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Indifference.

Oh, little does the city reek,
Incompassed with its busy charm,
The whistle of the blithe plowboy
At work upon his father's farm.

Oh, little does the whistling boy
Reck of the city's busy charm;
He only thinks of two bright eyes,
And works upon his father's farm.

The Supreme Hour.

There comes an hour when all life's joys and pains
To our raised vision seem
But as the flickering phantom that remains
Of some dead midnight dream!

There comes an hour when earth recedes so far,
Its wasted, wavering ray
Wanes to the ghostly pallor of a star
Merged in the milky-way.

Set on the sharp, sheer summit that divides
Immortal truth from mortal fantisie;
We hear the moaning of time's muffled tides
In measureless distance die!

Past passions—loves, ambitions and despairs,
Across the expiring swell
Send thro' void space, like waifs of Lethean airs,
Vague voices of farewell.

Ah, then! from life's long-haunted dream we part—
Roused as a child new-born,
We feel the pulses of the eternal heart
Throb thro' the eternal morn.

—*Paul H. Hayne, in Youth's Companion.*

GREED OF GOLD.

"Is this you, Gipsy?"

The slight girl turned her rose ate face, with a glad, involuntary cry.

"Yes, it is I, Cesare. Did you think it was a water-nymph?"

But the gay tongue tripped, and the roseate bloom rose up in the ripples of brown hair which shaded Veta Rane's pretty forehead.

Cesare D'Arcil saw and understood, and drew the dripping girl under his umbrella with the proud imperiousness of possession. The satisfied and happy look was far more becoming to his splendid beauty than the usual sneer and frown his perfect features wore.

Of Italian parentage, his American birth had done little toward reconciling him to poverty in this land of great probabilities.

He was music-teacher in the little town of Oakborough, and Veta Rane, an orphan girl, had been his sweetheart from a child. The most careless observer could read, as he ran, that Cesare D'Arcil, this young man of singular beauty, luxuriant and cynical, the stepson of the richest man in town, was all the world to her.

"I thought I should get home before the shower came," laughed Veta, happy on his arm in the sheltering umbrella. "You see what a wretched guesser I am!" the raindrops sparkling on the long eyelashes.

But already the cloud of discontent had gloomed Cesare's dark eyes. Veta, clattering on, saw in a moment that his mind was far away from her. Her mobile face became shadowed, her slivery tongue silent, as they walked rapidly down the green country road in the pelting summer rain.

"Has Doctor D'Alembert's funeral yet taken place, Cesare?" she asked, at length.

"Yes, and the will read."

"And you?" she asked, quickly.

"I am left out in the cold, of course," he answered, with a short, unmusical laugh.

She murmured a word of sympathy.

"Oh, I am not in the least disappointed, Gipsy. There was never any love lost between my stepfather and myself."

"And Doctor D'Alembert's great wealth is left to—"

"His son Ignace, of course. Fortunately for the ducats. He won't make ducks and drakes of them, as I would."

"He is a very fine young man, isn't he?" ventured Veta, timidly; but Cesare did not hear.

"There was a proviso that the inheritance of the Roses, etc., depended on Ignace marrying Miss Wayne within a year; otherwise the property reverted to me. But that is nothing. Of course, Ignace will marry Mabyn."

Gipsy's brown eyes dilated, but her tongue hesitated to express her surprise.

"Do you know her?"

"Mabyn Wayne? Yes."

"Is she good? Is she pretty?"

"She is an angel, and very beautiful."

The brown eyes, raised with an instant's penetration, sought the ground again.

Cesare was too cool and careless to be in love with Miss Wayne himself, whomsoever might be. That was not what called up his bone of discontent.

But in the hillside farmhouse, whose comfort and quaintness pleased him, he found a temporary balm for his woes. The sweetest and most innocent girl in the world loved him—was his slave. The great youth and tender beauty, the dependent nature and exquisitely feminine traits of Veta Rane suited him perfectly. Unlike him, she was not ambitious, had no quarrel with fate, since she might love and be loved, and something of her happy content banished his unrest that evening.

"You are necessary to me, Gipsy," he said, snatching her suddenly to his breast. "I am never so good or happy as when with you."

And with a woman's devotion, she responded, in her utter happiness:

"And I will never fail you, Cesare. I never can be anything but what I am, you know."

Yet at that moment the future seemed not bright, but vaguely ominous, to both.

Cesare D'Arcil walked back to town by moonlight. Leaving behind him at last the long road of glittering vines and dripping tree-boughs, he reached the large, silent house and suit of rooms he called home.

It had been years since the Roses had been his home. He had been part of the unhappiness which his handsome Italian mother had caused there.

She hated her husband's son, and, in return, Doctor D'Alembert hated hers. A prudent and just man, he held the most decided disapproval of his stepson's hauteur, extravagance and selfishness, and gave him no part in his plans for the future.

