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Just as of Old.

Just as of old! The world rolls on and on;
The day dies into night—night into dawn—
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold,
Just as of old.

Time loiters not. The turbid stream still flows,
Its brink or white with blossoms or with snows;
Its tide or warm with spring or winter cold,
Just as of old.

Lo, where is the beginning, where the end
Of this perplexing skein of life, my friend?
God answers with a silence of pure gold,
Just as of old.

—*James W. Riley.*

Life.

The following remarkable compilation is a contribution to the San Francisco *Times* from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the leading poets of the past and present time.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
—*Young.*

Life's a short summer, man a flower.
—*Dr. Johnson*

By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
—*Pope.*

The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
—*Prior.*

To be, is better than not to be.
—*Sewell.*

Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
—*Spencer*

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
—*Daniell.*

The bottom is but shallow whence they come,
—*Raleigh.*

Your fate is but the common fate of all;
—*Longfellow.*

Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
—*Southwell.*

Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
—*Congreve.*

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
—*Churchill.*

Custom does often reason overrule,
—*Rochester.*

And throw a cool sunshine on a fool,
—*Armstrong.*

Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
—*Milton.*

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
—*Bailey.*

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face,
—*Trench.*

Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
—*Somerville.*

Then keep each passion down, however dear
—*Thomson.*

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
—*Baron.*

He resensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
—*Smollett.*

With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
—*Crabbe.*

Nor not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
—*Messenger.*

We masters grow of all that we despise.
—*Cowley.*

Then I renounce that impious self-esteem;
—*Beattie.*

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
—*Cowper.*

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
—*Davenant.*

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
—*Gray.*

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
—*Willis.*

Only destructive to the brave and great.
—*Addison.*

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
—*Dryden.*

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
—*Quarles.*

How long we live, not years but actions tell;
—*Watkins.*

That man lives twice who lives the first lit well.
—*Herrick.*

Make then, while yet we may, your God your friend,
—*Mason.*

Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
—*Hill.*

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
—*Dana.*

For, live we how we can, yet die we must.
—*Shakespeare.*

NINA WALLINGFORD.

"Who is that little girl, Walter?" I said, carelessly, little thinking the important role that little girl was to play in my life drama. She came from Zimmer No. 9, of the Conversatorium for Music at S——, and her face was flushed with an indignant, half-pitiful look in her proud eyes which attracted my attention.

Room No. 9, I thought, as leaving Walter Griffith, my chum, I ventured off to my lesson. That's where old Professor Z. tortures his pupils; he is little better than a ruffian, if he has such a reputation in his profession; and they say he thumbs the ugly girls with his baton and kisses the pretty ones in what he calls musical enthusiasm. However the arrival of my teacher put an end to reflection of any kind, and we were soon deep in a sonata which I had prepared by hours of steady work.

I was a young and enthusiastic student of both the piano and organ, and my future fortune and career depended on my own industry. I was struggling with all my heart and soul, and, although I met any number of nice girls and gilted women at the different clubs and soirees which I frequented for the sake of the good music, I had given a second thought to none of them. Now a chance meeting with Professor Z. brought that look of the little girl back to my mind, and my heart gave a most unaccountable throb.

That evening I drummed like an automaton over the fugue that had been the center of all my highest hopes and aspirations for weeks. Scales and exercises refused to be played, and I strayed off into tender little German love songs, until, disgusted with myself, I tumbled into bed. There I took myself sternly to task, and reflected that a poor art student, with only just enough money to live without begging until time should bring the success he must work hard for—that, in fact, just such a man as I was the biggest fool in Christendom to look at, or think twice of, anybody or anything but a long-haired professor of a music score. With these wise reflections I finally fell asleep; but for two or three days after a pair of eyes peeped from behind the keyboard, and those eyes were not adorned with spectacles; or the thought of a flushed cheek lured me for a moment from that deep consideration of the harmony-book that should have been my most edifying mental food, and that flushed cheek was not graced with an unshorn beard. Still I worked on with only a scant word of encouragement from my taciturn professor for months, till the spring sun on a certain saint's day tempted me to take a much-needed holiday, and I strayed at random out into the woods, climbed a ruined tower and lazily took in the landscape about me. I wondered if the little stone cell on an island in the lake that lay below had sheltered and immortal hermit whose memory had blessed us pupils with a day's rest. I wondered if he was hollowed-eyed, dirty-fingered and toothless; if, in his youth, he too had loved and been loved—and seeing at that moment a little boat at the foot of the Schlossberg, I ran down, and, taking possession of it, brought myself shortly to the island, and forthwith entered the hermit's deserted cell.

On a rock near the entrance lay a dainty, lace-trimmed parasol, a pair of gloves, some wild flowers and a sketch-book—queer things for a hermit to leave behind him, indeed; and, as I stood smiling at the odd contrasting ideas called up, a cry for help reached me on the breeze.

