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Keep My Memory Green.

My feet approach life's western slope,
Above me bend the noonday skies;
Beyond me spreads the realm of hope,
Behind the land of memory lies.
I know not what the years may bring
Of dangers wild or joys serene,
But turning to the east, I sing,
"Lord, keep my memory green."

Oh, land of winter and of bloom,
Of singing bird and moaning pine,
Thy golden light, thy tender gloom,
Thy vales and mountains all are mine;
Thy holy loves of other years
With beck'ning hands toward me lean,
And whisper through their falling tears,
"Lord, keep my memory green."

"Perhaps."

Inwoodland ways nowstrangled with the snow
The blue, sweet violets will soon be springing,
The golden-headed aconites will blow,
And in the meadows robins will be singing.
Then from the streets into the fields I'll go;
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Or, if not then, when strawberries are red,
And flag flowers stand among the blowing rushes,
When roses bloom, and in the trees o'erhead
There is a dreamy melody of thrushes,
My feet again the mossy turf shall tread;
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Or, better still, I'll sail the windy sea,
Full of large music, billow to billow singing,
And lie 'mid broken lights, and sea-drift tree,
Hearing in dreams of land the ship bells ringing—
Yes, oceanward, when summer comes, I'll flee;
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Oh, heart, I said, thine is the weariest way;
Why wilt thou ever disenchant to-morrow?
Time is so niggardly with each to-day,
Surely 'tis well from future days to borrow.
Art thou afraid such drafts will be to pay?
And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Then 'mid man's fretful dwellings, dim and low,
I'll dream of peace, eternal flowers unfading,
And of that tideless sea whose happy flow
Keeps not a note of sorrow or upbraiding.
Some day I'll find that happy land, I know;
And my heart answered, "Thou shalt go!"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

ADRIENNE'S STORY.

I was never happy at Aunt Browne's, but there seemed no prospect that I should ever leave her. I had come out, so to speak, as far as any one so repressed could come out, but I might as well have staid in. I only sat in corners, talked with the chaperons, or listened to some garrulous octogenarian. Aunt Browne's interest in me, such as it was, died a natural death after my first season—it had always been weakly—and the result was a sad deficiency in my wardrobe. She had married off two daughters without difficulty, but a niece, it seemed, stuck closer than a burr. However, it was not my fault that I remained unmarried. I had done my best to be fascinating. Though I hated the idea of marrying for home or position, yet I was sure I should not find it hard to love one who was kind to me, if only on account of the novelty. I was thirty now, and not unused to hearing the changes rung upon the old maid, and the beggars who shouldn't be choosers, by my younger cousins, Susette and Anne. But I had had one opportunity to change for better or worse of which they had never dreamed. The son of Aunt Browne's second husband, Cedric Browne, had asked me to marry him, three years before, as we rowed up the river in June for the rosy laurel blooms to decorate the house and piazzas for Susette's birthday fete. I sometimes wondered what Aunt Browne would have thought of the proceeding, as she had set her heart upon marrying Susette to Cedric. Perhaps I refused him because I was taken unawares, because I was not enough interested to care about frustrating Aunt Browne's plans; perhaps I did not expect to be taken at my word, but imagined it the proper way to decline, in order to be importuned. I believe all my favorite heroines had conducted in this wise. However, we rowed home through the sunset, our boat heaped with the pink flowers, in silence.

"You look as if you were laden with sunset clouds," said Susette, who was watching for us on the shore; but I am certain that Cedric looked like a thunder-cloud.

The next day was the fete. Everybody brought presents for Susette. Cedric gave her an antique necklace of turquoises; I was sure he had meant it for me. We had supper out of doors, under the great pine-trees, and dancing by moonlight. That day I began to regard Cedric Browne attentively. I had known him under the same roof for weeks at a time; I had laughed and talked with him, believing him foreordained to minister to Susette's happiness, "as inaccessible as a star in heaven," so far as I was concerned. He had helped me with Adele's children, who had come to live at Aunt Browne's when their mother died. But that he should regard me with any tender emotions I had never even dared to wish. In fact, I had thought little about him till to-day. I had never observed till to-day that his eyes were as tender as stars, that his face was like that radiant countenance of Mozart in the music-room, that his smile was simply enchantment. It was rather late to make these discoveries.

He did not leave us at once; it seemed as if he staid just long enough for me to know all I had lost. Since then he had been with us once again for a whole month; but little Walter was ill with a spinal affection that kept him on his back, and me by his side; and though Cedric used to relieve me often by day and by night, I could see from my window, and from occasional glimpses into the drawing-room, that the balance of his time was spent in Susette's company.

"Aunt Susette's beau is going to make me a kite," Teddy confided to Walter one day.

"Who's he?" asked Walter from his bed.

"Why, Cedric, of course—Cedric Browne. Bridget says so herself," as if that put the matter beyond dispute.

