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"Look at Home."

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failing, too.

Let not friendly vows be broken,
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage back again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly,
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we've thought unkindly
Oft become our warmest friends.

Suppose.

[He.] Suppose,
Fadette, that I, instead of keeping tryst
With you to-night, had staid away to doze,
Or call upon Miss Brant, or play at whist—
Suppose?

[She.] Suppose,
You had? Think you I should have cared? Indeed,
Ain't you a bit conceit—don't take my rose—
A gift to me—from whom? Well, Joseph Mead,
Suppose?

[He.] Suppose
It is? Then I'm to understand, Fadette—
If I must read your words as plainest prose—
My presence matters not to you, and yet—
Suppose.

[She.] Suppose
You are to understand me so? You're free;
Do, if you wish! And oh! the river's froze;
What skating we shall have! To-morrow we—
That's Jose—

[He.] And Jose
Be hanged. It seems to me, Miss Lowe, that you
Are acting rather lightly; rumor goes
That he—but since I seem to bore, adieu!—

[She.] Suppose—

[He.] Suppose
We say good-night.

[She.] Good-night, sir, and good-bye!

[He.] What does this mean, Fadette? Are you—

[She.] We'll close
This scene at once. My words are plain, sir, I
Suppose?

[He.] Compose
Yourself, Fadette.

[She.] My name, sir, is Miss Lowe!

[He.] Come, come, Fadette, do look beyond your nose,
And—

[She.] Here's your ring, sir!

[He.] I receive it, though
Suppose—

[She.] Suppose
You do, sir?—you—

[He.] Enough, Miss Lowe; Farewell!
'Tis best; I've been deceived in you, God knows!
Coquette! a heartless flirt! a haughty belle
Who chose—

[She.] Suppose
Oh! let's part as friends! I hate you—there!

[He.] Fadette! why, sweet, in tears! This surely shows
You'll pardon me, a brute!

[She.] And Frank, we'll never
Suppose.

"CO."

CHAPTER I.

"Dart, Maitland, Dart & Co."

So the name stood upon the great brass plate; and in these names had the business of the bank been prudently and profitably conducted for as many years as the majority of the inhabitants of Highborough could recall.

Trade panics had laid waste many another long-established firm; bankruptcy had swooped unexpectedly upon many a house where wealth had seemed as limitless as here; but the bank of Messrs. Dart, Maitland, Dart & Co. held its head high above all treacherous waters, and stood unmoved and utterly secure after the heaviest gales had passed.

The name of the firm was a passport of trust and reliance, as well was a prompt introduction to the first society of the country; and the present representatives were these: Maurice Dart, the senior partner, a handsome man of fifty-three years, who imagined the wishes, the weaknesses, and the hopes peculiar to other men, could not move him now; and Walter Maitland, both in appearance and manner, a strong contrast to his senior partner. Though but ten years younger, he looked nearer thirty than forty, and the frankness of his blue eyes, and the gay words so prompt upon his lips, seemed doubly frank and doubly gay, contrasted with his senior's reticence and gravity. The third partner was one in name alone. His father's death had left him a rich share in the bank, but his only intercourse with it was the polite periodical acknowledgment of its having swept away the debts, which were the worst enemies he had had to fight since he entered the army. About the "Co." there was, of course, that vagueness which is inseparable from the cognomen. In the outer world it was supposed that an unlimited number of people had invested their savings or their patrimony on purpose to be considered "of the firm." But among the clerks only one case was known with certainty. He was neither the oldest nor the most experienced, though the most cheerful, perhaps, and the most industrious. He had deposited in the firm the sum which his father, through a forty years' course of valued and profitable managership, had accumulated to bequeath to him; and so, being enabled to draw what doubled his salary as clerk, Tom Leslie looked upon himself as a partner of no mean order, but built lofty castles for a time when his name should stand upon the brass plate otherwise than as "Co." Cheerfully and constantly he erected these edifices; but to attempt to lay their foundations on *terra firma*, either by saving or speculating, never entered Tom's head. With his mother—a little old lady, as hopeful, and cheerful, and trustful as he was himself—Tom lived in a pretty white cottage beyond the town; and here he had flowers all the year round, and birds, that sang in the gloomiest weather, and a piano on which he was no mean performer. And as regularly as Saturday morning came around, Tom, taking his hat, would say, in the most natural manner:

"I think we should like a couple of the younger fellows out to dinner to-morrow—shouldn't we, mother? Their salaries are not like mine; and things are dear, you say."

True, their salaries were not like his, but then he would not have the small, bright house, nor the small, bright mother, denied any comfort he could think of, and so there was never one penny of Tom's salary left when the year was up.

Once or twice Mrs. Leslie would inquire ruefully where her son picked up the dinnerless clerks whom he delighted to bring home to supper—or, as he always called it: "to a little music." But her genial hospitality was, after all, as prompt as his, and so, though she kept the accounts, there was, as I said, never a penny of Tom's salary left when the year was up.

