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Peace.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

A keen wind gleams, and all the ground
Is bare and chapped with bitter cold;
The ruts are iron; fish are found
In ice encased as in a mold;
Now frozen hill-tops ache with pain,
And shudders tremble down each shy
Deep rootlet burrowing in the plain;
Now mark the sky.

She softly pulls a downy veil
Before her clear Medusa face;
This, falling slow, abroad doth trail
Across the wold a feathery trace
Beneath whose folds the moaning earth
Asleep him stretches dreamily,
Forgot both pain and summer's mirth;
Soothed by the sky.

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

The Old Sampler.

Out of the way in a corner
Of our dear old attic room,
Where bunches of herbs from the hillside
Shake ever a faint perfume,
An oaken chest is standing
With hasp and padlock and key,
Strong as the hands that made it
On the other side of the sea.

When the winter days are dreary
And we're out of heart with life,
Of its crowding cares a-weary
And sick of its restless strife,
We take a lesson in patience
From the attic corner dim,
Where the chest still holds its treasures,
A warder, faithful and grim.

Robes of an antique fashion,
Linen and lace and silk,
That time has tinted with saffron,
Though once they were white as milk.
Wonderful baby garments
Broidered with loving care—
By fingers that felt the pleasure,
As they wrought the ruffles fair.

A sword with the red rust on it,
That flashed in the battle tide,
When from Lexington to Yorktown
Sorely men's souls were tried.
A plumed chapeau and a buckle,
And many a relic fine;
And all by itself the sampler,
Framed in with berry and vine,

Faded, the square of canvas,
And dim is the silken thread;
But I think of the white hands dimpled,
And a childish, sunny head.
For, here is a cross, and in tent-stitch,
In a wreath of berry and vine;
She worked it, a hundred years ago,
"Elizabeth, aged nine."

In, and out, in the sunshine
The little needle flashed;
And in and out on the rainy day
When the merry drops down plashed,
As close she sat by her mother—
The little Puritan maid,
And did her piece on the sampler,
While the other children played.

You are safe in the beautiful heaven,
"Elizabeth, aged nine;"
But, before you went, you had troubles
Sharper then any of mine:
Oh! the gold hair turned with sorrow
White as the drifted snow,
And your tears dropped here where I'm standing—
On this very plumed chapeau.

When you put it away, its wearer
Would never need it more,
Fy a sword-thrust learning the secrets,
God keeps on yonder shore;
And you wore your grief like glory,
You could not yield supine,
Who wrought in your patient childhood,
"Elizabeth, aged nine."

Out of the way in a corner,
With hasp and padlock and key,
Stands the oaken chest of my fathers,
That came from over the sea;
And the hillside herbs above it
Shake odors fragrant and fine,
And here on its lid is a garland,
To "Elizabeth, aged nine."

For love is of the immortal,
And patience is sublime,
And trouble a thing of every day
And touching every time:
And childhood, sweet and sunny,
And womanly, truth and grace,
Ever can light life's darkness,
And bless earth's loneliest place.

—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster.*

A DOMESTIC CHAPTER.

It was a favorite expression of Mrs. Mayne's, "As long as a child of mine lives with me, no matter if she is as big as the house, she has got to mind me." But when girls have become perfectly indifferent to such threadbare assertions, and are really too old to submit to have their ears boxed, talk as you may, what is a mother to do?

Very much in this predicament was Mrs. Mayne with her daughters, four good-looking, good-for-nothing, charming girls, who, afflicted with the manis for pet names, only too common now-a-days, had transformed themselves from plain Amanda, Cecelia, Esther and Margaret into Amie, Ceci, Essie and Midge. Then to complete the family circle, there was Oliver, a half-grown lad with a full-grown grievance. To be alternately snubbed and petted, cojoled and domineered over by his sprightly sisters, who were all older than himself, was bad enough; but when his mother not only disciplined him rigidly for his own offenses, but because those saucy jades couldn't be conquered, would make him suffer for it, that was altogether too much. Had Oliver Mayne been of a philosophic turn of mind, he might have seen in all this tagging a sort of retributive justice for the woes of the fair sex under the despotism of man, but alas! he was not; so he read "Mr. Midshipman Easy," and, when he dared, played truant and prowled around the water-front with ideas in his head.

Yet in spite of all her inconsistencies, Mrs. Mayne was a mother among a thousand. What would she not do to push her daughters on in society? So, while they were brought up as much like fine ladies as was possible with her limited means, she was cook, chambermaid and seamstress by turns; they gave their best energies to the glide, the cream of their good nature to gentlemen friends, and imbibing a taste for dress and fashion well nigh insatiate.

To such a length had this motherly self-sacrifice been carried that there had been months in Mrs. Mayne's life when Sunday was no more a day of rest than any other; and while the girls were rustling into church with their stylish suits she was as likely as not shut up at home, sewing away for dear life on some finery for them. All this she would do uncomplainingly, but of little brief authority she was extremely tenacious, and liked to be consulted by her girls on even the most trivial occasions.

