The sunset fades into a common glow;
A deeper shadow all the valley fills: The trees are ghostlier in the fields below The rivers run more darkly through the

Only the Night-Bird's voice the coppice thrills. Stirring the very leaves into a sense

A witching stillness nolds the breath of things. Earth hath put on her garb of reverence, As when a nun within a cloister sings To mourn a passing soul before it wings, Silent as dew now falls the straight-winged

Night. Clear over head (God's still imaginings,) Shining like Hope, through very darkness bright' Star follows star, till heaven is all alight.

### AN ADVERTISEMENT.

"Well, I am sure," sighed Mrs. Reynolds, smoothing the folds of crape on her black dress, "I don't know what we are to do. The landlord wants his money, and the butcher had the impudence to tell me this morning that he could not serve us longer unless the account was settled. Etheline," she continued plaintively, turning toward her daughter, who stood in the bay window eagerly scanning one of the advertising columns of the Herald. "I glance. do think you might pay a little more attention to your mother."

"What is it, mamma?" the girl asked, raising her bright gray eyes from the printed sheet. "My dear, I simply asked you how we

are going to manage to get the money to pay all these people." "Why earn it, of course," her daugh-

ter answered. "Well, that I should ever live to see the day," the good lady said, drawing a long breath, "that a child of mine would suggest such a thing to me. The idea of my earning my living. I am shocked, Etheline, that knowing the state of my health you should mention anything of the kind. I am sure when

your dearpapawasaliving." the lady sobbed behind her black bordered handkerchief, 'thathe-he always shielded me from-from-" Further speech was cut short as two girlish arms were thrown around her neck, and a sweet voice cried.

"Mamma-mamma! I did not mean that you should work. Dearest mamma! you shall stay here and keep this pretty nest warm for your birdling who. when her wings are weary, can fly safely back to the parent home. Mamma, listen to this," the girl exclaimed, springing to her feet and catching up the discarded paper.

As Mrs. Reynolds straightened her widow's cap which her daughter's impetuous embrace had disarranged, the girl read the fellowing advertisement in clear, ringing tones.

WANTED-A housekeeper to take entire charge of a widower's house. Only one who is competent to manage a retinue of servants need reply. Address S. STEWART M--, New

Jersey. "There, mamma," Etheline said gleefortunate enough to get the position you need not trouble butcher and that horrid landlord.

rupted in a shocked voice, 'How can emerald sward. you even for one moment think of such an improper arrangement?"

"Why, mamma, I do not see anything improper in the advertisement, and you know, mamma, that I thoroughly understand the management of servants. Remember that owing to your ill-health after my return from boarding school, I superintended all the domestic arrangements of our large house before papa lost his money, and I am sure, mamma, since papa died, I have managed nicely in this little cottage, with one maid of all work, so that I am competent to control either a large or a small number of servants. Do let me try this once," the girl said coaxingly, taking her mother's hand in hers, and patting it softly as one would a child's

"But, dear, suppose he is some young man who-who-

And the elder lady broke off abruptly for want of a suitable word to express her somewhat hazy idea.

"There, mamma, you are mistaken; instead of a gay Lothario, he is a forlorn old gentleman with silvery hair, and a kind benevolent face."

"Well, I only hope your sketch will be a true one," her mother said peev-

Etheline's only answer was a weary desk and prepared to answer the adver- | side, or-" tisement.

Within the following week there enbetween our heroine and S. Stewart. the result being that at the close of a please let me go." glorious May day there alighted from in deep mourning. As the iron monster with a puff and a snort started the girl looked wistfully around the deserted platform, as if in search of some one. Before she could address the station | dream of perfect happiness." master, who was lounging in the doorway of the small depot, and who was gazing curiously at her and inwardly admiring the pretty foot that peeped short traveling dress, a braughan drawn and as the coachman drew rein, the footman alighted and crossing quickly

to the waiting girl touched his hat. "Is this Miss Reynolds?" he inquired respectfully.