"He thinks that that £400 a year of his is a king's revenue," thought Mrs. Leslie, one Saturday morning, watching her son cross the road, drop his gift into the expectant hand of the crossing sweeper, and turn at the corner to nod to her. "He will soon expect me to adopt a few young men whose salaries are less than his own. If he had but inherited his father's saving nature!"

She tried to regret this dolefully, but after all she could not help the warmth of perfect satisfaction filling her eyes.

Even his practical father had rejoiced that his nature was his mother's from the time that nature began to assert itself in little Tom—"Little Tom" then to his parents; "Little Tom Leslie" afterward among his school-fellows, "Little Leslie" now among his fellow-clerks.

On this particular Saturday morning, as he walked to the bank, Tom loitered a little in one street—a quiet street of handsome private houses, before one of which stood a couple of cabs piled with boxes. Tom waited long enough to be sure that the cabs bore nothing but luggage. Then he walked briskly on, and, entering the bank excitedly, told his fellow-clerks of the arrival of the colonel's household; and for fully five minutes forgot, in his excitement, to add his genial invitation for the morrow.

When the coming of the regiment had been discussed, and Tom's pleasant invitation accepted, he turned to his desk, not to loiter again throughout the day. An hour afterward, Mr. Dart drove up, and with a quiet "good morning," passed through the bank to his own private room. Here presently Mr. Maitland joined him, and, standing before the fire, discussed various items of town news—among them, of course, the arrival of the regiment.

"Colonel Conyngham has only one daughter. We must help to introduce her. Young Dart, having once belonged to the regiment, gives it, as it were, a claim upon us."

"The colonel's daughter will need but little introduction," remarked Maurice Dart, quietly.

CHAPTER II.

"Dart, Maitland, Dart & Co."

The names stood unaltered on the great plate; yet—except the sleeping partner, away in India now—each one represented by that sign was perfectly aware that a great alteration had been growing in himself ever since Colonel Conyngham and his daughter had been living in Highborough. The strong bank walls no longer limited his hope and ambition. Beyond them stood revealed a home of love, and ease, and sunshine, brightly possible, and in this future the only mission of the good old bank was to furnish the home with luxury.

It was a winter night. The bank windows were bolted and barred, the great books were locked in the trusty safes, and the manager was asleep up stairs, with the blunderbuss beside his bed. But in his brilliantly-lighted drawing-room at home, the senior partner sat alone—a striking-looking man in his evening dress, with the hot-house flowers fading in his coat. The room had been filled with guests up to this time, but now Mr. Dart sat alone before the fire, buried in a thought which deepened minute by minute, until the door was opened, and Walter Maitland re-entered the room he had lately left.

"I could not help coming back," he said, beginning hurriedly to speak, as if the words forced themselves from him in his nervous haste. "There is one thing about which I must speak to you to-night—about which I have wanted to speak to you a long time. I feel"—he was leaning against the chimney-piece opposite his friend, and looking with intense scrutiny into his quiet face—"that I have been dreaming a dream which a word of yours could at this moment dispel. Tell me if a greater kindness than your silence, though the kindness is sure to be the motive of that. Tell me at once, Dart. It cannot be very pleasant to you to see my anxiety. You are far too good a fellow to feel pleasure in that."

"What am I to tell you?" inquired Maurice Dart, without meeting his companion's eyes.

"Surely, you know. I said to myself when I met Isabel here in your house to-night, I would find out if my fears were well grounded; and if I could not discover, I would ask you for the truth before I left. Dart, end this wearing suspense on me. It has been growing through all these months side by side with my love, and has become unbearable at last."

Maurice raised his head now, and met his companion's anxious, questioning eyes.

"I am glad you have spoken, Maitland," he said. "I have guessed at your anxiety, while I have felt my own, and I have often wished to break the silence we have held on this one point. I fancied you had something to tell me. I fancied so but now when I saw you re-enter the room."

"Indeed, no," exclaimed Walter, with his usual frankness. "I wish to Heaven I had. I wish I dared to say that Isabel had given me encouragement enough to make me even hope. And I could not ask her to—to love me while I felt that you knew how useless it would be."

"I do not know," returned Dart—his words sounding very slowly after Walter's eagerness, yet all his self-command failing to hide their new ring of hope. "Isabel has never heard a word of love from me. She is gentle and kind, and willing always; but I cannot read beyond."

"To me, too, she is bright and pleasant always," put in Maitland, restlessly, "and I can discover nothing more. I fancied you could put me out of one phase of this uncertainty."

"And you are very glad to find I cannot," said the elder partner.

And then their eyes met, with a smile which was strangely wistful for such strong and manly faces.

"Dart," said Mr. Maitland, "you are the elder man—the richer—the better, too. You shall speak first. Do it as soon as you can."

"Seniority has no claim in such a case as this," said the senior partner. "We can wait."