As old as the human race, is the liking to have one's own way; so with these young rebellious spirits, nothing was so trying as to be obliged to say, "May I?"

One Saturday, toward noon, the girls were in the parlor, under pretense of dusting and setting to rights that most important room.

"I tell you what it is," said Midge, yawning most prodigiously, for she had been out late to the theater the night before, "I think my plan is the best; just go on and make your arrangements without saying a word to ma. She will be angry, but what can she do?"

"Well, I don't know but what you are right, Midge," returned Amie, musingly.

"Of course," asserted Cecil, "since it is for your sake that we are hatching up this plot, Amie, you will have to shoulder the blame; but then we will back you—won't we girls?"

Then they went up stairs, and in half an hour these four had written, sealed and addressed twenty-five or thirty dainty letter notes.

"Now," said Cecil, moistening the last stamp, and affixing it with business-like celerity, "all we have to do is to get Oliver to post them. You go and call him Es."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, out in the back yard sawing wood, I guess," said Cecil, esconcing herself comfortably in a chair with a book.

Great readers of romance they all were.

When there was no immediate diversion offered in the way of promenade or ball, one or the other of the sisters had been known to pass a whole day at a time, oblivious of everything except the deeds or misdeeds of some hero of the Strathmore type.

"Look here, Olly," said Amie, sweetly, when her brother had come up into her room; "I want you to do something for me, like a dear good fellow."

"What's up now?" asked Oliver, the more gruffly, because he knew his sister had a motive for pleasing him.

"I want you to post these letters for me without letting ma know."

"Why don't you post 'em yourself?" drawled he, ungraciously, turning one envelope after another to study the addresses.

"O, you know well enough, Olly; it does not do for young ladies to run out on the street without fixing up—now, it don't matter about boys a bit."

"That's what you always say," returned her brother, remembering the many times he had been left out at the elbow because in Mrs. Mayne's system of household economy the girls had always to be supplied first.

But Amie knew well how to avert any unpleasant argument when it was politic to do so.

"Never mind—see here," said she, slipping a small piece of money into his hand.

He became perceptibly better natured on the moment.

"Say, Amie," he cried, still intent on the envelopes, "I'll bet my head you are doing all this on account of Mr. Pick—"

He got no further, for his sister, turning red as a rose, hustled him out of the door. How had he spied that name, when she had put Mr. Pickens' invitation in the very middle of the packet?

Unconscious of these machinations, Mrs. Mayne was drudging away in the kitchen with that intense absorption in her work which denotes the thorough manager.

Amie found her over the ironing table.

"Mother," said she, "I should like very much to have some company here next Wednesday evening."

Mrs. Mayne, who had been admiring the petticoat just finished so satisfactorily and hung on the clothes-horse to air, turned about sharply.

"Amanda," she exclaimed, "you are a fool."

Whatever luxury Mrs. Mayne denied herself, she certainly did not deny herself the luxury of plain speech.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by that, ma."

"I tell you it is not to be thought of—not for one moment," replied her mother, punctuating her sentences with vigorous thumps of the smoothing iron. "I've got my plans all laid out for next week."

"What is there to do on Wednesday?"

"Mrs. Nesbett is coming to cut and baste your polonaises, and I want to get a good day's work out of her; so you see, Wednesday evening, of all evenings, is the worst for company."

Amie naturally wished now, that she had not been so hasty about sending the invitations. However, regrets were useless, so she said:

"But, mother, why need that interfere—"

Her mother cut her short peremptorily.

"Don't argue with me, Amanda. Go along and get your worsted work, and tell Essie I want to hear her practicing right away."

Strange to say, Amie wasn't so courageous as usual; so she idled about without renewing the forbidden topic, and having looked into the small square mirror hanging by the sink more from habit than from inclination, thought "What a hideous complexion this glass gives me," and walked out of the room.

The moment she showed her face to her sisters, they knew she was disappointed. After she had detailed her conversation with her mother, and had been rated for not being bolder, Midge cried spiritedly:

"Never mind, Amie, I'll go right out and see ma myself."

She was the most demonstrative of the family, was Midge; so she stole up behind her mother and slipped her arm around that ample waist. Mrs. Mayne was too warm and busy to be in a tender mood, so, without turning about she said;

"That's you, Margaret, I know your tricks; go along."

"You look so tired, ma; do let me help you."

"You can't do this—go along."

"O, you never think anybody can do anything but yourself!" laughed Midge.

"Because it is so much easier to do a thing than to bother showing somebody else."

Nevertheless Midge coaxed so admirably that her mother left her work and sat down by the table. A handy stroke or two of the iron having put Mrs. Mayne into good humor, Midge, the sly rogue, began,

"Say, ma, dear, why won't you let us have company on Wednesday evening?"

"Well, upon my word, you girls are ridiculous. I thought I settled all that with Amanda."

"Yes; but ma, dear, you settled it the wrong way to suit us."