"Please, sir, could you come to me? I have lost my oar," repeated the voice, as I emerged, and at a distance in a boat sat a little girl I recognized at once.

She was drifting slowly further and further off into the lake, and her situation, although by no means dangerous, was embarrassing enough.

"I am quite ashamed of myself," she said, as my last strokes brought me near her. "It was very stupid of me to lose my oar, and the thought of drifting about in this lonely place all night was not a cheerful one."

"You might have drifted for weeks, as this is an out-of-the-way place, and I am very glad to have been the fortunate person who spared you a great deal of possible discomfort."

"And I am glad," she replied, "that it has been you who rescued me."

The slight and graceful accent on the you was indescribably pleasing to me. Our chat that day was but the beginning of a friendship that quickly ripened; circumstances favored it. We were both Americans in a foreign land, both interested in the same studies, and our pursuits threw us constantly together. It was not long before I acknowledged myself to be deeply in love with Nina Wallingford. How much brighter the world looked to me at that time! My every-day occupations seemed one round of delight, and study was play; even my reticent teacher complimented me often on my progress. I made great strides in a concerto I was composing, and when it was finished and played before the arbiters of the conservatory, a prize was unanimously awarded me.

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A glare of shimmering lights, perfume of flowers, the gleam of statues from their leafy bowers. In honor of the birthday of her majesty, the queen, a special musical performance was being conducted, and my concerto was the original feature of the evening. I felt pale from suspense, while each familiar note sounded through the hall, and at last it was over. Royalty itself condescended to applaud warmly, connoisseurs shook me by the hand, and, giddy from triumph, I went out into the night to take deep draughts of the calming air. Everything seemed possible to me in this the first flush of my youthful success—and Nina Wallingford had looked down from her box at me and smiled! To-morrow I would go to her and tell her that my triumph was nothing without her love.

Walter Griffith's friendly voice almost jarred upon me.

"Hallo! old fellow!" he called out, linking his arm in mine. "You are ahead of us all! By jove, I am proud of you! How I used to deride all our dreams of ambition in times gone by, and poor Harry talked of the future; all the poor old chap prophesied of you has come true. Do you remember he always said you would be a great success? How thoroughly the dear boy believed in you!"

"Yes," I replied, "I would give a fair share of to-night's triumph to bring him back again." And we talked of him as we sauntered homeward. He had been almost a brother to me, and the thought of his generous, trusting nature, and the loss he had been to us, brought tears to my eyes. He had had genius, but an erratic and unstable will; he worked only by fits and starts, and seemed at the last to have some deep trouble that took all ambition from him. Busy myself, I have often reproached myself since that I did not urge him to speak openly to me about it. Then one day I found him in an alley of the royal park with the cruel sun glaring down on his dead face. He had shot himself, and I never knew the secret of his terrible death. I had been his sole mourner, and he lay in the little English cemetery among strangers.

He had had great faith in me, and had cheered many a lagging moment in my musical career. "Yes," I said, "Archer would have rejoiced to-night."

"As usual," said Walter, lightly, "a woman was at the bottom of his destruction."

"A woman?" I said. "Curse her! But, Walter, how did you know of this?"

"Why, Archer wrote it to me when I was in Leipzig—wrote me of his despair when the girl he had loved so long jilted him. To tell the truth, old friend, I have often wondered at your intimacy with that girl. Can it be possible you are trying to avenge Archer?"

"Walter Griffith, what in heaven's name do you mean?" my agitation mastering me—"of whom are you speaking?"

"Nina Wallingford," was the fatal answer.

"Good-night," I said, abruptly, and, turning up a dark side street, stumbled on and on, I never knew where or how long. I only remember to have reached the country, and to have felt the cold dawn creeping over a hazy earth, and the smell of grass and trees, and the sounds of morning. I fell asleep from sheer weariness of the flesh, and awoke late in the day stiff and wretched. When I had dragged myself back to my rooms, the familiar sights brought all my grief more keenly to my mind; there lay Nina Wallingford's photograph, and on the wall above it hung Harry Archer's dainty, embroidered student's cap; a pair of Nina's gloves, the very pair I had seen in the hermit's cell, and had stolen as a souvenir of our first meeting, the pistol Harry's trembling hand had raised to the true, loving heart, lay side by side in my cabinet.

There must be some terrible mistake some explanation that Nina can give; I determined to ask, and as soon as I could collect my thoughts, I went to her.

She met me with frank congratulations on the success my concerto had met with. "I heard every note," she said; and what would have made me happy to intoxication before, fell now upon my ear like blows on a naked nerve.

