

## N THE EDGE OF THE MARSH.

IN NOVEMBER.

Dead sienna and rusty gold  
All the year on the marsh is old.  
Blackened and bent, the sedges shrink  
Back from the sea pool's frosty brink.  
Low in the West a wind-elond lies,  
Tossed and wild in the Autumn skies  
Over the marshes, mournfully  
Drifts the sound of the restless sea.

IN JUNE.

Fair and green is the marsh in June;  
Wide and warm is the sunny room.  
The flowering rushes fringe the pool  
With slender shadows, dim and cool.  
From the low bushes "Bob White" calls:  
Into his nest a rose-leaf falls.  
The blue-flag fades; and through the heat,  
Far off, the sea's faint pulses beat.

### His First and Last Success.

"Poor fellow; he seems ill this time and in distress. What a pity it is he will write so grandly and not keep to nature."

Mrs. Clive, number three, passed a letter across the breakfast table and took some clotted cream. Her husband clawed up his brother's handwriting with a glare.

"Keep to nature. Keep to business, you mean. Confound the fellow. He never makes a half-penny by his wretched scribbling, or keeps it if he does. Only a few years ago they came bothering me for five pounds to bury the boy, and now the daughter writes for five pounds more—I suppose to bury him. I'm sick of it they must manage with two."

Mr. Bartholomew Clive, of the firm of Harbinger, Harbinger & Clive, wrote the check and sent it, payable to order and carefully crossed, to his eldest brother. He had managed by judicious conduct in the course of a family quarrel, many years ago, to oust the latter from his birthright; but it is only fair to him to say that he had hated him honestly and cordially ever since. Having, moreover, in the course of his matrimonial experiences, led to the altar the heiress to a great tallow interest, subscribed regularly to several missionary societies, looked up a rich relative in a mad house, earned a reputation for assisting real, but solvent, suffering, wherever met, with, at the moderate rate of 60 per cent, and married three wives, all three for their money, it is superfluous to add that he was widely known as altogether a "safe man."

Of a different mold was his elder brother, Anthony. He did not believe in tallow; but he twice begged himself to his last half-penny to save a friend. He was cursed with that amiable leprosy which people who know about it call an artistic nature. He wept like a child when his father, who had wronged him, died. He forgave the brother who had robbed him. He had, too, vague theories that life was meant for something nobler than the skinning of society for what could be got out of it. Moreover, he wrote. In a word, he was altogether an unsafe man.

But there was a Grub Street in those days and most of those who lounged up and down it out at elbows, knew Anthony. He did not make much of a figure in their literary world—it was so stupendous. Yet they had done what they could for him—they had made him one of themselves. They had done this by giving him a long clay pipe, a pot of porter and showing him the way to Parnassus; that classic mount was ascended thus in those days.

So Anthony looked upward, with a long clay pipe and pot of porter, and found himself at the ripe age of five-and-twenty "somebody." As "somebody" he was familiarly slipped on the back in the club with a guinea entrance fee, and hailed by some of the first intellects of the time, and by a good many of the second as "Fony." Before him, therefore, was a future of no common order. Many contributors of verses to provincial papers would have given their eyes for such an opening. Tony recognized this sterling fact and was grateful. Here he was instructing a certain—sometimes an uncertain—portion of the British public at the rate of 7s. 6d. a column. Having, notwithstanding, his method of ascending Parnassus, considerable depth and culture, and withal a quiet sense of humor, if struck him that, undeniably glorious as was this work, it was not exactly of a kind which he had proposed to himself a short time since, when taking his degree at Cambridge. He had looked to a more exalted platform. A perpetual lounge in the company of Steele, Addison, Goldsmith, Thackeray and Macaulay, was what that magic phrase, a "literary career," had conured up for him. Literature was not only to supply him with a comfortable competency—this obviously, as a matter of course—but was to sweeten, adorn, and elevate his life. Confident of its power to do this, he married a gentle girl, who with even purer and nobler aspirations, hoped with all his hopes and saw all with his eyes. Indeed, with them she saw yet more than he for she would never for a moment have consented to his making himself thoroughly comfortable on the ideal platform prepared for him, until room had been found, if necessary, even some-

where at the back, for Shakespeare himself.

So, love and sympathy could have given substance to his vision, Tony had lived royally to the end. Unhappily, love and sympathy, useful things in their way, were powerless for this. They helped him, it is true, when he had to bury his boy for £5. But matters did not better with the fleeting years, and so it came to pass that when, after twenty of them had shuddered away—his gentle wife having long since passed with all her hopes, and the practical quiet of a suburban cemetery—he found himself in the back street of a provincial town, dying in the dingy poverty of a second floor, he realized that, for good or ill, he had either not had, or if it had come to him unawares, he had somehow missed his chance. Tom Berry, more, who never walked without an original five-act comedy of his own in his coat pocket, set it down to the iniquity of what every genius who has never belonged to it knows at the "Dramatic Ring."