"I can wait no longer," put in the younger man, impatiently. "Anything will be better than this suspense. Why on earth should we wait? Isabel knows us both thoroughly now. She knows we are both old for this love of ours to be anything but deeply earnest. She knows enough of us and of our positions to make her decision easy to her. So let us know the worst, or—best. You have the right to speak first."

"I will not take it," said Mr. Dart, speaking more quickly than he had yet done. "Let us write. Let us write—together."

A few minutes silence, while Walter thought this over—leaning his head on the arm which rested on the chimney-piece.

"Let that be decided," urged Maurice. "We will write to-morrow. Let her receive the two letters together, that she may think of us both together. Promise me that your letter shall be ready for to-morrow's post."

CHAPTER III.

The fire roared and cracked cheerily in the private room at the bank, but neither of the partners had arrived.

"I never knew him so late," remarked Tom Leslie, as if finishing aloud a puzzling conjecture.

"Who?" Old Dart?"

"Mr. Dart—yes."

"Leslie feels it incumbent upon him to uphold the dignity of his partners," put in another clerk. "His breast swells proudly with a fellow-feeling."

"What an idle set you are this morning!" remarked Tom, turning from his desk with a quick, kindly smile which made his face so pleasant to look upon. "As soon as I senior partner I shall give you all a sweeping dismissal."

The listeners laughed, enjoying the absurdity of the idea; and one or two questioned him, with mock anxiety, as to the treat he intended to stand them on the occasion.

Through all the laughter Tom pursued his work, and Dart noticed this when he entered the bank, and though it was but very curtly he answered Tom's quiet greeting, yet before he reached the inner door he turned and spoke to him.

"Cool outside, Leslie. Keep up good fires." "It is hard," he muttered to himself, "to pass him without a word."

Then Mr. Dart let the spring door close behind him, and, sitting down in his office chair, leaned on one arm only—as very calm men do when they are ill at ease, as well as tired.

He was sitting so, looking moodily down into the fire, when Mr. Maitland entered the room. The senior partner did not turn to greet him, and even when Walter stood upon the rug beside him he did not venture to meet his eyes.

"Maurice," began the younger man, "I suppose I may congratulate you. It is rather hard, yet no one ought to do it so heartily as I—I, who know what a good fellow you are and what—what a wife you have won."

A glance of surprise into his friend's face, and then Mr. Dart spoke in a few words, as was his custom:

"She has refused me, Maitland."

"Refused you!"

Walter repeated the words, though not incredulously. Only truth, he knew, could have weighted them so sadly.

"She has refused me, too," he said. "She has never cared for me but as a friend—simply and only as a friend."

"In a few kind words to me," said Mr. Dart, without looking up, "she told me she had given her love elsewhere. I was trying, when you came in, to prepare myself to tell you, 'I rejoice in your happiness, Maitland,' and now you—you come and say the same to me."

Buried in one long, sad thought, the partners in the good old firm sat in their silent room, while the work and pleasure of the world went on without. But the day's duties had to be gone through, and these were not the men to shun them selfishly.

"I suppose we had better settle with Leslie about his holiday," remarked Mr. Maitland that afternoon, sending to summon Tom to the partners' room. "He will lose every glimpse of summer if he waits longer."

"He should not have postponed his holiday; he had his choice. Well, Leslie, when do you wish to start?" inquired the senior partner, when Tom entered the room.

"You said about the middle of October, and this is the twentieth."

"Thank you, Mr. Dart, but if it would make no difference, I would rather take my holiday from the twenty-ninth."

"Then it is to be hoped you are going on a visit," remarked Walter Maitland, pleasantly; "for November days are not the pleasantest for a tourist."

"I am not going on a tour, sir." Tom hesitated only a moment; then both of his listeners were conscious of a new earnestness in his voice:

"I should like to tell you, gentlemen, why I want my holiday then. The twenty-ninth is to be my wedding-day."

Mr. Dart returned quietly to his writing. Mr. Maitland arose from his seat and moved to the fire, turning his back to Tom. Before the eyes of both the partners there hovered a face which had led them, too, to dream of a possible wedding-day—dreams from which they had so lately been awakened.

It would be hard, with these memories rising back, to talk to their favorite clerk of his good fortune; yet it was not in Walter Maitland's nature to let any selfish feeling prevent him.

"Indeed, Leslie," he said, "I am surprised; but very glad, of course, to hear it. I prognosticate every happiness for your wife. Of course I cannot do so for you until I know who she is."

"You know her well, gentlemen," said Tom, flushing. "Her father, Colonel Conyngham, is my mother's cousin. We have rarely visited them, except when they were alone, because—at my mother's cottage, of course—we could not entertain their guests. We have always been—as old friends and relatives should be; and I have always loved Isabel. But it was necessary for us to wait a little. Though it would be difficult for you to realize the fact, gentlemen, a marriage is an expensive debt"—

"You can go, Leslie," remarked Mr. Dart, without raising his head.