"You are quite pale," she said, looking at me wistfully, and the tone for a moment tempted me to forget all I had heard, but Harry's face, as it lay that day in the sunlight, came up to check my hot words.

"Miss Wallingford," I said, "I have come—" but how to ask her? It seemed such an insult to speak of dishonor while that calm, steady glance rested on me. "Did you"—I stammered, "did you know poor Harry Archer?"

The girl's face blanched with a look of horror that went, alas! far to convince me of the truth of Walter's story. "I was his dearest friend, and I loved him," I added, with what must have seemed wanton cruelty; but Nina's face flushed, and, seeming like a flash to divine my thoughts, she said, with a proud glance of contempt at me:

"May I ask why you wish to learn the fact of me having known your friend?" she said.

"Oh, Nina!" I cried, "tell me it is all a horrible, torturing mistake!"

"I am at a loss to understand you," she replied, rising. "I knew your friend Harry Archer, and having now answered your only lucid remark, you will, no doubt, excuse me if I retire."

With a stately bow and a steady step she left me, while I reeled drunk with despair to my rooms.

For several days I was ill; a low, obstinate sort of fever kept me, after the reaction of so much excitement, weak and depressed. Then, after hasty preparations, I sailed for home.

That time I had so often looked forward to, that day that was to bring me back with a record of work done and reputation established, brought me no happiness. More work I sighed for, and it alone gave me rest. I slaved and spared no nerve or muscle. A penalty must be paid sooner or later for such overtaxing of brain and body. I fell ill, and all was blank.

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A placid, kindly old face, in a Quaker cap, looked at me when I awoke from a long, feverish dream; of course I tried to speak, but my voice failed me, and the lady laid her plump hands on my head and said: "Wait a little, you will grow stronger, and then we will do a vast amount of gossiping."

I let myself be petted and soothed like a baby, and before many days I could ask how I happened to be in what seemed to be a hospital.

"This is not quite like a hospital," the kindly old lady said, "but a house to which Doctor S——, who was called in to you when you fell so very ill, sends his patients."

"But you are not a hired nurse, I am sure."

"No," answered the lady, smiling. "I am Mrs. Penthwick, an idle old body who amuses herself by looking in now and then on the sick people. I can help them a little, too, occasionally; I have brought you these flowers, and can write for you, if you wish, to your friends, when the doctor allows you to dictate."

"There is no one who would care particularly to hear of my welfare." I said, sadly, "although since fortune has favored me a little, there are many who call themselves by that much abused title of friend."

Good Mrs. Penthwick seemed to set herself from this time to the task of cheering me. "When you are able," she said, "I will take you for a little jaunt to my quiet old house in the country. I have taken a fancy to you, so don't protest; I am able, thank God, to do a good turn now and then to my fellow-creatures. I have inquired about you—you will neither steal my spoons nor run away with the pretty girl who is now my one guest. Here is your beef-tea; drink every drop of it, and get strong as soon as you can."

I began to take pleasure in seeing the wrinkled face which so often bent over me, looking pleased at my improvement; and when we went by slow stages to Penthwick cottage, I found myself beginning to hope and long for the battle of life again.

The second day, after a siesta in a cozy, chintz-hung room, I went, leaning on Mrs. Penthwick's arm, to be presented to the guest whom she spoke of as "my daughter," but was really only a much-loved friend.

"My daughter" arose from a dim corner, came into the light, and Nina Wallingford was before me!

I was still so weak that the surprise overcame me, and I sank back in a chair, for a moment unable to speak, and I dare say looking half dead. Nina thought so, and the mistake was for me the happiest one in the world. She sprang to my side with tears rolling down her cheeks, and I miraculously recovered myself sufficiently to catch her hands and cover them with kisses.

"Oh, Nina!" I cried, "I have often been convinced that you could explain away my despicable doubts of you."

"Yes," she answered. "My still more despicable pride prevented my telling you of the one sad mistake I made in my life; but my punishment has been surely out of all proportion to my fault. Your lack of trust in me that day wounded me all the deeper that I had brooded over the affair and grown morbidly sensitive; but I will tell you all about it now. Harry Archer loved me when I was quite young—too young to know if the feeling that prompted me to accept him was love or gratified vanity. He was, you know, of so peculiar a temperament that by degrees I found myself utterly disenchanted; at times unreasonably jealous of me, and—but I will not say more of this, for he is dead. He would not listen to my doubts of the wisdom of our engagement, and gave me no peace because I postponed from time to time the wedding day. I know I was weak, but I was young and all alone; my one friend, Mrs. Penthwick, was ill. When she was sufficiently recovered to allow of it, I wrote to her, confiding all of my great wretchedness, of the certainty that, if I ever had, I no longer loved Harry Archer."

"Poor child! What a dilemma it was for you!"