The next day, when Cedric came up to amuse Walter with the affairs downstairs, that youth demanded: "I say, are you really Aunt Susette's beau, Cedric? Adrienne's ever so nicer. When I'm a man I'll marry Adrienne."

"Then you'll be luckier than I," said Cedric, winding up a top, and spinning it on his palm.

It was a year since then. I no longer went out; I was fairly *passee*. Aunt Browne had abandoned all hopes of me. I was a good nurserymaid, a cheap governess, an inexpensive companion, in the family. In the meantime I could have married any day, if I had chosen to accept the Rev. Abel Amherst, and transfer my labors to the parsonage. To be sure, this wouldnot have proved the brilliant marriage my aunt had expected of me, nor the romantic one I had dreamed of myself, and it was not till I came into possession of a certain family secret that I began to revolve the possibility in my mind. It seems that when my aunt married her second husband, Mr. Browne—Susette and Anne were both Lowells—they had subsisted upon the patrimony left to Cedric by his mother, and that after his father's death, Cedric had turned in the same yearly income from the estate for the family use, and that I, Adrienne Lennox, owed my daily bread to the man whom I had refused, and who had forgotten me. Earning my own livelihood was out of the question, drudgery was my only vocation, and that was too badly paid to be encouraging. I looked at the Rev. Abel Amherst often at this period, with a view to installing him in Cedric's place, if Cedric would only vacate. Oddly enough, Mr. Amherst renewed his suit at this time, and pressed it with the eagerness of a lover, and for the first time I began to hesitate. "The woman who hesitates is lost," said Susette.

I had been out on the hills one day trying to make up my mind to forget Cedric, and marry Mr. Amherst; but whenever I began to think with some interest of going to parish meetings, becoming the president of Dakota leagues and sewing circles, visiting the poor, and drinking tea opposite the Rev. Mr. Amherst all the rest of my days, somehow or other Cedric's face would slip into the picture uninvited, and blot out his rival's, as strong sunlight fades a negative photograph.

"There is a letter for you, Adrienne," said Aunt Browne, when I entered the house, "in the music room, on the top of the dado, under Mozart's picture." I went into the music room, but there was no letter to be seen.

"Perhaps one of the girls has removed it," she suggested. But no one had meddled with it.

"Grandma cooked a letter over the tea-kettle," said little Teddy, reflectively.

"Yes," said grandma, "I wrote a letter to your pa, child. I hadn't any blotting paper, but the fire answers the purpose quite as well."

At that time I had never heard of opening letters by steam. Well, we ransacked the house for that truant letter, but in vain.

"Who was it from, aunt?" I asked.

"How should I know, child?"

"But the handwriting — the postmark?"

"The postmark was blurred."

"Had it a foreign stamp?" I asked, with sudden eagerness. Cedric had gone abroad some months before, and I had not heard of his return.

"A foreign stamp! No. Were you expecting a foreign letter?"

"N-o; but it is the unexpected that always happens, you know."

"It's awfully provoking," said Susette. "Perhaps it was only the recipes Mrs. Clark was going to send you."

"Nothing more likely; but what has become of it? It's a prolonged game of hunt the thimble."

"And supposing it's a letter notifying you of the existence of a first Mrs. Amherst," put in Anne, "or of a legacy left by your forty-fifth cousin in Australia—" And then the door-bell rang.

Well, after that I suppose I must have accepted Mr. Amherst. Everybody behaved as if I had. I received congratulations and a ring, and the parish begun repairs upon the parsonage, before I could muster courage to tell Mr. Amherst all about Cedric and my mistake, and how I wasn't at all sure I could ever get over it, and care for anybody else, but that I would do my best. And he smiled in a sort of absent way when I told him, but seemed content to take me as I was, for better or worse; only it did strike me sometimes that he was the most undemonstrative lover in Christendom; but I hadn't much experience in lovers, and perhaps they were reverence by crushing in real life as novels pictured. He used to kiss my hand when we parted; that was all. He was very gentle, but a little sad, I fancied, with a look which might mean that he was afraid of so much happiness, or that to marry the woman he loved wasn't all fancy had painted it; and often I thought I had perhaps done wrong to tell him everything about Cedric so unreservedly; yet I had only meant to be honest. But the day was appointed, and suddenly Cedric appeared among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and he and the girls decorated the little church with white field daisies and grasses for the occasion. You may believe that I avoided the sight of Cedric in the interval before the wedding as much as possible, but somehow I was always stumbling upon him; he seemed to be perpetually at my elbow; he surprised me more than once with traces of tears upon my face; the sound of his voice made my heart turn and quiver within me. If I had dared to withdraw at this juncture, I'm afraid I should have done so; but it was too late; and though I felt like a hypocrite whenever Mr. Amherst approached, his looks of sober satisfaction, which reminded me of those lines of Matthew Royden on Sir Philip Sidney,

"A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel books,"

might have taught me that all was well with him.