His own boy was gentle, frank, generous, with self-possessed, deferential manners, which made him ever master of the situation; and for years before Theresa died he had determined that Ignace only should inherit at the Roses. She divined this, and actually died in a fit of passion. Long before that the doctor had planned another mistress for the Roses.

Mabyn Wayne was the daughter of his stepsister, connected, but not related to him by blood. From a gentle and pretty child, she had developed into a good and beautiful woman. For six years she had been abroad. Ignace had not seen her since her fourteenth year, when she was a schoolgirl, but he had ever flushed with pleasure at the least reference to his father's well-known plan—that, at a suitable age, he should marry Mabyn.

Her family acknowledged him, in every respect, a suitable match for her, and from time to time there came from Mabyn herself some pleasant word or token for her old playfellow. So no one wondered at Doctor D'Alembert's will.

And now Mabyn was coming home. Called to New York in the selection of a musical instrument for a pupil, Cesare D'Arcil accidentally met her in the very hour of her landing. Transfixed by her beauty, which was a wonder, there arose within him such passionate jealousy of Ignace D'Alembert that a sudden madness took possession of him.

Why should another man have the priceless possession of the Roses and Mabyn Wayne, and he nothing of this world's success?

Not that he loved her. Love for himself only devoured him. But he imagined himself, satisfied and exultant, the master of the Roses, with this peerless woman his wife, and was utterly possessed by the thought.

Mabyn had not heard of Doctor D'Alembert's death, and was greatly shocked.

"I am very, very much pained!" said Mabyn. "And Ignace—I suppose he is in great affliction?"

A faint blush tinged her cheek.

"Doubtless," replied Cesare, affably.

Something in his manner arrested Mabyn's attention. She was looking at him, attentively, when he added:

"I should have thought Ignace would have accompanied me to New York and made an early call upon you. I mentioned it, but he has gone to Redwood, hunting. Probably you will see him as soon as he returns from the expedition."

A burning blush, succeeded by a snowy paleness, betrayed to him her secret.

"She remembers—hopes to love him," he said, under his breath, and added: "She is offended."

He had deceived her in speaking the truth.

He was upon barely speaking terms with Ignace. At the time he had mentioned going to New York Ignace had not known that Mabyn's arrival in that city was so near. He was going hunting out of courtesy to guests staying for a few days at the Roses, not that he was then inclined to the sport, or especially fond of it at any time. The inference that he had preferred a gunning expedition to meeting Mabyn Wayne was an utterly false one, which he would have resented with spirit if aware that it had ever been drawn.

But the mischief was done. A certain subtile sweetness had gone out of Mabyn's welcome. And when week after week passed, and no tidings or token came from the Roses, she was passionately humiliated by her strong disappointment and sadness.

"He shall never dream I cared so much," she murmured, with a burning cheek, and in a week was the belle of the set.

And Cesare D'Arcil still remained in New York. He had grown thin and pale, with restless, burning eyes. Every day he contrived to see Mabyn. Sometimes it would be during her morning drive or shopping expedition; oftener at some gay evening reception.

And Mabyn never met him without a faint change of color, and something in her manner which betokened sincere emotion. But those keen eyes of Cesare D'Arcil's were not deceived. He knew the fading and coming of the roses in those beautiful cheeks were not for him. It was only of the profound association in her mind of himself with Ignace D'Alembert that made her pale and falter at his approach.

But, whatever the truth was, it gave him access to her presence when others could not approach her. He spent long mornings in the parlors of the rich mansion which was her home. He danced frequently with her in public; he was seen in the Wayne carriage.

At the Roses, Ignace D'Alembert moodily watched the mails. For Cesare had said to him: "I will let you know when Miss Wayne returns." Simple and straightforward himself, the thought of treachery had never occured to him when Cesare D'Arcil's wish had become a defined and confirmed plot. Mabyn had returned in November. It was January when he determined to go to New York, and from a brother of Mabyn's learn when she was to arrive home.

On his way uptown he passed the Wayne mansion. It was evening. It being a period of thawing weather, a window was raised to admit fresh air into the artificially-heated rooms. The radiant light streamed out upon the sidewalk, and revealed a table, with a gilded book, a boquet, and a woman's white glove, which stood very near the window. It suddenly took possession of Ignace that the glove was Mabyn's. He turned back, ascended the steps, rang the bell, and asked for Miss Wayne. In return he was shown into the room with the open window, and Mabyn rose from a sofa to receive him.

Cesare rose also from an easy-chair.

"Curse it! I have worked like a dog, and yet delayed their meeting only two months," he muttered, yet coolly proceeded to put another spoke in his own wheel.

"I have been wondering, Ignace, why you did not come before."

"How long has Miss Wayne been home?"

"Two months," replied Mabyn.

"Have you written me, Cesare?"

"Certainly."

"I did not get the letter."

He turned eagerly to Mabyn's beautiful eyes then; but there was an unmistakable ice in her manner. Not his rarest gentleness could melt it; yet, after the sweetest evening of her life, when she had yet been very silent, Mabyn Wayne locked herself in her chamber to burst into passionate weeping.