"And the holiday, sir?"

"Take your holiday when you choose; only don't make such a fuss about it."

"And is there nothing more you intended to say to me, Mr. Maitland?" inquired Tom.

"I should say," remarked Walter, with a jealous anger in his eyes, "it is an irreparable mistake you are making to marry on your own income, unless you had chosen a wife in your own position and used to such a life as your mother's."

"My mother's life was such a life as Isabel's, at Isabel's age," said Tom, and for a moment his face was really handsome in its flush of honest pride; "and Isabel has known what my mother's life is for many a year past. Would I marry her under any false pretenses?"

"I presume, then, that Miss Conyngham knows the extent of your income?" asked Maitland, with compressed lips; "or have you, in your foolery, been representing yourself as a partner in this bank? Her eyes are open to the folly of what she is doing, eh?"

"She knows everything, sir," rejoined Tom, his eyes much puzzled, and a little angry; "and she does not call it folly."

"You can go."

The clerk left the room, closing the door quietly behind him.

"They must have had harrassing letters," he said to himself, trying to account for the partners' impatience. "They have a good deal of anxiety which we subordinates are spared."

And thinking this he took his seat and wrote away more diligently than ever, while his fellow-clerks wondered over his mood.

"Leslie ought to go."

Those were the words which at last broke the silence of the room which Tom had left.

"Yes."

Then the day's work, went on to its close, and the partners, separating on the bank steps, went their several ways thinking very longingly of one to whom both had been faithful. This was the first night for many months which either had spent without these bright, vague dreams of what his home might be with Isabel at its head; and their hearts were filled with resentment against the winner of the prize which they had coveted. "You knew this morning that she was to marry some one else; why should your thoughts be harder, now that you know who has won her?" So a voice seemed arguing with them, but below all the angry thoughts surged on.

"For him to be the one to gain her—he a paid servant in the bank!"

CHAPTER IV.

When Mr. Dart reached the bank next morning, worn and harrassed after his sleepless night, he found that Maitland, contrary to his usual custom, had arrived before him. Though the two friends greeted each other as usual, most unusual silence settled presently upon them both. Eventually the senior partner, making an effort, remarked on the coldness of the weather, and his companion, putting down a letter which he held, answered leisurely. But his pleasant blue eyes were restless and rather dim, and the moment the answer was given the silence wrapped them both at once.

For an hour the office clock had ticked a solo in the quietness, when Walter Maitland rose slowly from his chair, with the *Times* unfolded in his hand, and, letting the paper fall, came and stood upon the rug beside his friend, who had just re-entered from the bank. Very gently he laid his hand upon his senior's shoulder.

"Dart, old friend! I want to speak a few words to you in great earnestness. Since we met yesterday morning, I have grown to feel quite certain of one thing—quite. The time has not in reality been very long, but it seemed so, and gave me plenty of opportunity for thought; and what I have grown to feel so sure of is this: I shall never marry now."

"Nor I," replied Maurice, meaning it as men do not often mean the phrase, though they utter it as firmly.

"I—fancied not. Now we are both wealthy men, Dart," continued Walter, bravely and gently, "and this wealth we offered a day or two ago, to Isabel Conyngham. You guess what I am going to say? Shall she benefit by our—love for her?"

The senior partner looked up slowly, questioning. A thought which had been haunting him all night made the full meaning of these words quite plain to him.

"Yes, I see you have felt this," resumed Walter, quietly, "just as I have felt it. I see that my words only came as an ending to your thought. I understand how it put itself to you. Leslie has invested all his father's savings—all his patrimony, as one may say—in our bank, and spends his whole days here most conscientiously, most trustworthily. All he draws for this cannot keep a house which we—you and I—like to picture as Isabel's home. And then his mother has to be provided for. You think, Dart, that it would not hurt us, and could not make any difference to Captain Dart, who has no voice in any bank matters—if Leslie had power to draw what would keep them more comfortably. In short—in short, old fellow! you would make him equal partner with me."

"With ourselves," said Mr. Dart, shortly—"with ourselves, you mean? If we were all equal partners"—

"Let us discuss it this afternoon. Think it over till then, Maurice" put in Walter, feeling that the senior partner should have time to make his decision; "we will talk it over again."

The discussion was duly held that afternoon, in the partner's private room; then Tom was summoned to hear the result of it. Though not a long interview, it was one impossible to describe—for how could any words show the utter failure of Mr. Dart's efforts to maintain his grave reserve through Tom's extravagant, boyish, humble, proud, ridiculous gratitude? Or describe Walter Maitland's persistent (though always disregarded) assurance that, as Mr. Dart had decided to make this arrangement, he was very glad to accede to it? And, after that interview who could repeat the limitless promises Tom made to his fellow clerks when he told them of his marriage? Or tell how he reached home in half his usual time, and put his arms around his mother, with his eyes full of tears—just as if he had been thirteen instead of thirty?