"You are the oddest sweethearts I ever saw," gossiped Susette. "I wouldn't give a straw for such a lover; and as for you, Adrienne, you resemble a ghost more than a bride."

In short, a thousand years of purgatory would ill represent my sufferings during those last weeks before my wedding. Well, to crown the whole, Aunt Browne said Cedric must give me away; he was the only male relative, the head of the family, so to speak, and he could do it so admirably.

"We shall see," said he. "I'm afraid I should make a poor figure at giving Adrienne away;" and he stroked his *triste* mustache as he spoke, and looked at me just as he looked that day when we gathered the laurel for Susette's fete —I could have sworn he did. I didn't answer, for fear my voice would be husky, and the tears would start.

The wedding was to be quite private —only relatives. Aunt Browne arranged everything to suit herself and the proprieties; it didn't become a clergyman's bride to make a great parade. At the church, I remember, my veil caught in the carriage door, and an orange blossom tumbled from my wreath, which Cedric picked up, and wore in his button-hole. Then he drew my half-lifeless arm within his, and directly the wedding march pealed forth in great resounding waves of melody. My grandmother's India muslin blew out in abundant creamy folds behind me, and Cedric and I were standing before the altar, and Mr. Amherst was reading the marriage service!

I believe that Aunt Browne fainted, or she would have forbidden the banns.

"You see, it was impossible for me to give you away, Adrienne," said Cedric, later, when we were steaming out of town. "Amherst is a trump; and may he find a wife as sweet as Mrs. Browne! If it hadn't been for him, I should have been of all men the most miserable today. What do you think he did? Why, he wrote me all that sad little story you thought right to tell him, and added that he would not deny he was making a sacrifice; that in renouncing you he renounced all that made life lovely to him, except his work; yet he felt it was better one should fail of a heaven on earth than two should suffer; and that if I loved you, as I had once said, would I take his place at the marriage, and allow him to solemnize it? It was a whim of his to have it so, 'to avoid explanations,' he said. I couldn't believe in my luck, you know, Adrienne. We bandied letters to and fro, canvassing the subject. I feared he had made a mistake, as I had renewed my offer some little while before, but had received no reply; still a dozen things happen to letters every day."

"Yes, and something happened to yours," I said.

"Years after, when Susette and Anne were married, when Adele's husband had taken the children home to a new mamma, and Aunt Browne had gone to "the land of the hereafter," when Cedric was repairing the old house for a summer residence, in ripping away the ancient dado in the music-room, which had always warped away from the wall in warm weather, leaving a little crack, the carpenters unearthed my lost letter. Had it slipped down there, or had Aunt Browne given it a push? We give her the benefit of the doubt.—*Harper's Bazar.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Waistcoats are going out of fashion.

The day of the white chip bonnet is over.

A new lace is painted in peacock feather eyes.

Silk muslin bonnet crowns will be much worn.

Shoes for street wear show the sensible English heel.

Ruby beads and yellow pearls are the atest novelties in beads.

Friezes should be from twenty to twenty-four inches deep.

It is impossible to make a collarette too large for the fashion.

Blondes wear black lace scarfs without any white lace or flowers.

Yellow sunflowers and crimson poppies are favorite flowers this season.

Eugenie net, much used in millinery, shows gilt threads in diamond meshes.

New cashmeres come in all fashionable colors and are unusually rich in effect.

Sleeveless habit corsages of velvet or satin are worn over ball dresses of tulle or gauze.

Satins figure extensively among handsome fabrics for costumes and bonnet garniture.

Beaded and jet passementerie forms a fashionable garniture for costumes of silk and satin.

Beaded passementeries are largely used for trimming silk and satin mantles and dresses.

The prevailing fancy for directoire styles has brought undraped toilets largely into fashion.

Some of the new artificial flowers are furnished with celluloid leaves which appear very lifelike and are said to wear well.

Spring and summer mantles are weighted with a profusion of lace, ribbon and jet fringe, network and ornaments.

The new woolen mixtures are no heavier than the French buntings, and are covered with alternating dashes of two colors.

Corduroy underskirts will continue to be worn under draperies of silk foulard, Yeddo crape, and light woolen dress goods.

Nun's veiling is the name of an inexpensive dress material which ranks higher than bunting and comes in all the new shades.

Dresses of India muslin made in Paris are decorated with sultana scarfs of Oriental silk, embroidered with either gold or silver.

Lutestring ribbons have been revived by Paris milliners. They are made with tape borders or feathered edges in old time style, and are called taffetas.

Dresses with plan corsages, plain tight sleeves, and plain skirts without flounces, tablliers, or overskirts, are worn by some very fashionable women.

Scarfs of scarlet tulle, beaded with tiny pearl beads, are worn to advantage by those to whom scarlet is becoming, in place of the white illusion neck scarfs of last fall.