"O, I know your tricks, Margaret, and you are all alike. You make up your minds to anything, and there is no getting the notion out of your heads."

"Now, mother dear, if we are self-willed," exclaimed Midge, roguishly, "how did we possibly become so? We couldn't inherit it from you, of course. Why can't you have Mrs. Nesbett here some other day?"

"Why can't Amanda have her company some other evening?"

"Well," replied Midge, slanting her head with an air of being very critical over her work as she bore hard across a rough place, "because she has already sent out the invitations."

Mrs. Mayne's temper was instantly all ablaze.

"Get away from there, Margaret," she cried, "you are pulling that bias seam the wrong way; give me the iron."

But Midge was determined not to let the main question drop,

"You needn't worry about baking," said she, mildly, "because it would be so easy to order a few things from the confectioner."

"Don't let me hear another word about it, I tell you," retorted her mother, in high dudgeon. "And you may tell Amanda for me that whoever sets his foot inside the front door on Wednesday evening, if he was the Pope of Rome, would be insulted."

Notwithstanding this edict, and the fact that Mrs. Mayne's pleasure had not been softened meanwhile by entreaties, tears or tempers, at precisely seven o'clock on Wednesday evening the girls had all gone up stairs to dress.

They occupied two small rooms opening into each other, and were obliged to share many things in common. Just imagine four girls forced to take turns at one mirror! Then add to this the unaccountable way which ruffles, skirts and ribbons have of getting mixed up, and you will not be surprised that there was some wrangling during the interesting process of toilet making. However, there are some things which must be viewed from a purely feminine standpoint.

Of all the sisters, Amie's temper seemed to be the most rasped on that eventful evening. Everything went wrong with her.

"My goodness, Essie Mayne!" said she, scrambling breathlessly around, poking under chairs, the bed, the bureau, and even looking half demented into her handbox, "I do believe you have got on one of my Oxford ties by mistake."

"No such thing, Amie," replied the sister addressed, who was at that moment subjecting her eye-lashes to a mysterious treatment which necessitated the making up of a horrible face, "mine were together in the shoe-bag."

"Come, do get out of the way, Es," another voice—Midge's—was heard complaining. "I want the glass to do my hair; you've been long enough putting on that black stuff to make yourself into a Hottentot."

"What I want to know, girls," said Amie, who had found her shoe in the work-basket, and was now struggling with an obstinate lacing, "is whether any of you had sense enough to light the gas in the hall?"

"Nobody in this family pretends to be smart but you, Amie," responded Cecil, saucily.

"Then go down stairs this instant and see to it," exclaimed the eldest sister, peremptorily. "Here I am only half dressed, and every time there is the least noise it gives me such a start—expecting to hear the bell. I have a sort of feeling that Mr. Pickens will be here early."

Cecil, who hated to be ordered about, scolded:

"Oh, bother you and your old Pickens!" but she threw a shawl about her and went hastily down stairs.

"I suppose ma wouldn't go to the door," continued Amie, "if the bell should ring forty times before any of us are ready—here, Midge, hold these crimping-irons in the gas for me."

In spite of all these wearying annoyances, could there have been possibly a sweeter, more artless face than Amie's when she had coaxed the little tendrils of hair low down upon her forehead; had knotted her silken tie and turned to go down stairs?

She was in good season after all, and had full five minutes quite to herself in which to collect her thoughts. "Yes," said she, "I have made up my mind. It may not be so romantic and all that, but I am sure plenty of girls would jump at the chance. I must tell him beforehand that he must not expect me to give up the glide and everything—" here the bell pealed through the house, and as Amie ran hastily to the front door her heart seemed to flutter in her throat. Her first guest was, as she had surmised, Pickens.

He stepped into the hall, and as he hung his hat and overcoat upon the rack he glanced inquiringly about. None of these roguish sisters were in sight—only Amie, looking not unlike a dewy rosebud. He was a gentlemanly person of fifty or thereabouts, with beard and hair well grizzled; nor in his strongly marked features did one discover the least hint of a susceptibility to rounded curves and bright eyes—yet these had taken him captive.

One glimpse of his face and Amie knew intuitively that a decisive moment in her life had come. Nor was she mistaken, for Mr. Pickens took the white hand she slyly gave him, and held it close to his immaculate shirt-front and whispered: "Mine, Amie?"

The ridiculous bell sounding once more with startling emphasis, cut short the first kiss.

Later in the evening, when the parlor was all alive with vivacious conversation and music, when everybody seemed to be entertaining everybody, one after another, the four girls slipped out into the kitchen, whither Mrs. Mayne had withdrawn herself directly after dinner. Amie was the last to go. She knew that her sisters intended making a united appeal to their mother to forego her angry resistance, and to assist them in pleasing their guests; and she thought, "I am sure ma will be melted at once, if I can whisper two or three words in her ear."

Unfortunately, when Amie got to the hall door she heard loud voices in angry discussion.