"At the same time I wrote in reply to a reproachful letter from Archie a friendly but non-committal one, I so foolishly hoped something would intervene to induce him to forget me. Fate would have it that I misdirected each letter, and Harry learned the true state of my feelings. You know the rest. Of course I was misjudged, and my weakness brought, God knows, a bitter fruit. That you, too, believed the current opinion hurt me deeply. Can you ever forgive me?"

But my head was already leaning very close to a rosy cheek when Mrs. Penthwick, who had gone in search of a physician, entered the room. The good dame's face was so utterly ridiculous in its bewilderment, that we were both feigh to laugh and relieve our overstrained feelings.

Later, as we all sat on the vine-covered veranda, a happy family picture for Mrs. Penthwick adopted me at once, she said, laughingly:

"I have been mistaken in you. You are going to run away with my daughter; you shall have the spoons as well for a wedding present."

A Humorist's Devotion to an Invalid Wife.

The wife of Robert J. Burdette, the celebrated humorist of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has long been an invalid, and the husband's devotion to her has been very touching. All his writing is done in her room and read to her before it is sent to press. In declining an invitation to attend a college society reunion recently, Mr. Burdette wrote:

Mrs. Burdette's health—if the poor little sufferer's combination of aches and pains and helplessness may be designated by such a sarcastic appellation—has been steadily failing all winter, and we have come down to this sea-girt island to see if old ocean and its breezes may do what the doctors and mountains and prairies have failed to do. And here we are waiting. "Her little serene highness," in utter helplessness unable to stand alone (for years she has been unable to walk), her helpless hands folded in her lap; she must be dressed, carried about, cared for like a baby, suffering from countless pains and aches, day and night, and I cannot leave her even for a few days. No one at Chautauqua will feel the disappointment as we do, for we had planned to go there together. If she could go with me, I would be glad enough to creep to Chautauqua on my knees. Her life has been a fountain of strength to me. In her long years I have never seen the look of pain out of her eyes, and for more than half so long I have seen her sitting in patient helplessness, and I have never heard a complaining murmur from her lips while she has served as those who only stand and wait, never questioning and never doubting the wisdom and goodness of the Father whose hand has been laid upon her so heavily. The beautiful patience of her life has been a constant rebuke to my impatience, and in her sufferings I have seen and known and believe the "love that knows no fear," and the faith that "knows no doubt."

How Burns Looked.

So far as we can form any correct judgment, Burns was one of the noblest-looking men of his age. Walter Scott, at the age of fifteen, saw the poet, and it made an enduring impression. He describes him as follows: "His body was strong and robust, and his appearance rustic, but not clownish. His manners, though plain, were marked by dignified simplicity. His countenance was more massive than it appears in his portraits. His eyes were large and dark, and glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke on any subject with feeling or deep interest. I never saw such another eye in any other man, though I have seen the most distinguished characters of the age." The above-mentioned interview is interesting as the picture of one great poet given by another. It occurred at a social dinner where Scott was merely a spectator, but he attracted attention by replying to a question which no other person in the room could answer, and his reward was a smile and an approving word from the poet. How little did the inspired plowman imagine that the lame boy who then attracted his attention would reach such distinction—still less that they two would divide the highest honors in the literature of the native land.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

New Wool Materials.

The new camel's-hair stuffs are as thick as lady's-cloth, but show their weaving slightly; they are imported in many new red-purple shades, quaint blue and green, with olive, maroon, and many drab shades. The fine qualities are $3.50 a yard. There are others with mummy-cloth weaving that show the same range of colors, and cost $2.50 a yard. The best qualities of stocking net, known as Jersey webbing, are forty-eight inches wide, and $3.50 a yard in the stylish purple, blue, wine, red and olive shades. Biarritz cloth is revived again, and commends itself from the fact that its lengthwise reps are easily brushed clean. The Cheviots for making the entire suits in tailor-like fashions are similar in style and colors to the materials chosen by gentlemen for their business suits. Brown in the pheasant shades prevails among these fabrics, and is interwoven with threads of blue, red or green in broken plaids and checks. These are double width, and cost from $1.10 to $2.25 the yard. Some are provided with a larger plaid stripe or border along the selvedge. Very quaint colors are combined in small checks in camel's-hair to which a Gobelin border is added. The handkerchief designs come in cloths of various weight and widths, costing from $1.25 to $4 a square; the more costly ones are two yards square, but the smaller squares are more effective, and are more easily arranged in the costume. Some modistes prefer buying the plain fabrics, and selecting rich plaids of large size and quaint coloring to suit their fancies. Plum-colored handkerchiefs with pheasant brown borders are considered very stylish. For underskirts are Bayadere stripes of mixed silk and wool similar to the cotton goods used in the spring for lawn tennis and yatching suits. Instead of having white for the principal color, these warmer-looking stuffs now have black alternating with red, old gold, or blue stripes. Sometimes salmon stripes alternate with brown, or else it is prune with pale blue, or yellow with maroon red, or peacock blue with cardinal. Three yards are sold for a skirt and its trimmings, and the materials cost from $1.75 to $4 a yard. The plain velvets shown for dress trimmings cost from $2 to $4 a yard. Heavier qualities for making the entire dress are twenty-two inches wide, and $4 a yard. The wide velvets, measuring three-fourths of a yard, and of pure silk, are shown in all the new shades for evening and dinner dresses, and the dark stylish shades for costumes; these are $10 a yard.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Woman Architects.

