I remember the dear old attic room, Where I slept when a little boy, In the farmhouse over beside the hill, When life was a perfect joy.

I remember the chairs so old and quaint,

And the bed whereon I slept, And the chest of drawers beside the door Where the apples were always kept.

I remember well how the early sun Through the window small would stray, And how the bird in the tree outside Would warble his morning lay. And how my mother's "Time to get up!" On my heedless ear would fall And the unpretentious print that hung

So crookedly on the wall. I remember the ceiling, cracked and low, Where the bunches of peppers hung, And the old green curtain that wouldn't

But in every wild breeze swung. I remember the barrels with stovepipes fillied. And various other things, And the memory of this dear old room

Remembrance also brings Of the nights I had of innocent rest, What wouldn't I give to be Again in those rosy, boy hood dreams A wanderer, happy and free? And on its carpetless floor to romp, A merry and boisterous boy,

And see my little sister play

With her latest painted toy?

The room was not fair to look upon, But to me 'twas a jolly nest, Ah, that now as then I could lay me down, Its tired and willing guest, And dream the dreams that then I dreamt, In the nights so cool and still, On the homely bed in that attic room

In the farm-house by the hill!

#### A HOSPITAL ROMANCE.

It is the height of the London season, we are in the thick of it-at least, as far as we can well manage to push ourselves. That is to say, we have taken a house in a good neighborhood, and have induced a titled country acquaintto appear at our over-crowded receptions the creme de la creme, though very charming and well-connected in their

Aunt has managed, indeed, lately, to add to her visiting list a baronet, two countesses, and a marquis, in addition to the friends who introduced us.

The baronet is rather weak and silly, but is, I believe, sans reproche, is not bad looking, and has a good property. He is regarded as the treasure trove of my eldest cousin Louise. The countesses are rather out-at-the-elbows, and one of them is a little doubtful. The marquis is better known at Newmarke than at St. James', is rather shaky in the morning after a fashion which is suggestive of potations over night, and redness and swelling caused by the his language is more or less garnished | fever, have been able entirely to disfigure | though somewhat worm-eaten and brit-But then he is a marquis, and the pains taken to secure his society His name pleases the romance of eighand that of the out-at-the-elbow coun- teen, the description takes my fancy, demi-gods. How I hate the wet days tesses, are worthy of a better cause, and I dream of him, long to see him, However, my aunt is content, and talks of her aristocratic coterie.

thunderboot has fallen. I am ill, and that he has been wounded there, I think pelled, after a few weeks spent at the afraid to have me." the doctor, having been called in, pro- of him as a hero, nounces the ailment scarlet fever.

kindly smile he goes away.

"Nothing to be alarmed about!" cries my aunt hysterically, regardless of my feverish state. When this horrid long I know not; but, when I awake, I fever will spread through the house, am not alone. Some one is sitting by and we shall be tabooed ever so long- the fire, which is blazing brightly, and when it will quite spoil Louise's pros- the gas is turned full on. The figure pose-I know he was-and now he will not see her for months!"

"He is not worth regretting," I ven-

"You know nothing about it child!" sobs my aunt. "These people of rank and, now that I have done so, it is too bad to have everything spoiled. 1 must say it is very inconsiderate of you, Rose. I shall get you a nurse, but I cannot risk the precious health of my children by going in and out to see you myself." So she too takes her departure, and I

I twist and writhe in bed. What am I to do-how endure this trouble? I have no home, poor little desolate waif that I am! I have been my aunt's ward until within the last few months, when, being eighteen, I ceased, by the terms of my father's will, to be a minor. I am not poor in money, for I have five hundred a year; but, oh, how poor I am | distress?" in that love which makes earth's true riches! Would that I might die, and lie down by my dead mother's side, and

trouble no one any longeri Suddenly a bright thought flashes through my brain. When we first came to town, the housemaid had the measles, and was sent to the fever hospital Why should I not go there-not a ward, of course, but a private room? No soon-

home, and comes immediately. "What is it, my dear?" inquires the old gentleman, very kindly. "Not worse, I hope?" "Oh, no, but I want you to help me."