The public did not know, but Tom did, that the select few whose names were figuring everlastingly on every playbill were in league with metropolitan management generally, for the sole purpose of "strangling out" rising genius. Their signs and passwords were known. There was no secret about it. They met once a week in a coal-cellar in the Adelphi, and buried an official MS., bought by the pound from a starving outsider.

Here he was dying, poor fellow. And as with his wasted hand, he stroked the fair hair of the pretty child, a slender girl of sixteen, who sat by his bedside, a mist came over his eyes, and he cried passionately, but in a thin, feeble, and failing voice:

"Without me! Merciful Heaven, what will she do without me?"

His little daughter kissed his white forehead, gave him some toast and water, and, with a bright, hopeful smile, whispered a great deal of loving chatter in his ear.

It ought to have rallied the forces of a man dying in poverty and want, of a broken heart, for its substance was as follows:

"Everything was taking a turn for the better. Uncle Bartholomew had sent a check for £2, which would pay a third of the rent. That was something, wasn't it? But what was that to the letter from Mr. Tarragon, the manager of the Theatre Royal? That was quite glorious; could be read again and again. Could words say more than this?"

THEATRE ROYAL.—DEAR SIR: I have read your piece, "The Dark Waters," again carefully, and like it, and propose putting it up for my opening on the 10th. This will give us three clear rehearsals. As to terms, we will say a pound an act. Does this suit you? I'm sorry you are still indisposed. If you can't look in on me to-day I will call on you to-morrow and bring my leading man with me. He wants a little more "fat" for himself in the tag and will explain. He is right about this. Act III must have a little more backbone in it. Think this over. Yours, faithfully,  
SYDNEY TARRAGON.

"There wasn't the good fortune coming at last?"

"The author of 'Dark Waters' said nothing, but drew the hand of the loving little speaker to his pale lips.

At that moment a portly personage with a flaxen beard, concealing a very cruel and ugly mouth, pushed himself, without knocking, into the sick-room, and sat himself down in the one easy chair, with his hat on.

"A nice fellow you are, coming down to this place and getting ill. I heard at the club last night you were really bad, but you don't look it. Why, you've twice as much color as I have. What a humbug you are."

Mr. Bartholomew Clive got up quite annoyed.

"I might have saved myself this journey," he said, glancing savagely around the room; "its clear I've had it for nothing."

The dying man looked at his portly visitor steadily. A faint fire kindled in his eye.

"I did not ask you to take it," he said, measuring out his words slowly, with the emphasis of restrained but rising passion; "I haven't sent for you, and, as I am dying, in the name of God, if you have anything human about you, go, and let me die in peace." He drew his child close to him.

The other, glared at him in earnest now.

"Oh, this is your gratitude, is it?" he growled, with set teeth. "Well, it's just like you. You've always been the same—never been grateful for anything anybody has ever done for you. Here I've come down from town merely to see what I could do with your girl, if anything happened, and you abuse me as if I hadn't helped you out of half a dozen messes—yes, over and over again. And you back her up against me, do you? Why, but for me she'd have to go to the work-house and you know it. Bet you rail at me like a madman. You'd better look out, and not drive me too far."

Mr. Bartholomew Clive had not much

that was human about him, but it struck him this was a neat speech, and he gave it with point. The child made a movement toward him. She tried to speak, but her quivering voice broke in tears. She could only clasp her father tightly in her arms. He was sitting up erect in bed now—a wild, fatal flush in his cheek. His portly young brother had, with an instinct of self-preservation, drawn near to the door that led to the sitting-room beyond, for he did not like being cursed by anybody, even on a death bed, but in a war of words, with a safe retreat before him, it greatly soothed him to have the last. And so he took the handle and held the door ajar, not noticing that, as he did so, two figures entered the sitting-room softly from the other modest entrance that opened on the grimy flight of stairs outside.

Both the newcomers were clean-shaven, smelled of tobacco tempered with gas, and had braided upon their coats. One possessed quite a brand-new hat. This was Mr. Sidney Tarragon, the manager of the Theatre Royal. The other was distinguished by a rich brown wig, an almost too excellent set of teeth, and a plaited pair of eyeglasses. At night, carefully made up and with the first pick of the wardrobe, he did not look more than about forty-seven as *Romeo*. It had been said that he had played *Leopold* five years ago in his own hall. He was an eminently useful member of the profession. This was Mr. Sidney Tarragon's leading man.