From parlor to kitchen is always a sharp transition; but was there ever so marked a contrast between the two rooms as in Mrs. Mayne's house that night?

"There's no doing anything with ma," said Ceci; "she's just as obstinate as the Sphinx."

"Yes; everybody has been asking for her," said Midge, pouting, "and wondering why she didn't come into the parlor."

"So be sure—and I would have told them she is sick, but like as not if I did, she would come popping in the next minute, saying that she never felt better in her life," added Essie.

Then Mrs. Mayne broke in angrily "Don't want another word from you, Esther. I've caught you at your tricks, miss. Didn't you think I had any eyes in my head when you were giving Oliver money in the hall to-night?"

"Well, suppose I did," retorted Essie, indignantly; "I can't see people coming to the house and go away without a crumb to eat."

"That's just what they will do," said the mother, rapping her knuckles furiously on the table at which she had been sitting with her sewing. "Didn't I tell you that there shouldn't be any supper to-night? And as for tampering with your brother, and making him as disobedient as you girls are, that I will not permit!"

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Essie, nearly inarticulate with anger, "that you stopped Oliver from going out?"

"That's just what I do mean to say."

Mrs. Mayne's temper had now risen to such a pitch of exasperation that, notwithstanding the fact that since her entrance Amie had not ceased to pour gentle pleadings into her mother's ear, the good lady felt she must have some fuller vent than mere words. Her finger itched to box somebody's ears.

Just as she glanced about from one to the other, poor unfortunate Oliver, who had been sitting on the lounge behind his mother, in swinging his foot, accidentally kicked his mother's chair. Quick as a flash she wheeled about on him and gave him a sound slap.

"I ain't doin' nothin'," he cried, sharply, clapping to his geography to hide the 'Claude Duval' he had been slyly reading. "You needn't take it out on me because you are mad at the girls."

"Things have come to such a pass," said Mrs. Mayne, bitterly, "that I never expect to take any peace or comfort in this house any more—"

Just then there came a gentle rapping at the hall door.

The girls' hearts stood still. Was some guest coming out to be insulted? was their mother going to shame them forever?

"Let me in," said a cheerful voice at the sound of which poor Amie's breath came quickly. O, horrible! If her mother should be disagreeable to Mr. Pickens!

Neither Amie nor her sisters need have feared. Human nature is manysided; it has its curious instincts. Angry as a mother may be with her own flesh and blood, she cannot flaunt their failings before other people's eyes.

Bitter as the pill was, Mrs. Mayne swallowed her wrath whole and walked to the door with a smiling face.

"Why, Mr. Pickens! is that you?" said she, giving him her hand.

"I was afraid you were going to be invisible all the evening," replied Mr. Pickens, "and I made bold to hunt you—besides, I want my Amie."

A shock went through Mrs. Mayne's frame. Mr. Pickens had told the whole story bluntly in those few words, and magically as a picture sponged from a slate were Amie's shortcomings wiped from the tablet of her mother's remembrance.

"I'm sure," said she, tremulously, "I couldn't wish her a better choice, Mr. Pickens; and if she makes as good a wife as she has been a daughter, you will be a happy man."

The little disturbance was all forgotten. The girls went back into the parlor radiant, while Mrs. Mayne dropped a few salt tears as she brewed some delicious coffee for her daughters' guests, and Oliver, harboring no resentment, sped to the baker's as fast as his legs could carry him.

It was not until the guests were all gone, and the girls were alone together, that Amie received her sisters' congratulations.

The gas flared over the bureau, piled with ribbons and crimping-pins; bracelets and shreds of torn curling papers; a fringe of silken frizettes had fallen across the powder box; then there were ruffles, brushes, cosmetics and combs. But nobody minded the disorder in the least.

Perched on one bed, arrayed in the "prettiest night-gowns under the sun," were the four girls, talking and talking, in spite of the lateness of the hour.

"There will be only three of us to squabble for the looking-glass," said Midge, sighing.

"And I suppose we will have to go on paying for meat that is eaten, and clothes that are worn out, while Amie will have no end of lovely dresses and bonnets," added Essie.

"You haven't guessed the nicest thing of all that I shall have," laughed Amie.

"Oh, I know," exclaimed Ceci, triumphantly; "your own way!"

The Earliest Printing—Engraved Bricks.

Engraved stamps are of very early origin, and may be regarded as the first process of every method of printing. Three thousand years ago the engraving of forms for impressing seals and coin was practiced with a skill scarcely surpassed in these modern days. There are coins which were made in the days of Pharaohs, stamped in relief as well defined as the pieces in circulation to-day. The first printing—as such—in the history of the world was probably upon bricks. An illustration represents a brick taken from the ruins of ancient Babylon, and is really a piece of the literature of that far away time, which probably could have been preserved in no other form so well. The letters or words are placed in parallel rows, separated by lines, and are no doubt intended to be read from top to bottom.

