may be, out of sight. Nothing let you even suspect that you are making an effort to entertain him, lest he go away pained with the feeling that he has been a burden to you, and never come again.

Nor should we turn aside wholly from the routine of our daily life to make our guests welcome. Every one worthy to sit at your table knows that life has its necessary duties. Do not burden them with the thought that your business is suffering derangement and loss by their coming. Your intercourse will be all the sweeter and more profitable for coming in the intervals of your regular cares. Give them today only that which you have to spare to-day, that there may be no strain tomorrow for your lost possessions, and no wish in your heart that they had not come at all, or at least when they did.

The Life of Women Missionaries.

At the recent meeting of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, in Association Hall, Mr. E. Warren Clark, lately returned from India, gave some account of what he saw in the Society's mission house in Calcutta. "I would gladly give you a little peep if I could," he said, "into the quaint but agreeable surroundings of your Home in Calcutta 140 Dhuramtollah street; for although as a man I would not gain an inside view of zenana life and work, yet I could see the way the ladies had of doing things, and the clock-like regularity with which their duties were performed. I arrived there in the hot season, and at times when the thermometer remains stubbornly at 130 in the shade. It is calculated to throw everything else into the shade. It is calculated to throw everything else into the shade, too, except the difficult question of keeping cool! But the ladies only got up the earlier for all that, and drove out two by two in their gharies, or little cabs, visiting their zenanas between six and nine in the morning instead of staying indoors, as some of us would have been tempted to do. When I first drove through the gateway of the Calcutta Home I saw before me a substantially built house of very different style from what I had seen in China or Japan; but on alighting at the vine-covered entrance, and stepping into the open and airy hall, there seemed something familiar about it nevertheless, although I wondered how people made their presence known in Calcutta houses, for nobody was to be seen. While reading some chromo texts in the hall, such as "God bless our home," &c., peering in at the dining-room with its long table, a pleasant young Hindoo appeared who said his name was Tommy, and whose bright, intelligent face told me at once that he had Christian sunshine within him. Tommy led me upstairs and seated me in a large, carpeted and nicely furnished hall, which was square, having two rows of pillars in it, and taking up most of the second story while various rooms were ranged around three sides. Miss Buttan soon came forth from one room and some other ladies from others, and the welcome was so warm that we had to sit down under the punkahs, and be fanned all the time we were talking. After a while I was seated with the seventeen ladies of the Home at their large tea table, and for the time being I almost imagined myself in a zenana, although rather a civilized one. I attended Miss Ward's Sunday-school of about fifty girls, all black as ebony, but robed in white. They sang and recited in Bengalese, looked a little strange ranged on benches, with white sheets drawn over their heads, and their wrists, ankles, ears and noses ornamented with rather more profusion than taste. I attended service four times the first Sunday, once at the Calcutta cathedral, where a fashionable English audience was assembled, and long punkah fans were kept swinging across the whole width of the church, cooling the congregation during the sermon, and superb music These punkahs are moved by black Hindoos, who squat on the pavement outside of the church with long ropes in their hands. I visited several colleges and missionary institutions in Calcutta, the extent of which astonished me. The one that most interested me was the Hindoo girls' school, under Mr Chaterjee, where I found sixty girls, bright, pretty and bedecked with jewels, who, although very small, answered my Scripture questions very promptly, and afterward listened with great interest while I told them about the little girls in Japan, and the bright classes at the Mission Home in Yokohama. I visited other girls' schools in India, but cannot refer to them now. As the hot season became hotter five ladies of the Calcutta Home wisely concluded to flee to the mountains for respite from the insufferable heat. The journey was a long one, nearly twelve hundred miles, but the ladies set out and reached their destination at Mussooni, on the Himalays, in two days. At Saharunpore they left the railroad, and rode or jolted fifty miles in a wagon. They then ascended seven thousand feet through the mountains to Mussooni, riding in dandies or jampons—peculiar hammock-like chairs, born by coolies, like the kango in Japan and palanquin in China. Miss Seelye was weak and unwell when she left Calcutta, but the typhoid fever did not develop itself until she had been several days in the mountains. She took a long and fatiguing walk one afternoon down into one of the deep valleys; she returned completely exhausted. She said to Miss Lathrop, 'I feel as though I should die.' Every attention was shown her during her illness; she had kind friends experienced nurses, the best of medical skill and the fresh cool air of the mountains. She sank rapidly, died the 9th of June, and was buried the following day at sunrise."

Conversation—On What it Depends.

The fact of a man being a good talker, presupposes a good audience, and a good audience is becoming daily more difficult to obtain. The reason may easily be understood by the reader of Boswell. Johnson, we may fairly assume, was the best of all English talkers on record. Now Johnson was surrounded by a little court of familiar friends, each of whom sustained a well-understood character. A party consisting of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick and so on, was like a company of actors, each of whom understands the powers of all his colleagues, and is able to co-operate towards the general effect; the humorist was in no danger of being taken to speak seriously; the man of special information would not have his pet subject snatched out of his mouth; the tender points of the irritable man were thoroughly understood, and his friends could avoid giving him unnecessary offense. On the other hand, there was a sufficient amount of variety to save the members of the little circle from boring each other too much. Some new comer was always turning up who could introduce new topics from the world of art, or politics, or literature, or travel. And it is on the fortunate balance between these two elements that the power of producing good conversation depends. There should be a nucleus of sufficiently intimate friends who should form, so to speak, an organic body, instead of a mere collection of incoherent atoms, and yet the circulation of its constituent parts should be rapid enough to preserve a certain freshness of interest. Now, the difference between the society of to-day and the society of a century ago is precisely that all these little eddies have been swept into the man stream. The rush of the torrent is too furious to allow of the formation of those pleasant little coteries in which alone good conversation can be originally fostered. There have been great talkers since the days of Johnson, but men like Mackintosh and Macaulay seem to have been rather lecturers than conversers, because they could not come into the same close personal relation with crowds who were for a time fellow-occupants of the same room; and others, who have had some talent of the Theodore Hook kind, were rather actors in a private theatre, than, in any proper sense of the word, talkers.

Experiences in Battle.

I believe no two good soldiers will widely disagree as to their sensations during a battle. I take it to be a piece of bravado in a man to assert that he had no fear during the progress of a long and severe engagement. A battle is a veritable hell upon earth. Not to be in serious apprehension while it lasts is to be either drunk, crazy or insensible. The highest type of bravery is that of the man who realizes the full extent of the peril but sticks resolutely to his duty. It was my experience, and that of all those about me, repeated a dozen times, that shell-firing is not ordinarily nearly so demoralizing as that of musketry. It is not often that shells are thrown so that their fragments sc