He looks surprised. "You must see that I am in the way here," I continue hurriedly, "that my aunt is afraid I shall infect the household, or, at any rate, shut her out from society. It is not my fault!" And I

begin to sob. 'My dear, my dear," and the kindly old face smiles down on me as I fancy my father's might have done-the things are ruled by a Higher Power. Our part is to suffer with patience and

with hope." "I want to go to the fever hospital Doctor. Could you not manage it for me? Telegraph or something -please do! I shall go mad if I stay nere!" "But what will your aunt say? Have

you consulted her?" "Oh, no; she will pretend to be annoyed; but she will be glad-I know she will. And, Dector, please send the ambulance," I continued,

"No, no," he answers; "sha'n't want

that in your present stage. You can infect nobody. My carriage is at the door. I shall send one of your servants to help you dress, and put up a few things for you-your worst, remember. I shall drive in the meantime to the nearest post office, send the telegram, and come back and take you myself." I know that he can ill spare the time

very grateful to him for his ready help. In due time we arrive at the hospital. and wait in the head nurse's sittingroom. The resident doctor comes, pronouncing my case to be, as Dr. Trail says, one of mild scarlet fever, but adds the unpleasant intelligence that there is no private room vacant on the women's side, and that I must go into a ward. But Dr. Traill says:

"Have you no room on the men's side in which she could go?" "I do not like putting ladies there;

but if you wish it-"I do wish it. This young lady's friends would not approve, I know, of the other plan, at all." And so I am half led, half carried

along stone passages, up a flight of stairs, and deposited in a chamber where a fire is burning brightly. "This room was intended for another

patient, whom we expect this evening,' ders to have the next one prepared for him."

I am soon in bed. Dr. Traill comes to say good-bye promising to see me soon; and I am left alone.

I cry and laugh by turns, now over-come by my exceeding loneliness, now about the whole affair. The new patient arrives, and I won-

der vaguely who he is. I am restless, miserably feverish, and the doctor orders me a draught, whereupon I sleep heavily, and awake somewhat refreshed. My case is a very mild one, as I have sald, so there is nothing for it but to lie am weary of the wooden wainscoting, for a few minutes, on her way to some the pale blue painted walls. To relieve more fashionable entertainment; for the monotony I began to chatter to the there is no doubt about it—we are not nurses; if one has any latent love of in the highest circle, our friends are not gossip in one's nature—and what woman has not?-life in a hospital will develop it.

"Who are my fellow sufferers? What are they like? Are they very ill?" So I inquire, and learn that the two private patients down stairs, are young -one student at King's College, the

him. He holds possession of my mind. listen for the faint sounds of his voice, and, when Dr. Browne tells me that he the time when I shall be pronounced Upon his happy state of things a has been in the Zulu campaign, and free from infection, and shall be com-

"Nothing to be alarmed about, my all too soon. The evening of the second in my room one wet day. dear madam," he says blandly, "only day draws to a close, and the night lady around in no time;" and with a school boy down stairs is very ill indeed, and she can scarcely leave him, and Major McDonald is restless and uneasy.

After a time, I fall into a doze-how pects-fer Sir Robert was going to pro- moves; it is a man-not the doctor, but a tall, powerful man in a dressing-gown. I catch a gimpse of a well-cut profile of the steel. Involuntarily I move slightly, and he starts to his feet. What a face! Even though distigured now, and I hear him whistling "Nancy Lee" eyes, and gives strength to his uplifted and dreary. I call myself ugly names.

arm, which grasps the knife. "Alone, alone," he mutters. 'amongst fiendish Zulus, and my sword broken; but I shall not die unavenged!" He springs to my bedside, his arm raised above me, and the cruel steel

glittering in the air. They tell me that I am brave. Thank heaven my courage does not fall me but the love which can never pass away now, or his life might be poisoned by an while earth shall hold me. And he-he undying regret! I speak softly: "Major McDonald!"

"Yes," I answer. "I am very ill-

English soldier." He takes my hand in his, and looks

at it tenderly. "How small and delicate," he says. "You must be very young. Only a little drummer! Have courage, my boy! how I shall show him that I do. I shall not forsake you, and shall carry you to a place of safety, if possible; if

to Dr. Traill. He is fortunately at thrown back, his arm upraised to strike. the noise in my room, and is coming up for he is not there, and, notwithstand- ally happy. It is bliss to me to hear his - and unless I can turn him away, her ing my contempt for him, my silly heart voice, to see his face, to walk by his time being the strength of twenty men.