But, above all, who could describe Isabel's mute, wondering gratitude to the two men she had given such pain? "I am very, very grateful Tom," she said, appealing to him with tears thick upon her lashes; "but I would rather not talk about it—yet. Let me have time to think of it."

Quick to understand her wish, and delicate in carrying it out, Tom left Isabel, delighted that his news had moved her so, yet wondering over it a little, too—because the secret of the partners was so safe in the keeping of the girl whom they had—not unworthily loved. But hardest of all would it be to describe how brilliantly before Tom's eyes that night there came a vision of that identical brass plate, which really met him face to face, when, after his "holidays," he first reached the heavy, familiar doors of the Highborough bank—'Dart, Maitland, Dart & Leislie." "Co." was no more.

That Awful Bat.

There may be people into whose bedroom windows bats have not flown this summer, the summer before, and all the other summers as far back as they can remember; but we doubt it. We doubt, further, that there be people who, when the bat arrives, have not risen in their night garments of summer style, and turning high the gas prevented that bat with pillow and canes and even chairs, arousing the family in terror of assassins and giving the man on the other side of the street, who is up with the toothache, a strong suspicion that Kirkbride has established a branch asylum in their house. Bats have been knocked down under these circumstances; also have shins been smashed and shins skinned; but man, in the end, has been victorious over the bat—never. If he picks him up with his fingers he lets him go again immediately. If he picks him up between two sticks, and drops him out one window the bat soars into the air and flies in at another. The bat cannot be persuaded to go away. He can't take a hint. Let him alone and he'll go home and carry, etc. The bat, they say, is good for eating the night bugs which are always so much interested in what one is writing about. But whether the bugs were made so long before the bat, and increased so much ahead of him that he hasn't had a fair show, or his appetite is not powerful, there are plenty of bugs yet to transact business. Let the bat look at the sparrow and how nobly he fulfilled his contract with regard to the measuring worm. The sparrow, too, is an excellent bird, with only one bad habit, that of getting up too early in the morning, while the bat is afflicted with every wickedness, and doesn't get up early only because he doesn't go to bed.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Relic of Antietam.

After the battle of Antietam, F. B. Reynolds, of Company F, Eighth O. V. I., from Clyde, Ohio, was reported among the missing. Nothing was ever heard from him, and his friends gave him up for dead. Recently a man in Sharpsburg, Md., who is something of an amateur antiquarian, and is getting up a museum of relics of the Indian and other periods, had brought to him a pocket looking-glass, which had been found in the grave of an unknown soldier on the battle-field of Antietam. The case was made of laurel, and on the inside contained Mr. Reynolds' name and former residence. The gentleman immediately communicated with the postmaster at Clyde, and sent the relic home to the friends of the deceased, accompanied by a very feeling letter.

The Newspaper.

What a comfort is the newspaper! says a writer. How small is the sum that is required to patronize a paper, and how amply remunerated is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes; for it is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter fifty-two times a year, without inserting weekly some information that in itself is worth the subscription price. A newspaper is a history of current events as well as a copious and interesting miscellany, and which youth will peruse with delight when they will read nothing else.

A ROMANTIC MATCH.

A Poor Laborer Wins a Rich Man's Daughter—The Father's Rage—A Happy Ending.

A secret courtship, an elopement, an abduction, a narrow escape from a tragedy and a happy ending—the story of all this, which has just happened at North Adams, is another of those romances of real life, which are stranger than fiction.

Mr. H. P. Goodrich is an old citizen of North Adams, Mass., and is highly respected. He has a handsome property on which he lives, having retired from business. He has also a handsome daughter, Miss Nellie—cultivated, attractive, a great favorite in all the village and her father's idol.

Some weeks ago a young man named Moury came into North Adams as a workman on the railroad. So far as known he was a man of good habits, but his social position was, of course, that of any day-laborer. In some way he and Miss Nellie met, and an attachment sprang up between them, which for some time was kept a secret. But it soon became known that this railroad laborer was the accepted lover of one of the belles of North Adams.

The girl's father was very angry. He told Moury, with much excitement, that he must cease all further attentions, and he also told his daughter that she must no longer have anything to do with Moury. But the only effect of his warnings was to make the meeting of the lovers more and more secret. Mr. Goodrich knew that attentions were still being paid clandestinely, and meeting Moury one day in Ryan's grocery store, threatened to shoot him if he persisted in them.

A few days after this meeting Miss Goodrich told her parents that she was going to spend the day with an aunt who lived a short distance from North Adams. She did not return in the evening, and growing anxious, the father went to the aunt's house and found that his daughter had not been there at all that day. Suspecting what had happened, he rushed to the railroad depot, and found that Moury, too, had been away that day. The father was almost frantic. He could not learn where his daughter had gone; there was nothing to do but to return home and wait. It is said that in his frenzy he had determined to shoot both his daughter and the young man when they returned.