Receiving an answer in the affirma tive he continued: "Beg pardon for being late, Missbut one of the horses cast a shoe on the way, and we were compelled to stop at

the blacksmith's." In another moment Etheline was

try lane. After a drive of perlaps an hour, during which the sun set and the dreamy twilight settled down over a landscape his hand "You young wild cat?" he which exhibited features of peculiar exclaimed, with a cry of pain, as he beauty, the vehicle entered a spacious park, and then speeding along a broad avenue, came at last to a grand old tall trees. mansion built in the Elizabethan style of architecture from the open door of pursuit of the flying figure. which flashes of light fell upon the vel- Etheline ran lightly on, her hair

with a feeling somewhat akin to terror, that she had reached her journey's end.

She was immediately ushered by a liveried servant into a brilliantly lighted drawing room. A stately gentleman of about forty rose from his seat, where he had been reading, and came gracefully forward to meet her. Extending his hand cordially, he said:

"Welcome to the Grange, Miss Reynolds. I hope you had a pleasant drive from the station?"

"No-that is, yes, yes, I enjoyed the he said, still holding drive very much, indeed," Etheline girl in his strong arm. stammered, painfully aware of an amused sparkle in the dark eyes that were gazing admiringly at her flushed face and beautiful, disorded hair.

Poor Etheline could have cried with vexation as she saw the ideal of a benevolent employer crumble to the dust and from the ashes rise the handsome man, who, with a smile lurking beneath his drooping moustache, was quietly waiting for her to regain her self-pos-

"Allow me to present my aunt," he said, kindly, leading the confused housekeeper up to a gentle old lady with silvery curls falling over her soft cheek-an invalid, as Etheline saw at a

"How do you do, my dear," the lady said kissing the girl's ripe lips. "Miss Reynolds, my steward, Mr. Anderson," her employer's voice then

broke in.

Etheilne looked up with a start, and met the bold glance of the gentle man whom she had not before noticed. "Happy to meet so lovely a lady,"

Mr. Anderson said, in silky tones, bowing low over the girl's unwilling hand. Miss Reynolds' only acknowledgment of this somewhat effusive compliment was a cold inclination of the head, but she mentally concluded that here at least was a member of the household who she would never like, and she was not altogether sure that he was one whom some day or other she might not learn to fear.

Time sped swiftly at the Grange. Under the new housekeeper's reign the domestic machinery moved as

smoothly as clockwork. Etheline soon became a favorite with all the inmates of the old house, from the under housemaid to the gentle invalid mistress who presided over her nephew's home.

As for the men about the place, there was not one, from the humble stable not worship the fair girl, who always had a kindly word and a pleasant smile. A man dressed in a white linen suit, his broad straw hat pushed far back from his bold, handsome face, sauntered

slowly along one of the numerous shady paths of Moulton Grange, jauntly swinging a light cane in his ungloved hand. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, as, turning a bend in the narrow path, a vision of loveliness burst upon him. "By Jove!" he said, fixing his fiery eyes on the sleeping form of a young girl who was lying under the spreading branches of an old sleepy head, her white bosom slowly she wishes to call my darling niece." your dear old heaving beneath the delicate morning head about the sordid demands of the robe she wore-with one velvety hand resting carelessly on the open leaves of as you did-your-your-" "Etheline!" Mrs. Reynolds inter- a copy of Tennyson that laid upon the

The slipper stirred uneasily under opened her gray eyes.