Hats with black velvet facings trimmed with scarfs of cream, pink and blue gauze may be worn by ladies to whose complexions neither of the bright colors is becoming alone.

Square handkerchiefs of bright colored striped foulard are twisted into pretty dress caps for ladies and fastened on the head with large Spanish pins or bouquets of artificial flowers.

Momie cloth which has steadily increased in favor since its first introduction as a linen fabric is furnished now in handsome woolen goods finished with a crinkled or crape-like surface.

Three small ostrich tips shaded from pearl to heliotrope, from cream to Isabelle yellow, or in various shades of one color, form the "Prince of Wales" plumes employed on Tuscan and chip hats.

The latest novely in dress goods is ecru cotton, thicker than the heaviest unbleached muslins of last summer, and with bayadere stripes of bright shades of blue, scarlet, yellow and black. Over these bayadere domestics are sometimes draped the cheese cloths of last summer.

A Paris letter says that the airy lace, satin and ribbin muffs have proved so pretty an addition to the toilette that they have established a position in the ballroom, where they are carried in the hand or sewn to the dress. They look very well made to match the dresses in the plain Oriental silks, printed with designs in gold or silver.

Foulards are much used, not only in combination with other softer silks, but with fine woolen fabrics. They are beautifully finished and come in sprays, delicate blossoms and other floriated patterns, broche designs and dots on black, white, cream, dark and medium colored grounds. They furnish one of the most comfortable of fabrics for summer wear.

Novelties in lingerie are constantly appearing. Among the newest are silk petticoats cut out on the border in squares. In each of these open places is a small inserted puffing. Some of these skirts are made of blue surah, with inserted puffings of light blue satin. The square pieces which are cut out of the lower part of these skirts are not more than six inches long and there are a number around the skirt.

The newest and simplest fichus are very large, and are of Indian muslin embroidered on the edges, so that lace is not needed for trimming them, though the latter is sometimes added. They are in four different sizes, of which most are graceful additions to house toilettes for the present season, and will be worn out of doors during the summer, when, with the wide-brimmed garden hats, they complete most picturesque costumes.

In London for dressy occasions hoods and muffs made of brocade, with strands of gold running through, are very fashionable. The hoods are separate from the dresses or jackets and are finished off in front with long loops and ends of colored (generally red) satin ribbon about three inches wide. The muffs have ribbon and lining to match, and are trimmed with black or coffee colored lace. Sometimes the toque is also of the same material.

Fans and Their Literature.

In the East, the use of the fan is of remote antiquity. There is a fine collection of fans among the Egyptian antiquities in the British museum.

Terence, who lived in the second century, B. C., refers, in one of his Latin comedies, to the fan, as used by the ladies of ancient Rome.

The illustrations of vases and other remains of the classic times of Greece and Rome represent the kind of fans which were in use in those days, while the early manuscripts are embellished with drawings of those of medieval Europe. The great pictures of Titian and his contemporaries carry the history down to more modern times.

The fan was first brought into European notoriety by Catherine de Medicis, who introduced it into France.

Great sums were spent in ornamenting fans, and many were painted on by the skillful fingers of Watteau.

In the palmy days of the French court, when Louis XIV. and Marie Antoinette lived, there was a profligate extravagance in fans, which was extremely profitable to the manufacturers of them.

Queen Elizabeth, of England when in full dress, carried a fan. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, fans were used by gentlemen. During the present century (1827), it was a blow given with a fan by the Dey of Algiers to the French consul, that led to the war which ended in making a French colony of that whole region.

The out-door fan was large enough to screen the face from the sun, and in old prints ladies are seen carrying their fans in different positions, just as fancy pleased them.

In old times, the fan was used to express, by peculiar movements, love, disdain, anger and other emotions. Gay, in enumerating the accomplishments of Flavia, says:

"In other hands, the fan would prove
An engine of small force in love."

In the eighteenth century, the fan was held up to shield the face when anything too shocking for female ears was uttered. Pope makes an allusion to the discontinuance of the fashion:

"The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blushed before."

During the same century at balls held in London and elsewhere, gentlemen selected their partners by drawing a fan from a number placed promiscuously in a hat. For that reason, the fans of the ladies were carefully studied, as each one possessed an individuality.

A tourist in Spain, as late as 1861, wrote the following about the use of fans in church: "Though not understanding the services, I could guess the nature of it at any particular time, by the way in which the fans were waving. The difference between a litany and a thanksgiving was unmistakable; the minuter shades of devotion were also discernible."

In 1871, there was held, under the patronage of Queen Victoria, at the South Kensington museum, a competitive exhibition of fans. Large numbers were placed on exhibition from Egypt, Turkey, Mexico and the islands of the Pacific ocean, and included almost every private and public collection of any note. The queen received the highest premium ($2,000) for a fan which once belonged to Marie Antoinette.

The manufacture of fans is extensively carried on in England, France and Belgium. Whole villages in Picardy are employed in the various branches connected with the industry.

