

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR?

What do we live for? Is't to be
The sport of fortune's power?
To launch our bark on pleasure's sea
And float perhaps an hour?
To waste our time in idle dreams
Of what may be to-morrow.
To glean with care from present scenes
The source of future sorrow?

THE INVALID.

Evelyn Rossitur sat beside an open window, in a small cottage home, waiting for the return of her lover, who had gone from the village seven years before to make his fortune. It was just before sunset, and the sultry heat of an August day held every leaf motionless, while the parched earth and flowers pleaded for rain. Yet Evelyn wore a dress of warm cashmere, and wrapped about her was a shawl of finest Shetland wool. Her eyes, large and intensely blue, were unnaturally brilliant, and her hair, soft, thick, and glossy, hung in long ringlets around her face. She held one of these in her wasted fingers, mournfully touching it. "Bessie," she said, softly—and at her call a girl of seventeen came to her side—"Bessie, it was a strange vanity, was it not, that made me curl my hair to-night? I wanted Louis to see me as I was when he left me. But I only look more ghastly than ever."

the village kept her reminded of the fact that she belonged to a doomed family. You will try to take her away—will you not?—that is the only way to save her life."
"Most certainly; and I can never thank you enough for coming to meet me," replied Mr. Dalton.
"Let me hurry home now, and you follow soon. I think we had better not go together." Though she walked quickly, Bessie found Evelyn already excited at Louis's non-appearance.
"I heard the whistle more than half an hour ago, Bessie," she said. "Can anything have happened to Louis?"
"We will not think so yet," Bessie said. "For my own part, I am glad of a spare minute or two to devote to Martha."

came here, every mantelpiece held photographs of the dead; every token of the terrible loss she has suffered was pressed hourly before Evelyn's notice. She was broken in health by sorrow and loneliness, and every surrounding aggravated the trouble. Martha would croak anybody into the grave alone, and Martha has had the aid of the whole village. "If you take up of the chorus, she will die. But you will not," she added, with a pleading eagerness; "you will help me to bring sunshine, flowers, music, happiness into her life. Do not think I am heartless. I loved my uncle and aunt, my cousins who are gone, and I sorrowed sincerely when they died. But I want to save Evelyn."

Fast Eaters.
There is a good deal said in America about the rapidity with which we eat. It is a subject which has been the burden of many a medical lecture and many a newspaper article, and the national disease, dyspepsia, is attributed to this cause. That we are fast eaters there is no doubt; but the English are slow eaters, and they have livers which for general and unremitting torpidity will discount ours, while the average English stomach will yield more bile to the square inch than the stomachs of any other people on earth. Over in Saxony, where dyspepsia is a disease seldom heard of unless it is brought over by a Yankee buyer or tourist or consul, the people eat about twice as fast as we do. I never saw such fast eating in all my life. They eat as we do when at a railroad restaurant, after the conductor gets up and looks at his watch. And their stomachs do not bother them. They have as little trouble with their indigestion as an American bank cashier with his conscience. In America we are told that we should not go about our day's business until we have first eaten a good breakfast. A good breakfast is supposed to consist of a cup of coffee, some ham and eggs, or beefsteak, or a few slices of bacon, or oatmeal porridge, and a large quantity of toast or bread and butter. It is not a good breakfast until you feel as if you had eaten all that you could eat. In Germany, people do not eat big breakfasts—thousands do not eat any breakfast at all, unless a cup of coffee, with or without a slice of bread, may be called by that name. At noon business is suspended for two hours, and a good hearty dinner is followed by a rest or nap. Two hours of rest at dinner-time give them plenty of opportunity to rest themselves thoroughly, both in mind and body, before beginning the labors of the afternoon. And their dinners, as I have mentioned before, are as plain as plain could be. But there is nothing on the table not genuine when they sit down to eat. The coffee is not rye or chicory. The milk isn't lime or water. The sugar isn't sweetened sand. The butter is neither lard nor oleomargarine. The beef isn't dead or natural death. The mustard isn't yellow clay. And the entire meal isn't a fraud as is so often the case in our own beloved country. There are laws there which punish everybody who adulterate or misrepresents an article of food. German laws are neither laughed, sneered, nor winked at more than once.