"Ah! good morning, Miss Reynolds," The girl flashed a glance in the direction of the oily voice and hastily sprang to her feet, her beautiful face flashing crimson. "Good morning, Mr. Anderson," she

said cooly. "I hope I do not intrude?" "Not at all. The grounds are as free

Etheline answered, quietly, stooping to keeper." regain her book. "Allow me, Miss Reynolds." The gentleman gracefully raised the

volume from the ground and presented it to the lady with a low bow. As Etheline extended her white hand for the book the man imprisoned her soft white fingers in his, clasping them lightly as he devoured the girl's perfect figure and glowing face with his bold

"Please release my hand, Mr. Anderson; I must return to the house. "Wait one moment, my dear girl,"

he said, in low, intense tones. "I have waited patiently for this opportunity. You have been an inmate of the Grange for three months, yet this is the first time I have seen you alone. You are sigh as she seated herself at the writing either dangling at that old woman's

"Stop, Mr. Anderson!" the girl broke in, with flashing eyes. "Do not say sued quite a lengthy correspondence anything against dear Mrs. Scott. She has been more than kind to me. Now

"In one moment, my dear. Etheline, the cars at the small country station of | you must know I love you. Will you M- a graceful petite figure, attired be mine? I will surround you with every luxury. Although I am only a steward, I have money, and plenty of it. We will go far from here, where no one will recognize us, and revel in one long

> "Mr. Anderson, please say no more," Ethelene pleaded, "I-I-cannot be your wife.

The man broke into a loud laugh, and tantalizingly from beneath the girl's while Etheline looked at him in amazement he wiped the tears of merriment by a superb pair of horses dashed up, from his eyes with the snowy cambric as he bent his handsome face very near

her own. "Well, you are unsophisticated. My beauty, I am not asking you to marry

"What are you asking me, then?" the girl broke in, a soft flush creeping over her soft cheek, even up to the roots of her waving hair, as she fixed her bright eyes upon the man's amused

"Etheline!" he cried, losing all selfseated among the soft cushions, whirl- control, and seizing the struggling girl ing rapidly along a sweet scented coun- in his arms, he imprinted a burning kiss on her lips. "My beautiful-"

Further speech was cut short by two rows of pearly teeth being fastened in released the girl, who sped as light as a fawn across the path and in among the

With a muttered curse he started in

vety lawn without. Then the carriage unbound and waving in the gentle suddenly stopped and Etheline realized breeze. Her breath came with labored gasps from between her scarlet lips. She uttered, a low terrifled scream, as the man's grasp closed over her perfectly moulded arm, that shone like ivory through the thin sleeve.

"Not quite so fast, my pretty bird," Mr. Anderson hissed between his closed teeth. "Let me go!" Etheline panted, casting a glance of horror at the man's evil

"No, my queen, I cannot let you go," he said, still holding the frightened 'You fiend!" she cried, indignantly. You cowardly eur, to thus insult a

defenseless woman. Oh! if your employer were only here!" "Ah, ha! but he is not. Do you know what the villagers say," he continued, exultingly, "about the handsomest master of the Grange and the beautiful

housekeeper?-

Release that lady." As Mr. Anderson's arms fell apart. Etheline, with a cry of joy, sprang toward Mr. Stewart, "My poor darling," he said tenderly, drawing the trembling girl close to his breast. "Come back,

you treacherous hound," he continued,

"Villain! thundered a man's voice.

sternly to Mr. Anderson, who was quietly sneaking off. As the man hesitated an instant his employer gently unclasped the girls' clinging hands from about his arm, and striding over to the side of the palefaced steward, placed his sinewy hand on the back of that gentleman's immaculate collar and shook that rather limp individual until his white teeth fairly

shattered. "Now down on your knees to the lady and confess that last speech you made was a he invented to suit your purpose."

Another moment and the steward was kneeling on the soft earth at the feet of the beautiful girl in the flowing lilac robe.

"It was all a lie," Mr. Anderson, stammered. "I-I-beg your pardon, Miss Reynolds," "There, that will do," Mr. Stewart

interrupted, "now go and never let me ee your cowardly countenance again. Pay yourself out of the last rents you collected. Do you hear?" his employer said sternly. As the polished Mr. Anderson's slink-

ing form disappeared among the thick trees Mr. Stewart drew the blushing girl to his beating heart, and bending boy up to the stately butler, who did his handsome head over the brown tresses that nestled against his linen coat, whispered:

"Etheline, my love will you be my little wife? Speak, darling,"
The girl's low spoken "yes" would have been unaudible to any but a lover's "Etheline, my beautiful one,"

cried rapturously, gently kissing her pouting lips. "But your aunt," Etheline questioned, raising her lovelit eyes to his. "Will she not object to-"

"She will object to nothing," her fully, "isn't that splendid? If I am oak, one rounded arm supporting her lover said fondly. "On the contrary, "Mr. Stewart." the girl whispere shyly, "do-do you love me-as well-

> "I understand you, love, But my gentle wife will have no cause to be jealous of the young bride, who for the man's burning gaze and quietly many years has quietly slept in a distant land. She never loved the man she wedded for his gold; while I darling," he cried, passionately, "knew not what love was then. Oh, my shy, proud darling, I have worshipped you ever since the night you first stood in the drawing room, the light from the chendelier falling softly on your bonnie brown hair and lovely gray eyes. My love! My wife that is to be, I bless the to Mr. Anderson as they are to me," day that I advertised for a house-

# In Sickness.

Some years ago the students of a certain college in the State of New York were in the habit of voting in the town, sun, and all my silver buttons flashed as they had a right to do, instead of at like pearls. Then I was glad I had their homes. But one year, the political come there, and would have stayed party against whom the students had there all the time, but when I thought usually voted, secured the control, and of you I turned around to leave, at appointed two or three of their ad- which I woke at once." herents guardians of the ballot-box. As one student after another pre-

sented his vote, one of these officials, a pompous strutting man; challenged Several students had yielded rather than enter into a contest with the "loud" man. But at last, there came up a homely, awkward student, gifted with a large stock of mother-

"Stop!" cried the pompous man, imperatively, as the student was about to vote. "Are you a voter, sir."
"Yes, sir." drawled the student.

"Where do you live?" demanded the man, thinking to make short work of this green youth. "Why, here, sir."

"I mean, where do you reside?" "Why, at the college, sir." "You are a student there." "Yes, sir."

"You are merely a student, and, yet claim to reside here?" "Yes, sir, I reside here. Where else should I live and attend this col-

"You know what I mean well enough." said the pompous man, impatiently. Don't you ever go away?" "Of course I do, sometimes, The safety of the town doesn't require my constant presence," drawled out the student.

A laugh ran through the crowd, and the pompous man grew red in the face. But he gathered himself up for a final effort.

"Young man," said he solemnly, "these evasions are of no avail. Answer me this one question: "If you were sick, where would you go?" The student besitated, as if he did not like to say, "Home, sir," or 'Where

my parents live." 'I insist on an answer," persisted the official, with a triumphant air of a man who has driven his opponent into a corner. "Where would you go if you were sick?"

"If I must tell, I should-I should-go to bed." Politeness is a wrath of flowers that adorns the world.

"Well," drawled out the student.

"Fire's Out."

On the bed in a dreary, ill-furnished room up two flights in the apartment hotel at the South End, Boston lay a large middle aged man, tossing in the delirium of typhoid fever. His wife, a pale little woman, sat on the bed beside him, holding fast to his right hand that would occasionally clutch her's with the vehemence of despair. A red-cheeked girl in the dawn of womanhood, whose face bore such a strong resemblance to the sick man's that the most unobservant stranger could not fail to call her his daughter. leaned over him from the other side, feeding him with little chips of ice and fanning him gently. He was William Smart, an old fireman from New York, who had come to Beston for employment as an engineer about a month ago. After hunting in vain for work until his money was nearly gone he had at last found a job in a large machine shop; and had just got settled in his new home and was beginning to feel that the world had some pleasure yet in store for him, when he was seized with a bad cold that terminated in a fever, which brought his hitherto stal-