Miss Margaret Hicks, who recently graduated in architecture from Cornell university, is the first woman in a college to undertake this profession. There is plenty of room for the ladies in this branch of building, for in order to have a useful and convenient house the plan must be first drawn up, and surely a woman should know how and in which way a house should be built to make it most comfortable and to save steps. The theme selected by Miss Hicks was the "Tenement House," and she seemed—unlike many of the architects who have sent plans to New York for which premiums are offered—to have remembered that houses must have light and air, closets and bedrooms.—*Exchange.*

News and Notes for Women.

A lady has been a member of the Sunday-school of the First Baptist church, Philadelphia, sixty-five years.

Edmund Yates, the English writer, says that the only rival to English womanhood is American womanhood.

Miss Eliza Jane Cate was recently elected a corresponding member of the New Hampshire historical society—the first woman who ever received the at honor.

Sixteen Indian girls from the Indian Territory, ranging from sixteen to twenty-five years, have entered Moody's seminary at Northfield, Mass., where they will study for four years, and then do missionary work among their own people.

The Philadelphia *Herald* says that the women of that city are busily engaged in getting up political clubs. They are about two feet long, and only appear on parade when the husbands of the women come home late at night.

A young lady of Kingston, N. Y., belonging to one of the oldest and most aristocratic families, with fine education, superintends a large farm, and is quite successful in its management. She says it is splendid exercise, and her health for that reason is excellent.

Jennie June says that the flirting between the young girls and young men on Broadway and Union square, New York, between three and six o'clock in the afternoon, may, from the freedom with which it is carried on in public, be without wickedness, but that it is characterized by unspeakable vulgarity, which conveys a very bad impression to outsiders.

A young Japanese lady of sixteen, Miss Minei Yabu, daughter of an official in the emperor's household, has arrived in the East from San Francisco. She is a graduate of the English school in Tokio, and will remain three years in America to perfect her education. She is a poet and a landscape painter, and is described as being extremely petite. She has a light complexion, fascinating black eyes and a bright, cheerful countenance.

Results of Thrashing Editors.

Mr. Flood, Jr., of San Francisco, has thrashed an editor for publishing a report of the rupture of a marriage engagement between his sister and Mr. Ulysses Grant, Jr., as well as the whys and wherefores of such rupture. In this account there was nothing, so far as reported, disrespectful or scandalous relating to Miss Flood. The news seems to have been current gossip in San Francisco. To be consistent young Mr. Flood should set to work and thrash every man who verbally spread this report. What is gained by this thrashing? Five thousand papers which might otherwise have never noticed the matter will now publish it with every style of comment. Five hundred paragraphers will let themselves loose on Ulysses and the young lady. Five hundred thousand tongues which wagged over the occurrence will now wag the more, and 5,000,000 tongues will wag which never wagged before. Such are some of the results of thrashing editors.

The great gain in thrashing editors is notoriety of all parties concerned. Usually such notoriety, if properly handled, benefits the editor. It gives his paper an enormous advertisement gratis, extending through all the States and Territories and sometimes to other kingdoms and countries. It sometimes causes the name of the editor to be published in French, German, Spanish, Italian and Russian journals and read in all the capitals of Europe. This is another result of thrashing an editor.

Then it seldom redresses the evil for which the thrashing is done. It bruits it abroad anew; it distorts, magnifies and misrepresents it.

The murder of the editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin* by a ruffian twenty-four years ago placed that paper on a firm foundation of repute and prosperity. Such are other results from thrashing editors. If young Mr. Flood's aim in thrashing an obscure editor was notoriety, he has attained it for himself and family. Or if it was intended as a blessing in disguise, to lift the obscure editor to the public gaze, he has attained that. For these are certain results of thrashing editors.—*New York Graphic.*

Several undergraduates of the German university of Marburgh have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment in a fortress for dueling.

RELIGOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

Chief Joseph, of the Oka tribe of Indians, has translated the four Gospels into Iroquois.

Thirty-seven natives of New Zealand have been admitted to the ministry of the Episcopal church.

It is stated that within three months fifty Christians have been killed by Mohammedans within a few miles of Robert college at Constantinople.