In old Egypt bricks were made by a method of stamping, but not so elaborately as in Assyria. We have been able to procure cuts showing the face and back of an old Egyptian stamp, found in a tomb of Thebes, which was probably used in "printing" bricks in those early days of the world's history. This stamp is about five inches long, two and a half inches wide and half an inch thick, with an arched handle. The characters are engraved into the face of the wood, so that the impression on the clay would show the letters or characters in relief, and have been translated, "*Amenoph, beloved of truth.*" We have it stated by some authorities that Amenoph was a ruler of Egypt at the time of the exodus of the children of Israel.

Compared with modern typography this method of printing on clay was crude and imperfect in the extreme. How easy it would have been to have coated the stamp with ink and impressed it upon paper; but alas, there were yet discovered neither ink nor paper, and instead of this practice being improved and developed, it gradually fell into disuse, and has been almost wholly neglected for more than twenty-five hundred years, in the very land where it originated.—*Model Printer's Guide.*

How Much Tobacco?

The entire mass of tobacco which is annually consumed in smoking, snuffing and in chewing on the earth, is 4,000,000,000 pounds—manifestly too high an estimate for from 1,200,000,000 to 1,500,000,000 of inhabitants. Let us take the half as the more probable, and let us suppose the tobacco leaves transformed into roll tobacco, a tobacco serpent is created which, with a diameter of two inches, and following the direction of the equator, could wind itself around the earth thirty times. Let us suppose that the tobacco is formed into tablets similar to the chocolate tablets, and which, indeed, is the shape which the chewing tobacco of sailors takes, and we have a colossal pile worthy of being placed beside the third largest of the pyramids of Gizeh, that of the Mykerinos, and as massive and high as that old regal edifice. Let us grind all the tobacco into snuff, and let us picture to ourselves the sad case that an evil equinoctial wind, one fine morning, blows the snuff over the ocean, and showers it on one of our German states, we are certain more than one of the Liliputian states would have much difficulty in recovering its existence by shoveling away the snuff.—*Cope's Tobacco Plant.*

Absent Minded.

A letter from New Preston, Conn., to the Litchfield *Enquirer*, contains this anecdote: A man who had been sorting tobacco for one of his neighbors, stopped at one of the stores on his way from work and purchased a pair of shoes. He threaded his dinner-pail upon his arm, took the shoes in the same hand, and with the other thrust deep in his breeches' pocket, started for home. Having got opposite Dr. Ed's he missed his dinner-pail, and, thinking he had left it at the store, back he went for it. As he went through the door it swung to, and hit the pail strung on his arm. His only ejaculation was, "Thunder! I thought I left it!" He's the same man who took his watch to New Milford to be repaired and two days afterward found it in his vest pocket.

Her Economy.

The dried apple of to-day has a hundred yards the start of the dried apple of ten years ago, but yet all people are not willing to admit it. A Woodward avenue grocer was yesterday trying to induce a woman to buy a three-pound package, instead of half a bushel of green apples, telling her that she would save money by the operation.

"Yes I might save money, and again I mightn't," she mused.

"I know you would," he urged.

"But if I took home dried apples instead of green, there would be no parings for the children and no cores for my husband to chew on during the long evening. And there's the worm-holes—they're awful nice for my canaries."

She took green apples.—*Free Press.*

GREATER THAN THE TELEPHONE.

The Invention of an Atlanta Man—Sounds Telephonically Transmitted and Phonographically Registered.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* has the following account of an invention which it attributes to a resident of that city: "We are not permitted at this time to state specifically all the points belonging to the invention in question, but we can say that an examination of the working model leaves no room to doubt of its successful application for the purpose designed. The gentleman of whom we speak has carefully watched the progressing movements heretofore mentioned, and from them he conceived the combination (or that is what he claims his instrument to be) whereby sound could be telephonically transmitted and phonograpically registered in visible signs capable of certain prompt translation into written language. This seems, at first glance, an almost inconceivable achievement, but a slight reference to the method employed should dispel all doubts. 'The Telephonograph' is the name of the new combination, and its points are as follows:

"First—Telephone, as in common use, for the transmission of the sounds of the speaker's voice.

"Second—A telegraph instrument of the same nature as the printing telegraph, whereby the sounds may be registered by phonographic signs upon slips of paper, as in the printing telegraph.

"Third—A delicate and ingenious instrument which indicates the slightest or loudest tones, and produces currents that open the precise key that would indicate them.

"Fourth—An alphabet of sounds arranged upon phonographic principles, by which every combination of sounds and indication in language can be fully indicated.

"The entire machine is electric and automatic, and the phonographic combinations, made in much smaller shape than in the most primary stages of photography, are easily made by electric action and as rapidly as the sounds are uttered. The main value of this instrument is that it will do away with all necessity for telegraph operators, requiring only one man in an office, and abolishing a vast amount of red-tapeism in the telegraphy. Its greatest advantage, however, will be to the newspaper press of the country, for with one of these simple instruments in the composing-room copy from the instrument can be furnished to the printers, whose only previous preparation will be a day's study of the phonographic alphabet in order to become familiar with the signs. Once familiar to the printer, he can take a piece of copy and set it up in type as readily as reprint. A person to whom a message is addressed, understanding the signs, could read it as easily as though printed in Roman type. The instrument is being rapidly perfected, and the inventor has no doubt of its great success and usefulness in the world's affairs."