each time; perfect waking all day—a regimen extremely impossible and very irrational. The girl observed all, but whenever she was oppressed by sleep she indulged a little in a talk with her neighbor. On the Friday night which was the last day of the term, a woman who had also come to the temple, and who is supposed, sometimes permitted, to act for the soothsayer, suddenly pulled this almost emaciated girl by the hair and shaking her violently (the locks of her hair still firmly grasped by the other's arm), screamed that the devil had not left the girl, and pretending to torture the devil inflicted excruciating pain upon the girl. Thus the devil was chastised out of the girl. In a few hours more, Madral Viram came boldly forth and the girl was summoned before the soothsayer, now his Awful Majesty. "What! your father spends so much money for you; your mother exerts and almost exhausts her energy in drawing water for you from the well; I took so much trouble to cast the devil out from you, and, illy girl, you don't think of all this, but thoughtlessly wander about and chat away with your neighbor? The girl appealed piteously to the man (not the man, surely): 'Keep away my sleep that is so heavy on my eyelids, and I will not do it.' So audacious to talk to me! Hold out your hand, will you?' The girl shrank back but the man pulled her by the hair by a cane with an angle at the end, and he was assisted by the push of the mother from the back, and using all words which no ear can hear and no tongue can utter, thrashed her most mercilessly till her limbs became black. It is a notorious fact and too well known to require labor of proof. It being so important, it is hoped that you will not disdain for it the notice which it deserves from your hands."

The history of Tom Ward, the Yorkshire groom, is an illustration of the "profound" remark of Mr. Weller senior that 'a man who can form an accurate judgement of a horse can form an accurate judgement of anything.' And here, fortunately, there are no misty traditions which the sun of criticism ruthlessly dispels, no tombstones at variance with the registers of births and deaths, and no entries about one sister's age, which are subsequently shown to have reference to another, born afterward, but christened by the same name. Of early advantages Ward had none. Neither the squire of the village, nor the parson, nor even the attorney, paid for his schooling or gave him a start in life. He went to the church school at Howden, in Yorkshire, became a fair scholar, and, what is more to the purpose, acquired good, steady principles, to which he steadily adhered through life." In the year 1823, after serving in the stables of Mr. Ridsdale, the trainer, he was sent to Vienna with a horse, and was retained by Prince Aloys von Liechtenstein. Here he might have remained with no higher reputation than that of a light weight, a good jockey, and a man of strict probity. Fortunately the Duke of Lucca wanted to rival the English in the matter of stables and horses, and carried off Ward. He soon found that this clever undergroom, with his gray eyes, neat dress and cleanly person, was a man on whom a prince, beset with flatterers and intriguers, could thoroughly depend. From groom Ward became valet, and from valet confidant and keeper of the privy purse. Then the public finances fell into confusion, and by the advice of the duchess the task of checking abuse and restoring credit was intrusted not to Ward, as the reader might anticipate, but, by her agency, to the Austrian Archduke, Ferdinand, governor of Galicia, and maternal uncle to the duchess. However, Ward's elevation was not long delayed. He was created a Baron and made minister of finance. Practically, it would seem, he became prime minister, directed important negotiations, and managed the session of the Duchy of Lucca to the state of Tuscany. The accession of the Duke of Lucca to the Duchy of Parma and the troubles of 1847-8 are matters of history, and Ward's share in these events and his mediation between Austria, Medina and Tuscany are all described in his own correspondence. Ward had managed to acquire a good knowledge of French, Italian and German, and his letters in his own language—correct, idiomatic, and forcible—are proof, if proof were wanting, that eminent success in diplomacy and statesmanship can be attained without duplicity, evasion, or unnecessary concealment. In 1854, after the death of Charles Duke of Parma, his widow thought fit to remove Ward from his post as minister and to order him to leave her dominions. The last five years of Ward's life were spent near Vienna, where he took to farming, and, as far as we make out, lived in comparative independence. The Italians to this day talk of "Signor Tommaso."