The two came in on tip-toe, looked about them, listened, smiled, nodded to each other, and finally sat down in an attitude of rapt attention on the respective edges of two unsteady horse-hair chairs. There was a moment's pause. Then a nervous, earnest voice broke the silence:

"Leave me, you coward!" it cried.  
"Leave me. Isn't it enough to have darkened the light of my whole life; that here across my death-bed you must come and cast your hideous shadow? Ho! you wince because I, who have forgotten you—yes, seventy times seven—and, hoping that a change might come on you, have held my peace through the long, long years of your heartless, your brutal indifference—turn on you when the eleventh hour has struck, and tell you I call God to witness that, spite of myself, the very name I bear, the very blood that flows within my veins are utterly hateful to me because of the mysterious curse which has made them common to us both. Does this sound so terrible to you? Look back to the day when, with smooth words, proffering your aid as a brother, you robbed me like a thief. Look back, I say, to that day, and tell me with the last words that I shall ever hear from your lips, tell me, if you can—tell me if you dare, that for the wrong you did me then, you have not borne me a malignant and undying hatred ever since. You answer—nothing; but—whiten as I speak; whiten—"

The voice of the speaker was choked; he fell back, feeling for something with his thin hands, as one in darkness. There was a child's agonized cry, and then the last words came.  
"But it is—over," the sinking man whispered, in broken accents, "forgotten—and I say to you—with my dying breath—I forgive you—brother. My child; it's over; God help me."

There was a prolonged burst of applause from the four hands in the little sitting-room.

"Capital! that's what it wanted. You've kept all the fat for the finish, my boy; and by Jove, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make it five down, and a fifteenth share of the net, if it runs a fortnight. There!"

It was a magnificent offer, and the jubilant manager, as with a "I hope I don't intrude," he peeps playfully round the door into the chamber of death, knew it.

Magnificent, however, as it was, it met no response. A swooning girl knelt by a figure that lay prone, in an awful stillness, on a small iron bed, while something uneasy and ashen cowered and crouched in a corner.

Mr. Sidney Tarragon's practiced eye took in the tableau at a glance and noted its defective stage management.

"This hasn't been rehearsed," he thought rather soberly to himself.

And he was right.

"Act III" had not been rehearsed. But it had had a little more "backbone." And the play was over.

The *Traveler* gives us the important news that a well-formed spotted fawn was born at the deer park on the Common, this morning. It is to be hoped the mother enjoys the "thrill that follows fawning."—*Commercial Bulletin*.

To remove ink stains from linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it.

A man's mind is like his bed—it must be made up occasionally.

## The Dispensary.

CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA.—The atrophy—wasting—which characterizes declining vital power shows itself in the whole digestive tract. The mucous membrane that lines it from the mouth downward, is greatly thinned and toughened. Many of the glands, including those which secrete digestive fluids, wholly disappear, while all are more or less wasted. The consequence is slow and imperfect digestion. The aged, mainly from eating food in quantity and quality such as they had previously not been accustomed to, and sometimes through the influence of other chronic diseases, especially bronchitis and heart complaint, are very liable to chronic dyspepsia, called by physicians gastric catarrh. In this disease the mucous membrane of the stomach is unevenly thickened and hardened. Minute ulcers cover large parts of it. The tubules, from which the gastric juice is poured, are often obstructed by fat globules, resulting from fatty degeneration. The natural motion (peristaltic) of the stomach and intestines is impeded. Among the symptoms are a sense of weight in the stomach after eating, or constantly; aversion to food, unless highly seasoned; thirst, especially for acid drinks; heart-burn; pain in the stomach, diffused or in a small spot, but relieved by pressure; despondency; distrust of friends; irritability; wakefulness, or disturbed sleep; a sallow or dirty-looking skin. The disease may be caused not only by improper food, but by tobacco, alcoholic drinks, too little exercise, mental or manual labor after eating. The doctor should have charge of the case. Still, his treatment will be directed mainly to the diet. Unless, however, the patient co-operates with him in this matter, his efforts will be unavailing. With such co-operation a cure may be effected. In this connection, Dr. Loomis quotes Abernethy as saying: "A man cannot be induced to attend to his digestive organs till death, or the fear of death, stares him in the face."

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—A way to cure bleeding at the nose, vouched for by a scientific gentleman, is by the vigorous motion of the jaws as if in the act of mastication. In the case of a child, a wad of paper should be placed in its mouth and the child be instructed to chew it hard. The motion of the jaws stops the flow of blood. This remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail in a single instance, even in severe cases.