Anecdotes of Victor Emmanuel.

An English paper says: Of Victor Emmanuel, as of all popular kings, a great many anecdotes are told. People take an interest in every, even the slightest, peculiarity of such sovereigns, and the late king of Italy had a great many peculiarities. He never ate in public, for instance. He sat out all state dinners, at which he was obliged to be present, with his hands resting on the hilt of his sword, without tasting anything, except, perhaps, some trifle at dessert. His long and superabundant moustaches were the cause of this abstemiousness. He made up for it, however, in private, when he could bind up his obstructives on each side of his face without becoming a public laughing-stock. He was no gourmand, and his contempt for the art of cookery was a constant thorn in the side of the court cooks, which, for them, deprived life of one half of its attractions. Nothing more depresses an artist than not to be appreciated at the value he sets upon himself. Victor Emmanuel's meal consisted of meat dishes, and of those he preferred game shot by himself. Fruit and native wine completed the repast. In the Palazzo Pitti, in Florence, he allowed the state apartments to remain empty, and installed himself in a couple of rooms on the ground floor. He did the same at Rome in the Quirinal, where the whole palace was at the entire disposal of inquisitive strangers. In spite of his well-known physical bravery, he had a superstitious dread of the Quirinal, the former dwelling of the popes. The first night after his government was transferred to Rome he dared not sleep in the palace, but went to pass the night *incognito* with a friend in the country. He smoked half-penny cigars, those cigars which the Italians pretend poison the air of their country. They have been named after their greatest minister, Cavour. The king was frequently seen in the streets of Turin, Milan, Genoa, Florence and Rome. As it was understood that he was out *incognito* no one seemed to recognize him, though every child knew him quite well. Like Haroun Al Raschid, he went by night and alone into the poorest and most distant quarters of Turin. There he heard with his own ears the opinions of his subjects, and admired unhindered the beauty of even his most lowly countrywomen. We cannot close these reminiscences without giving the story of the English correspondent who some years ago went prowling around the Palazzo Pitti, anxious to get into the king's apartments and write a description of them. At last he went up to a gentleman who was leaning against a side door smoking, and asked him how he might be able to get a sight of the king's rooms. "Come in," said the gentleman, who showed and explained everything to him. He then invited him to sit down, offered him a cigar, and on his departure shook hands warmly with him. It was only some time after he had left the palace that it dawned upon the correspondent that the king himself had been his guide and entertainer.

Too Old.

Not long since the enterprising manager of a theater called upon Meissonier, the famous French artist, and asked him to paint a drop-scene for his theatre, and name his own terms.

"You have seen my pictures, then?" asked Meissonier.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the manager; "but it is your name—your name—I want; it will draw crowds to my theater."

"And how large is it you wish this curtain to be?"

"Ah! we will say fifteen metres by eighteen."

The artist took up a pencil and proceeded to make a calculation. At last he looked up and said with imperturbable gravity:

"I have calculated, and find that my pictures are valued at 60,000 francs per metre. Your curtain, therefore, will cost you just 21,600,000 francs. But that is not all. It takes me twelve months to paint twenty-five centimetres of canvas. It will, therefore, take me just 190 years to finish your curtain. You should have come to me earlier, Monsieur; I am too old for the undertaking now. Good morning."

THE MASSACRE OF THE MILL.

Story of a Recent Terrible Tragedy in Saxony—A Family Slaughtered—A Little Girl's Courage Brought to Justice.

Sentence of death has just been imposed on two men by the Dresden Assizes, for one of the most sensational and atrocious murders of the century. On the evening of August 25th, Gustav Tunger, the miller of Vogelsberg, was smoking his after supper pipe in front of his mill. It was quite dark, but the mill was still busy, for a heavy stock of corn had to be ground up, and the clatter of the machinery echoed far out on the breathless summer night. Through this commotion the miller fancied he could distinguish some one calling him from behind his garden hedge, and approaching the barrier he found he was not deceived. Two men were standing on the other side of the hedge, but before he could question them the muzzle of a rifle was set against his forehead, and a bullet went crashing through his brain. As he fell, stone dead, his limp figure was caught, dragged over the hedge, and thrown into a drain which intersected the potato field from which the assassins had fired the fatal shot. His body had been scarcely thus disposed of, when the figure of the murdered man's workman, Ernest Reinhardt, appeared in the door of the mill. One of the murderers called him.

"What do you want? Who is it?" demanded the workman.

"Mr. Tunger, come here; I have found something," was the reply.