Raising Beef in Wyoming.

Reliable statistics show that the largest and best cattle come from the Northwest, from the cool mountain valleys, rather than from the hot plains of the Southwest. And while the winters of the former are more severe than those in the latter section, the loss from the cold and exposure in the one does not exceed that by heat, fevers and drought in the other, and the extra stimulus given by the pure frosty air of the mountains adds to the quality as well as the bulk of the animal.

Raising Horses in India.

The Commissioner of Police of Madras has received the following curious native petition, which was numerously signed: "Respected Sir—We, the undersigned inhabitants of Nungambakum, beg to bring to your notice the existence of what we sorely feel an unmitigated public nuisance and pray for its immediate removal. Amid a thick, dark, shady grove, only about one hundred yards from the Agra harem, and not a half furlong from the public road there is a Kali temple which, from the peculiar nature of its situation, has been marked out as an advantageous place of soothsaying and exorcism. Here once a week (and now twice or thrice, as he chooses) a soothsayer manages to gather about him a number of people of both sexes and various castes by his powers, of which we need hardly say anything, of soothsaying, casting out devils, &c. Not to speak of the superstitious practices that take place, we feel such meetings grossly reprehensible and extremely objectionable on the following grounds, which, however, are but a few among many. That the place abounding as it does with snake holes is a very dangerous one for people to resort to in the night, the usual time when he begins business being 11 or 12 P. M.; that it has been found to be a resort for wicked persons with necessarily bad designs; that it being the dead of the night when the soance commences (and it continues the whole night and some hours in the morning), his dread howlings and jarring drums disturb our night's sleep and startle young children in bed; add to these the general behavior on the occasion, which is an outrage upon the public sentiment of refinement and morals. On these grounds we petitioned the Commissioner last year, and, on inspection by the inspector, he was pleased to order that the soothsaying should stop at 10 P. M., which order, however, we grieve to say, came to be relaxed as soon as it was passed. We beg to further state that a public meeting was held in the reading room premises for concerting measures to put a stop to the soothsaying and exorcism nuisance, and that this petition is only the outcome of a resolution adopted therein. P. S.—An instance omitted in the body of the petition we beg to mention here—the ill-treatment of an adult girl of about twenty years. This girl, it is given out was possessed by a devil. She was cured, but a period of strict regimen must be allowed to make sure of the effectual cure—eight days of severe confinement in an entirely isolated room, alone and unaccompanied; three times bath, nine vessels of water each time, during which she was to come round the temple with a vessel

Sunken Ships.

The diving for the remains of the Greek and Persian ships sunk in the great sea fight at Salamis has caused a flutter in archaeological circles. Little is known of the great galleys with their banks of oars of the ancient world, presented to us in the delightful gossip of Athenaeus of two ships built by Ptolemy Philopater, and one built by Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse. But the description is wholly of the interior. We read of rooms in these ships with columns of Milesian cypress and capitals of gold and ivory, of marble statues of Venus, of purple hangings and exquisite carvings, of gardens with trees and plants, and all varieties of bathrooms. One of these vessels had forty banks of oars, but it is difficult to form an idea of what they looked like externally from these descriptions.

What is said to be the fastest time on record for unloading a cargo of sugar was made in Boston recently by William McLaughlin. He unloaded 1178 hogsheads of sugar from the steam schooner Walker Arrington in 11 hours and 8 minutes.

Mr. Challenge the jury?

"Mr. Challenge the jury?" exclaimed the accused. "No, thank you, Judge, I'm a man of peace, I am." He was therefore bound over to keep the peace

What did he say?

"He said he had got the body back all right, and had inquired into all the circumstances. Then he raised my wages \$100 a year!"