wart frame to the portals of death, In years gone by William Smart had belonged to the fire department of his native city, but increasing age and weight made it difficult for him to move about as quickly as formerly, and he had sent in his resignation, and it was accepted some five years before he came East. Since then he had worked on steam apparatus most of the time, and his family thought he had forgotten the habits which were once a second nature to him; but after he was taken ill and the hot, feverish blood began to tingle and burn in his veins he would have spells when his mind wandered away from the narrow dingy room where he lay, and some nights ne would imagine he was running to fires from the time the street lamps were lighted until they paled before the glowing light of dawn. During the daytime the noise of the passing cars and vehicles seemed to recall him to the restless world around him, and his vagaries when he did have them, were

not so fantastic. But now, after nearly two weeks of illness he had become so exhausted that it was seldom that he spoke except to ask for water, and, save a hurried, tumultuous breathing, the only sign of life there was about him, was when he would have spells of vacantly fumbling and picking at the coverlid.

On the night in question he had just awakened from a sleep that was the longest that had been granted him since the sickness came on, and he was feeling "pretty considerably better," as he expressed it, so that when the ice had cooled his parched throat and ing he was going to get well.

"We hope so," said they. "Oh, but I know it," was the answer. "Let me tell you. I have been asleep and I had a dream. I thought I was running the old engine as I used to do. and had got a day off. As I was walking around outside the city I came to a ice I never was in before. I went had orders to admit no one without a ticket. But when I said I had no good suit but that one, and I must go then

through. "It was a pretty place inside, with trees and lawns and parks and walks, with pavements that glistened bright. I went on and on, along a shining way, with branches over-arched, and as I went I thought my garments changed from blue to white upon me, so that when I came to where the pathway turned to follow down beside a winding stream, my uniform was lustrous as the

He told them that he felt better, and asked to be dressed in his uniform, saying that it would help to cure him. At first the family objected to this, but when his doctor came in and said it would do no harm and might be of benefit, the carefully preserved blue suit was brought out and put on him. When the coat was on and buttoned up he wanted his old engineman's cap, and it was brought. He put it on, smiled faintly, and said: "There, I am all evenly and safely like an infant for nearly half an hour, and then awoke with a start and began to count aloud. "One, two; one, two, three, four, five. six-twenty-six. It is a bad box

and we go on the second," said he, all eagerness to be ready. Tossing about on the bed he waited anxiously for the signal. He looked so strange lying there in his uniform with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes that his wife tried to induce him to take a soothing cordial. But he motioned her

around when he was on duty. He had scarcely ceased speaking to her when he shouted, "There's the of preservation, having the back-hair bed if the physician had not detained

away impatiently, and asked her if she

did not know any better than to come

him by force. The scene that followed was one to be his weak eyes the room was without dow from an electric burner on the street in front of the house. There was a curtain of some thin fabric inside white, waxy beads of light, such as appear to be sitting down through the clouds in Raphael's sublime "Transthe midst of this lumineous rain was ant to put en more coal, and as many times did he look at the steam gauge and pass wise observations on the progress of the fight. By and by he ceased | ing sign nuisance," just now.

to do this, and fell back on his pillow as if exhausted.

"We are doing well; it is almost

out," said he slowly. The fierceness had gone out of his speech and the color from his cheeks; his eyes were still staring, but it was with a firm look that had no anxiety in lt. Presently he moved around a little and murmured:

"The boys can come down soon; it is all smoke and no flame now." Looking up again, he said:

"Ha! they are coming down the ladders with the hose. At last the fire is out," and fell back among the pillows. "Yes, the fires are all out now," said the doctor, stepping up and closing his sightless eyes. The Great Foreman, who gives our

little fires a time to burn, had sent the 'ali out" signal in. Yesterday afternoon an expressman carried a plain, black broadcloth coffin down to the Old Colony station, and last evening two closely muffled women

embarked on the train for New York.