Utterly unconscious, Reinhardt called to his master's son, a lad of sixteen, to have an eye to the mill, and obeyed the fatal summons. As he reached the hedge two shots were fired, and he, too, fell a corpse. The assassins then went systematically to work to rob the bodies, removing even the shoes from their feet, and rifling their pockets of everything they contained. From Reinhardt's ears even a couple of almost valueless earrings were violently torn. This task completed, they dug a shallow grave under the ledge with a spade which had been left there by a workman that day, and tossed their victims in. After filling the grave and neatly levelling the earth over it, they advanced to the mill. Just as they set foot on the lower step, young Tunger came to the door. In the darkness he mistook the figures for those of his father and Reinhardt, and asked:

"What have you been doing?"

"This," responded one of the miscreants, firing in his face.

The lad staggered back with a shattered jaw, and a moment later, was beaten down and literally pounded to death upon the threshold. His mother and little sister, the latter a child of nine, were in one of the bedrooms. The sound of the shots attracted the attention of the little one, who said to her mother:

"What noise is that?"

"I do not know, child," responded Madame Tunger. "Go and see."

The child sprang to obey, and ran into one of the scoundrels in the dark passage outside the bedroom door.

"It is you, then, papa!" she cried.

"Kill the accursed brat!" responded a deep voice, "while I attend to the old woman."

The girl was seized and thrust into a room whose door was locked on her, and, crouching there in the darkness, she heard the sounds of a terrible contest in the next apartment. It was the struggle for life of her mother. Fierce and frightful was the struggle. After firing three shots into her, the assassins found the woman still clinging to life with the tenacity of despair, and one of them struck her over the head. The force of the stroke beat the unfortunate woman down on her knees. Then the girl heard her give one great shriek, and the silence was only broken further by the muttered curses of the murderers, and a heavy thumping sound. It was the thumping of their rifle stocks, with which the butchers were beating out Madame Tunger's brains. In spite of her fright, the child preserved her presence of mind, and appreciated the necessity of identifying the murderers. In the partition of plank which separated the room in which she was a prisoner, from the one in which her mother had met her end, was a crack. It was so high up, however, that it was only by standing on a chair, placed on the bed, that she could reach it. Through it she saw the men plundering the room. Three thousand thalers which her father kept in a bureau were taken. Then one of the sheets was removed from the bed and every article of value about thrown into it. The miller's new Sunday suit, a heavy woolen petticoat his wife had on, even a pair of children's shoes were thrown into the heap, and then made into a large bundle. One man at last took up this bundle and stumbled off under it, while the other, after breaking some furniture and piling it into a pyramid in the centre of the room threw the kerosene lamp into it, and without waiting to see if it would burn, went out. The lamp only burst, showering a rain of burning oil over the bedstead, which took fire, but was too hard to continue burning long. The house filled with smoke, nevertheless, and the child beating helplessly at the door of her prison, would have undoubtedly suffocated but for her own ready wit and bravery. Finding it impossible to open the door, she managed to smash the lock away with an iron bar, which was used to secure it on the inside, and wrapping herself in a blanket she fought her way through the smoke into the open air.

The murderers had dragged the bodies of her mother and brother to a woodshed alongside of the mill door, and after throwing them in had fired the structure. The flames of this conflagration swept across the doorway in a sheet of fire, but the intrepid child rushed through it with no further injury than a few burns, and made her way up the little valley in which the mill lay, to the village shouting for help. The aroused neighbors responded to the call, and a search was made, but without definite result. No traces of the miller and his workmen could be discovered, and the murderers had vanished. The only description the child could give of them was that they were large, powerful men, and that one of them had only a finger and thumb on his left hand. The absence of Reinhardt, the workman, directed suspicion to him. It was believed that he had murdered his master, and then, with some associate, made the descent upon the house for the purpose of obtaining the money he knew to be there. In November last, however, this theory was disproved by the discovery of the bodies in the potato field, far gone in decomposition, but still susceptible to identification. The little girl had been sent to her aunt at Stuttgart, and was now summoned to assist at the examination. In coming from the railroad to the village, her aunt hired a vehicle from the inn at Krauthein station. This wagon was driven by Johann Weber, a hostler of the inn. In the course of the examination, this man exhibited such emotion that suspicion was aroused. Once her attention was directed to him, the child recognized him positively as one of the murderers, and he was arrested. He denounced his accomplice at once. The second murderer was his employer, the owner of the Krautheim inn.

Tunger it seems had stopped at the inn over night on his way home from Dresden, with the 3,000 thalers, which he had drawn from the bank there for the purpose of purchasing some land, in his possession. In the course of a carouse with his host he had exhibited this money, and the latter, whose business affairs were embarrassed, had determined to possess himself of it. He called Weber to his assistance. At first they contemplated effecting their purpose while Tunger was at the inn, but fear that they would be discovered deterred them. Weber, who had lived at Fogelsberg, and knew the country well, then proposed the plan which was ultimately carried out.

Historical Sketch of Our Gold Coins.