"He is good and noble, as I thought him. I love him with all my heart. Yet I do not believe he cares a straw for me!"

And Ignace, pacing the floor of his hotel chamber, was brooding the thoughts:

"Beautiful, yet utterly indifferent to me. I had hoped—I know it now—that she would be prepared to regard me with some favor; for I have loved her from a child. I could fall on my knees, and offer her my all this moment."

Business demanded his return to Oakborough upon the following day, but he dined that day at Colonel Wayne's. Mrs. Wayne was ever very fond of him.

"You will come to the Roses and visit Veta, though my father is not there?" he said to her, but his eyes wandering to Mabyn's face.

"We will come, yes, and try to cheer you up, poor boy!" said the elder lady affectionately.

And the colonel chimed in:

"Yes, yes! whenever you please. Ignace, set the time."

But Mabyn never raised her beautiful eyes.

Yet he knew she would come. She could not refuse without singularity; and under that roof, of which she would so fittingly be the mistress, would he find hope and gain courage to ask her to be his?

He went away with a grave face—returned to Oakborough, leaving Cesare D'Arcil again master of the field; yet Ignace never dreamed of being jealous of him. He had known Cesare from a child; knew his selfishness, his untruth. Mabyn was so pure, so soft and fair. There seemed no possibility of any geniality between the two. He merely wondered how the latter could afford to stay so long in town; then, dismissed all thought of him, and rattled down to the Roses, with a heartache which made him numb and dull to all the rest of the world but beautiful Mabyn Wayne.

* * * * *

"To the Roses? No, six miles, miss."

A broken carriage before a country inn; an old gentleman, with a broken leg, upheld by two men; an elderly lady weeping dismally, and a beautiful girl, collected and brave in the general distress.

"If ye wanted to go to the Roses, miss, ye ought to have got out at the next station," said the driver of the broken carriage, with an air of sullen civility.

"It is so long since I have been here, I had forgotten; and I think we were told yesterday that Hamilton was the station," said Mabyn, absently, distracted by her father's groans and mother's sobs though she yet appeared quite calm.

It was Cesare who had misdirected the party.

"At least we are fortunate to be near a clean and respectable tavern, dear father," she continued, and gave direction to have the men bring in the colonel and go for a doctor.

Outside the sulky coachman scratched his head and surveyed the broken carriage.

"I tole that black-eyed furriner that 'twould snar! the whole vehicle ter pull out the linch-pin, an' it has. Well, I don't care if he pays me, as he says he will, to do the whole job. Here goes fur a look out for letters!"

In the hall he already met Miss Wayne with a brief note for young Mr. D'Alembert. He received it with faithful promises of delivery, went outside to secretly destroy it, then hied away to communicate with the "black-eyed furriner."

Cesare was soon on the scene. Of course, under the circumstances, he could make himself invaluable.

"Waiting to hear from Ignace? My dear Mrs. Wayne, you are very foolish. You know nothing of Oakborough physicians—and they are simply knownothings. You should return to New York at once."

He had hustled them to the point of departure, when there came an unlooked for apparition. It was Ignace D'Alembert, with a face utterly colorless.

He had been sitting in his library the night previous, when a servant showed in a young girl. She was pale, gentle, timid; her beauty dimmed with recent weeping.

"You know me, I think," with a dignity beyond her years. "I am Veta Rane."

"Yes, I know you," giving her a kind hand. "Will you be seated?"

She seemed making a great effort to be calm, then said:

"Mr. D'Alembert, you will understand me. You are very unhappy because you love some one; and so am I."

Ignace started.

"Can I serve you?" he asked, at last.

"No; but perhaps I can serve you. Cesare D'Arcil has been devoting himself all winter to Miss Wayne, and that is the reason she has become estranged from you. Do not ask me how I know this; but I do know it. And they are all at Hamilton now—at the Post house. I wish you would go there at once, and see if what I have told you is not true."

A few words more of explanation, and she was gone.

It was true. He knew it the moment his firm eyes blazed their accusation in to Cesare's false ones. But for a time he held his peace.

Devoting himself to reassuring Colonel Wayne, he promised him that he should be attended by his own physician at the Roses; and placing him, with his wife, in the most luxurious of cushioned carriages, with a careful driver, he gravely asked of Mabyn the privilege of driving with her in a separate carriage.

She assented, with a sudden sense of security and protection, for of late Cesare seemed drawing closer and closer into her life, with a fascination in his black eyes which held her freedom. She glanced behind her now with almost a look of fear as she stepped into the carriage.

But Cesare was not there.

On the narrow cliff road a figure suddenly rose among the bushes. The highmettled horses reared and plunged, the buggy rocked, but the animals were held from attending away by the vise-like grasp upon the lines.

But Ignace utter a groan of mortal anguish, for the cushion of blue velvet beside him was empty.

Without a cry, Mabyn had gone over the wheel!

The next instant he stood upon the ground where she lay. There was a stain of blood on her white lips.