I call out feebly: "You are wrong! That is the ambulance nurse; you would not harm her! There is the foe!" and I point to the corner where my gown is lying, pre-senting somewhat the shape of a human

He dashes at it with a deep, vengeful cry, and the knife pierces it with such father, whom, save in my dreams, I force that it snaps in two, leaving the never saw-"you must not fret. These point buried in the wood-work beneath, sweet-faced woman with golden hair,

> Branscombe! How thankful I am that | you. cruel knife did not seek her heart! Major McDonold turns, the sight of the nurse's face recalls his wandering | covered his treachery. mind. He passes his hand over his brow, and looks bewildered. His and laugh as he says it.

whom all the patients love. Dear nurse

strength seems to fail, and he murmurs: "I fear I have made a great fool of she allowed you to be brought here, and myself. I thought I was in Africa. I never came to see you before." am sorry and he turns away dejectedly.

last night's scene vaguely, and in his contrition sends out for a bouquet, which the nurse brings me, with his compliments-also a tiny note, feebly written, imploring me to forgive him, and to send him even a leaf in token thereof. I select a rose bud. I am too time that means money-and I am | weak to write, now, and beg that he

will think no more about it. Evening comes; and cheered by the doctor's assertion that nothing of the kind can happen again, as a special pight nurse has been assigned to Major McDonald, I compose myself, and looking at my sweet flowers to the last, I then I should love only les beaux geux de fall asleep, and, undisturbed by anything, awake the next morning refreshed.

I do not see Major McDonald for three weeks; nor do I hear much about him, as, soon after, a private room on the women's side of the hospital becoming va ant, I am carried over; so that only from the head nurse and the doc-

tor, do I hear any news of him. I preserve his flowers as long as it is possible; and, when they are thrown away, somehow the room looks lonelier. They do not all go, however, for I keep a rosebud similar to that which I have given him. I have it still, and hope says Dr. Browne, "but I shall give or- that when I am in my coffin it will be laid upon my breast.

When next we meet, I am sitting in the garden, wrapped in shawls and cloaks, looking, I doubt not, a very fragile and insignificant piece of humanity. The resident medical offcer comes forward, and with him a man tall and struck by something very absurd indeed | broad shouldered, who, though weak and languid now, would, in full vigor, be the ideal of a soldier and a hero. Dr. Browne lutroduces him

> "Major McDonald-Miss Rose Mor-She does not look much like a me," he says, "little"-Zulu chieftain to-day, does she Major?' The young doctor laughs and chats, for a few moments, and then strolls Major McDonald who was sitting beside me, now bends forward. ness. "Miss Morley," he says earnestly, "I

have to thank you deeply for the courage which saved me from taking either your life or the nurse's, or both. I do and bearing, a queenly tread. They not ask your pardon, for I have it here;" and he touches his breast.

What does he mean? Is my rosebud next to his heart, as his is next to mine? It cannot be. I am only a silly girl of But she is not Major McDonald's wife; eighteen, and he is thirty-six, and a her years, her striking likeness to him, other a schoolbov: they both have the gallant soldier above all such sentiment. proved it, even before he said: blush and falter something stupid, and we enter into conversation. How different it is from the twaddle of Louise's silly baronet, and from that of from which the nurse's rouse me to say that tea is ready.

I see no more of Major McDonald that day; but on the next and the next. he sits beside me on the seat, which, tle, seems to me, since he is there, glorious enough to be a resting-place for I cling to her. which I cannot see him! How I dread seaside, to go back to the dull, loveless I long, as I say, to see him. I do so life of so-called pleasure. I sit drearily

Mrs. McDonald with him."

A great surging comes into my head, blindness comes before my eyes. "Mrs. McDonald!" I say in surprise. There is a mischievous twinkle in the | maids."

doctor's eyes. 'She is a beautiful woman," he says; "and it is only natural she should come to see him, is it not?"