The following is a historical sketch of our gold coinage:

1. The double-eagle, or twenty dollar piece. Coinage of the double-eagle was authorized by the act of March 3d, 1859. Its weight is 516 grains. Its fineness is 900. (This technical form of expression means that 900 parts in a 1,000 are pure metal, the other 100 parts are alloy.) The total coinage of the twenty dollar gold piece up to June 30th, 1877, the close of the last fiscal year, was $809,598,440. The amount is far greater than that of all the other coinage of the United States. It, in fact, is the imperial coin of our country, at once massive, weighty and regal in appearance.

2. The eagle, or ten dollar piece. Its coinage was authorized by the act of April 2d, 1792. The weight was first established by law at 270 grains, but was changed forty-two years afterwards, by the act of June 28th, 1834, to 258 grains, where it has remained ever since. Its fineness was, in the beginning, made 916⅔, but was changed by the act of June 28th, 1834 (the same act that lowered its weight) to 899.225. Two years and a half subsequently its fineness was increased—less than one part in a thousand—to 900. Its weight and fineness have remained thus fixed to the present day. The total coinage of this noble piece of American money up to June 30th, 1877, was $56,767,220—less than one-fourteenth of the total coinage of the imperial double eagle.

3. The half-eagle, or five dollar piece. This elegant coin has undergone the same vicissitudes as the eagle. Its coinage was authorized by the same act of April 2d, 1792. Its weight was 135 grains, and its fineness 916⅔. By the act of June 28th, 1834, its weight was reduced to 64.5 grains and its fineness to 899.225. By the act of January 28th, 1847, its fineness was raised to the uniform standard of 900. Its weight and fineness have thus remained to our time. Its total coinage up to the close of the last fiscal year was $69,412,815.

4. The quarter-eagle, or two dollar and a half piece. This coin belongs to the same family with the eagle and half-eagle. Its coinage was authorized, its weight and fineness correspondingly altered, by the same acts. The statute of 1795 made its weight 67.5 grains and its fineness 916⅔. Its weight was reduced to 64.5 grains and its fineness to 899.225 by the act of 1834. The act of 1837 raised its fineness to 900. Its total coinage up to June 30th, 1877, was $26,975,750.

5. The dollar. This pretty little gold piece was created by the act of March 3d, 1849, the same act that authorized the coinage of the double eagle. It has remained unchanged. Its weight is 25.8 and its fineness 900. The total coinage up to the close of the last fiscal year was $19,344,438.

6. Three dollar piece. An act of February 21st, 1853, established this irregular coin. Its weight, 77.4 grains and its fineness 900, are of the normal standard, and have not been changed by subsequent acts. Its total coinage up to June 30th, 1877, was $1,300,032.

It is scarcely necessary to state that all these gold coins are legal tender to an unlimited amount. The federal statute requires, however, that the weight should not be materially reduced by attrition.

Thus it will be seen that there are six pieces of gold coinage in the United States. The double-eagle, the three-dollar piece, the dollar piece—all of later coinage have not been changed in weight or fineness. One of the earliest acts of Congress authorized the coinage of the eagle, the half-eagle and the quarter-eagle. They remained of the same weight and fineness during more than forty years. By the act of June 28th, 1834, the weight and fineness were both materially reduced.

Two years and a half subsequently, by the act of January 18th, 1837, the fineness was increased by less than one part in a thousand. The standard of the weight and fineness has remained the same ever since for all gold coin. The fineness in nine parts of pure gold and one part of alloy, or 900 parts in 1,000, as it is generally expressed. The standard of weight, including alloy with the gold, is 25.8 grains to the dollar; the double-eagle, is twenty times that (516 grains); the eagle, ten times (258 grains); the half-eagle, five times (129 grains); the three-dollar piece, three times, (77.4 grains); the quarter-eagle, two and a half times that (64.5 grains).

The question is sometimes asked, of what is the alloy made? In gold coin it was at first a compound of silver and copper. It was forbidden by statute that the alloy should be more than half silver. It is now nearly all copper, owing to advances in the art of assaying and improved methods in coinage. The total amount of gold coinage up to June 30, 1877, was $983,159,695.

Be Social.

We are social beings, and the home circle, alone, however attractive, will not satisfy. The old-fashioned singing school, the husking party, the lyceum, the grange, the Good Templars' lodge, or division of the Sons of Temperance, whatever draws together the young men and women, the boys and girls, for development of mind and character and for social enjoyment, is to be welcomed. All the better, too, if the parents can renew their youth, or enter heartily into the young people's enjoyment. There is but one object in the world more pitiable than the adult man or woman who feels no thrill of sympathy over the happiness of the young, and that most pitiable of all is the old head on young shoulders, too dignified to accept the keen wisdom of the old Roman poet, "It is pleasant to be foolish sometimes." Work and play each have their time, and advancing years bring no pangs for the innocent sports and enjoyments of the youthful days long past. We grow old all too soon, but if the heart is fresh, and in sympathy with the world around us, it matters little how we count our years.—*The Hom