They were taking his body home for

Time was in literature when there

burials. Origin of the Dictionary.

were no dictionaries. Of course, letters had their small diffusion, viva voce. The few Sauls, for all the generations, could ask the fewer Gamaliels, on the quick moment for the short interpretation that should make a passage in their ornamented or an iquated disquisitions clear, and there was no need for more. By the lip could be solved the mystery coming from the lip, for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on thehill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools where cholary help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped around him to be taught, and each at some word, some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant corner-stone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling block hindering him. The treasured manuscript was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it-spread on his knee perhaps, a scroll, laid open apon a desk, leaved and laboriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and clasped into the form of goodly book-he had to expound its earned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering it sadly be had to turn it from the Greek, from the Hebrew from any master-tongue, into the language, even the dialect familiar to his audience-a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself-and the mouth he surprised his family by say- right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it; there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his flock away, he would might be missal, it might be commentary, treatise, diatribe, epic poem, on through the pretty country road and soon I came to a big gate. It was would be efficacious for each one. Aflocked, and I knocked for admittance. ter beating out the meaning, the A servant came out and looked at me, crabbed, the Oriental, characters-of but when he saw I had my fireman's the painstaking, level, faultless Gothic suit on he told me I could not go in be- letter-he would write this meaning, cause it was a very select place, and he this exposition, this gloss, above each word, each phrasing that had given him trouble; and then, henceforth and forever such gloss would be there to see or not at all, he changed his mind, the and to use, and every difficulty would gate was swung open, and I went have been magnetically to disap-

> At the very first word the very first of these conscientious Old World scholars thus glessed or explained the seed was sown of the New World dictionaries, and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread ats thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading to-day.

#### Interesting Roman Discoveries. Some very interesting Roman sepul-

chral discoveries have been made lately at Mayence, in the carrying out of some considerable excavations and earthworks required for carrying the Ludwigsbahn railroad around the city. Close to the Neuthor the workmen came upon a place of considerable extent, evidently assigned to the sepulcher of civilians. A large number of large and small stone coffins were found at irregular distances from each other, the intervening spaces having been occupied by wooden coffins, as is proved by the fragments and the nails which were found. One stone coffin bore a plate which seems to have previously served right now." In five minutes he was sound asleep. He lay, quiet, breathing and all the indications suggest that the place had been used at successive periods as place of burial. Most of the graves that were opened contained skeletons of women and children, with bracelets, needles, censers for burning incense, etc. There was one metal coffin, in which lay a woman's skeleton, but without any inscription or ornament. In the children's graves there were toys and other objects, generally of beautiful workmanship, such as little bracelets, glass and earthen utensils, etc. There was one little polished goblet of singular beauty. One stone coffin (the inscription on which contained some mistakes) held the body of a woman, dressed with lime for the purpose second!" and would have sprung out of arranged in a long plait of eight strands, woven with great elegance, and the clearly-defined remains of a cap, the hair is now red, but most probably was remembered for a lifetime. Owing to black. There was in the coffin a stone needle-case, ornamented with gold light save what came through the win- bands, two bone dice, a wooden casket with bronze mountings, the key of which was in excellent preservation, and a bronze ring. As to other objects the glass, and the rays streamed in found in the place, a small bronze figure through it and fell on the bed in great of a dancing Bacchante, three black earthenware vials beautifully painted, and bearing the following inscriptions: "Vivasmi," "bibe," "dos," were figuration." Outside the coverlid in especially deserving of notice. A quantity of silver and bronze coins were an engineman at a fire. A hundred times he ordered some imaginary assistrian to the end of the third century.

- War is being carried on in several cities in this country against the "swing-

#### The Crown Jewels of France.

The Crown Jewels of France were previous to a dispersion by an auctioneer, on show at the Exposition de Bijouterie Parisienne, in the Salles des Etats Louvre. M. Grevy and Madame Wilson were at the private view. The Crown jewels are in an octagonal niche draped with velvet, and the stand on which they are placed is one of three tiers surmounted by a glass case, and protected by an iron railing. As the President and his daughter approached the niche the stand rose slowly from beneath the floor through a trap which is provided with an iron door. On the highest tier is a sprig imitating oak which Napoleon wore as a brooch at his coronation. The Regent diamond is a conspicuous object, but hardly more splendid than the cut-glass knob of a decanter. It is lozenge shaped. Very few jewels were worn by the French Queens previous to 1793, the part of the old regalia devoted to their use having been given to the Duchesse d'Angouleme, who in her old age sold them to constitute a fortune for the Comte de Chambord.