"Oh, yes!" and I laugh idiotically as he half turns listening. He holds a and talk so gaily that the doctor stays ture, "if he could forget her in so short | knife in his hand, for I see the glitter | for what seems to me hours. "Will he never go?" I ask myself. He rises at last runs down the stairs,

have so many temptations. I have tried with unshorn beard and the redness of as he crosses the low corridor. I rise so hard to make up a nice little circle, fever, the expression was a brave and look out of the window. The rain a good one. Delirium gleams in his has ceased; but everything looks damp "Fool, idiot, weak, contemptible,

mean-spirited wretch, to love a man

whom I have only known a fortnight-

just fifteen days! No, I don't love him." I say fiercely. "It is only a fancy which will pass away when I leave this place, he answers gravely. "It was only a and have other things to occupy me." foolish jest; though the young lady And yet, and yet I know its no fancy, nas no right to act as he did, since he "Who calls?" he cries. "That is an doctor he was single, and the nurse said English voice! Is there any one here in it was on the board containing his description. True, I was a fool! I took a fancy to him from the first night I saw wounded. I am not a Zulu, but an him; but it was only fancy, and he fan- doubt it is so; and yet I cannot refuse he spoke to me, his eyes lighted when am the steel, he the magnet; and I can-

he looked at me. Oh, cruel, cruel! Well, I shall despise him; and I take a kind of fierce pleasure in thinking

It is fine the next day, and I go out in the afternoon. I resolve to be diger thought than acted on. I scribble a not, we can die together. But hark! nified-at least, so far as my five feet hasty note, ring the bell, and ask the Here is the foe in full force!"-and he two, my slender figure, and childish servant who answers, to take it at once stands near the door, with his head appearance will allow me, -and I saunter down the walk, slowly and with my I know who is about to enter-it is head in the air. It is all thrown away the head night nurse, who has heard as far as Major McDonald is concerned. fate is sealed, for he has in him, for the sinks. At last he comes striding down the path, with eager eyes and out-

stretched hands "I am glad to see you again," he says warmly. "How dull you must have

"Oh, not at all!" I answered frigidly. "Doctor Brown sat with me for a long time, and was so agreeable"-this with

His face falls. "I am glad," he says; but somehow he does not look so. "I had a very wel-The head night nurse now enters, a come visitor, who stayed nearly all day;" and he smiles. "Yes; I heard your wife was with

"Was it not pleasant to see my wife?" "It is strange," I say coldly, "that

verish-and Major McDonald is beyond | remiss on her part-very. You would | look down, and say, in my nervousness, measure distressed. He recollects the not act so, would you?"-and he smiles just what I ought not. down on me.

Is he enjoying my misery?" Hateful "Oh, I don't know!" I answer reck-"I dare say I should be very

glad to get him out of the way for a time." A pained look comes into his face. "You don't mean it?" he says earnestly. "You are not a girl of the

period'-I cannot believe it." "Yes, I am," I cry fiercely. could not care for any one much-unless indeed he were rich and titled; and sacasset. I don't believe in sentiment." We walk on in silence, and sit down

in silence. At last he asks: "Where do you go when you leave here?" "I don't know," I say drearily. "My aunt says she will take rooms for me in

some place."

"She will go with you?" "No, I must go alone—at least, I shall have only a maid." "Go alone? How old are you? Oh, excuse my rudeness, but you seem a mere child!"

A child! Is that how he regards me? I draw myself up, so as to look as tall as possible. "I am eighteen years, four months, three weeks, and two days old," I say

with crushing dignity. "And how many hours?" he asks with a twinkle in his eye. I feel inclined to cry, and my lips pout; he is making fun of me. He rises, looks at his watch and says:

"I expect a visitor again to-day. Will you excuse me?" Then, seeing the cloud still on my face, he lays his hand for one moment on mine, "Forgive

I cannot quite catch the last word; but it sounds like "darling," and my foolish heart throbs. I ought to be made me glow with momentary happi-

Half an hour passes and he comes again, accompanied by a lady. I cannot see her face; but she has a noble air come nearer. Yes, she is, as Dr. Brown said, beautiful, notwithstanding her sixty years, her snow-white hair-the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

'Mother, this is Miss Rose Morley." His voice grows tender as he speaks my name. The lady takes both my hands, and looks at me long and inqui-"horsy" marquis! I live in fairyland, ringly. Did I not know that Major McDonold was already married, I should think it was the look that a woman casts on her, whom she believes holds the key of her son's happiness. Apparently the scrutiny is favorable, for she draws me towards her, kissing my brow. The caress touches me and

"Poor little girl!" she says, "Poor which come now and then, and on little motherless girl! Ronald tells me that you are to be sent away alone when you leave here."