The strength left the brave man's limbs suddenly.

"She is dead!" he moaned.

But she moved, and murmured!

"Can I be of any assistance?" said a voice.

But Cesare's craven cheek was white; his tones shook. Had the death he planned in frightening the horses come—and to her, not his rival?

"Stand aside!" exclaimed Ignace, sternly. "Do not in my presence lay a finger upon her helpless and unconscious form. If she lives, she shall choose between us! Let that be enough for the present. For the past, you have played me falsely. You professed to play a brother's part, yet used every effort to supplant me. Yet I cannot believe she ever could have loved you!"

Even in his passionate speaking, he had found a little snow at the roadside, and pressed it upon Mabyn's temples until she opened her eyes.

"Who told you that lie?" demanded Cesare, sullenly.

"Veta Rane," replied Ignace, mechanically.

For Mabyn had lifted her eyes to his face with a faint, grateful smile, and he knew nothing else for a moment but the sweetness of that gaze.

Cesare gazed at the two faces with a muttered curse of bitter despair, and then turned and was lost in the winter gloom.

Night found him in the farmhouse garden before Veta Rane.

"So you played tell-tale! So you spied upon me! Who gave you the right, I would like to know?" he sneered, brutally.

"I have not watched you, and it was true," she murmured, her hand upon her heart.

He was mad with excitement and his own bitter thoughts—nay, he had been mad with an evil scheme for months; now he was simply ragging.

Take care, weak, passionate Cesare D'Arcil! You reck not what those bitter word-blows are doing to that tender girl who stands so helpless before you.

First she reeled a little away from him. All unheeding, he went on with his bitter taunts and reproaches.

Oh, man! she loved you, and your lightest displeasure ever struck cold to her heart!

He paused suddenly, for she had sunk down, and lay still at his feet.

Poor child! She never knew how his yet madder cry of remorse rang on the night air, when he turned your still face to the moonlight, kissed your unbreathing lips and found you dead of heart disease.

So he was not all bad? No! Few are. He was only one of many who curse their lives, and that of others, with greed of gold.

Fishing in Lapland.

The water is very clear at Hammerfest, in Lapland; you may see everything that goes on among the fish. A few feet down you may see the young cod snapping at your hook, if you have one; a little lower down the coalfish, and the huge plaice and halibut on the white sand at the bottom; in other places the star-fish, as large as a plate, and purple and green shell-fish of all sizes. The plaice is taken in the following manner: In calm weather the fisherman takes a strong, fine cord, to which he has fastened a heavy spear-head, like a whale harpoon. This he holds ready over the bow of the boat, while another person paddles it forward slowly. When the fish is seen at the bottom the boat is stoopped and the harpoon is suddenly dropped upon him, and thus the fish is caught. In two hours the fishermen will get a boatload. The halibut are caught with hooks. They sometimet weigh 500 pounds, and if drawn up carelessly will overturn the boat.

In many of the mountainous districts the rivers swarm with trout, the habit of which is to conceal themselves beneath the boulder rocks in the bed of the stream, venturing out to feed only at night. Men, each with a heavy hammer, will enter these waters and strike one or two blows on the stones, when the fish run from their lurking places partly stunned, and are easily caught.

Cruelty to any living creature shows a bad heart. The boy who delights in torturing a wasp with a pin will surely come to some bad end if the wasp has a fair show in its business movements.—*Picayune.*

Various Ways of Cooking Rice.

Rice dishes of Italy. The rice dishes of Italy are popular and delicious, so unlike our own well-known ones that we urge a trial of their excellence upon our readers. Chief among them rank the risotto of Milan and the cream of rice and chicken. The risotto is made by parboiling well washed rice in boiling water for five minutes, draining and drying it on a cloth, frying it light brown with a little chopped onion and butter, and then stewing it, until tender, in enough highly-seasoned broth to well cover it; it has to be watched closely, and the saucepan shaken as the rice absorbs the broth, so that it shall not burn; when the rice is done it is put into a buttered mold with shreds of cold chicken, tongue or ham, well shaken down, dusted with grated cheese and browned in the oven. Slices of mushroom or a little tomato sauce are used as variations from the chicken or tongue. The cream of rice is made by boiling the breast of a fowl and a cup of rice in chicken broth until soft enough to rub through a fine sieve; the paste thus formed is used to thicken boiling milk, seasoned with salt, pepper and nutmeg, to the consistency of thick cream; it is one of the most delicious and nutritious of all soups. Rizotto is prepared with sausages in the north of Italy in a very appetizing dish. The sausages are twisted without breaking the skin, in ped onion; last of all these ingredients are stewed in highly-seasoned broth until the rice is tender and has absorbed all the broth, enough being used to well cover it when it is set to stew.