It appears that the girl, when she left her home, took the cars for Pownal, Vermont, and that Moury followed her. They were married that day. A day or two after, Moury took his bride to a relative's, who lived in Cheshire, Massachusetts, and leaving her there, returned to North Adams, and to his work. Going back to Cheshire, a day or so after, he found his wife gone. Her father had learned where she was, and going there one evening, had forced her to return home with him. He did not take her to his own house, however, and Moury was unable to find her. The husband did not know what to do. He was satisfied that his wife was somewhere in North Adams, and that, as she was of age when she married him, he had a right to her if he could find her. The father, however, was unyielding, and matters continued in this condition for several days.

At length the father saw that he could not permanently separate man and wife; he was, moreover, rather pleased with the manner in which both Moury and his wife conducted themselves. A few days ago he relented, and yielding his daughter to her husband, gave them his blessing and started the pair in life with very material assistance.

The Chinese Joss and Temple.

A traveler writes: We enter a temple whose outside is adorned with gilding and lacquer, and quaint designs of birds, animals and unreal monsters. They have a religion of some sort, a Wang Heng (a very intelligent Chinese with whom I am acquainted) assured me, with churches and endowments as in England; that is to say, they have the system, but not the faith. I had supposed all along that the curiously constructed temples, sacred to Joss, had more or less of a religious character about them, but I was now undeceived. My habit on passing these edifices was to call in and see what was going on, and one day found out that Joss was nothing more than a fortune-teller, after the manner of the Oracle of Delphos. When inside the temple we see the figure of Joss placed on high, with ornaments of peacocks' feathers, whilst long streamers of colored ribbons, pictures and flowers; presents of tea, oil or opium; lighted tapers in colored wax; joss sticks burning slowly and sending their perfume around; heaps of joss paper smouldering in trays; bamboo boxes with bundles of small sticks, on one end of which are inscribed certain cabalistic characters, surround the figure. At certain hours in the morning the temple becomes sacred. It is the hour of divination. Any one now about to undertake a journey or make a purchase, and desirous of knowing if he will arrive in safety or make a profitable investment, comes to Joss. He pays his obeisance by profoundly bowing and salaaming; then lights a certain number of matches or tapers and makes a present. After a while, when it thought Joss is conciliated, the suppliant takes a box of marked sticks, and, after shaking them about, selects half a dozen, and passes them to the priest or Sheong-to (son of heaven) in attendance, who refers to the book of mysteries and there reads the will of Joss. If he is warned of misfortune he forbears the journey or declines the bargain, and waits for a more fortunate day. If Joss advises otherwise, and a good profit the result, the happy merchant makes a substantial present. Joss is, therefore, as will be seen, a fortune-teller and nothing more, and Sheong-ti is only a sensible, cunning fellow, who prefers to live by the credulity of his neighbor rather than by the labor of his hands.

An English Astrologer.

An aged astrologer was convicted in North Devon, England, about the middle of August. He was charged with "using certain subtle craft, means or device by palmistry and otherwise, to deceive and impose on certain of her majesty's subjects." Elizabeth Saunders had been ill. Doctors had been of no avail, and finally her husband sent for "The White witch." He went to the house, felt her pulse, and said he did not know whether he could do her any good, as he was only an humble instrument in the hands of God. He gave her four or five rods in succession, with which she tapped a piece of iron held by her in the other hand, while lying in bed. At the end of the rods were the names of different planets, such as Jupiter and Mercury. He also asked the age of the woman, and the hour she was born, saying he wanted to find out under what planet she was born. He gave her some bitters to take, but she died a few days afterwards. The defence was that the rods and piece of metal were a rude means of using electricity, by which means the defendant had made many cures, but no explanation was given as to the meaning of the names of the planets. It was stated that "The White Witch" charged the woman twenty-five shillings for his services, stayed in the house five hours, and had a glass of rum and some biscuits. He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Profitable Corn Growing.

The average yield of the corn crop is about twenty-seven bushels per acre for the whole country. This includes the large yield of the rich prairie States where an average of forty to fifty bushels per acre is usual. In the Eastern, Middle and Southern States, the yield is very low and on the whole does not surpass fifteen bushels per acre. Yet in isolated cases in these States many good farmers produce seventy, eighty or even one hundred bushels per acre, and many ambitious farmers are trying to reach a higher limit yet. This is not at all impossible; it is not even improbable. It is reasonable to go further and say that the very high yield is not at all difficult to attain. Indeed it is very easy to figure out a crop of one hundred bushels of shelled corn per acre, and we do not think it much less easy to reduce the figuring to practice. Thus if we can grow three stalks to a hill, with the hills three and a half feet apart, we have 3,700 hills and 11,100 stalks per acre. If every stalk should bear one good ear there would be 11,100 ears per acre. One hundred good ears weighing twelve ounces each would give one bushel of shelled corn. Therefore this crop would amount to 114 bushels per acre. The only requisite for this profitable crop then, is that we should raise a variety of corn that produces no barren stalks and that will carry one good ear only upon every stalk. This seems to be a very simple matter, but many farmers would be surprised to learn how small a proportion of stalks in their fields carry even one ear. We have been selecting seed, and by all other means have been endeavoring to grow corn that should produce two good ears per stalk, and yet we have not succeeded in growing any that will on the average produce more than one ear for every two stalks. With the easy possibility of reaching one hundred bushels per acre if only fertile stalks were grown, yet farmers look upon one who talks of such a crop as too enthusiastic, if not foolish. It seems as though we had been all this time pursuing a wrong idea, or following a wrong course, and neglecting the most palpable and plain path to success. It is not to fertilize our ground so richly as to grow luxuriant stalks with two or three ears each in place of one; but to grow moderately sized stalks, each having an ear in place of those with none.