There are in California fifty-three Episcopal clergymen, thirty-seven parishes, and 3,362 communicants. There were 459 baptisms the past year, of which ninety-four were of adults.

The Archbishop of Philadelphia has received a letter from Cardinal Nina, describing the straitened circumstances of the Pope, and urging liberal contributions in the shape of Peter's pence.

Mr. Talmage returned from the West with this opinion of dishonest Indian agents: "In the day of resurrection I would rather be a Modoc chief than a plundering United States officer on a reservation."

It is reported that the First Baptist church in Philadelphia has a Sunday-school teacher now in the school who has been in it since its organization, sixty-five years ago. She was then eight years old.

Dr. Blaikie, thirty-four years pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Boston, and fifty years a minister, who has left his pulpit, will remain in Boston and edit the Annals of Presbyterianism in New England.

The death is announced of the Rev. John Newton, Jr., M. D., of the Presbyterian mission in India. His aged father, the Rev. John Newton, also a missionary, read the Scriptures and delivered an address at the funeral, which was largely attended by soldiers.

The receipts of the Protestant Episcopal domestic and foreign mission boards for the year ending September 1 were as follows: For domestic missions, $160,999; for foreign missions, $158,651. Of the receipts for domestic missions, $28,662 was designated for work among the Indians.

Professor David Swing, of Chicago, says: As the American can out-chew and out-spit and out-talk the rest of the world, so can he out-swear the residue of humanity. Sitting behind two gentlemen for a day as our train glided along from St. Paul toward Chicago, the words "By God" came back to me 700 times, when bedtime made me quit counting.

A Petrified Human Ear.

I was in a lapidary's shop, looking a some curious specimens of rock and crystal.

"If you wish to see something that to you will be a rare curiosity indeed," said the proprietor of the place, "look at this."

As he spoke, he tossed me something that fell upon the counter with a loud, sharp sound, much like that which any ordinary stone would have made.

I picked the object up, turned it over and over in my hand, and examined it with close attention. It was very hard, of a greenish color, containing here and there particles that sparkled brilliantly in the light, and were very likely iron. It was the size and shape of an ordinary human ear. Every part was preserved with marvelous accuracy.

"Well," said the proprietor, by-and-bye, "what do you think of it?"

"I scarcely know what I think of it," answered I, "except that it bears a wonderful likeness to a human ear, and whether so formed by an accident of nature, or carved by man, it is remarkable for its fidelity to life."

He laughed and said:

"Why, the thing actually is a human ear."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Not at all," he replied. "It is a human ear, petrified."

And so it proved to be. And further, the gentleman informed me that he quite frequently received, among the rocks and stones and crystals in which he deals, parts of the human body in a state of petrification.

I had often heard of the transformation of flesh into stone—and of wood into petrified—of which I had seen—but never before had I seen it exemplified. A lucid explanation of the change, upon a scientific basis, would certainly be of interest.

I strove to buy the ear afterward, but was so unfortunate as to find that it had already been sold for the paltry sum of fifty cents.—*Golden Days.*

Mules.

Previous to 1783 there were very few mules in the United States, and those of such an inferior order as to prejudice farmers against them as unfit to compete with horses in work upon the road or farm. Consequently there were no jacks, and no disposition to increase the stock. But Washington became convinced that the introduction of mules generally among the Southern planters would prove to them a great blessing, as they are much less liable to be injured than horses by careless servants. As soon as it became known abroad that Washington desired to stock his Mount Vernon estate with mules, the king of Spain sent him two jacks and two jennets from the island of Malta. The first was of a grey color, sixteen hands high, heavily made, and of sluggish nature. He was named the Royal Gift. The other was called the Knight of Malta. He was about as high, and lithe and fiery even to ferocity. The two sets of animals gave him the most favorable opportunity of making improvements by cross-breeding, the result of which was the favorite jack Compound, because he partook of the best points in both originals. The general bred his blooded mares to these jacks, even taking those from his own stables for that purpose, and produced such superb mules that the country was agog to breed some of the sort, and they soon became quite common. This was the origin of improved mules in the United States. Though over eighty years ago, there are now some of the third and fourth generation of the Knight of Malta and Royal Gift to be found in Virginia, and the great benefits arising from their introduction to the country are seen upon every cultivated acre in the Southern States.

Words of Wisdom.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

With the wicked, as with a bad dog, silence is more formidable than noise.

It is no vanity for a man to pride himself on what he has honestly got and prudently uses.

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior, for it is a prince's part to pardon.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess.

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal, bullying insolence, and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free.

Turkish officers, long unable to get a cent of pay from the sultan, are offering their services to Greece. Whole regiments are ready to desert on the smallest encouragement.