Spanish rice dishes. The rice dishes of Spain are more highly flavored with garlic than those of Italy, but the Spanish palate calls for abundance of this pungent bulb. The rice is washed, boiled and browned in butter, a little garlic being substituted for the onion; then two large, ripe tomatoes, a spoonful of grated cheese, and plenty of Spanish red pepper, or pimiente, is added, and the rice simmered till tender in a little broth; sometimes it is served with slices of ham, sausage, smoked salmon or dried fish, any one of these being stewed with the rice. Pollo con arroz is made in the same way, morsels of fowl being substituted for the meat, and the seasoning being varied with arm spices.

Rice dishes of Portugal. A matelotte of fish with rice is well worth a trial. Some highly-flavored fish, such as eels, is fried brown in oil or bacon fat, with a clove of garlic, tablespoonful of saffron, and plenty of red pepper and salt; then rice, partly boiled and dried, is added and browned, enough red wine is poured over these ingredients to cover the rice, the vessel is left to simmer gently until the rice is tender, the saucepan being shaken to prevent the burning of the rice.

A Portuguese dish of sweet rice is prepared as follows: A cupful of rice is washed and boiled till soft in a pint and a half of milk, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a laurel or bay leaf; when the rice is soft the bay leaf is removed, a cupful of cream and the yolks of four eggs added and the rice is dished and cooled. When it is quite cold the surface is dusted with powdered sugar and cinnamon, or with burnt almond-dust. The almond-dust is prepared by browning peeled and blanched almonds in the oven and then pounding them into a fine powder.

The use of the rice is by no means confined to the semi-tropical climates we have mentioned, but the limit of our article will not permit further description of the many dishes of which it forms the base; for there seems to be a general appreciation of its alimentary value when it is combined with flesh-forming materials.—*Miss Corson.*

The Skin.

The skin is wonderful beyond conception in the multiplicity of its parts, and in its diverse offices and relations. Millions of nerves connect it with the brain. Thousands of arteries bring to it nourishment, and almost as many veins bear away the waste. Millions of ducts empty out the perspiration upon it. Innumerable glands anoint it with lubricating oil, and countless little scales are constantly thrown from its surface.

So intimate and powerful is its connection with the nervous centers, that one kind of emotions instantly blanches it, and another kind mantles it with a burning blush—the first contracting its vessels, the other dilating them.

The skin has its peculiar diseases, but many of its ailments come from its readiness to help other organs which are diseased or torpid, for it exceeds all others in this "vicarious" power.

The skin is double. The outer—epidermis—protects the nerves and vessels of the inner from rude contact with, and from the absorption of, poisonous or harmful substances. To vaccinate we have to break through the epidermis. So, too, when this is sound, it is safer to handle morbid matter; but to do so with the slightest scratch, or chafe, is sometimes to incur death in its most frightful form.

Warmth applied to the surface dilates the blood vessels of the skin, and cold contracts them. Hence, a warm bath soothes and refreshes, by drawing the blood to the surface; local fomentations over an inflamed spot within relieve the pain by drawing away the blood. A counter-irritant acts on essentially the same principle.

Cold applied to the surface for a brief time contracts the vessels, and crowds the blood back, which then returns with accumulated force, producing a healthful glow. If the vitality is low, this reaction does not take place, and the cold only harms.

Generally only the purest soap (castile) should be used in washing the hands, as the alkali of most soaps tends to destroy the epidermis.

No bathing of the whole body should be protracted beyond a few minutes, else the good effect of it is lost, even if serious harm is not done. Sea bathing is additionally beneficial from the stimulating effect of its salts.—*Youth's Companion.*

Points on Pins.

A lover of statistics has just made an interesting calculation of the number of pins made daily. Birmingham holds the first rank, turning out 37,000,000 every day; London and Dublin, 17,000,000; or for Great Britain and Ireland, 50,000,000. France produces 20,000,000; Holland and Germany about 10,000,000 each. For all Europe, 80,000,000 daily must be about the number manufactured. This would make 29,200,000,000 yearly, a product representing in value $2,300,000. In the United States we make over 51,000,000 of pins daily, or over 18,000,000,000 a year, which makes 468 for every inhabitant. Fifty years ago a man could make fourteen pins a minute, to-day he can make 14,000 a minute, thanks to improved machinery. But despite this enormous production, and though pins never break and rarely wear out, we are constantly hearing the question, "Can you lend me a pin?" and how very often it happens that not a pin can be found in a party of a half dozen or more. Pins disappear, then, almost wholly by being lost—lost at the rate of 131,000,000 daily! Estimating the entire population of the globe at 3,000,000,000, each person, man, woman and child, loses less than one pin a day—in the United States somewhat more than one pin a day for each inhabitant. But as more than one-half the population consists of children or savages who use very few or no pins, we may set down the loss for each adult at about two and a half a day. On the whole, then, we are rather economical in the matter of pins, and where the pins go to is not so great a mystery as many suppose.

California contains a greater proportion of foreigners than any other State in the Union—336,393 natives and 309,889 foreign born.

The Reliable Man.