The Chinese have greatly excelled in the art of fan-making, and in the species of lacquered fans their superiority is admitted. Cheap fans are manufactured in Canton low as two cents a dozen.

Fans are also made, to a fair extent, in this country. The total value of the fans annually manufactured in the world is placed in excess of $500,000.

An Ancient Dance in Tuscany.

A Chicago *Times* correspondent, writing from Tuscany, Italy, says: During this visit I witnessed many interesting rustic games and ceremonies, notably a marriage, with its escort of maidens with their lamps, and a dance celebrating that charming custom among the ancient Italians, the opening of summer, which Virgil describes in a famous passage of his first eclogue. First came an invitation to the goddess of love, two pretty and graceful girls representing the priestesses of Ceres—the one fair and garlanded with white flowers, the other dark, and crowned with purple flowers. They pause to strike their uplifted tamborines, while behind them their sisters rush breathless but shouting with flowing garments and outspread arms. Two young men with purple caps and embroidered vests advance, each with a silver amphora or sacred vase of wine, which is first sipped by the priestesses, followed by the maidens who surround them, and then by the young men who closely follow up the rear, the whole accompanied by characteristic songs and recitations. Then all join hands, a youth and maiden alternately, and form two immense rings, all being crowned with chaplets of grain and grasses, and the priestesses decked with additional garlands of the same nature hanging like a scarf across their shoulders. The leader directs the movements of one ring until they all sink down exhausted, when they are relieved by the other ring alternately until the old Roman dial on the church tower marks the morning hours and pale moonlight gives place to the glowing day. Then they are led, smiling and bowing their heads, in review before us, and then before their older friends who are seated as spectators, and then again bounding off in a lively circle they twist and turn it into all imaginable shapes, seldom breaking the magic ring, returning again and again to the groups of spectators for inspection and approval, and again bounding off in the mazes of the intricate dance. The leader will perhaps conduct them to the brow of the hill and then starting back some of them are sent down the bank and recovered by the clasped hands in the chain; and then laughing and shouting she leads them to the border of a mass of grass spread out to dry, and drawing back as before, some of them are thrown headlong into the long white straw, the leader constantly passing through the ring and turning it, as it were, inside out. Along the blue Mediterranean or on the borders of the inland lakes the shores and waves have offered means of bright enjoyment to these dancers for many happy generations.

Perseverance and Health.

A man who inherits wealth may begin and worry through threescore and ten years without any definite object. In driving, in foreign travel, in hunting and fishing, in club houses and society, he may manage to pass away his time; but he will hardly be happy. It seems to be necessary to health that the powers of a man may be trained upon some subject and steadily held there day after day, year after year, while vitality lasts. There may come a time in old age when the fund of vitality will have sunk so low that he can follow no consecutive labor without such a draft upon his forces that sleep cannot restore them. Then, and not before, he should stop work. But so long as a man has vitality to spare upon work it must be used, or it will become a source of grievous, harrassing discontent. The man will not know what to do with himself; and when he has reached such a point as that, he is unconsciously digging a grave for himself, and fashioning his own coffin.

Life needs a steady channel to run in —regular habits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady, stimulating aim—a tend toward something. An aimless life can never be happy, or, for a long period, healthy. Said a rich lady to a gentleman still laboring beyond his needs: "Don't stop; keep at it." The words that were in her heart were: "If my husband had not stopped, he would be alive to-day." And what she thought was doubtless true. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits, he finds unused time and unused vitality hanging upon his idle hands and mind. The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies, or settled into a sluggish pool, and he begins to die.—*Sanitarium*

The Poets Laureate of England.

The succession of the poets laureate of England, from the time of the "father of English poetry," has been as follows, with the date of their accession to office: Geoffrey Chaucer, A. D. 1373; Henry Scogan, 1400; John Kay, 1461; Andrew Barnard, 1485; John Skelton, 1510; Edmund Spencer, 1590; Samuel Daniel, 1599; Ben Jonson, 1615; Sir W. Dasenant, Kt., 1638; John Dryden, 1670; Thomas Shadnell, 1680; Nahum Tate, 1693; Nicholas Roue, 1714; Lawrence Eusden, 1719, Colley Cibber, 1730; William Whitehead, 1758; Thomas Wharton, 1785 Henry J. Pry, 1790; Robert Southey, 1813; William Wordsworth, 1823; Alfred Tennyson, 1850.

There are three men to one woman in Arizona

IN A PANTHER'S CAGE.

A Female Animal Trainer who Goes in Among a Half-Dozen Full-Grown Mexican Panthers which are the Terror of a Whole Menagerie.