"Yes," I answer sadly. "Aunt is

"I have a better plan than that to propose. I want you to come with us "No visitors," says the doctor, com- change of air for my son," How fondly a slight attack; we shall have the young | nurse looks sad and worried, for the | ing in-"not even Dr. Traill? You are | and proudly she says "my son." "1 not so well off as the major. He has think I have a little claim on you, my dear, for I believe I was at school with your grandfather-at least, a schoolfela Mr. Morley. I was one of her brides-

> "My grandmother's name was Dalrymple," I answer eagerly. 'Ah, I thought so! But, after I married, we lost sight of each other, as I went out to India. I am giad to see you, my dear; it reminds me of my

youth, and you have a look of Rose

about your eyes. I shall write to your aunt about your visit to us." Soon afterwards Mrs. McDonald rises to leave, and her son escorts her as far as he is allowed, and then returns to

"How beautiful she is," I cry enthusiastically, and how kind!" Then with forced gaiety, I add, "We shall be a nice little partie caree-you, your wife,

your mother, and L." "I am not married, Miss Morley," she readily agreed, took off her wedding ring, and from that time considered ring, and from that time considered whom I hope to make my wife will, I

trust, be one of our party. Worse and worse! The quiet affection of a married couple would have was a married man. He even told the | been endurable; but the fooling of betrothed lovers would drive me mad. He looked at me long and meaningly. Does he want to give me a hint that his heart is not his to bestow? Without ned it into love. His voice softened when to go with them. I am powerless. I

not-cannot tear myself away. My aunt is only too glad to get rid of me. So in ten days' time I am at Dinard with my new friends, Mrs. McDonald, who is not very strong, sits a good deal on the beach of the French bathing-place, and sends her son and myself for a daily walk. We ramble now among deep lanes; now along the cliffs, but, though three weeks pass away, there is no sign of the flancee; and I am happy-wildly, childishly, franticside; the mere touch of his hand as he helps me over a rough piece of ground sends a thrill of rapture through me, "I have heard from Anna," says

Mrs. McDonald, one morning to her "She can come to us soon," "Ah, that is pleasant" he answers, with a beaming face, and, turning, to me, explains, "Anna is my mother's and my favorite cousin, one of the best women the world holds."

"Here she is at last!" I moan to my-"I cannot bear it; I must go home. I shall just wait to see her, and then go. Aunt Margaret cannot be afraid of me now.

Major McDonald and I take our walk He flushes, and looks bewildered. I suppose he is surprised that I have discovered his treachery.

Almost in silence to-day. I am nervous, distraite; fool that I am, I cannot overcome my feelings! What must he think

"Shall we turn! I say after a time. He agrees; but, instead of going back, "I fear I have made a great fool of nyself. I thought I was in Africa. I m sorry and he turns away dejectedly. "Very," he answers dryly. "But an expression in them which has often you see she was in Naples; still it was been there of late. I tremble, flush, as warping and aplitting.

"When is your flancee coming?" I ask, with a forced laugh which sinks

into a feeble giggle, whilst I dig holes into the ground with my parasol. "My flancee!" he says, in blank amazement.

"Yes, Anna," I answer. "Are you not engaged to her? You told me the young lady who was to be your wife would be with you abroad." "Anna is fifty-five," he says, laughing gaily. "I call her my second

mother, for I was sent home to her grounds, on a high peak, which stands from India when I was a child, And six hundred feet above the valley which the young lady I hope to make my wife is with my mother and me now. Good built almost entirely of glass, and is heaven! what a child you are to have modeled exactly on the plan of a Mismisunderstood me."

And then there is silence. I have dug a hole deep enough for a robin's grave before he speaks again. "Rose"-the voice is low and thrill-

ing-"Rose, I am neither rich nor titled; but I love you!" His eyes are full of intense longing, his arms are stretching out yearningly towards me. Perhaps it would be more and stays there until called to dinner maidenly, more dignified to hold back by the blowing of a horn about five coyly; but I don't-I simply fly into o'clock. He takes no lunch or noon them with unseemly haste. He sees meal of any sort, and works without nothing wrong about it. however, for eating, while the rules are imperative he bolds me close to his breast, as not to disturb him during this working "My own love-my darling!" he

Ah, how good, how precious it is to hear such words-to me, who has been nobody's darling since the dreary day, far back in my desolate childhood, when my fair young mother died!