The reliable man is always there when he is wanted. You do not have to send to twenty different places after him; if he is not at home his wife can tell you where he is. The reliable man always tells his mission to his wife. He is not fool enough to marry a woman he cannot trust. He is not much of a talker, but he thinks a great deal. He looks at a subject in all its bearings. His judgments are unbiased. It he should be elected governor he will carry State affairs with a just and firm hand. In private life he will always have plenty of kindling wood ready in the morning. No running round in the cold for him before he has made his toilet. He won't be likely to whip the children when they don't deserve it. He can bear allusions to a religious or political belief which does not accord with his own without going into tantrums. He can give advice, and keep his temper if it is not taken and followed. He knows there are people in the world beside himself. He believes that this planet will continue to be run with a moderate degree of success after he shall sleep with his fathers. He never tells what he would have done "if he had only been there." If he makes you a promise, you know he will keep it unless he dies before the time for its redemption. If he states a fact for a fact, you know that you can credit the statement. If he sells you a horse and warrants him "sound," you need not look for a spavin or a ringbone after the first day's hard driving. His word is as good as his bond. He is honest; you can trust him to do as he agrees. You need not watch him, he will work just as well without it. He has respect unto himself, and would be ashamed to have his own soul convict him of dishonesty. If you are in trouble, you know you can expect help from him. If you are "down in the world," he will stand by you. If other friends have forsaken you, he will uphold and support you. In society the reliable man is worth his weight in gold. In the church he is invaluable; he will pass the contribution box when the wardens are laid up with bad colds; he will take care of the minister's house when he goes away for a day's pleasuring; he will help the ladies put down the new vestry carpet, and he is ready to stir the oyster stew, or tend the elevator from the kitchen, when the society have an "old folks' supper." All the girls like him, and all the boys respect him, and his wife is proud of him, and lays great emphasis on what "myhusband" says—for she knows he is reliable. And we devoutly wish there were more like him.

Not Generally Known.

Keys were originally made of wood, and the earliest form was a simple crook similar to the common picklock. The ancient keys are mostly of bronze, and of remarkable shape, the shaft terminating on one side by the wards, on the other by a ring. Keys of this description were presented by husbands to wives, and were returned again upon divorce or separation.

Hats were first made by a Swiss at Paris, 1404 A. D. They are mentioned in history at the period when Charles VII. made his triumphal entry into Rouen, in 1449. He wore a hat lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a rich plume of feathers. It is from this reign that hats and caps are dated, which henceforth began to take place of the chaperoons and hoods that had been worn before in France. Previous to the year 1510 the men and women of England were close-knit woolen caps.

The custom of crowning the poets originated among the Greeks, and was adopted by the Romans during the empire. It was revived in the twelfth century by the emperor of Germany, who invented the title of poet-laureate. The French had royal poets, but no laureates. The title existed in Spain, but little is known of those who bore it. The tradition concerning the laureate in England is that Edward III., in 1367, emulating the crowning of Petrarch at Rome in 1341, granted the office to Chaucer with a yearly pension. In 1630 the laureate was made a patent office. From that time there has been a regular succession of laureates.

Until the close of the eighteenth century the finest muslins in use were imported from India. The earliest mention of cotton among the classic nations of antiquity is by Herodotus, who speaks of it by the name of tree-wool, which name it still bears in German and several other continental languages. Cotton was not known in Egypt until about 500 years before Christ. Then it appears probable that it was imported, for all the cloths found enveloping the mummies of earlier ages have proved on examination to be linen. Cotton cloths are mentioned as having been imported into London in 1596, the knowledge of both the culture and manufacture having probably been conveyed there by the Moors and other Mohammedan nations. The former were the means of first bringing this manufacture into Europe.

Mendicants in Persia.

At the New Year, which is kept as festival in Persia, religious mendicants go about, not so much for asking alms as insisting upon a fixed sum. They generally tax a foreign ambassador rather highly, and one of them, a dervis, demanded an extravagant sum from Sir John McNeill. The Scotch diplomatist offered to compromise with him for any reasonable amount, but his offer was refused, and as he would not give any more, the dervis proceeded to sit upon him. He established himself in Sir John's garden just before his study windows, and every now and then during the day, and when he awoke up at night, this dervis set up a horrible hullabaloo, and blew a cracked trumpet as if the judgment day had come. Sir John, who did not like to have his rest disturbed in this way, determined to put a stop to the dervis' tricks and eject him by force; but he was solemnly warned by the Persian authorities that it would be dangerous to lay hands upon the dervis. "Get rid of him if you can," said they, laughing, as they are wont to do at a minister's perplexity, "but do not touch him."

"Very well," said John, dryly; and he sent for a bricklayer.

"Build me a wall around that howling beggar in my garden," said Sir John to the bricklayer; "and then roof it in." The dervis looked on while the wall rose slowly around him, and perceived that they really meant to shut him up in a tomb alive, he jumped over the lowest part of the wall and rushed away like a maniac. Sir John was probably the only European who ever got the better of a dervis.

They Plagued Him.