The value of coolness and presence of mind was strikingly illustrated at Cooper & Bailey's stables, Philadelphia, where the great London circus was in quarters. In the main building, where most all the animals of the menagerie are kept, was a cage containing five or six full-grown Mexican panthers, whose fierce aspect and savage capers are the terror of all who pass through there. Directly opposite these panthers there is a cage containing lions, and on either side of them are cages containing tigers and leopards. Savage as the tigers and leopards appear, there is not half the terror in them for the keepers that there is in the long, stealthy, cat-like animal, the Mexican panther. In size they are about as large as a full-grown setter dog, though their whole appearance is of the cat order, having long claws, sharp teeth, and eye-balls which, in their anger, gleam and quiver like livid fire. These animals at Cooper & Bailey's, on the day in question, seemed worse than usual. They had been fighting among themselves until their heads and ears were bleeding, and upon the approach of any visitor near their cage they would spring against the iron grating, with gleaming eyes and exposed fangs, with a force that would shake the cage from top to bottom, at the same time thrusting their claws through in their efforts to clutch the intruders and bring them within range of their teeth. To stand off and look at them would provoke them almost to madness. They would bound against the grating with a loud and savage scream, and strike and tear at the iron rods with their claws in a way that would make the stoutest-hearted visitor fall back and almost shudder to think of the consequences should they by any mischance once get at large. Even the keepers themselves, after they had prodded up the tigers and leopards and passed close to their cages in safety, made a detour when they came to the panthers, giving them a wide berth. Presently a young woman, dressed in bloomers and with her hair tightly done up on the top of her head, came along, with a stout whip in her hand.

"See," said one of the keepers, "she's going into the cage."

"What?" exclaimed three or four different voices, amazed.

"She's going in among the panthers; she's training them," said the keeper.

"Surely she won't go in amongst them as they are now?" said one, while others fell back still further and some hastened away.

Meantime, the girl had gone up close to the cage, whip in hand, and, with the assistance of the keeper—who was also her husband—the panthers were driven back in one end of the cage, the man using a long stick, with the end of which he gave them some vigorous raps on the nose. After a great deal of snapping and scuffling among each other—each animal, every time he was hit, seeming to visit his vengeance for the blow on his nearest fellow—they were all gotten back in the end furthest from the cage door. The man then proceeded to unfasten it, his work being interrupted frequently by the animals, some of which would now and then bound out of their corner over the backs of those of their fellows who stood in the way and land half-way up the floor of the cage, where they would draw themselves up in a crouching posture, and with eyes of fire and a deep, low growl from deep down they would remain watching him as though only waiting for him to get inside to make the fatal spring. The keeper, without showing the least discomposure, went on with his work until the door was opened. The young woman, who had been standing beside him with her whip in hand and a pleasant smile on her face, without a moment's hesitation stepped up and the next moment was inside the cage. The moment she got in there was the most terrific screaming and fighting of any time yet. The panthers would jump over each other in their eagerness to spring upon her, and would spring half-way up the cage, but would get no further, being held back by fear. They would then spring upon one another and tear each other's ears and scratch and fight, this being apparently the only means that would satisfy their ferocity. Meantime the woman stood perfectly still, holding her whip out and speaking to them in a soothing manner, as though she was pacifying a favorite dog or cat. Gradually the screams and growls began to get lower and lower and the fighting among one another began to cease. Still they kept growling and looking at her and showing their teeth and snapping now and then until she had advanced a step. Then they began to growl again, and one of them sprang over the others and got nearest to her, but had no sooner alighted than he was pounced upon by another, and they again began to fight. Then the young woman, with a bold step, advanced a pace further and struck one of the animals with the but end of her whip, at the same time scolding him. He sprang back to the end of the cage among the others, while the woman, carelessly letting her whip fall in a harmless position, proceeded to soothe and caress the panther nearest her, patting him upon the top of the head and stroking him on the back until his growls had almost subsided, and he sullenly allowed himself to be petted, winking his eyes and mouthing like a cat, the other panthers meantime having grouped themselves together in the end of the cage looked on with sullen growls. If any advanced she gave them a sharp rap on the head and ordered them to go back, and they obeyed. While she kept petting the one in question she never lost sight of the others, keeping her eyes on their every movement and being always prepared to use the whip on the slightest provocation. Sometimes three or four, as though jealous of the other, would spring forward and approach sullenly, as though inviting her to caress them, too. Then she would take one to each hand and pat and stroke them until they became pacified and quiet, and she seemed as much at home with them as though they were so many cats. But this pacific state of things would not last long. They seemed to be taking their caresses under protest and to be ever on the brink of a revolt. This would be signalized by a deep growl from some one of them, which would instantly communicate itself to the others, and the next instant there would be a quick spring and one of the animals would find himself pounced upon by another, and they would claw and gnash each other until the young woman would raise her whip and give them both some sharp blows, which would send them into the corner and make them settle down for a little time.

"What would be the consequence if she was to show any fear and retreat toward the door?" asked one of the bystanders, who had been almost spellbound by the scene before him, and had not found himself able to speak before.

"The consequence," said the keeper, shaking his head, "would be that every animal in that cage would spring upon her and tear her to pieces in a minute."