"Much of what belonged to Josephine and Maria Louisa were reset for the Empress Eugenie, for whom the girdle in the collection was made in imitation of one she had seen in La Biche au Bois, an extravaganza played twenty years ago at the Port St. Martin. The eight coronets are the most striking objects. Those in diamonds made for the Empress Eugenie are in mediæval style. There is a curious and magnificent sword hilt presented by the Dey of Algiers to Louis XVIII. Pearls, sapphires and rubies enter into the composition of a few of the coronets and ornaments to match them. Jewellers are interested in a few specimens of diamonds cut in the old-fashioned manner. They belonged to the regalia of Louis Quatorze. Necklaces are arranged in festoons. I do not think them equal to those which Queen Isabella sold here. Shoe buckles, bair pins, clasps and insignia of foreign orders are numerous, and include a Garter. The Elephant and Castle of Siam was sent by the Emperor of that

country to Napoleon III. "The regalia was much impoverished in the reign of Louis Quinze, and enriched in that of Louis Seize, whose Queen was frequently remonstrated with by her mother, the German Empress, on her passion for diamonds. That imperial lady wrote to her: 'I can understand a woman of equivocal life who wants to give herself prominence bedecking herself with jewels. The queen of a great country can afford. as I have done, to have a poorly furnished

### How a President is Elected.

The election of President and Vice-President of the United States is not by a direct popular vote but by electors appointed in each state on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November in every fourth year. The date of pour over his manuscript afresh. It their election this year will be November 6. Each political party will present tickets to the electors, each ticket commanding a number of names, equal in number to the Senators and Representatives to which a state is entitled-for instance seven in Minnesota for the two Senators and five Representatives-thirty-five in New York representing the two Senators and thirty-three Representatives to which the state is entitled. These electors were first intended to exercise an independant choice but their action has become auttomatic-strictly pledged to the candidates nominated by political conventions. The Electoral colleges, as these electors are called-meet on the first Wednesday in December in the year in which they are appointed at the State capitals, and then vote for President and Vice-President, transmitting certificates of results through the office and by special messengers to the President of the Senate of the United States at Washington. The returns are due before the first Wednesof January next ensuing, and on the second Wednesday of February the certificates are opened in the presence of both Houses of Congress, counted by their presiding officers, and the persons elected to the others of President and Vice-President ascertained and declared. Their inauguration occurs on March 4, the Chief Justice of the United States administering the oath of office.

# Eastern Beds.

The beds of the poorer classes in India and other Eastern lands are nothing more than quilts wadded with cotton, so large as to enable the sleeper to wrap part of the bed round him, while he lies on the rest. A pillow is sometimes used made of fine cane matting stretched over a light frame work of bamboo, hollow and open at the ends. In Southern India a strip of mat six or seven feet long is often all the bed that is desired. In Syria it is often only a strip of carpet, which can be easily rolled up; the end portion is unrolled to form the pillow. Such beds can be easily washed and dried again, and can be rolled up like a bundle of flannel and carried away by their owners under their arms.

The fashion and form of these beds will enable us to understand these two texts of Scripture: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it" (Isa. xxviii. 20); "Rise, take up thy bed and walk," John v. 8. There were, however, "beds of ivory" (Amos v. 4), and beds, or bedsteads, "of gold and silver." Esther i. 6.

## Idle Land.

In England there is more land lying idle in sporting grounds, game reserves and landlords' parks than the whole kingdom of Belgium, which supports in happiness and prosperity 6,000,000 people and sends large food exports to London. An income of \$175,000,000 a year is received by 8,142 landlords as rent on 46,500,000 acres of land.

-Last year's product of the Russian gold mines was \$36,500,000.

-The Northern Pacific railroad has 310,937# square miles of land