The *Railway Age* says that the examinations of railway employees as to their ability to distinguish colors has failed, both in America and in Europe, to discover a single one whose "color-blindness" was such as to unfit him for his duties.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

Some Useful Directions Concerning Preservation of the Eyesight.

A really healthy eye possesses in a wonderful degree the power of adjusting itself to the viewing of objects at different distances; if, for example, you hold up in front of you between your eye and the distant horizon any small object, such as a penholder, you will find that no effort of yours will enable you to see both well at the same time; if you gaze at the one, the other immediately becomes indistinct. This is called the power of accommodation, and depends upon the elasticity of the crystalline lens. Its convexity is increased when we fix our eyes and attention on a near object, and diminished when we look at something further off. In old age there is considerable curtailment of this power of accommodation, depending upon a hardening of the crystalline lens. Things close at hand can then not be discerned so well as those farther. This state is called presbyopia, or long-sightedness. It usually commences from the forty-fifth to the fiftieth year, and I would here strongly urge those who are only even slightly presbyopic to commence the use of suitable spectacles forthwith, and not to forget that the glasses must be strong enough to be quite effectual.

You need hardly be afraid of getting too strong ones, they cannot be so if they suit the sight. And again, in course of time, when even more power is needed, stronger ones must be worn although for some time at first the old ones will be found powerful enough in the daytime.

Such is a condition of the eyes from which many people suffer, generally known by the name of weak sight; it may have been produced from overstudy or fatigue. There is entire inability to read or write for any length of time, and the trying to do so produces giddiness, and even headache, palpitation, and such cases tell upon the health and a portion of rest may do good, but it cannot be too well known that hundreds of people who have been sufferers from weakness of sight have at only been relieved, but even cured, by the wearing of proper spectacles. But let me here remind sufferers from this complaint that even the clever opticians are not oculists, and it is for men to be advised by as to the kind of spectacles to be worn. A cure is never immediate, but indeed often tedious, and the advice of the best oculist or ophthalmic surgeon should, if possible, be obtained.

Short-sightedness is often hereditary, and the worst of it is that it has a tendency, if the influence be not quickly counteracted, to increase as the child gets older. A case of this kind should never be neglected, and spectacles should be worn, especially when reading, writing, etc. The apartment, too, in which studies are conducted should be airy, well lighted, and clean, and the desks high enough to prevent a stooping position being at all necessary. Plenty of out-door exercise, by strengthening the body, will tend to prevent the increase of the ailment, and if these instructions are followed to the letter, it is not at all unlikely that upon attaining the age of twenty, or a little later, spectacles may be partially dispensed with.

Very great care should be taken of the eyes of infants and children. From its birth the eyes of a baby should be the first part washed or cleaned; the water should be soft and gently warm, the bit of sponge used of the finest quality. Never expose an infant to a bright or dazzling light, nor allow it to sleep in such a light. Exposure to draughts and cold, on the other hand, is highly detrimental to the sight, and so is impure air from whatever cause.

Purulent ophthalmia in children is very likely permanently to injure or even entirely destroy the sight. Medical aid should be obtained at once; no domestic remedies should be used, simply keep the little sufferer in a quiet, warm, very clean, and moderately darkened room. As often as any discharge gathers it is to be carefully washed away with lukewarm water, poured from a small soft sponge. After the eyes are softly dried, a folded linen rag dipped in cold water may be laid over each, and changed when it gets warm. The nurse should take care not to touch her own eyes until she has well washed her hands.

Parents ought to put themselves to some little trouble with regard to their children's eyesight. Never overtask them, and see that they do not sit at their tasks with heads falling forward. If signs of any weakness of sight or abnormal vision be noticed, surgical advice should immediately be had. The hand-writing children are taught ought to be large, the books they read to have a wide margin and clear good type, and the light be amply sufficient. Again, the tasks they have to perform should not be of a kind to distress the eyes, nor should, in my opinion, they be punished by having work imposed upon them such as lengthy writing exercises—which strain both brain and eye. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So runs the proverb, but it might have gone further, and added, "and a pale, feeble, weakly, and often half-blind boy."

Grown-up people should be careful of their eyesight if they would live long and happily. We should all remember the things which are likely to cause injury to the eyes, such as working or reading in bad light. Daylight is an eye-tonic; it is as necessary to the eye as food to the organs of digestion. Exposure to cold is hurtful, or to impure air and to atmospheres impregnated with dust or vapor. Anything that tends to weaken the general health will also prove injurious to the eyesight, or anything that causes a determination of blood to the brain.