CURE FOR LUMBAGO.—The *Scientific American* says: "A correspondent in Smyrna, Turkey, sends the following, and states that it is reliable: Take a piece of oilskin cloth, such as we use to cover tables, but of a soft, pliant kind, sufficiently large to cover the loins; place it over the flannel shirt, and bandage yourself with a flannel bandage; profuse perspiration will ensue on the loins, and you are quickly rid of this wearisome complaint."

A CHILD'S BED.—A child's bed should slope a little from the head to the foot, so that the head may be little higher than the feet, but never bend the neck to get the head on to a pillow. This makes the child round-shouldered, cramps the veins and arteries, and interferes with the free circulation of the blood. Even when a child is several years old the pillow should be thin, and made of hair, not feathers.

## Never.

Never eat any article of food simply to save it, as the stomach cannot well afford to do extra labor just for the sake of saving a few mills. It is better economy to throw such things to the swine or the birds. Dyspepsia implies a loss far greater than could possibly result from the loss of a little food, which ordinarily, might be kept till the next meal.

Never eat in haste in consequence of a want of sufficient time. It is far better to take one half the usual amount of food (that might be enough, even), than to render the meal indigestible by improper haste. What is gained in time is lost in the amount of nourishment appropriated. It is emphatically true in this case that "haste makes waste."

Never imagine that the more you eat the more you will be nourished for the opposite is often true. We are nourished by what we digest, and not simply by what is taken into the stomach. In some cases the labor of digestion destroys more strength than the amount of nourishment will afford. There is more practical starving from eating too much than too little.

Salt was first manufactured in this country, at Syracuse, New York, in 1788.

The decrease of the public debt in June was \$4,890,476, and for 11 months of the fiscal year (to June 1st) was \$119,725,051.

## Clips.

NEAT JEWELRY.—A Turin jeweler has made a boat, formed from a single pearl, with a sail of beaten gold studded with diamonds. The binnacle light at its prow is a ruby, and an emerald serves as a rudder. Its stand is a slab of ivory. The whole weighs less than half an ounce, and the price is \$5000.

ABOUT MONKEYS.—This is a recent ordinance in the town of Bellary, India: "Resolved, that as the loose monkeys in the town have become exceedingly troublesome, by attacking women and children carrying eatables, and overturning the tiles of the roofs of the houses, in the town, these animals be caught and sent out into the jungles, and that arrangements be made that monkeys may not receive any injury while being seized."

ANIMAL CHIEFS.—Amongst their many curious fancies, Arabs believe "that every race of animals is governed by its chiefs, to whom the others are to pay obedience. The king of the crocodiles holds his court at the bottom of the Nile, near Siout. The king of the Fleas lives at Tiberias, in the Holy Land, and deputations of illustrious Fleas from other countries visit him on a certain day in his palace, situated in the midst of beautiful gardens under the Lake of Genesareth."

WASHINGTON'S STYLE.—President Washington never went to Congress on public business except in a state coach drawn by six cream-colored horses. The coach was an object which would excite the admiration of the throng even now in the streets of the city. It was built in the shape of a hemisphere, and its panels were adorned with Cupids surrounded with flowers worthy of Florida and of fruit not to be equalled out of California. The coachman and postillions were arrayed in gorgeous liveries of white and scarlet.

POSTAGE-STAMPS.—It has always been a puzzle for thrifty persons what to do with used postage-stamps. A Benedictine monk has solved the mystery; he has papered the walls of the visitors' parlor of his monastery in a most ingenious and effective manner. In three months he collected eight hundred thousand stamps, sorted them according to their colors, and then arranged them in a variety of animal and other designs, such as flowers, mottoes, and inscriptions, together with the date of the day the task was finished.

EMERSON AND LONGFELLOW.—There is a touch alike of poetry and pathos in an anecdote told of the late R. W. Emerson. Only a week or two before his death he stood by the open grave of the poet Longfellow, his friend for many years. On his return after the funeral ceremony, he said, "That gentleman whose funeral we have been attending was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I forget his name." The falling memory of Emerson was unable to retain the "external" of the dead poet, but the intellectual and moral beauty left an unfading trace on the kindred mind.

THE WHOLE HOG.—Boehmer, a German writer, described somewhat fully the case of a man at Whittenberg, who for a wager would eat a whole sheep or a whole pig or a bushel of cherries including the stones. His strength of teeth and power of swallowing enabled him to masticate, or, at least, to munch, into small fragments, glass, earthenware and flints. He preferred birds, mice and caterpillars, but when he could not get these delicacies he put up with mineral substances. Once he devoured pen, ink and sand pounce, and seemed half inclined to deal in the same way with the ink-stand itself. He made money by exhibiting his powers this way until about sixty years of age, after which he lived nearly twenty years in a more rational way.