## Wife Selling in England.

The custom of selling and purchasing wives in England certainly can claim a very respectable antiquity, and probably is based upon the ancient laws of ant work which he undertook, and it ance to introduce us at court, and then in bed and take fever diet-to lie till I away towards the men's convalescent angry; but I am not. His touch has the Anglo-Saxons. If a freeman took was not until he resumed smoking that away the wife of a freeman he was to he could do it. Since then his faith in pay his full weregeld, to buy another his eigar has not wavered. Like other wife for the injured husband, and de- American smokers, Mr. Clemens is unliver her at his home. In the reign of ceasing in his search for a really satis-Canute the law received some modifica- factory cigar at a satisfactory price. tion-no guardian could compel his and, first and last, has gathered a good ward to marry a man she disliked, and deal of experience in the pursuit. It the money paid for her was to be a vol- is related that, having entertained a untary gift, and not a compulsory pay- party of gentlemen one winter evening ment. It is not unnatural to suppose that the commodity thus obtained by fore they left the house one of a new money was transferable to another for a sort of cigar that he was trying to besimilar consideration whenever it may lieve was the object of his search. He become useless or disagreeable to its made each guest light it before startoriginal purchaser. It seems, however, ing. The next morning he found all not impossible that the commencement of the custom would be found even in snow beside the pathway across his times antecedent, when women guilty of unfaithfulness were either put to death or sold as slaves.

> been mostly held in light esteem, for self-preservation and tossed the cigar one was sold at Gloucester market by auction in 1841 for half a crown, and it there by daylight, The testimony of is recorded that the purchaser frequent- the next morning was overwhelming, y congratulated himself on his "bar- and the verdict against the new brand gain." Even in a commercial sense he could well afford to be jubilant, for the "lot" was attired in a new white bonnet and a black gown, the usual ornament in the way of a halter being included, which was not bad consideration for his money, let alone the lady's charms.

to Dinard, where we are going for moral degredation was furnished by the aroundt und make our taxes for us? town of Dudley, where hundreds of people were assembled in Hall street one evening to attend a wife sale. The first bid was three halfpence, and ultimately reached sixpence. Her husband ow of mire-Rose Dalrymple-married | in his ignorance, thought that after the ceremony had been repeated three times she actually had no claim upon him.

In 1861 a wife was sold at Sheffield for the paltry consideration of a quart of beer, and in 1862 a similar purchase was made at Selby market cross at the cost of only one-half that amount, merely a says to me: pint of beer, which was thought suffi-

cient for a men's helpmate. The tariff would seem to be on a downward sliding scale as we advance as last year. Keep a leetle shtill about in the century, for a case occurs, recorded by the South Wales Daily News, May 2, 1882, at Alfreton, where a woman was sold by her husband for a still lower valuation in a public house. The modus operandi had the charm of simplicity, in a room full of men he offered to sell her for a glass of ale, and the offer being accepted by a young man herself the property of the purchaser.

# A Modest Domestic.

Mrs. Sam Smart advertised for a colored servant. An elegantly dressed colored lady put in an appearance. She wanted fifteen dollars a month in advance, which was conceded. She want- |led?" ed a room with a carpet and a stove, where she could receive the visits of "seberal gemmen who am payin' me tenshuns." This was also granted. She was to be allowed to attend church all day Sunday and twice during the week. When a revival was in progress she proposed to be out every evening in the week. This and several other concessions were granted by Mrs. Smart, who is fanatically opposed to doing any hard soil her precious hands.