It gives some idea of the trade between Minnesota and Manitoba that the imports into Manitoba at Pembina amounted last year to $448,344, mostly in fur skins, and the exports to $750,941, mostly in lumber, cotton goods, cattle and meats, iron and steel, plows, carriages, sugars and steam vessels.

Sixty million dollars is the estimated cost of the projected Euphrates valley railroad, which is intended to facilitate the intercourse of England with India. The road will be over a thousand miles long and will be very difficult to build.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Cetywayo, the dethroned Zulu monarch, according to a South Africa paper, is engaged in making mental notes. He has calculated that each charge fired by the foreign men-of-war in Table bay in saluting the fort was of the value of an ox. He also concludes that it is more expensive to keep up armaments in Europe than in Zululand. His majesty also regards the queen's conduct in not answering his message of contrition as showing a great lack of courtesy.

The island of Rotumah, which has been provisionally annexed to the British empire at the request of a deputation of the two hostile factions which inhabit it, is situated a little to the north and east of the Figi archipelago, and was discovered by Captain Edwards during his search for the mutineers of the Bounty in 1791. The island is only five miles long and half as wide, but it has a numerous population, the shore being covered with villages, which touch and join one another. The soil is very fertile, and vessels often stop at the island for supplies, while the inhabitants make good sailors.

According to the German imperial statistics for 1878 of births, deaths and marriages, just published, the estimated population being 44,200,000, the marriages numbered 340,000, the births 1,785,000, and the deaths 1,228,000. In France, the number of births was 936,000, and of deaths 839,000, so that the births exceeded the deaths by 97,000. In Germany the excess of births was 557,000—that is to say, that while in France the population increased in 1878 at the rate of .27 per cent., it increased in Germany at the rate of 1.25 per cent. The number of marriages in Germany has greatly fallen off since 1872, when 423,900 were registered.

The sum realized from the recent sale of the Demidoff paintings in Florence ($537,365) is very large, but it has been excelled at least once and approached several times. The Gillott collection of 525 pictures brought $806,050 in 1872; Mr. Albert Grant sold his 205 pictures for $520,684; in 1875, Mr. Mendel's Manley Hall collection of 445 pictures sold for $499,800, and twenty years earlier, Lord Northwick's 1,881 pictures brought him $488,198 in cash. Without making the statement too positively, it is probable that the largest sum ever actually paid for any single canvas was $119,544, the picture being Murillo's "Conception of the Virgin," which was bought for the Louvre at Paris, at the sale of Marshal Soult's collection in 1852. And possibly $60,000 is the largest sum ever received for a single work by a living artist, the picture in this case being "1807," the painter Meissonier, and the buyer A. T. Stewart.

Here is a scene from Leitrim county, Ireland, as described by the correspondent of the Mansion House committee: On visiting the sick a few days since I entered the cabin of a poor old man, who, I believe, is bordering on eighty years old. I was grieved to see him in the miserable plight he was in—hanging over a few sods of turf, without shoe or stocking to ward off the cold from a damp floor. His hollowed cheeks, penetrating looks and emaciated visage evidently tell a sad tale. I reached another house on the same day; the inmates of this comprised four individuals—the father, an old man, unable to leave his bed unless carried; the son, the only support of the old father, and two sickly sisters, one of whom is now far advanced in dropsy, and I believe, is dying. Having asked the son why it was that one of the girls did not look for employment, even if she were only to get her support, his answer was: "No one would employ her." In Bonniconlan, county Mayo, two hundred families are destitute in a single parish. They are in great distress—the most of them in absolute want. They have nothing now to live on but Indian meal, and not enough of that; some of them without a drop of milk, without tea, and all without credit, having their clothes pawned and their children half naked.

In the Matter of Advertising.

If you have goods to sell, advertise.

Hire a man with a lamp-black kettle and a brush to paint your name and number on all the railroad fences. The cars go whizzing by so fast that no one can read them, to be sure, but perhaps the obliging conductor would stop the train to accommodate an inquisitive passenger.

Remember the fences by the roadside as well. Nothing is so attractive to the passer-by as a well-painted sign: "Millington's medical mixture for mumps."

Have your card in the hotel register by all means. Strangers stopping at hotels for a night generally buy a cigar or two before they leave town, and they need some inspiring literature for food besides.

If an advertising agent wants your business advertised in a fancy frame at the depot, pay him about 200 per cent. more than it is worth, and let him put it there. When a man has three-quarters of a second in which to catch a train, he invariably stops to read depot advertisements, and your card might take his eye.

Of course the street thermometer dodge is excellent. When a man's fingers and ears are freezing, or he is puffing and "phewing" at the heat is the time above all others when he reads an advertisement.

Print in the blackest ink a great sprawling card on all your wrapping paper. Ladies returning from a shopping tour like to be walking bulletins, and if the ink rubs off and spoils some of their finery, no matter. They never will stop at your store again.