A story is told of an English voter who possessed influence, and who asked the candidate to give his son a letter of recommendation to an officer at the admiralty. The request was granted, but when the youth called to deliver his credentials he found that he had mislaid the precious epistle. However, he succeeded in obtaining a nomination, and some weeks after his return home discovered the lost "letter of recommendation" among some papers. Having done without it he had the curiosity to open it, and was startled to find that it contained an earnest injunction to "throw every obstacle in his way," for, as the writer added, "I cannot disoblige this youth's father, and if he once enters the navy he will be plaguing my life out to get him a ship." The young man was furious, but the father, a practical-minded man, coolly remarked: "It is not worth making a disturbance; we will take him at his word and plague him for a ship," which was done accordingly, with success.

The Dog Mania.

The mania for dogs broke out in the United States only after the fashion had been set abroad, and, though it is a recent one, it has raged more violently and affected a greater number of people than is the case in Europe. There the fashion was confined to childless dowagers, whose time hung heavily upon their hands and whose disinclination to take trouble and care upon their shoulders led them to adopt dogs instead of babies. No other class abroad has taken up the fashion any more than they have the false curls and wrinkles of the rich dames, and the women of younger years and matronly duties thought no more of possessing themselves of a pug or a Skye terrier than of disowning their babies. But, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, when the fashion reached New York, it was not considered a special one, and all the weak-headed women who could pay $40 for a canine pet did so, and those who could give more were correspondingly happy. Women with children, as well as those without, secured dogs and gave them their time and companionship. It is not unusual for the dogs to be taken out to drive when the babes are left at home, and the justification which women find in this proceeding is that dogs are no trouble; children are. Dogs are congenial, asking no questions hard to answer, and having no intuitions impossible to blind. Therefore do women, it is to be presumed, find companionship in dogs, and spend money on them. Dog doctors are doing a thriving business in New York and other places, and not a few grown-up men and women are earning good pay and living in comfort, their only occupation being the care of dogs. Some of the ultra-fashionable dress their dogs in the livery worn by their servants, and the care of maintaining this costly livery is no less than the wardrobes of the children. Women support a dog at an expense that would educate a child, and feel happy in being so stylish. They do not necessarily love the animals, but are ready to be martyrs to the demands of fashion. Weak-minded and silly, they think it an evidence of refinement to keep a pet dog, and, further, the more attention they can bestow on it the more they are remarked and envied. The happiest woman in Philadelphia's chief seaside resort this season has for her small dog a colored valet, whose duties were by no means light. His business was to take Master Sniff into the water to give it baths of just the prescribed duration, to rub it and roll it in blankets, feed it with specially prepared food, and then amuse it. Can anybody imagine any contract more gigantic than amusing a toy dog?

Clearing the Way for Old Hickory.

When President Jackson visited Hartford, Conn., in June, 1833, among the incidents of the day, which provoked considerable merriment at the expense of the sufferers, was the following, related by a gentleman who witnessed it: One of the prudential party came in sigh. of the crowd at Skinner's corner it wat observed that three men in a wagon were riding abreast of Jackson's carriage, and while not designing to insult the distinguished visitors, their conduct was so boisterous as to annoy them. One of the assistant marshals requested them to fall back, but he was answered by a flat and profane refusal. General Pratt then rode up and asked them to take themselves out of the way. An other blast of profanity and an emphatic negative greeted this request. General Pratt's eyes flashed ominously. He was mounted on a fine, powerful horse, and halting until the wagon containing the belligerents was a few yards away, the general put spurs to his horse and charged upon the animal which was drawing the refractory three. He came up at full gallop, his horse striking the other quarteringly on the fore-shoulder with tremendous force. The horse was knocked down the embankment, the wagon upset and partially wrecked, and the stubborn occupants found themselves sprawling on the ground. Although the shock of the collision was great, Pratt kept his seat as firmly as a rock, and the crowd cheered him justly.

Old Hickory could not repress a smile at the ludicrous scene as the three men took the unexpected tumble. There was a good deal of the Jackson snap in the performance, and possibly the President thought if he had been in General Pratt's place "I would have done the same thing, by the Eternal!"—*Hartford Times.*

Keep Ahead.

One of the grand secrets of success in life is to keep ahead in all ways possible. If you once fall behind, it may be very difficult to make up the headway which is lost. One who begins with putting aside some part of his earnings, however small, and keeps it up for a number of years, is likely to become rich before he dies. One who inherits property, and goes on year by year spending a little more than his income, will become poor if he lives long enough. Living beyond their means has brought multitudes of persons to ruin in our generation. It is the cause of nine tenths of all the defalcations which have disgraced the age. Bankers and business men in general do not often help themselves to other people's money until their own funds begin to fail off, and their expenditures exceed their receipts. A man who is in debt walks in the midst of perils. It cannot but impair a man's self-respect to know that he is living at the expense of others. It is also very desirable that we should keep somewhat ahead in our work. This may not be possible in all cases; as, for instance, when a man's work is assigned to certain fixed hours, like that of the operatives in a mill. But there are certain classes of people who can choose their time for the work which they are called to do, and among st them there are some who invariably put off the task assigned them as long as possible, and then come to its performance hurried, perplexed, anxious, confused—in such a state of mind as certainly unfits them for doing their best work. Get ahead and keep ahead, and your success is tolerably sure.