de meals," continued the would-be men- vhas mashed all to pulp in Carl Dunhab beefsteak or sausage ebery mornin' you vhill know dot vhas me. I like to and for myself I want chocolate instead hat you come oop in person und see der of coffee. Den I wants a lunch of cold corpses, und maype you like to tell ham or tongue about ten o'clock, so I kin hold out till dinner at one c'clock, sooch a fool after all. Prepare to hear I don't takes coffee with my dinner. De some taxes drop!" coffee and cakes comes about half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, which will make me hold out till tea at six. De best time for supper am about eight o'clock. Good supper I wants."
"I say," said Sam Smart, who had
been listening attentively with grow-

ing indignation; "suppose we keep you busy eating all the time, how much more will you charge by the month?" A factory is said to have been established in Sweden for making into paper the half decomposed moss which has accumulated in many places in Norway and Sweden to a thickness of a foot or

### Mark Twain at Work.

Mr. Clemens divides his year into two

parts, which are not exactly for work and play respectively, but which differ very much in the nature of their occupations. From the first of June to the middle of September the whole family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and their three little girls, are at Elmira, N. Y. They live there with Mr. T. W. Crane, whose wife is a sister of Mrs. Clemens. A summer-house has been built for Mr. Clemens within the Crane lies spread out before it. The house is sissippi steamboats pilot-house. Here, shut off from all outside communications, Mr. Clemens does the hard work of the year, or rather the confining and engrossing work of writing, which demands continuous application day after day. The lofty work-room is some distance from the house. He goes there every morning about half-past eight though he could never bear to let me go. period. His only recreation is his cigar. He is an inveterate smoker, and smokes constantly while at work, and. indeed, all the time from half-past eight in the morning to halp-past ten at night, stopping only when at his meals. A cigar lasts him about forty minutes, now that he has reduced to an exact science the art of reducing the weed to ashes. Se he smokes from fifteen to twenty eigars a day. Some time ago he was persuaded to stop the practice, and actually went a year or more without tobacco, but he found himself unable to carry along importin Hartford, he gave to each just bethat he had given away lying on the lawn. Each smoker had been polite enough to smoke until he got out of the house, but every one gaining his The value of a wife seems to have liberty had yielded to the instinct of away, forgetting that it would be found was accepted.

## Carl Dunder's Taxes.

"I likes to know," he said to the captain at the Central station the other In the year 1859 another instance of day, "vhat you call deos men who go

"You mean assessors. "Ah! dot vhas her. How many have

we got in Detroit?" 'Three, I believe." "Not more ash dot?"

"No. How many did you suppose we had?" "Vheil! vhell! but I pelief I vhas der biggest fool in dis country! One day last vheck tree men comes into my saloon und pegins to look all aroundt und

ask questions, und by und by one of 'em "Misther Dunder, taxes vhas a leedle higher dis year, but as you vhas a good feller we make der assessment der same

him, you know.' "Vhell, dot whas a great favor to me, und I sets oop der beer und cigars,"

"I see.

"Dot same eafning tree more men vhalks in und shmelis around und asks about my shtock on handt, und one of 'em whispers to me: "Misther Dunder, taxes vhas bigher dis year, but we haf some feelings for

poor folks. We cut your assessments down, but you keep a leedle quiet, you know. "Vhell, dot means more beer und cigars, und I pelief more ash fifty men come into my place und tell me dot rame thing. My oldt vhomans says I vhas shwindled again, und my poy Shake says I petter go to some grazy

asylum. Now, Captain, vhas I shwind-"You were. It was regular deadbeat game."

"And won't my taxes be any lower? "Not a cent?" "Und der oldt vhomans und Shake vhas right?"

"Undoubtedly." "Vhell, Captain, you hear me! I shall go home. It won't be two hours before some more assessors come in, Shust as soon ash deos men pegin to work herself, and who will put up with look on my pool tables und schmell everything from a servant rather than aroundt some circus pegins mit a great contortion act! If somepody telephones "And I wants hit understood about you: 'Hello! Captain! Tree assessors "I likes to eat hearty. We has to der's saloon-hurry up mit some coffins! Shake und der oldt vhomans I vhas not

# Children Secrets.

Children should be taught to respect the secrets of their friends and scho mates, in all cases where they can do so consistently and with a conscientious regard for right and justice. Nothing will conduce so much to render young people truthful and candid with regard to their own misdeeds or short-comings as mildness and justice on the part of those intrusted with their care, A more salutary influence may be gained over the young by touching their hearts and convincing their understandings

than by exciting their fears. The state of life is the most happy where superfluities are not required an where necessaries are not wanting.