Don't fail to advertise in every circus programme. It will help the circus to pay its bills, and visitors can relieve the tedium of the clown's jokes by looking over your interesting remarks about "twenty per cent. below cost," etc.

A boy with a big placard on a pole is an interesting object on the streets, and lends a dignified air to your establishment. Hire about two.

Advertise on a calender. People never look at a calander to see what day of the month it is. The merely glance hurriedly at it so as to be sure that your name is spelled with or without a "p," that's all.

When the breezes blow, wafted by a paper fan in the hands of a lovely woman, 'tis well to have the air redolent with the perfume of the carmine ink in which your business address is printed. This will make the market for decent fans very good.

Patronize every agent that shows you an advertising tablet, card, directory, dictionary or even an advertising Bible, if one is offered at a reasonable price. The man must make a living.

But don't think of advertising in a well-established legitimate newspaper. Not for a moment. Your advertisement would be nicely printed and would find its way into all the thrifty households of the region, where the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesmen in other lines, and into the families of the wealthy and refined, all who have articles to buy and money with which to buy them, and after the news of the day has been digested, it would be read and pondered, and next day people would come down to your store and patronize you, and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or two, move into a larger block and more favorable location and do a bigger business, but of course it would be more expensive—and bring greater profits.—*New Haven Register.*

There is not a single insane asylum in Arkansas.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

Ex-Governor Brown, of Georgia, has given $50,000 to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Ky., to endow a professorship.

There are, it is said, 150,000 German Protestants in Brazil, the majority of whom are Lutherans. They are very poorly supplied with pastors and churches.

The Rev. George G. Pentecost, the revivalist, has closed a very successful series of revival meetings in Detroit—the most successful, it is said, ever held in that city.

The Scottish Episcopal church has seven bishops, 212 churches, and 225 clergymen, against 1,639 ministers and 1,530 churches belonging to the Established church of Scotland.

The Baptists of New Jersey have 175 churches, with 32,737 members. The members, as related to the population of the State, stand as one to twenty-seven. These churches report 16,371 baptisms in the past ten years, or about 1,600 a year.

The triennial session of the Free Will Baptist General conference will be held at Weirs, on Lake Winnipesockee, New Hampshire, beginning July 21. This is the centennial year of the denomination, the first church having been organized at New Durham, near Weirs, in 1780.

The value of the church property of the Northern Methodist church in the South is estimated at $6,500,000. The benevolent collections last year amounted to $67,650, of which $16,130 was contributed by the colored members.

Chicago has 213 churches, besides 20 mission chapels and 11 Adventist and Spiritualist societies. The Catholics have 34 of the churches, the Baptists 24, the Lutherans 24, the Methodists 19, the Presbyterians 18, and the Episcopalians, Congregationalists and Hebrews 10 each.

The Freedmen's Aid society proposes to the friends of the late Bishop Haven to raise $30,000 for the completion of Clark University, at Atlanta, Ga., as a suitable monument to his memory, the name to be given to a professorship in the institution, in which he was very much interested.

It is estimated that among the English-speaking population of the world there are 18,000,000 Episcopalians, 16,000,000 Methodists, 13,500,000 Roman Catholics, 10,250,000 Presbyterians, 8,000,000 Baptists, 6,000,000 Congregationalists, 1,000,000 Unitarians. Of other religious sects there are 1,500,000 adherents and 8,500,000 are of no particular religion.

The Rev. Theodore Monod, a prominent Protestant pastor of Paris, has been deputed by a French missionary society to visit the United States, to represent the present condition and needs of Protestantism in France, and to obtain help for the evangelization of Paris and other parts of that country. M. Monod studied theology in the United States.

A careful inquiry into the statistics of the work of the Methodist Episcopal church in the South shows that there are 213,776 white and 197,123 colored members, a gain of 6,000 colored and about 8,000 white members in two years. There was an increase in the same period of 129 preachers and 24,228 Sunday-school scholars. The number of baptisms last year was very large, reaching 40,406, about one-half being of adults.

The Salvation Army has considerable strength in Great Britain. It has an annual income of nearly $100,000, and its organization includes 120 corps, 180 officers and 3,256 speakers. It holds 50,000 meetings in the course of a year, in 143 theaters and music halls, besides about 40,000 open air meetings. One estimate of the aggregate of the audiences places it at 2,000,000.

John Bright.

It is related that once a party of Americans entered a studio, where a fine portrait, just completed, was standing on the artist's easel.

"Oh," said one of the Americans, "that must be John Bull."

"No," quietly responded the artist, "it's John Bright."

The anecdote forcibly illustrates the truly British physical type of the Quaker orator and statesman. In personal appearance, certainly, he is an Englishman of Englishmen. Robust, though not corpulent, of body; with a round, full face, and bold, straight nose; his countenance rounded, open, healthfully ruddy, having a remark