MARRIAGE FEES.—The story of a New York pastor who was in the act of admitting a \$20 gold piece which he had received for a marriage fee when a messenger from the groom arrived to exchange it for a small bill, reminds a correspondent of an incident in the clerical experience of the Rev. Christopher Corey, of La Grange county, Indiana. Several years ago on a very cold day that excellent man rode on horseback a distance of six miles to perform a marriage ceremony. As he was about starting for home, having duly authorized the two hearts to beat as one, a coin was placed in his hand. He dropped it into his pocket and rode away. When he got home he looked at it and lo! it was an old-fashioned copper cent. The next morning the groom appeared at his door, and, having explained with considerable embarrassment how the annoying mistake had been made, took back the cent and handed the clergyman a quarter.

Fireproof paper is being made from a mixture of vegetable fibre, asbestos, borax, and alum, in certain definite proportions; while in ink, also indestructible by fire, for writing upon it, is of the usual constituents, with the addition of graphite.

The oyster-growers on the coast of France have discovered that oyster shells which are thrown back into the sea produce thirty or forty-fold in two years. The theory is that the young oysters attach themselves to the old shells in preference to any other object on the bed of the sea.

## Emperor William's Wardrobe.

An interesting and extensive wardrobe is that of Emperor William. His uniforms comprise one of each of the regiments of the guards and of the body regiments, one each of Baden, Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemberg, four Russian uniforms and one each of his Austrian regiments of the line and hussars. The civilian suits are elegant and chiefly dark, although a light pair of pantaloons is now and then tolerated; the regular head-covering is the high silk hat. The hunting-suits are rarely renewed, on the principle the older the better and more comfortable. Most of the interesting pieces have long been sent to different museums, except the dress worn on the day of Nobiling's attempt. Perhaps the most remarkable piece is the Emperor's brownish-gray havelock, which he wears in the Spring and Fall on his drives, and with which, although nearly twenty-five years old, he is not willing to part. All his uniforms and suits are made by a member of the same family, whose predecessors presented the young Prince William with his first uniform. Numerous as the contents of the wardrobe have been and still are, it has never held an article which nearly every citizen looks upon as an indispensable one—viz., a dressing-gown.

## The Oldest Bank-Notes.

The oldest bank-notes are the "flying money," or "convenient money," first issued in China, 2697 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the system of banks under Government inspection and control. The early Chinese "greenbacks" were in all essentials similar to the modern bank-notes bearing the name of the bank, the date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indication of its value in figures, in words, and in the pictorial representation of coins or heaps of coins equal in amount to its face value, and a notice of the pains and penalties for counterfeiting. Over and above all was a laconic exhortation to industry and thrift—"Produce all you can; spend with economy." The notes were printed in blue ink on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry tree. One issued in 1399 B. C. is preserved in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg.

## The Empress Josephine

Had \$120,000 for pin money, and yet came out in debt at the end of each year. Shopkeepers carried baskets of goods to her room for inspection, and she bought everything that pleased her, whether she needed it or not. Her toilet consumed much time, and she lavished unwearied efforts on the preservation and embellishment of her person. She changed her linen three times a day, and never wore any stockings that were not new. Huge baskets were brought to her containing different dresses, shawls and hats. From these she selected her costume for the day. She possessed between three and four hundred shawls, and always wore one in the mornings, which she draped about her shoulders with enqueued grace. Bonaparte would scold her sharply for her extravagance, and she would tearfully promise to reform, but she never did. After the divorce she arrayed herself with the same care, even when she saw no one. She died covered with ribbons and pale rose-colored satin.

## Note Machine.

The pianist need now no longer despair. After innumerable attempts in past times to construct an apparatus which would print off characters representing any piece played on its keyboard, one has at last been devised which is successful. Its outward form is that of an ordinary cottage pianoforte, but hidden underneath the keys is a cylinder covered with paper. Upon this paper certain little nibs attached to the under-side of the keys make their mark, after being supplied by mechanical means with suitable ink. This transcribed harmony can afterwards be readily translated into the ordinary musical notation, a task which is sufficiently simple to be undertaken by a person of ordinary intelligence.

## Asbestos Paint.

It may be mentioned that the fire-resisting properties of asbestos may be communicated to ordinary paint. Paint mixed with asbestos liquid is, we understand, largely used in this country for several purposes, such as coating wood exposed to heat. Three coats will render wood fire-proof, and it is found especially serviceable in hot climates where wooden houses are general, to serve as a preventive against fire and as a non-conductor to keep the house cool.