The Date.

Dates, to us merely an occasional luxury, are to the Arab the very "staff of life," just as his camel is his "ship of the desert." The date tree, one of the large family of palms, is a native of both Asia and Africa, and will grow readily in any sandy soil where the climate is not too cold. It was long ago introduced into Spain by the Moors, and a few are still found even in the south of France. But the most extensive date forests are those in the Barbary states, where they are sometimes miles in length, The Bedouins, or wild Arabs of the desert, who consider it beneath their dignity to sow or plant, or cultivate the soil in any way, depend upon gathering the date where they can find it growing wild; but the Arabs of the plains cultivate it with great care and skill, thus improving the size and flavor of the fruit, and largely increasing the yield. In some varieties they have succeeded in doing away with the hard seed, and the so-called seedless dates, being very large and fine, are highly prized. When ripe, the date is of a bright golden color, fragrant and luscious; and in dry, hot countries, where palms grow, no better food for morning, noon or night can be found. while one never wearies of the sweet, pulpy fruit, gathered fresh from the tree. But the trees do not bear all the year round, of course, and so the Arabs make what they call date-honey, using for this the juice of the ripe fruit, and those who can afford it preserve dates fresh through the year by keeping them in close vessels covered over with this honey.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The revenues of the United States government for the last fiscal year foot up $333,596,611, or considerably more than $1,000,000 for every working day of the year. The excess over the previous year is about $60,000,000. The revenue would have exceeded the expenses the last fiscal year in the neighborhood of $100,000,000, had it not been for the arrears of pensions' act, which took $27,000,000 out of the treasury. The internal revenue receipts for the last year were $124,009,874.

The *Journal of Telegraph* says that there are now in working condition 97,568 nautical miles of submarine telegraph cables. During the past year 11,983 miles were added. The *Engineering* remarks that the cables still required to complete the telegraphic system of the world are: One across the Pacific, two between the United States and Rio and Valparaiso respectively, and certain minor cables to connect Cayenne, Colombia, New Caledonia, the Phillipine islands, and Chinese stations, with the world's telegraphic system.

According to the London *Telegraph*, one of the greatest boons to miners on the score of safety, is the new miner's lamp, in which the light of phosphorescence is substituted for that of positive ignition. In this apparatus the interior of the screen is covered with a brightly luminous paint, and there is, therefore, nothing in its construction or character that can by any means become a source of danger. Such a contrivance, if covering the capacity claimed for it, must be of peculiar value, pecuniarily considered, in preventing the destruction of property by explosion. But the great advantage of such a lamp over those now in common use is its insuring against a peril from which the Davy lamp cannot protect the workmen. If that lamp be carried against a current of air mixed with fire damp, the explosive gas penetrates through the gauze and comes in actual contact with the flame, a catastrophe being the natural result of each contact; obviously, however, no risk of this sort could be involved in the use of a phosphorescent light by miners.

It is stated in New York that Jay Gould is now having built a large number of barges sufficient to transport 500,000 bushels of grain daily down the Mississippi, and three large elevators at New Orleans. A prominent Wall street banker, who is conversant with the enterprise, says that the object is mainly to extend the grain-carrying facilities of the Mississippi, not to divert the trade from the Atlantic seaboard. There are times when the grain awaiting transportation at St. Louis for the Southwest is stowed there in such large quantities, owing to the lack of carrying facilities, that much loss is sustained by the owners owing to the expense for storage. Shippers often have to wait a long time for barges, and the desire of the projector of the scheme is to furnish all who may require them with sufficient vessels at the time they may be wanted. During the winter months, when the railroads are blocked with snow, the river will furnish an outlet to the ocean by the way of New Orleans. The barges will be made up in tows, and during the whole year, except at a very low stage of the water, this highway can be utilized. The scheme is not entirely a new one, but merely an extension of one already in existence.

The *Celestial Empire*, commenting on a statement in an American paper that a number of applications from ex-officers of the United States army and navy had been sent to the Chinese government, requesting service under the imperial dragon flag in the event of war between that country and Russia, says: Of the foreigners now holding commissions in the Chinese land forces there are two Frenchmen in Kansu, one German in Chefoo, one at Tientsin and one at Shanghai, one Englishman at Taiwan and one at Hankow. There are also a number of foreign ex-military officers in the Chinese imperial maritime customs, whose Chinese military record extends back to the Taiping rebellion, some of them having served during the Japanese campaign in the island of Formosa. These will no doubt be called upon to again volunteer, on account of their adaptability for the field, as they nearly all possess a sufficient knowleage of the Chinese language for drilling and evolutionary purposes. It may be of interest to American military men who may entertain hopes of prefer