In passing through a fair-looking field of corn a number of stalks without ears will always be seen. It is these that dilute and lessen the value of the crop. Can we get rid of these by any means? It is certainly our business to do it if possible, just as we should weed out of our yards hens which lay no eggs, sows which produce no litters, cows without calves or milk, and mares without foals; or cut out from our orchards trees that yield no fruit. As no farmer would tolerate such worthless stock so he should not tolerate barrenness in his cornfield. Among other many useful suggestions made by Dr. E. L. Sturtevant, of Massachusetts, who is one of our most scientific and practical farmers and agricultural investigators, we owe to him an idea that we think may be turned to the greatest advantage in improving our corn crops. It is to change the present character of this grain by a course of selection and breeding similar to that through which we have brought our live stock to such a high degree of profitable excellence. It is simply to discontinue the growing of barren stalks and prevent them from fertilizing the seed of the prolific ones. To do this, all those stalks which show no sign of an ear or silk (which is the female flower) when the tassel or male flowers appear, should be topped so as to deprive them of their powers of reproduction, should be emasculated in fact. We should lose nothing by this, because we should at least have the fodder, which is all we should get under any circumstances, but we should have the very important advantage of fertilizing the other plants with pollen from prolific stalks. Hence, we might expect in a very short time to so change the character and habits of the corn as to have every plant prolific and productive of at least one ear. If in time we could give the plant the habit of bearing twin ears, or three, four or more; and by the required system of fertilizing the soil secure so vigorous a growth as to mature these ears perfectly, then what a gain should we have made. To grow five acres of corn yielding 500 bushels would cost no more than it now costs to grow five acres yielding one hundred bushels, excepting the increased labor of husking and storing the ears, and only a fourth as much as it now costs to grow the 500 bushels on twenty acres. It is a very trite thing to say that the greatest profit lies in producing the greatest yield with the least possible labor and expense; yet farmers do not seem to look at it in that way, or else they are contented with very small profits, for it is plain to be seen that the small crops grown do not pay any adequate price for the labor of raising them. And so spend one's labor in growing fifty barren corn-stalks out of every hundred we grow, seems, unquestionably, to be a very poor business. We hope our readers will give this matter the thought and attention it deserves. There is nothing to lose by adopting the means of improving proposed, and there is a vast gain possible from it.—*New York Times.*

Household Notes.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Take one ounce of pulverized borax, one pound of small pieces of best brown soap, and three quarts of water. Let it simmer till the soap is dissolved, stirring frequently. Do not let it boil. Use a piece of old flannel, and rinse off as soon as the paint is clean. This mixture is also good for washing clothes.

WATERPROOFING CLOTH.—Imbue the cloth on the wrong side with a solution of isinglass, alum and soap, by means of a brush. When dry, brush on the wrong side against the grain, and then go over with a brush dipped in water. This makes the cloth impervious (for a long time) to water, not air.

WATERPROOF BOOTS AND SHOES.—Linseed oil, one pint; suet, eight ounces; beeswax, six ounces; resin, one ounce. Mix together.

CALICO MADE TRANSPARENT AND WATERPROOF.—Take six pints of pale linseed oil, two ounces of sugar of lead and eight ounces of white resin; the sugar of lead must be ground with a small quantity of it, and added to the remainder; the resin should be incorporated with the oil by means of a gentle heat. The composition may then be laid on calico, or any other such material, by means of a brush.

Fashionable Emulatton.

Lady (speaking with difficulty)—"What have you made it round the waist, Mrs. Price?"

Dressmaker — Twenty-two inches, ma'am. You couldn't breathe with less."

Lady—"What's Lady Lemina Jones' waist?"

Dressmaker—"Nineteen and a half just now, ma'am. But her ladyship is a head shorter than you are, and she's got ever so much thinner since her illness last summer!"

Lady—"Then make it nineteen, Mrs. Price, and I'll engage to get into it."

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once, this forever.

KING JOHN OF ETHIOPIA.

Sketch of an African King's Splendor that Outshines the Arabian Nights—A Barbaric Banquet.