But while, on the one hand, the eye should never be strained, or worked to the verge of fatigue, on the other, exercise is just as beneficial to them as to any other part of the body. The habit should be cultivated of studying small objects carefully, keenness of sight depending so much upon the mental attention one is in the habit of paying to visual impressions. Excesses of every kind tend to the injury of the eyesight, and so in a very great degree does the want of good and proper spectacles, when such helps to the eyes are really needed. And they really are needed by very many who do not, through mistaken pride or some such folly, now use them. It is the greatest mistake in the world to despise the kindly aid of a pair of spectacles the time will we can no longer by hook or by crook do without them.

In choosing glasses or spectacles remember that the eyes should look through the centers of the lenses; the spectacle frame ought therefore to be of the proper width, and no more. Spectacles to fasten behind the ear are more generally useful than the pince-nez which is balanced on the nose. The latter, however, is less liable to be lost, as it is usually worn attached by a very light chain or cord to the dress, and can be used in a moment; but for reading or writing, or any kind of work that takes up time, spectacles are infinitely to be preferred. In purchasing spectacles a guarantee should be had from the optician that they are properly "centered;" that is, that the thickest or thinnest (as the case may be) portion of the lens is really in the center. If they then fit your sight, you can try them on in front of a mirror; if your pupils are right in the center, the glasses are properly framed, if for distant sight. If only meant for reading, the pupils should be a little nearer the nose than the center of the lens. The frames themselves should always, when the wearer can afford it, be made of gold. Pebbles wear better than glass; they may, too, be simply wiped with the handkerchief, but a bit of wash-leather must be kept for glass lenses. Spectacles, if you have managed to procure a really good and useful pair, should be taken the utmost care of; they should, when not in use, be put in their case, and the case in the pocket. Spectacles with colored lenses should never be used unless under the advice of a medical man.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Story of a Rat.

A colored man whom I shall call Elias, who serves as a coachman for my friend Mr. M., says "the Philosopher" of the Syracuse *Herald*, was once employed in a boarding-house which was infested with rats. He devised an apparatus, consisting of an empty barrel with an inviting but untrustworthy top, which he put to effective use as a trap for the sleek marauders. The landlady was delighted, and paid him a cent for every rat he caught—and the name of his victims was legion. Each morning, after he had counted the spoils of the night and received his pay, he would take his rats in a bag to the proprietor of a sporting establishment down town, who paid him two cents apiece for them and turned them to profitable account in his pit. Among his catch one day was a handsome female specimen to which Elias took a decided fancy, and he resolved to tame her. She responded kindly to his advances, and became in time so gentle that she would eat out of his hand and play about his person, running up and down his sleeves, and so forth. Her affection for him and her faculty of memory were once proved in a notable way. Somebody carelessly let her out of her cage during her owner's absence, and in a few moments she had found her way into one of her accustomed holes in the wall and was glorying in her freedom.

Weeks passed, and she did not appear again, she was given up for lost. One evening Elias was smoking a quiet pipe in the laundry, when he saw a rat put its head out of a chink in the wainscot. By way of experiment, but scarcely hoping for success, he called softly the name of his old pet: "Jinny! Jinny!" To his surprise the animal emerged from its hiding-place, approached him cautiously, and then ran up his trousers-leg into his lap and composed itself for his caresses. It was indeed his missing Jinny. She allowed him to carry her back to her cage, and, when there, went straight to the saucer from which she had been accustomed to eat her food and drink. For a month after that master and rat were inseparable; but by-and-bye the former changed his quarters, and in his new home had no convenience for keeping his little companion, so he sold her for two dollars to a retail liquor dealer, who put her behind his bar for the entertainment of his customers and grew very much attached to her.

One day Elias was passing the shop, and its owner called him in. "I have lost Jinny," said he, "and none of us can recover her. If you get her for me I will give you fifty cents." The challenge was accepted on the spot, and the colored man tried the magic of his voice. It was as efficient as before. Out of a hole near by trotted Jinny, apparently overjoyed to see her friend once more, and surrendered herself to his hands with ingenuous confidence. From that day to this, if I recall his story aright, he has never seen her.

Indians' Love for Their Children.

A year or two ago the daughter of an Indian chief, who had been educated in New York, returned to the reservation as a teacher. The tribe were roused to envy when they saw one of their own number thus made, to all appearance, the equal of the whites.

The Indians are passionately fond of their children; and in every wigwam, fathers and mothers schemed how they should gain like advantages for their boys and girls. Just a this time the proprietor of a traveling circus visited the reservation with his miserable worn-out horses and performers, and being struck by the bright, eager face and fearless riding of a young girl of fourteen, offered her father and offered to educate her in the East and send her home a lady if he would allow her to go with him.

The credulous Indian consented. The circus started in the night, and the girl went with it. It was two days before the story reached the agent and consternatary, who sent for the girl's father, and told him how he had been duped by the showman, whose purpose was undoubedly to train her for the ring. The Indian stood silent for a moment; then, raising both hands to