[From the London Spectator].

King John of Ethiopia is a striking and picturesque personage. As Kassa, Prince of Tigre, claiming equal descent with Theodorus from King Solomon, he figured largely in the Blue books which formed an exceedingly interesting but little read history of the events which preceded the Abyssinian expedition; and that impression is deepened by the account given by Mr. de Cosson—who, in company with the late Gen. Kirkham, visited King John at his camp, near Gondar, the ancient capital of Abyssinia, in 1873—of the king and his surroundings. The country, its people, their wives, and their faith, are not like any of the African types in other portions of the continent. They remind us of the Old Testament Scriptures; the whole picture is like that of the tribes and the feuds which we find in the book of Genesis and the books of the Kings. Long before the king is reached, the traveler hears tales of him—his strength, his wisdom, and his prowess in war. At Axum, the former capital of Tigre, he is shown the great monolith, seventy feet high, and told how Kassa used to cast his heavy spear over it—a great feat to do with an ordinary lance—and still practises this exercise when he comes to Axum. There is little disposition to "forward" a traveler, the disposition to keep their country free from the stranger being as strong as ever in the Abyssians, but the king promises his help and protection to all who shall be properly recommended to him by the French consul at Massowah, and the reluctance of intervening personages has to give way.

When Mr. de Cosson had taken possession of his tent, near the monarch's enclosure, the king sent him two jars full of a dreadful drinkable called tedge, fifty "breads," an antelope's horn full of salt and pepper, and a live cow, which was killed and cut up before his eyes, and the meat piled up inside the tent. He subsequently visited the house of Murcher, one of the king's interpreters, which was, like all the Abyssian houses, constructed of wood and branches, and there he saw a pretty sight, that of Murcher's horse forming one of the family circle. The beautiful, intelligent animal was lodged in a little thatched stall opening into the house, his neck adorned with a handsome chain, his food and drink given him at regular intervals in a clean earthen dish, the corn being the same as that of which the household bread was made; he was regarded as a cherished friend and comrade. After the civilities of the king's interpreters, came the good offices of the king's cook, who sent the honored guest four dishes of curry. The king's cook, who also acts as taster, is a great personage; he must be a priest, must have always led an irreproachable life, and is never permitted to marry.

Next day at dawn came one of the officers "Lizamanguas," splendidly dressed in a robe of flowered silk, with an India muslin *kuaric*, and silver-mounted pistols in his sash, to inquire after the traveler's health in his majesty's name. He was one of those who have the privilege of wearing the same dress as his sovereign, and the dangerous distinction of going into battle similarly armed, so that the royal person may not be distinguished. Early in the afternoon came Maderakal, another interpreter, attended by an esquire, bearing the royal sword and shield, to conduct the stranger to the king's banqueting hall. Drums and trumpets sounded; a salute was fired from a battery of brass howitzers as the guest entered the wooden, rush-roofed building, of oblong form and vast extent, with a double colonnade of tree trunks leading to the center, where, on a divan, raised high and draped with purple velvet, sat King John of Ethiopia, cross-legged, a pair of English rifles, cocked and loaded, resting on the cushions to left and right of him, and his slippers of solid silver filagree on the carpet before him. By his side was a beautiful sword, with a sheath of velvet and enamel; on his head the great triple crown of Ethiopia flashed with gold and jewels; his robe was a cloth of silver, and over his brows hung a long veil of crimson silk, worn under the crown and falling in heavy folds round the face. The barbaric splendor of that scene was perfect in every respect. Here are Mr. de Cosson's words, which fail, he says, far short of his impressions: "On either side of the throne stood two gigantic eunuchs, clad in shirts of purple and green silk, and holding drawn sabres. A swarthy guard of honor, dressed with equal magnificence, stood also with drawn sabres, behind; while all around crowded the great officers of state and noted warriors, in long robes of silk and velvet of every color, the scarlet scabbards of their swords gleaming with gold and silver filagree, and their necks adorned with the skins of the lion and black panther. The air shook with the wild notes of the trumpets and the roll of the drums."

When Mr. de Cosson reached the throne and bowed, King John shook hands with him, and bade him welcome. Then the whole company seated themselves on the carpets (some which our queen had sent to Kassa, Prince of Tigre), and the next arrival was of special interest. It was that of Ras Warenia, who had ruled over all Amhara as an absolute prince until subdued by King John. He presented a most striking figure as he walked up the center of the hall, a rifle in one hand and a richly ornamented shield in the other. The conquered Ras, tall, stout, very handsome, wore a splendid tippet of black panther skin, enriched with clasps and bosses of gold filigree, which the king had just given him; a robe of the rishest silk; on his right wrist a silver-gilt gauntlet, studded with gems—an especial mark of the king's favor; a splendid sword, and his carefully plaited hair was covered with a thin piece of white muslin, attached by a golden pin. His feet, like those of all present, were bare. Among